

# A PANORAMA OF LIFE

for

Class XI



**PUNJAB SCHOOL EDUCATION BOARD**

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## FOREWORD

Punjab School Education Board has always been engaged in an endeavour to ensure the dissemination of quality education and information to the students of the state. English is both a national and an international language. It is therefore important that our students do not lag behind in the matter of proficiency in English language at any level or in any field. The Board is, therefore, constantly engaged in revising and updating the teaching materials to be used in the schools of Punjab. English, as is well known, is a compulsory subject from Class I onwards. The present book is a part of the series of textbooks in English prepared under the guidance of Mrs. Amreeta Gill, Director Academics, Punjab School Education Board. The book has been prepared by Dr. D.V. Jindal, External Faculty Member of English and Foreign Languages University, Hyderabad and Ms Vandna Sehgal, Lecturer, Saheed Lt. Gurvinder Singh Senior Secondary School, Ladhewali, Jalandhar; vetted by Prof. Tarsem Bahia, Retd. Principal, A.S. College, Khanna; edited by Ms. Surabhi Jaikwal, Lecturer English, Punjab School Education Board, S.A.S. Nagar. It is hoped that the book developed as per the recommendations of NCF 2005 and Punjab Curriculum Framework 2013, will go a long way in helping our students to develop deep interest in the language and use it in daily life with confidence. An attempt has been made to base the book on the functional use of the language, taking care of pedagogical needs of the children. An attempt has also been made to develop the book in such a manner that the book is interesting, graded and controlled at all levels.

We would gratefully welcome comments and suggestions from teachers, experts and users of the book for any further improvement.

*Chairperson*

Punjab School Education Board

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**GENDER BIAS**

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*Sudha Murthy(1950-) is a well known social worker and author. She is renowned for her noble mission of providing computer and library facilities in all government schools of Karnataka. Her stories deal with lives of common people and social issues*

*After a degree in electrical engineering from Hubli , Sudha Murthy went on to do an M.Tech in Computer Science from Indian Institute of Science , Bangalore. In 2006 she was awarded the Padma Shri. She is chairperson of Infosys Foundation and has successfully implemented various projects relating to poverty alleviation , education and health.*

*This essay is an extract from the collection of stories “ How I Taught my Grandmother to Read”. The book is a collection of twenty- five heart-warming stories from the life of the author, Sudha Murthy.*

*In this particular essay , the writer describes how she applied for and got a job that had been advertised solely for men. When she was in the final year of the M.Tech course at the Indian Institute of Science in Bangalore , Sudha Murthy came across an advertisement for a job at Telco in Pune . What caught her attention with regard to the advertisement was the line 'Lady candidates need not apply' . She not only applied for the job , taking it as a challenge , but also wrote a card to JRD Tata stating her displeasure at the discrimination against women.*

*Sudha Murthy was surprised to be called for the interview. She was sure she would not be selected and hence was cool. At the interview, she was told that women were not selected as they would find it difficult to work on the shop floor. However , this did not deter Sudha Murthy and she said that a beginning had to be made sometime and somewhere.*

*Sudha Murthy was offered the job. Later , she met JRD Tata, who said that he was happy that women were becoming engineers. Thanks to the perseverance of Sudha Murthy , women engineers have become very common in today's world and are employed in factories.*

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It was long time ago .I was young and bright , bold and idealistic. I was in the final year of my master's course in Computer Science at the Indian Institute of Science [IISc] in Bangalore , then known as the Tata Institute . Life was full of fun and joy. I did not know what helplessness or injustice meant.

It was probably the April of 1974. Bangalore was getting warm and gulmohars were blooming at the IISc campus. I was the only girl in my postgraduate department and was staying at the ladies hostel. Other girls were pursuing research in different departments of Science.

I was looking forward to going abroad to complete a doctorate in Computer Science. I had been offered scholarship from universities in the U.S. I had not thought of taking up a job in India. One day, while on the way to my hostel from our lecture-hall complex, I saw an advertisement on the notice board. It was a standard job-requirement notice from the famous automobile company Telco(now Tata Motors). It stated that the company required young, bright engineers, hard working and with an excellent academic background, etc. At the bottom was a small line: "Lady candidates need not apply." I read it and was very upset. For the first time in life I was up against gender discrimination.

Though I was not keen on taking up the job, I saw it as a challenge. I had done extremely well in academics, better than most of my male peers. Little did I know then that in real life academic excellence is not enough to be successful. After reading the notice I went fuming to my room. I decided to inform the topmost person in Telco's management about the injustice the company was perpetrating. I got a postcard and started to write, but there was a problem: I did not know who headed Telco! I thought it must be one of the Tatas. I knew JRD Tata was the head of the Tata Group; I had seen his pictures in newspapers.(Actually, Sumant Moolgaokar was the company's chairman then.) I took the card, addressed it to JRD and started writing. To this day I remember clearly what I wrote. "The great Tatas have always been pioneers. They are the people who started the basic infrastructure industries in India, such as iron and steel, chemicals, textiles and locomotives. They have cared for higher education in India since 1900 and they were responsible for the establishment of the Indian Institute of Science. Fortunately, I study there. But I am surprised how a company such as Telco is discriminating on the basis of gender."

I posted the letter and forgot about it. Less than 10 days later, I received a telegram stating that I had to appear for an interview at Telco's Pune office at the company's expense. I was taken aback by the telegram. My hostel mates told me I should use the opportunity to go to Pune free of cost and buy them the famous Pune saris for cheap.

I collected ₹ 30 each from everyone who wanted a sari. When I look back , I feel like laughing at the reason for my going , but back then they seemed good enough to make the trip.

It was my first visit to Pune and I immediately fell in love with the city.

To this day it remains dear to me .I feel as much at home in Pune as I do in Hubli, my hometown. The place changed my life in so many ways .

As directed , I went to Telco's Pimpri office for the interview. There were six people on the panel and I realized then that this was a serious business.

“This is the girl who wrote to JRD,” I heard somebody whisper as soon as I entered the room. By then I knew for sure that I would not get the job. The realization abolished all fear from my mind , so I was rather cool while the interview was being conducted.

Even before the interview started , I reckoned the panel was biased , so I told them, rather impolitely , “I hope this is only a technical interview.”

They were taken aback by my rudeness, and even today I am ashamed about my attitude. The panel asked me technical questions and I answered all of them.

Then an elderly gentlemen with an affectionate voice told me, “Do you know why we said lady candidates need not apply ? The reason is that we have never employed any ladies on the shop floor. This is not a co-ed college; this is a factory. When it comes to academics , you are a first ranker throughout. We appreciate that , but people like you should work in research laboratories.”

I was a young girl from a small-town, Hubli. My world had been a limited place.

I did not know the ways of large corporate houses and their difficulties, so I answered , “But you must start somewhere , otherwise no woman will ever be able to work in your factories.”

Finally, after a long interview, I was told I had been successful. So this was that the future had in store for me. Never had I thought I would take up a job in Pune. I met a shy young man from Karnataka there, we became good friends and we got married. It was only after joining Telco that I realized who JRD was ; the uncrowned king of Indian industry. Now I was scared, but I did not get to meet him till I was transferred to Bombay. One day I had to show some reports to Mr Moolgaokar, our chairman, who we all knew as SM.

I was in his office on the first floor of Bombay House when, suddenly JRD walked in. That was the first time I saw “appro JRD.” 'Appro' means “our” in Gujarati. This was the affectionate term by which people at Bombay House called him.

I was feeling very nervous, remembering my postcard episode. SM introduced me nicely, “Jeh(that's what his close associates called him) , this young woman is an engineer and that too a postgraduate. She is the first woman to work on the Telco shop floor.” JRD looked at me. I was praying he would not ask me any question about my interview(or the postcard that preceded it).

Close to 50 per cent of the students in today's engineering colleges are girls. And there are women on the shop floor in many industry segments. I see these changes and I think of JRD. If at all time stops and asks me what I want from life, I would say I wish JRD were alive today to see how the company he started has grown. He would have enjoyed it wholeheartedly.

**Sudha Murthy**

## **Glossary**

**idealistic:** / ,aɪdiə'listɪk/ (adj) having lofty or noble ideas

**injustice:** /ɪn'dʒʌstɪs/ (n) the fact of a situation being unfair and of people not being treated equally

**pursue:** /pə'sjuː/ (v) try to achieve something over a period of time

**gender discrimination:** /'dʒendədɪ,skrɪmɪ'neɪʃn/ (n) the belief that one gender (male or female) is inferior to the other

**peer:** /piə/ (n) a person of equal rank, age or class

**fuming:** /fjuːmɪŋ/ (adj) angry, raging

**perpetrate:** /'pɜːpətreɪt/ (v) to commit or be responsible for a crime or something evil

**headed:** /'hedɪd/ (v) was incharge or top boss of

**pioneer:** /,paɪə'nɪə(r)/ (n) a person who is the first to study and develop a particular area of knowledge, culture etc. that other people then continue to develop

**infrastructure:** /'ɪnfɹəstrʌktʃə(r)/ (n) the basic systems and services that are necessary for an organization to run smoothly

**locomotive:** /,ləʊkə'məʊtɪv/ (n) a railway engine that pulls train

**opportunity:** /,ɒpə'tju:nəti/ (n) a time when a particular situation makes it possible to do or achieve something

**whisper:** /'wɪspə(r)/ (n) murmur, a low quiet voice

**abolish:** /ə'bɒlɪʃ/ (v) to officially end a law, a system or an institution

**reckon:** /'rekən/ (v) have an opinion about something

**affectionate:** /ə'fekʃənət/ (adj) showing caring feelings and love for somebody, loving

**shop floor:** /ʃɒp flɔ:(r)/ (n) the area in a factory where the goods are made by the workers

### ***I. Comprehension***

(a) **Answer the following questions in 10-15 words each:**

1. What course was the author pursuing at the Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore?
2. Where did the author want to complete a doctorate in Computer Science?
3. Which advertisement did the author see on the notice board?
4. What was it in the advertisement that made the author very upset?
5. Why did she write a postcard to Telco?
6. What telegram did the author receive from Telco?
7. Why did the author's hostelmates want her to go to Pune for the interview?
8. How many people were there on the interview panel? What did the author realize?
9. What did Sudha tell the panel before the interview?
10. What type of questions was the author asked by the interview panel?
11. When did Sudha first see JRD Tata?
12. What did Sumant Moolgaokar tell JRD about Sudha?
13. How many girls are now studying in engineering colleges?
14. What would the author want from life, if time stops?

(b) **Answer the following questions in 50-60 words each:**

1. Describe Sudha's life as a student at the Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore.
2. What were Sudha's plans after completing her master's course in Computer Science.
3. Why did Sudha become angry after reading the job advertisement from the automobile company Telco?
4. What was the reason given by the elderly man for not employing women in Telco?
5. When did Sudha come to know who JRD Tata was? When did she happen to meet him?

**II. Vocabulary Practice**

**1. Match the words under A with their meanings under B:**

A	B
1. opportunity	educational
2. bias	loving
3. pursue	part
4. academic	luckily
5. fortunately	anxious
6. affectionate	afraid
7. scared	continue with
8. nervous	prejudice
9. segment	rude
10. impolite	chance

**2. Form *nouns* from the following words:**

Word	Noun
(i) long	.....
(ii) know	.....
(iii) apply	.....

- iv) decide .....
- (v) collect .....
- (vi) advertise .....
- (vii) receive .....
- (viii) affectionate .....
- (ix) marry .....
- (x) young .....

**III. Grammar Exercises**

**1. Fill in the blanks with suitable prepositions:**

1. Life was full ..... fun and joy.
2. I was looking forward .....going abroad.
3. She saw an advertisement .....the notice board.
4. Sudha fell .....love with the beautiful city.
5. She had done better than most .....her male peers.

**2. Fill in the blanks with the correct form of the verbs given in the brackets:**

1. The workers .....(go) on strike. (present perfect tense)
2. Children .....(play) in the park. (present continuous tense)
3. Hard work .....(bring) success. (simple present)
4. He .....(reach) the ground before the match started. (past perfect tense)
5. She .....(stay) here till Sunday. (future continuous tense)

**3. Use each of the following words as a *noun* and a *verb*:**

- (i) book
- (ii) challenge
- (iii) interview
- (iv) iron
- (v) change

#### IV. Practice in Spoken English

Key to Phonetic symbols:

g	get	dʒ	join	θ	thin	ʃ	ship	j	yes
tʃ	chain	ŋ	long	ð	then	ʒ	measure		
i	weep	ɑ:	part	u:	root	eɪ	play	ɔɪ	boy
ɪ	bit	ɒ	hot	ʌ	but	əʊ	go	ɪə	hear
e	pet	ɔ:	court	ɜ:	bird	aɪ	buy	eə	pair
æ	bat	ʊ	put	ə	away	aʊ	cow	ʊə	poor

##### a. Say the following words aloud

/ i:/	/ ɪ/	/ u:/	/ ʊ/
beat	bit	pool	pull
leave	live	fool	full
sleep	slip	suit	soot
heap	hip	cood	could
feel	fill	wood	would/wood

##### b. Say the following words aloud (as the teacher says them)

clerk	/ ɑ:/	mass	/ æ/
cough	/ ɒ/	canal	/ æ/
wool	/ ʊ/	ghost	(h silent)
heart	/ ɑ:/	lamb	(b silent)
loose	/s/	debt	(b silent)

#### V. Suggested Readings

1. Gender Discrimination and Human Rights  
by Swarn Lata Sharma
2. Race and Gender Discrimination at Work  
by Samuel Cohn

**Please, ponder, over**

Nature has enough for everyone's need,  
And not for everyone's greed.  
Today, Mother Nature bleeds and pleads.  
So let's plant a tree, sow a seed.  
Let's preserve, conserve and do good deeds

## 2

### THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY

---

*Khuswant Singh has written a number of books on Sikh history and religion. He has also translated a number of books from Urdu and Punjabi into English. Apart from being a writer, he has been a lawyer, a public-relation officer, and the editor of the Illustrated Weekly of India. Two of his well known novels are 'Train to Pakistan' and 'I Shall Not Hear the Nightingale'.*

---

My grandmother, like everybody's grandmother, was an old woman. She had been old and wrinkled for the twenty years that I had known her. People said that she had once been young and pretty and even had a husband. But that was hard to believe. My grandfather's portrait hung above the mantelpiece in the drawing-room. He wore a big turban and loose-fitting clothes. His long, white beard covered the best part of his chest and he looked at least a hundred years old. He did not look the sort of person who would have a wife or children. He looked as if he could only have lots and lots of grandchildren. As for my grandmother being young and pretty, the thought was almost revolting. She often told us of the games she used to play as a child. That seemed quite absurd and undignified on her part and we treated it like the fables of the Prophets she used to tell us.

She had always been short and fat and slightly bent. Her face was a criss-cross of wrinkles running from everywhere to everywhere. No, we were certain she had always been as we had known her. Old, so terribly old that she could not have grown older, and had stayed at the same age for twenty years. She could never have been pretty; but she was always beautiful. She hobbled about the house in spotless white with one hand resting on her waist to balance her stoop and the other telling the beads of her rosary. Her silver locks were scattered untidily over her pale, puckered face and her lips constantly moved in inaudible prayer. Yes, she was beautiful. She was like the winter landscape in the mountains, an expanse of pure white serenity breathing peace and contentment.

My grandmother and I were good friends. My parents left me with her when they went to live in the city and we were constantly together. She used to wake me up in the morning and get me ready for school. She said her morning prayer in a monotonous singsong while she bathed and dressed me in the hope that I would listen and get to know it by heart. I listened because I loved her voice but never bothered to learn it. Then she would fetch my wooden slate which she had already washed and plastered with yellow chalk, a tiny earthen ink-pot and a reed pen, tie them all in a bundle and hand it to me. After a breakfast of a thick, stale chapatti with a little butter and sugar spread on it, we went to the school. She carried several stale chapattis with her for the village dogs.

My grandmother always went to school with me because the school was attached to the temple. The priest taught us the alphabet and the morning prayer. While the children sat in rows on either side of the verandah singing the alphabet or the prayer in a chorus, my grandmother sat inside reading the scriptures. When we had both finished, we would walk back together. This time the village dogs would meet us at the temple door. They followed us to our home growling and fighting with each other for chapattis we threw to them.

When my parents were comfortably settled in the city, they sent for us. That was a turning-point in our friendship. Although we shared the same room, my grandmother no longer came to school with me. I used to go to an English school in a motor bus. There were no dogs in the streets and she took to feeding sparrows in the courtyard of our city house.

As years rolled by, we saw less of each other. For some time she continued to wake me up and get me ready for school. When I came back she would ask me what the teacher had taught me. I would tell her English words and little things of western science and learning, the law of gravity, Archimedes' principle, the world being round, etc. This made her unhappy. She could not help me with my lessons. She did not believe in the things they taught at the English school and was distressed that there was no teaching about God and the scriptures. One day I announced that we were being given music lessons. She was very disturbed. To her music had lewd associations. It was the

monopoly of harlots and beggars and not meant for gentlefolk. She said nothing but her silence meant disapproval. She rarely talked to me after that.

When I went up to the University, I was given a room of my own. The common link of friendship was snapped. My grandmother accepted her seclusion with resignation. She rarely left her spinning-wheel to talk to anyone. From sunset she sat by her wheel spinning and reciting prayers. Only in the afternoon she relaxed for a while to feed the sparrows. While she sat in the verandah breaking the bread into little bits, hundreds of little birds collected round her creating a veritable bedlam of chirruping. Some came and perched on her legs, others on her shoulders. Some even sat on her head. She smiled but never shoo'd them away. It used to be the happiest half-hour of the day for her.

When I decided to go abroad for further studies, I was sure my grandmother would be upset. I would be away for five years, and at her age one could never tell. But my grandmother could. She was not even sentimental. She came to leave me at the railway station but did not talk or show any emotion. Her lips moved in prayers, her mind was lost in prayer. Her fingers were busy telling the beads of her rosary. Silently she kissed my forehead, and when I left I cherished the moist imprint as perhaps the last sign of physical contact between us.

But that was not so. After five years I came back home and was met by her at the station. She did not look a day older. She still had no time for words, and while she clasped me in her arms, I could hear her reciting her prayer. Even on the first day of my arrival, her happiest moments were with her sparrows whom she fed longer and with frivolous rebukes.

In the evening a change came over her. She did not pray. She collected the women of the neighbourhood, got an old drum and started to sing. For several hours she thumped the sagging skins of the dilapidated drum and sang of the home-coming of warriors. We had to persuade her to stop to avoid overstraining. That was the first time since I had known her that she did not pray.

The next morning she was taken ill. It was mild fever and the doctor told us that it would go. But my grandmother thought differently. She told us that her end was near. She said that , since only a few hours before the close of the first chapter of her life she had omitted to pray, she was not going to waste anymore time talking to us.

We protested. But she ignored our protest. She lay peacefully in bed praying and telling her beads. Even before we could suspect, her lips stopped moving and the rosary fell from her lifeless fingers. A peaceful pallor spread on her face and we knew that she was dead.

We lifted her off the bed and, as is customary, laid her on the ground and covered her with a red shroud. After a few hours of mourning , we left her alone to make arrangement for her funeral.

In the evening we went to her room with a crude stretcher to take her to be cremated. The sun was setting and had lit her room and verandah with a blaze of golden light. We stopped halfway in the courtyard. All over the verandah and in her room right up to where she lay dead and stiff wrapped in red shroud, thousands of sparrows sat scattered on the floor. There was no chirruping. We felt sorry for the birds and my mother fetched some bread for them. She broke it into little crumbs, the way my grandmother used to, and threw it to them. The sparrows took no notice of the bread. When we carried my grandmother's corpse off, they flew away quietly. Next morning, the sweeper swept the bread crumbs into the dustbin.

**Khushwant Singh**

### **Glossary**

**wrinkled:** /'rɪ ŋ kld/ (adj) having wrinkles on skin

**portrait:** /'pɔ:tret/ (n) a painting, drawing or photography of a person, especially of the head and shoulders, depiction

**mantelpiece:** / 'mæntlpi:s / (n) shelf projecting from the wall above a fire place

**sort:** /sɔ:t/ (n) a group or type of people or things that are similar in a particular way

**revolt:** /rɪ'vəʊlt/ (n) a protest against authority, uprising

**absurd:** /əb'sɜ:d/ (adj) completely ridiculous; not logical and sensible

**undignified :** /,ʌndɪ'faɪnd/ (adj) causing you to look silly and to lose the respect of the other people

**fable:** /'feɪbl/ (n) a traditional short story that teaches a moral lesson

**prophet:** /'prɒfɪt/ (n) a person sent by God to teach people and give them message from God

**criss-cross:** /'krɪskrɒs/ (adj) with many straight lines that cross each other

**terribly:** /'terəbli/ (adv) awfully, horribly, dreadfully, horrendously

**hobble:** /'hɒbl/ (v) to walk with difficulty, especially because your feet or legs hurt, limp

**rosary:** /'rəʊzəri/ (n) a string of beads that are used by some religious people for counting prayers as they say them

**pucker:** /'pʌkə(r)/ (v) to form or to make something form small folds or lines

**inaudible:** /ɪn'ɔ:dəbl/ (adj) that you cannot hear

**expanse:** /ɪk'spæns/ (n) a wide and open area of something especially land or water

**serenity:** /sə'ri:nɪti/ (n) calmness and peace

**contentment:** /kən'tentmənt/ (n) a feeling of happiness or satisfaction

**monotonous:** /mə'nɒtənəs/ (adj) never changing and therefore boring, dull, repetitious

**fetch:** /fetʃ/ (v) to go to where something/somebody is and bring them/ it back

**chorus:** /'kɔ:rəs/ (n) part of a song that is sung after each verse, a song sung in a group

**scripture:** /'skɪptʃə(r)/ (n) the holy books of a particular religion, (here) passages from Sri Guru Granth Sahib, the holy book of the Sikhs

**distressed:** /dɪ'strest/ (adj) upset and anxious

**lewd:** /lu:d/ (adj) referring to sex in a rude and offensive way, obscene

**monopoly:** /mə'nɒpəli/ (n) the complete control, sole right

**harlot:** /'hɑ:lət/ (n) a prostitute, or a woman who behaves and looks like one

**snap:** /snæp/ (v) to break something suddenly with a sharp noise

**seclusion:** /sɪ'klu:ʒn/ (n) the state of being private or of having little contact with other people

**resignation:** /,rezɪg'neɪʃn/ (n) the act of giving up your position

**veritable:** /'verɪtəbl/ (adj) real

**bedlam:** /'bedləm/ (n) a scene full of noise and confusion, chaos

**perched:** /pɜ:tʃt/ (v) sat or rested on something (especially of a bird)

**frivolous:** /'frɪvələs/ (adj) disapproving, silly or amusing, especially when such behaviour is not suitable

**thump:** /θʌmp/ (v) to hit something hard, especially with your closed hand

**sag:** /sæɡ/ (v) to hang or bend down in the middle especially because of weight or pressure

**dilapidated:** /dɪ'læpɪdeɪtɪd/ (adj) old and in very bad condition (of furniture and buildings)

**omit:** /ə'mɪt/ (v) to not include something/somebody either deliberately or if you have forgotten, leave out

**pallor:** /'pælə(r)/ (n) pale colouring of the face, especially because of illness or fear

**shroud:** /fraʊd/ (n) a piece of cloth that a dead person's body is wrapped in before it is buried

**mourning:** /'mɔ:nɪŋ/ (n) sadness that you show and feel because somebody has died, grief

**blaze:** /bleɪz/ (v) to burn brightly and strongly

**corpse:** /kɔ:ps/ (n) a dead body, especially of a human being

**Archimedes principle:** “A body immersed in liquid loses as much weight as the weight of the volume of the liquid which it displaces”. This was the law discovered by Archimedes, a Greek mathematician who lived from 287 to 212 B.C.

## ***I. Comprehension***

(a) **Answer the following questions in 10-15 words each:**

1. Whose portrait hung above the mantelpiece in the drawing room?
2. What, according to the author, was absurd and undignified on Grandmother's part?
3. Why did she say her prayer in a monotonous singsong?
4. What did they have for breakfast?
5. Why did Grandmother always go to school with the author?
6. The children in the village school were taught the alphabet. Did Grandmother know the alphabet?
7. How did they feed the village dogs while returning home?
8. 'That was the turning-point in our friendship.' What happened to the friendship?
9. How did the author go to school in the city?
10. Why was Grandmother unhappy about the school education at the city?
11. Why did she feel disturbed when the author announced that they were being given music lessons at school?
12. When was the common link of friendship between the author and his grandmother broken?
13. What did Grandmother do from sunrise to sunset?
14. What took the place of the village dogs in Grandmother's life in the city?
15. What could have been the cause of Grandmother's falling ill?
16. How did the sparrows show (on the last day) that they had not come for the bread?

(b) **Answer the following questions in 50-60 words each:**

1. Grandmother 'had always been short and fat and slightly bent'. Is this true, in the light of what is said in the first paragraph? What information in the first paragraph would you cite in support of your answer?
2. How would Grandmother prepare the author for school?
3. Grandmother is portrayed as a very religious woman. What details in the story create that impression?
4. Grandmother has been portrayed as a kind woman. What details in the story illustrate this?
5. What was grandmother's daily routine in the city?
6. Give a brief pen-portrait of the grandmother.
7. Write a brief note on Grandmother's relationship with the sparrows.

**II. Vocabulary Practice**

**1. Match the words under A with their antonyms under B:**

A	B
1. pretty	happy
2. absurd	dry
3. untidy	noisily
4. distressed	eastern
5. sure	fresh
6. moist	serious
7. frivolous	doubtful
8. quietly	rational
9. western	smart looking / neat
10. stale	ugly

**2. Form verbs from the following words:**

	<b>Word</b>	<b>Verb</b>
1.	belief	.....
2.	knowledge	.....
3.	prayer	.....
4.	food	.....
5.	association	.....
6.	decision	.....
7.	arrival	.....
8.	suspicion	.....
9.	sweeper	.....
10.	sure	.....

**III. Grammar Exercises**

**1. Fill in each blank with a suitable determiner:**

- .....of us were constantly together. ( our/ both)
- She told me about the games she used to play as .....child.  
(the/ a)
- .....parents left me with grandmother. (my/each)
- .....drop of water is precious. (every/all)
- We hear ..... amazing success stories but we refuse to  
acknowledge them. (much/many)

**2. Fill in each blank with a suitable modal:**

- I did not know who headed Telco. I thought it .....be one of  
the Tatas. (need/ must)
- The film ....to be a great success. ( should/ ought)
- My hostelmates told me I .....use the opportunity to go to  
Pune. ( should/ would)
- She .....never have been pretty. (can/ could)
- You ....start somewhere, otherwise no woman will ever be  
able to work in your factories. (may/ must)

**3. Do as directed:**

1. I was too scared to go to meet Mr JRD Tata.  
(Rewrite the sentence after removing "too")
2. She was too old to have grown older.  
(Rewrite the sentence after removing "too")
3. We are so lazy that we do not care to lift the garbage lying around us.  
(rewrite using 'too')
4. Major Som Nath was too brave to quit even in the face of heavy firing.  
(Rewrite after removing 'too')
5. I'm not too sure about it.  
(Rewrite after removing 'too')

**IV. Practice in Spoken English**

Key to Phonetic symbols:

g get	dʒ join	θ thin	ʃ ship	j yes
tʃ chain	ŋ long	ð then	ʒ measure	
i: weep	ɑ: part	u: root	eɪ play	ɔɪ boy
ɪ bit	ɒ hot	ʌ but	əʊ go	ɪə hear
e pet	ɔ: court	ɜ: bird	aɪ buy	eə pair
æ bat	ʊ put	ə away	aʊ cow	ʊə poor

**a. Say the following words aloud**

/ɑ: /	/ɜ: /	/ɑ: /	/ɜ: /
heart	hurt	pass	purse
star	stir	cart	curt
farm	firm	far	fir
card	curd	father	further
hard	heard/herd	fast	first

**b. Say the following words aloud (as the teacher says them)**

queen		iron	( <i>rsilent</i> )
<u>r</u> umour	/u:/	b <u>a</u> lcony	/æ/
s <u>w</u> ord	/ɔ:/	b <u>u</u> ry	/e/
t <u>o</u> mb	( <i>b silent</i> )	y <u>a</u> k	/æ/
menu	/'menju:/	ad <u>j</u> ust	( <i>dsilent</i> )

**V. Suggested Readings**

1. What's Happening to Grandpa?  
by Maria Shriver
2. How I Taught My Grandmother To Read And Other Stories  
by Sudha Murthy

**A RIDDLE**

Take away my first letter; take away my second letter; take away all my letters, and I would remain the same. What am I?

**Postman**

# 3

## Of Studies

---

*Francis Bacon (1561-1626), “the brightest, wisest and meanest of mankind”, is known as the father of the English essay and the father of modern English prose. He was a voluminous writer. His essays mostly deal with the ethical qualities of men or with matters pertaining to the government or the state. They are full of practical wisdom of life. His style is aphoristic, formal, impersonal and informative.*

*In the present essay Bacon describes the advantages of studies. This is one of his most popular essays. Studies give pleasure, embellish our conversation and augment our practical abilities. Different men view studies differently. Reading, writing, and conversation are all necessary to perfect and develop the powers of a man. A study of different subjects carries with it different advantages. Studies cure mental ailments or defects just as certain sports and exercises cure specific physical ailments.*

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Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring, for ornament, is in discourse, and for ability, is in the judgement and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one, but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgement wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them: for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested, that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read but not curiously, and some to be read wholly and with diligence and attention. Some books also

may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others, but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books, else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things.

Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore if a man writes little; he had need have a great memory; if he confers little, he had need have a present wit, and if he reads little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

Histories make men wise, poets witty; the mathematics subtle; natural philosophy deep; moral grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. *Abeunt studia in mores*: (Studies pass into the character). Nay there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies: like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercise. Bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head, and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics, for in demonstration if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen; for they are *cymini sectores*. If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

**Francis Bacon**

### **Synopsis of the Essay**

1. Use of studies: delight, ornament and ability.
2. Disadvantages: sloth (waste of time), needless display (affectation), separating studies from practical use (humour of a scholar).
3. Rules: Weigh before you read. Some books are to be read in parts, some to be skimmed, some to be read thoroughly.
4. Modes of study: Reading, conference, writing (for accuracy)
5. Value: History fosters wisdom; Poetry gives wit; Mathematics fosters subtlety; Philosophy gives depth and gravity; Logic and Rhetoric give reasoning skills.
6. Effect: Studies cure mental diseases as physical exercise cure physical defects.

## **Glossary**

**ornament:** /'ɔ:nəmənt / (n) adding colour and spice to conversation, decoration

**retiring:** /rɪ'taɪərɪŋ / preferring not to spend the time with other people, shy, quiet. (Books give pleasure when one is alone without any company.)

**discourse:** /'dɪskɔ:s/ (n) a long and serious treatment or discussion of a subject in speech or writing

**disposition:** /,dɪspə'zɪʃn/ (n) execution, management, arrangement

**sloth:** /sləʊθ/ (n) the bad habit of being lazy and unwilling to work

**affectation:** /,æfek'teɪʃn/ (n) pedantry, show of knowledge

**humour:** /'hju:mə(r)/ (n) whim, eccentricity

**pruning:** /pru:nɪŋ / trimming, setting in order

**confute:** /kən'fju:t/ (v) to prove somebody wrong or false, refute

**diligence:** /'dɪlɪdʒəns / (n) careful and thorough work or effort

**deputy:** /'depju:ti/ (n) a person who is the next most important person below a business manager, a head of a school, a political leader etc

**confer:** /kən'fɜ:(r)/ (v) to discuss something with somebody in order to exchange opinions or get advice

**wit:** /wɪt/ (n) intelligence, the ability to say or write things that are both clever and amusing

**subtle:** /'sʌtl / (adj) deep, profound

**grave:** /g reɪv/ (n) sober and profound

**rhetoric:** /'retərɪk / (n) speech or writing that is intended to influence people, the art of good speaking and writing

**contend:** /kən'tend/ (v) discuss, argue

**impediment:** /ɪm'pedɪmənt / (n) something that delays or stops the progress of something, obstacle

**reins:** /reɪn / (n) kidneys

**apt:** /æpt/ (adj) suitable or appropriate in the circumstances

**the schoolmen:** philosophers and teachers in the middle Ages

**cymini sectores:** hair splitters

**receipt:** /rɪ'si:t/ (n) remedy

## ***I. Comprehension***

(a) **Answer the following questions in 10-15 words each**

1. What do studies serve for?
2. What are the chief uses of studies?
3. When do studies become the humour of a scholar?
4. What do the crafty men, simple men and wise men do with the studies respectively?
5. Why should we read?
6. Some books are to be tasted.' What does the author mean by this statement?
7. What do, the author says, reading, conference and writing make a man respectively?
8. How are different types of physical activities beneficial to us?
9. When should men study mathematics?
10. When should they study lawyer's cases?

(b) **Answer the following questions in 50-60 words each**

1. How do studies perfect nature?
2. How do different types of men make use of studies?
3. What does the author say about different types of books?
4. What must man have if he writes, confers or reads little?
5. How do studies pass into character?

## ***II. Vocabulary Practice***

1. **Fill up the blanks in the following sentences with suitable words selected from the box below:**

learned	extract	perfect	crafty
chew	exact	contradict	ornament

1. This gold ..... carries a purity of 95 per cent.
2. Many a ..... professor took part in the conference.
3. You must ..... your food well.

4. .... persons are sometimes caught in their own nets.
5. This passage is an ..... from a speech by Nehru.
6. Your reply must be ..... and to the point.
7. Practice makes a man .....
8. I do not mean to ..... what you are saying.

**2. Form nouns from the following words**

	<b>Word</b>	<b>Noun</b>
(i)	consider	.....
(ii)	punish	.....
(iii)	believe	.....
(iv)	opt	.....
(v)	idle	.....
(vi)	weak	.....
(vii)	dictate	.....
(viii)	violent	.....
(ix)	intelligent	.....
(x)	obey	.....

**III. Grammar Exercises**

**1. Fill in the blanks with suitable prepositions:**

1. Her face was a criss-cross ....wrinkles.
2. She used to get up ...the morning and get me ready ....school.
3. He rules .....a vast empire.
4. I never bothered ....learn the prayer.
5. The driver jumped .....the car.

**2. Change the voice**

1. Baron Hausberg buys all my pictures.
2. Will Pakistan build a nuclear breeder?
3. His conduct amazed us.
4. Who is creating this mess?
5. He is said to be very rich.

**3. Change the form of narration**

1. My mother said to me, "You will miss the train."
2. "Gandhiji believed in non-violence," said the Prime Minister.
3. Rita said to me, "Trust in God and do the right."
4. "Don't run away, Hughie," said he.
5. "What an amazing model!" shouted Trevor.

**IV. Practice in Spoken English**

Key to Phonetic symbols:

g	get	dʒ	join	θ	thin	ʃ	ship	j	yes
tʃ	chain	ŋ	long	ð	then	ʒ	measure		
i:	weep	ɑ:	part	u:	root	eɪ	play	ɔɪ	boy
ɪ	bit	ɒ	hot	ʌ	but	əʊ	go	ɪə	hear
e	pet	ɔ:	court	ɜ:	bird	aɪ	buy	eə	pair
æ	bat	ʊ	put	ə	away	aʊ	cow	ʊə	poor

**a. Say the following words aloud**

/e/	/eɪ/	/e/	/æ/
get	gate	men	man
tell	tail/tale	lend	land
fell	fail	head	had
test	taste	pen	pan
sent	saint	merry	marry

**b. Say the following words aloud (as the teacher says them)**

lo <u>z</u> e	/z/	d <u>i</u> mon	/i:/	
loo <u>s</u> e	/s/	w <u>o</u> man	/u/	/ə/
sw <u>a</u> n	/ɒ/	w <u>o</u> men	/ɪ/	/ɪ/
ch <u>e</u> w	/u:/	s <u>u</u> gar	/ʊ/	
po <u>l</u> ice	/ə/	g <u>o</u> vernment	/ʌ/	

**V. Suggested Readings**

1. Buzan's Study Skills: Mind Maps, Memory Techniques, Speed Reading  
*by* Tony Buzan
2. A Whole New Mind: Why Right-Brainers Will Rule the Future  
*by* Daniel H. Pink

**Please ponder over**

I was sad that I had no shoes,  
But then I saw a man who had no feet!

# 4

## Liberty and Discipline

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*Field Marshal Sir William Slim, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, held the highest office in the British Army. He is well qualified to speak on the subject of discipline and the relation it bears to liberty. This chapter has been condensed from an article contributed by Sir William Sliam to The Fortnightly, London. This will be of special interest to all those who are rightly worried about the general disquiet for lack of discipline both at the personal and the national level.*

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When you get in your car or on your bicycle you can choose where you want to go. That is liberty. But, as you drive or ride through the streets, you will keep to the left of the road. That is discipline.

There are four reasons why you will keep to the left:

- (i) your own advantage
- (ii) consideration for others
- (iii) confidence in your fellows; and
- (iv) fear of punishment

It is the relative weight which we give to each of these reasons that decides what sort of discipline we have. And that can vary from the pure self-discipline of the Sermon on the Mount to the discipline of the concentration camp, the enforced discipline of fear.

In spite of all our squabbles, the British are united when it comes to most of the things that matter and liberty is one of them. We believe in freedom to think what we like, say what we like, work at what we like, and go where we like. Discipline is a restraint on liberty, so many of us have a very natural inclination to avoid it. But we cannot. Man, ever since the dim prehistoric past, has had no option but to accept the discipline of some kind. For a modern man, living in complex communities, in which every individual is dependent on others, discipline is more than ever unavoidable.

All history teaches that when through either idleness, weakness or faction, the sense of order fades in a nation, its economic life sinks into decay, then, as its standard of living falls and security vanishes, one of two things happens.

Either some more virile militant power steps in to impose its own brand of discipline or a dictator arises and clamps down the iron control of the police state. Somehow, eventually, discipline is again enforced. The problem is not; “Shall we accept discipline?” – sooner or later we have to-; it is “How shall we accept it?” Shall it be imposed by physical violence and fear, by grim economic necessity, or accepted by consent and understanding? Shall it come from without or from within?

The word “discipline” for some flashes on to the screen of the mind a jack-booted commissar bawling commands across the barrack square at tramping squads. But that is dictatorship, not discipline. The voluntary, reasoned discipline accepted by free, intelligent men and women is another thing. It is binding on all, from top to bottom.

One morning, long ago, as a brand new second-lieutenant, I was walking on to parade. A private soldier passed me and saluted. I acknowledged his salute with an airy wave of the hand. Suddenly behind me, a voice rasped out my name. I spun round and there was my Colonel, for whom I had a most wholesome respect, and with him the Regimental Sergeant Major, of whom also I stood in some awe. “I see,” said the Colonel, “you don't know how to return a salute. Sergeant Major, plant your staff in the ground, and let Mr. Slim practise saluting it until he does know how to return a salute!” So to and fro I marched in sight of the whole battalion, saluting the Sergeant Major's cane. (I could cheerfully have murdered the Colonel, the Sergeant Major, and my grinning fellow-subalterns). At the end of ten minutes, the Colonel called me up to him. All he said was: “Now remember, discipline begins with the officers!”

And so it does. The leader must be ready, not only to accept a higher degree of responsibility but a severer standard of self-discipline than those he leads. If you hold a position of authority, whether you are the managing director or the charge-head, you must impose discipline on yourself first. Then forget the easy way of trying to enforce it on others-by just giving orders and expecting them to be obeyed. You will give orders and you will see they are obeyed, but you will only build up the leadership of your team on the discipline of understanding.

There is more to a soldier's discipline than blind obedience and to take men into your confidence is not a new technique invented in the last war. Oliver

Cromwell demanded that every man in his new model army should “know what he fights for, and love what he knows.” Substitute “work” for “fight” and you have the essence of industrial discipline too — to know what you work for and to love what you know.

It is only discipline that enables men to live in a community and yet retain individual liberty. Sweep away or undermine discipline, and security for the weak and the poor vanishes. That is why, far from it being derogatory for any man or woman voluntarily to accept discipline, it is ennobling.

Totalitarian discipline with its slogan-shouting masses is deliberately designed to submerge the individual. The discipline a man imposes on himself because he believes intelligently that it helps him to get a worthwhile job done to his own and his country's benefit, fosters character and initiative. It makes a man do his work, without being watched, because it is worth doing. In the blitz of the late war not a man of the thousands of British railway signalmen ever left his post. They stood, often in the heart of the target areas, cooked up in flimsy buildings, surrounded by glass, while the bombs screamed down. They knew what they worked for, they knew its importance to others and to their country and they put their job before themselves. That was discipline.

No nation ever got out of a difficult position, economic or military, without discipline. Democracy means that responsibility is decentralized and that no one can shirk his share of the strain. And some of us, a lot of us, in all walks of life, do not. If everyone — not only the other fellows we are always pointing at — really worked when we were supposed to be working, we should beat our economic crisis hollow. That takes discipline, based not only on ourselves but backed by a healthy public opinion.

We are apt these days to think more of liberty than of responsibility but, in the long run, we never get anything worth having without paying something for it. Liberty is no exception. You can have discipline without liberty, but you cannot have liberty without discipline.

**Sir William Sliam**

### ***Glossary***

**liberty:** /'libəti/ (n) freedom to live as you choose without too many restrictions from government and authority

**discipline:** / 'dɪsəplɪn/ (n) the practice of training people to obey rules and orders and punishing them if they do not

**consideration:** / kən,sɪdə'reɪʃn/ (n) the act of thinking carefully about something.

**relative:** / 'relətɪv/ (adj) considered and judged by being compared with something else, comparative

**squabble:** / 'skwɒbl / (v) to argue noisily about something that is not very important, bicker

**restraint:** /rɪ'streɪnt/ (n) a rule, a fact, an idea etc. that limits or controls what people can do

**inclination:** / ,ɪnklɪ'neɪʃn/ (n) a feeling that makes you want to do something

**faction:** / 'fækʃn/ (n) a small group of people within a larger one whose members have some different aims and beliefs to those of the larger group

**decay:** /dɪ'keɪ/ (n) go bad

**vanish:** / 'vænɪʃ/ (v) to disappear suddenly in a way that you cannot explain

**virile:** / 'vɪraɪl/ (adj) having or showing strength, energy, manly qualities

**militant:** / 'mɪlɪtənt/ (adj) using, or willing to use force or strong pressure to achieve your aims, especially to achieve social or political change

**clamp:** /klæmp/ (v) to hold something tightly or fasten two things together

**impose:** /ɪm'pəʊz/ (v) to introduce a new law, rule, tax etc. to order that a rule, punishment etc. be used

**grim:** / ɡ rɪm/ (adj) severe, looking very serious

**consent:** /kən'sent / (n/v) permission to do something especially given by somebody in authority

**flash:** /flæʃ/ (v) to shine brightly

**jack-boot:** / 'dʒækbu:t / (n) a tall boot that reaches up to the knee (worn by soldiers in the past)

**commissar:** / ,kɒmɪ'sɔ : (r)/ (n) officer of the government

**bawl:** /bɔ:l/ (v) shout loudly in anger

**barrack:** / 'bærək / (n) a large building for soldiers to live in

**tramp:** /træmp/ (v) to walk with heavy or noisy steps for a long time

**squad:** /skwɒd/ (n) a small group of soldiers working or being trained together

**lieutenant:** /lef'tenənt/ (n) an officer of middle rank in the army

**rasp:** /rɑ :sp/ (n) a rough unpleasant sound

**to stand in awe:** to admire and be slightly frightened of them

**battalion:** /bə'tæliən/ (n) a large group of soldiers that form part of a brigade/  
a large group of people, especially an organized group with a particular  
purpose

**grin:** /g rɪn/ (v) smile widely

**derogatory:** /dɪ'rɒ g ətri/ (adj) tending to damage, insulting

**ennobling:** /ɪ'nəʊbl/ (v) to make somebody a member of the Nobility, raise  
status

**totalitarian:** /təʊ,tælə'teəriən/ (adj) discipline of one political party where no  
rivals are permitted

**deliberately:** /dɪ'libərətli/ (adv) done in a way that was planned intentionally,  
on purpose

**foster:** /'fɒstə(r) / (v) care for, encourage the growth and development of  
something

**blitz:** /blɪts/ (n) rapid, violent attack, something which is done with a lot of  
energy

**flimsy:** /'flɪmzi/ (adj) badly made and not strong enough for the purpose for  
which it is used, rickety

**decentralise:** /,di:'sentrəlaɪz/ (v) to give some of the power of a central  
government organization etc. to smaller parts around the country

**shirk:** /ʃɜ:k/ (v) to avoid doing something you should do, especially because  
you are too lazy

## **I. Comprehension**

(a) **Answer the following questions in 10-15 words each:**

1. How does the author define 'liberty'?
2. What is discipline?
3. Why should one keep to the left?
4. How does pure discipline differ from enforced discipline?

5. What types of liberty do the British believe in?
6. Why does one have a natural inclination to avoid discipline?
7. Why is discipline unavoidable for a modern man?
8. How did the author acknowledge the salute of a private soldier?
9. How did the Colonel punish the author for not returning a salute properly?
10. What did the Colonel tell the author about discipline?
11. How can the leader build up the leadership of his team?
12. What, according to the author, was not a new technique invented in the last war?
13. How can you say that discipline is not derogatory?
14. What type of discipline is deliberately designed to submerge the individual?
15. How does the author commend the role of British railway signalmen in the last war?
16. How can a nation overcome an economic or military crisis?
17. What, according to the author, is meant by democracy?

(b) **Answer the following questions in 50-60 words each**

1. How does History teach us the need of a disciplined living? Explain.
2. What is the relationship between liberty and discipline?
3. What does indiscipline lead to?
4. How can an officer inculcate a sense of discipline in his subordinates?
5. What are the advantages of discipline?

### ***III. Vocabulary Practice***

**1. Tick mark (✓) the correct meaning of each of the following words**

- |                |                          |
|----------------|--------------------------|
| 1. choose      | a. select                |
|                | b. reject                |
|                | c. accept                |
| 2. sermon      | a. rebuke                |
|                | b. a holy lecture        |
|                | c. a political practice  |
| 3. inclination | a. dislike               |
|                | b. hatred                |
|                | c. bent of mind          |
| 4. unavoidable | a. impossible            |
|                | b. simultaneous          |
|                | c. inevitable            |
| 5. acknowledge | a. admire                |
|                | b. dislike               |
|                | c. know to be correct    |
| 6. grin        | a. burst out             |
|                | b. smile widely          |
|                | c. praise                |
| 7. technique   | a. desire                |
|                | b. method                |
|                | c. description           |
| 8. derogatory  | a. ennobling             |
|                | b. insulting             |
|                | c. praiseworthy          |
| 9. initiative  | a. fear                  |
|                | b. helplessness          |
|                | c. courage to start      |
| 10. crisis     | a. a walk over           |
|                | b. a difficult situation |
|                | c. a challenge           |

**2. Form *adjectives* from the following words**

	<b>Word</b>	<b>Adjective</b>
1.	ornament	.....
2.	delight	.....
3.	business	.....
4.	use	.....
5.	craft	.....
6.	taste	.....
7.	curiosity	.....
8.	memory	.....
9.	wit	.....
10.	defect	.....

**III. Grammar Exercises**

**1. Fill in each blank with a suitable determiner:**

1. We felt ..... indefinable sense of discomfort. (a/an)
2. .... fugitives had fled from Hiroshima. (many/much)
3. ....living thing was petrified in an attitude of indescribable suffering. (many/ every)
4. Children begin learning by imitating .....elders. (his/their)
5. Each unhappy family is unhappy in ..own way. (his/ its)

**2. Change the form of narration:**

1. The teacher will say, "Gita is performing on the stage."
2. She said, "If I were rich, I would help him."
3. "Oh, Tom," she said, "I am so ashamed of you !"
4. The lawyer asked Bob, "Do you still deny the charges?"
5. The principal said, "Virtue is its own reward."

3. Use each of the following words as a noun and a verb:

- (i) face
- (ii) lock
- (iii) delight
- (iv) water
- (v) consent

IV. *Practice in Spoken English*

Key to Phonetic symbols:

g	get	dʒ	join	θ	thin	ʃ	ship	j	yes
tʃ	chain	ŋ	long	ð	then	ʒ	measure		
i:	weep	ɑ:	part	u:	root	eɪ	play	ɔɪ	boy
ɪ	bit	ɒ	hot	ʌ	but	əʊ	go	ɪə	hear
e	pet	ɔ:	court	ɜ:	bird	aɪ	buy	eə	pair
æ	bat	ʊ	put	ə	away	aʊ	cow	ʊə	poor

a. Say the following words aloud:

/aɪ/	/ɔɪ/	/ɪə/	/eə/
tile	toil	sheer	share
file	foil	fear	fare
tie	toy	cheer	chair
buy	boy	spear	spare
vice	voice	hear/here	hair

b. Say the following words aloud (as the teacher says them):

ch <u>e</u> w	/u:/	dem <u>o</u> cracy	/ɪ/
b <u>o</u> mb	(b silent)	bl <u>u</u> e	/u:/
kn <u>a</u> ve	(k silent)	n <u>u</u> de	/nju:d/
per <u>o</u> d	/ɪə/	pol <u>i</u> ce	/ə/
phot <u>o</u> graphy	/ə//ə/	hor <u>i</u> zon	/hə'raɪzn/

**V. *Suggested Readings***

1. The Idea of Justice  
*by Amartya Sen*
2. Development As Freedom  
*by Amartya Sen*

**Tongue-twister**

Seventy shuddering sailors stood silent as short  
sharp shattering shocks shook the splendid ship.

# 5

## A PRESIDENT SPEAKS

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*This inspiring speech was delivered, by President APJ Abdul Kalam (born 1931), a scholar and scientist of world renown, in Hyderabad. He is a human being with a keen perception and sensitivity to human want and suffering. Various distinctions and awards form the various mile-stones of his outstanding life. In 1997, he was awarded BHARAT RATAN, the highest civilian honour of the country. His stay in the Rashtrapati Bhawan is marked by a child-like indifference to conventions. It is interesting to note that his site on the Internet is dedicated to mother, father, teacher, and Almighty. One can learn a great deal from his other speeches too.*

---

I have three visions for India. In 3000 years of our history, people from all over the world have come and invaded us, captured our lands, conquered our minds. From Alexander onwards, the Greeks, the Turks, the Moguls, the Portuguese, the British, the French, the Dutch, all of them came and looted us, took over what was ours. Yet we have not done this to any other nation. We have not conquered anyone. We have not grabbed their land, their culture, and their history and tried to enforce our way of life on them. Why?

This is because we respect the freedom of others. That is why my first vision is that of FREEDOM. I believe that India got its first vision of this in 1857 when we started the war of independence. It is this freedom that we must protect and nurture and build on. If we are not free, no one will respect us.

My second vision for India is DEVELOPMENT.

For fifty years we have been a developing nation. It is time we see ourselves as a developed nation. We are among top 5 nations of the world in terms of GDP. We have 10 per cent growth rate in most areas. Our poverty levels are falling. Our achievements are being globally recognized today. Yet we lack the self-confidence to see ourselves as a developed nation, self-reliant and self-assured. Isn't this incorrect?

I have a third vision.

India must STAND UP to the world. Because I believe that, unless India stands up to the world, no one will respect us. Only strength respects strength. We must be strong not only as a military power but also as an economic power.

Both must go hand-in-hand. My good fortune was to have worked with three great minds. Dr. Vikram Sarabhai of the Deptt. of Space, Prof. Satish Dhawan, who succeeded him and Dr. Brahm Prakash, father of nuclear material. I was lucky to have worked with all three of them closely and consider this the great opportunity of my life.

We have so many amazing success stories but we refuse to acknowledge them. Why?

We are the first in milk production.

We are number one in remote sensing satellites.

We are the second largest producer of wheat.

We are the second largest producer of rice.

Another question: Why are we, as a nation so obsessed with foreign things?

Why do we want foreign TVs? Why do we want foreign shirts? Why do we want foreign technology? Why this obsession with everything imported? Do we not realize that self-respect comes with self-reliance?

I was in Hyderabad giving this lecture, when a 14-year-old girl asked me for my autograph. I asked her what her goal in life is. She replied, 'I want to live in a developed India.' For her, you and I will have to build this developed India. You must proclaim: India is not an underdeveloped nation; it is a highly developed nation. Do you have 10 minutes? Allow me to take you with a vengeance.

Give 10 minutes for your country, and read on:

YOU say that our government is inefficient.

YOU say that our laws are too old.

YOU say that the municipality does not pick up the garbage.

YOU say that the phones don't work, the railways are a joke, the airline is the worst in the world.

YOU say that mails never reach their destination.

YOU say that our country has been fed to the dogs and is the absolute pits.

YOU say, say and say. What do YOU do about it?

Take a person on his way to Singapore. Give him a name – YOURS. Give him a face – YOURS. YOU walk out of the airport and you are at your international best. In Singapore you don't throw litter on the roads or eat in the stores. YOU

are as proud of their underground links as they are. You pay \$5 to drive through Orchard Road (equivalent of Mahim Causeway or Pedder Road) between 5 p.m. and 8 p.m.

YOU come back to the parking lot to punch your parking ticket if you have overstayed in a restaurant or a shopping mall irrespective of your status identity. In Singapore you don't say anything, DO YOU?

YOU wouldn't dare to eat in public during Ramadan, in Dubai. YOU would not dare to go out without your head covered in Jeddah. YOU would not dare to buy an employee of the telephone exchange in London at 10 pounds a month to, "see to it that my STD and ISD calls are billed to someone else."

YOU would not dare to speed beyond 55 mph (88 km/h) in Washington and then tell the traffic cop, "*Jaanta hai mai kaun hoon ?*(Do you know who I am?). I am so and so's son. Take your two bucks and get lost."

YOU wouldn't chuck an empty coconut shell anywhere other than the garbage pail on the beaches in Australia and New Zealand. Why don't YOU spit paan on the streets of Tokyo? Why don't YOU use examination jockeys or buy fake certificates in Boston? We are still talking of the same YOU. YOU who can respect and conform to a foreign system in other countries but cannot in your own. You who will throw papers and garbage on the road the moment you touch Indian ground. If you can be an involved and appreciative citizen in an alien country, why cannot you be the same here in India?

Once in an interview, the famous ex-municipal commissioner of Bombay (Mumbai), Mr. Tinaikar had a point to make. "Rich people's dogs are walked on the streets to leave their affluent droppings all over the place," he said. "And then the same people turn around to criticize and blame the authorities for inefficiency and dirty pavements. What do they expect the officers to do? Go down with a broom every time their dog feels the pressure in his bowels. In America every dog owner has to clean up after his pet has done the job. Same in Japan. Will the Indian citizen do that here?" He's right. We go to the polls to choose a government and after that forfeit all responsibility. We sit back wanting to be pampered and expect the government to do everything for us whilst our contribution is totally negative. We expect the government to clean up but we are not going to stop chucking garbage all over the place, nor are we going to stop to pick up a stray piece of paper and throw it in the bin.

We expect the railways to provide clean bathrooms but we are not going to learn the proper use of bathrooms. We want Indian Airlines and Air India to provide the best of food and toiletries but we are not going to stop pilfering at the least opportunity. This applies even to the staff that is known not to pass on the service to the public. When it comes to burning social issues like those related to women, dowry, girl child and others, we make loud drawing room protestations and continue to do the reverse at home. Our excuse? “It's the whole system which has to change, how will it matter if I alone forego my sons' rights to a dowry?”

So who's going to change the system? What does a system consist of? Very conveniently for us it consists of our neighbours, other households, other cities, other communities and the government. But definitely not me and YOU! When it comes to us actually making a positive contribution to the system we lock ourselves along with our families into a safe cocoon and look into the distance at countries far away and wait for a Mr. Clean to come along and work miracles for us with a majestic sweep of his hand or we leave the country and run away.

Like lazy cowards hounded by our fears we run to America to bask in their glory and praise their system. When New York becomes insecure we run to England. When England experiences unemployment, we take the next flight out to the Gulf. When Gulf is war-struck, we demand to be rescued and brought home by the Indian government. Everybody is out to abuse and rape the country. Nobody thinks of feeding the system. Our conscience is mortgaged to money.

Dear Indians, the article is highly thought inductive. It calls for a great deal of introspection and pricks one's conscience too.... I am echoing J.F. Kennedy's words to his fellow Americans to relate to Indians.

“ASK WHAT WE CAN DO FOR INDIA AND DO WHAT HAS TO BE DONE TO MAKE INDIA WHAT AMERICA AND OTHER WESTERN COUNTRIES ARE TODAY.”

Let's do what India needs from us.

**Dr A P J Abdul Kalam**

## ***Glossary***

**vision:** /'vɪʒn/ (n) something seen before the mind's eyes/foresight

**invade:** /ɪn'veɪd/ (v) attack

**conquer:** /'kɒŋkə(r)/ (v) to take control of a country or city and its people by force

**nurture:** /'nɜ:tʃə(r)/ (v) to take care/protect while growing and developing

**development:** /dɪ'veləpmənt/ (n) the gradual growth of something so that it becomes more advanced, stronger etc

**GDP:** /,dʒi:di:'pi:/ (n) Gross Domestic Product- a term of Economics, used in measuring the national development and prosperity

**self-reliant:** (adj) able to do or decide things by yourself rather than depending on other people for help/independent

**self-assured:** (adj) having a lot of confidence in yourself and your abilities, confident

**acknowledge:** /ək'nɒlɪdʒ/ (v) admit/to accept the truth

**obsess:** /əb'ses/ (v) be haunted or troubled by a fixed idea

**proclaim:** /prə'kleɪm/ (v) to publicly and officially tell people about something important/ declare

**vengeance:** /'vendʒəns/ (n) the act of punishing or harming somebody in return for what they have done to you/ revenge

**pit:** /pɪt/ (n) deep hole

**equivalent:** /ɪ'kwɪvələnt/ (adj) equal in value, amount, meaning etc

**chuck:** /tʃʌk/ (v) to throw something carelessly or without much thought

**garbage pail:** (n) garbage bucket

**examination jockeys:** (n) outside helpers in examination

**appreciative:** /ə'pri:ʃətɪv/ (adj) feeling or showing that you are grateful for something

**forfeit:** /'fɔ:fit/ (v) give up, lose

**whilst:** /waɪl/ (conjunction) when/while

**pilfer:** /'pɪlfə(r)/ (n) steal

**hound:** /haʊnd/ (v) harass

**to bask in:** /bɑ :sk/ to enjoy the good feelings that you have when other people praise or admire you, when they give you a lot of attention

**mortgage:** /'mɔ: gɪdʒ/ (v) to borrow against something

**inductive:** /ɪn'dʌktɪv/ (adj) using particular facts and examples to form general rules and principles

**introspection:** /,ɪntrə'spekʃn / (n) a careful examination of your own thoughts, feelings and reasons for behaving in a particular way

**echo:** /'ekəʊ/ (v) reverberate

**J.F.Kennedy:** (1917-1963) the charismatic U.S.President, who said in his famous inaugural address. "Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country"

## ***I. Comprehension***

(a) **Answer the following questions in 10-15 words each:**

1. Who have come and invaded India in 3000 years of its history?
2. When, according to Kalam, did India get its first vision of Freedom?
3. What is Kalam's second vision for India?
4. Why does Kalam want India to be a strong military and economic power?
5. What is India's position regarding milk production and remote sensing satellites in the world?
6. What is India's position in respect of the production of wheat and rice?
7. How do we behave while in Singapore?
8. How do we behave while in Dubai?
9. What did the ex-municipal commissioner of Bombay (Mumbai) tell Kalam?
10. What has every dog owner in America and Japan to do?
11. What do we expect from railways and airlines?
12. What is our attitude towards burning social issues?

(b) **Answer the following questions in 50-60 words each:**

1. What is Kalam's vision for India?
2. What does he say about our behaviour in a foreign country?
3. What does he say about our behaviour in our own country?
4. Write, in brief, the idea conveyed in this lesson.
5. Write a note on 'Social Responsibility'.

## **II. Vocabulary Practice**

**1. Match the words under A with their meanings under B:**

- |                   |                           |
|-------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. vision         | craze, extreme liking     |
| 2. nurture        | foreign, not native       |
| 3. remote         | love or praise abnormally |
| 4. obsession      | voice of the soul         |
| 5. absolute       | self-analysis             |
| 6. alien          | complete                  |
| 7. pamper         | bring up                  |
| 8. rescue         | distant                   |
| 9. conscience     | dream picture             |
| 10. introspection | save                      |

**2. Form verbs from the following words:**

- | <b>Word</b>      | <b>Verb</b> |
|------------------|-------------|
| (i) conquest     | .....       |
| (ii) development | .....       |
| (iii) growth     | .....       |
| (iv) achievement | .....       |
| (v) strength     | .....       |

- (vi) success .....
- (vii) production .....
- (viii) examination .....
- (ix) choice .....
- (x) government .....

**III. Grammar Exercises**

**1. Fill in each blank with a suitable modal:**

1. A leader.....be ready to accept responsibilities and self-discipline. (should/may)
2. She .....not help me with my lessons. (could, ought)
3. Take an umbrella with you; it .....rain. (can/might)
4. ....I come in, sir? (may/might)
5. ....that I were a king! (should/would)

**2. Change the voice:**

1. I cannot accept your offer.
2. The panel asked me technical questions.
3. Alas! We shall hear her voice no more.
4. When will you pay your fees?
5. Crafty men condemn studies.

**3. Fill in the blanks with the correct form of the verbs given in the brackets:**

1. Lions .....(not live) on fruits. (*simple present tense*)
2. A stitch in time .....(save) nine. (*simple present tense*)
4. My grandmother.....( accept) her seclusion with resignation.(*simple past tense*)
5. Mohan does not have much money, so he .....(not buy) a car yet. (*present perfect tense*)
6. The old man always .....(carry) an umbrella with him. (*simple past tense*)

#### IV Practice in Spoken English

Key to Phonetic symbols:

g	get	dʒ	join	θ	thin	ʃ	ship	j	yes
tʃ	chain	ŋ	long	ð	then	ʒ	measure		
i:	weep	ɑ:	part	u:	root	eɪ	play	ɔɪ	boy
ɪ	bit	ɒ	hot	ʌ	but	əʊ	go	ɪə	hear
e	pet	ɔ:	court	ɜ:	bird	aɪ	buy	eə	pair
æ	bat	ʊ	put	ə	away	aʊ	cow	ʊə	poor

**a. Say the following words aloud:**

/ɑ:/	/ɒ/	/ɒ/	/ɔ:/
last	lost	cock	cork
heart	hot	shot	short
calf	cough	sod	sword
sharp	shop	cod	cord
large	lodge	cot	court/caught

**b. Say the following words aloud (as the teacher says them):**

tigress	/aɪ/	thoroughly	/'θʌrəli/
bosom		adjective	(dsilent)
tour	/ʊə/	mark	
suite	/swi:t /	machine	
houses	/z/ /z/	foetus	

#### V. Suggested Readings

1. Wings of Fire  
by APJ Abdul Kalam
2. My Country My Life  
by L K Advani

**Please ponder over**

That the birds of worry and care  
Fly above your head,  
This you cannot change.....  
But that they build nests in your hair,  
This you can prevent.

# 6

## THE EARTH IS NOT OURS

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*In a partly symbolic gesture, in 1998, the General Assembly of the United Nations Organisation (UNO) decided that its fifty-fifth session would be designated, 'The Millennium Assembly of the United Nations'. This Millennium Summit was held from 6 to 8 September 2000. The following passage is an extract from the inaugural address given by Kofi Annan, the then Secretary General of the UNO.*

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The Millennium might have been no more than an accident of the calendar. But you, the Governments and peoples of the world, have chosen to make it more than that—an occasion for all humanity to celebrate, and to reflect.

If one word encapsulates the changes we are living through, it is 'globalisation'. We live in a world that is interconnected as never before—one in which groups and individuals interact more and more directly across State frontiers, often without involving the States at all.

This has its dangers, of course. Crime, narcotics, terrorism, disease, weapons — all these move back and forth faster, and in greater numbers, than in the past. People feel threatened by events far away.

But the benefits of globalization are obvious too: faster growth, higher living standards, and new opportunities — not only for individuals but also for better understanding between nations, and for common action.

One problem is that, at present, these opportunities are far from equally distributed. How can we say that the half of the human race, which has yet to make or receive a telephone call, let alone use a computer, is taking part in globalization? We cannot, without insulting their poverty.

The overarching challenge of our times is to make globalization mean more than bigger markets. To make a success of this great upheaval we must learn how to govern better, and, above all, how to govern better together.

What are these global issues? I have grouped them under three headings, each of which I relate to a fundamental human freedom — freedom from want, freedom from fear, and the freedom of future generations to sustain their lives on this planet. First, freedom from want. How can we call human beings free

and equal in dignity when over a billion of them are struggling to survive on less than one dollar a day, without safe drinking water, and when half of all humanity lacks adequate sanitation? Some of us are worrying about whether the stock market will crash, or struggling to master our latest computer, while more than half our fellow men and women have much more basic worries, such as where their children's next meal is coming from.

The second main heading is freedom from fear. Wars between states are mercifully less frequent than they used to be. But in the last decade internal wars have claimed more than five million lives, and driven many times that number of people from their homes. Moreover, we still live under the shadow of weapons of mass destruction.

We must do more to prevent conflicts happening at all. Most conflicts happen in poor countries, especially those which are badly governed or where power and wealth are very unfairly distributed between ethnic or religious groups. So the best way to prevent conflict is to promote political arrangements in which all groups are fairly represented, combined with human rights, minority rights, and broad-based economic development.

The third fundamental freedom is one that is not clearly identified in the United Nations Charter, because in 1945 our founders could scarcely imagine that it would ever be threatened. I mean the freedom of future generations to sustain their lives on this planet.

Even now, many of us have not understood how seriously that freedom is threatened. If I could sum it up in one sentence, I should say we are plundering our children's heritage to pay for our present unsustainable practices.

We must preserve our forests, fisheries, and the diversity of living species, all of which are close to collapsing under the pressure of human consumption and destruction.

In short, we need a new ethic of stewardship. We need a much better informed public, and we need to take environmental costs and benefits fully into account in our economic policy decisions. We need regulations and incentives to discourage pollution and over-consumption of non-renewable resources, and to encourage environment-friendly practices. And we need more accurate scientific data.

Above all we need to remember the old African wisdom which I learned as a child — that the earth is not ours. It is a treasure we hold in trust for our descendants.

Those are the problems and the tasks which affect the everyday lives of our peoples. It is on how we handle them that the utility of the United Nations will be judged. If we lose sight of that point the United Nations will have little or no role to play in the twenty first century.

Let us never forget, that our Organisation was founded in the name of “We, the Peoples”. We are at the service of the world's peoples, and we must listen to them. They are telling us that our past achievements are not enough. They are telling us we must do more, and do it better.

**Kofi Annan**

### ***Glossary***

**gesture:** /'dʒestʃə(r)/ (n) a movement that you make with your hands, your head or your face to show a particular meaning

**millennium:** /mɪ'lenɪəm/ (n) a period of 1000 years, especially as calculated before or after the birth of Christ

**inaugural:** /ɪ'nɔ:ɡjərəl / (adj) marking the beginning of something important. (He impressed everybody in his inaugural speech in his new institution)

**encapsulate:** /ɪn'kæpsjuleɪt / (v) to express the most important parts of something in a few words, a small space or a single object / sum up. (The gist of his speech is encapsulated in the last paragraph)

**globalization:** /,ɡləʊbəlaɪ'zeɪʃn/ (n) the fact that different cultures and economic systems around the world are becoming connected to each other because of the influence of large MNCs and of improved communication

**narcotics:** /nɑ:'kɒtɪks / (n) powerful illegal drugs that affect the mind in a harmful way. (The use of narcotics has been banned)

**threaten:** /'θreɪn / (v) endanger/ put at risk (Pollution is threatening marine life)

**overarching:** /,əʊvər'ɑ:tʃɪŋ / (adj) very important, because it includes or influences many things

**upheaval:** /ʌp'hi:vəl/ (n) a big change that causes a lot of confusion, worry and problems/ disruption

**fundamental:** /,fʌndə'mentl/ (adj) basic. (There is a fundamental difference between the two points of view)

**sustain:** /sə'steɪn/ (v) maintain/uphold

**sanitation:** /,sæni'teɪʃn/ (n) the equipment and systems that keep places clean, especially by removing dirt and human waste

**mercifully:** / 'mɜ:sɪfəli/ (adv) thankfully/ used to show that you feel somebody is lucky because a situation could have been much worse

**conflict:** / 'kɒnflɪkt / (v) clash, conflict of emotions/interests/localities, something that causes unrest amongst the people

**plunder:** /'plʌndə(r)/ (v) to steal something from a place, especially using force during a time of war/loot

**heritage:** / 'herɪtɪdʒ/ (n) the history, traditions and qualities that a country or society has had for many years and that are considered an important part of its character

**unsustainable:** /,ʌnsə'steɪnəbl / (adj) that cannot be continued at the same level or rate etc

**diversity:** /daɪ'vɜ:səti/ (n) a range of many people or things that are very different from each other/ variety. (India is a land of unity in diversity)

**collapsing:** /kə'læpsɪŋ / (v) giving way/ breaking down/ folding up. (The age old values are collapsing against the rush of modernity)

**incentive:** /ɪn'sentɪv/ (n) something that encourages you to do something. (There is no incentive for people to save fuel)

**non-renewable:** (adj) that cannot be replaced after use. (All sources of energy are not non-renewable)

**treasure:** /'treʒə(r)/ (n) a collection of valuable things/ a high valued object

**descendant:** /dɪ'sendənt / (n) a person's descendants are his children, his children's children and all the people who live after them

**utility:** /ju:'tɪləti/ (n) a service provided for the public/ usefulness

**achievement:** /ə'tʃi:vmənt / (n) a thing that somebody has done successfully, especially using their own effort and skill

## ***I. Comprehension***

### **(a) Answer the following questions in 10-15 words each:**

1. What is the meaning of globalization?
2. What are the dangers of globalization?
3. What are the benefits of globalization?
4. What is the overarching challenge of our times?
5. What fundamental freedoms does the author talk about?
6. Why can't we say that human beings are not yet free and equal?
7. What does the author say about internal wars?
8. Where do most conflicts happen and why?
9. What is the best way to prevent conflicts?
10. What is the third fundamental freedom?
11. How is the third fundamental freedom threatened?
12. What is the old African wisdom that the author refers to?

### **(b) Answer the following questions in 50-60 words each:**

1. What does the author tell us about globalization?
2. Why does the author say that new opportunities are not equally distributed?
3. How does the author explain each of the fundamental freedoms?
4. Explain the significance of the title of the lesson 'The Earth is not Ours'.
5. Write a paragraph on: 'Man and his Environment'.

## **II. Vocabulary Practice**

### **1. Match the words under A with their antonyms under B:**

	A	B
1.	benefit (v)	die
2.	upheaval	rare
3.	survive	demote
4.	adequate	encourage
5.	next	remember
6.	frequent	construction
7.	promote	previous
8.	discourage	insufficient
9.	forget	peace
10.	destruction	harm

### **2. Use a prefix to form the antonyms of the following words:**

justice, pleasant, dignified, convenience, polite

## **III. Grammar Exercises**

### **1. Fill in the blanks with suitable prepositions:**

1. Major Som Nath Sharma was honoured .....  
the Param Vir Chakra.
2. Trust ..... God and do what is right.
3. I wear a ring .... my finger.
4. We believe ..... freedom to think.
5. A man becomes a gentleman only .....overcoming his  
weakness.

**2. Change the form of narration:**

1. The boy said to the girl, "Aren't you happy to see me?"
2. "I see," said the Colonel, "You don't know how to return a salute."
3. I asked him, "Where do you come from?"
4. The old woman said, "May you live long!"
5. The policeman said to the driver, "Show me your licence."

**3. Use each of the following words as a noun and an adjective:**

- (i) public
- (ii) round
- (iii) crime
- (iv) back
- (v) future

**IV. Practice in Spoken English:**

Key to Phonetic symbols:

g	get	dʒ	join	θ	thin	ʃ	ship	j	yes
tʃ	chain	ŋ	long	ð	then	ʒ	measure		
i	weep	ɑ:	part	u:	root	eɪ	play	ɔɪ	boy
ɪ	bit	ɒ	hot	ʌ	but	əʊ	go	ɪə	hear
e	pet	ɔ:	court	ɜ:	bird	aɪ	buy	eə	pair
æ	bat	ʊ	put	ə	away	aʊ	cow	ʊə	poor

**a Say the following words aloud:**

/ʌ/	/ɜ:/	/eɪ/	/aɪ/
bud	bird	mate	might
shut	shirt	late	light
such	search	wait	white
cud	curd	hate	height
ton	turn	lake	like

**b. Say the following words aloud(as the teacher says them):**

potato	/pə'teɪtəʊ/	climb	(b silent)
oven		lamb	(b silent)
tomato	/tə'mɑ:təʊ/	thumb	(b silent)
luxury	/'lʌkʃəri/	salad	/æ/
umbrella		echo	/'ekəʊ/

**V. Suggested Readings**

1. Pathologies of Power: Health, Human Rights and the New War on the Poor  
by Paul Farmer
2. Empires of the Indus  
by Alice Albinia

**Tongue-twister**

She sells seashells on the seashore, but she sells seashells, sherry and sandshoes on the seashore.

## LET'S NOT FORGET THE MARTYRS

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*Param Vir Chakra is the highest gallantry award instituted by the government of India to be conferred on those soldiers who display exemplary courage and bravery in their fight for the honour, dignity and the protection of their motherland. We can sleep in peace only because of the alert presence of these sentinels at the borders of our country. The excerpts below describe the heroics of some of the recipients of this great honour. They laid down their lives but changed the course of the war through their great display of courage by inflicting heavy losses upon the foes.*

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**\*Major Som Nath Sharma ( 1923-1947 )** was the first recipient of the Param Vir Chakra, the highest Indian gallantry award. He was awarded the medal posthumously for his bravery in the Kashmir operations in November 1947. He died while evicting Pakistani infiltrators and raiders from Srinagar Airport during the Indo-Pak war of 1947-48 in Kashmir. He belonged to the 4<sup>th</sup> Kumaon Regiment.

Major Som Nath Sharma was born on 31 January 1923 at Dadh, Kangra, Himachal Pradesh, India. He came from a well-known military family. His father, Major - General Amar Nath Sharma, was also a military officer.

His company was airlifted to Srinagar on 31 October 1947. His right hand was in a plaster cast as a result of injuries sustained in the hockey field previously but he insisted on being with his company in combat and was given permission to go.

On 3 November 1947, Major Somnath Sharma's company was ordered on a fighting patrol to Badgam Village in the Kashmir Valley. A tribal "lashkar" of 700 raiders approached Badgam from the direction of Gulmarg. The company was soon surrounded by the enemy from three sides and sustained heavy casualties from the ensuing mortar bombardment. Under heavy fire and outnumbered seven to one, Somnath urged his company to fight bravely, often exposing himself to danger as he ran from post to post.

When heavy casualties adversely affected the firing power of his company, Major Sharma, with his right hand in plaster, took upon himself the task of filling the magazines and issuing them to men, operating light machine guns.

While he was busy fighting the enemy, a mortar shell exploded on the ammunition near him. His last message to Brigade HQ before he was killed was: “The enemies are only 50 yards from us. We are under devastating fire. I shall not withdraw an inch but will fight to our last man and our last round.”

By the time the relief company of 1st Battalion Kumaon Regiment reached Badgam, the position had been overrun. However, the 200 casualties suffered by the enemy made them lose their impetus to advance. The Indian troops in the mean time flew in to Srinagar airfield and blocked all routes to Srinagar. In this manner, Somnath Sharma prevented the fall of Srinagar.

**\*\*Lieutenant-Colonel Dhan Singh Thapa** PVC was an Indian Army major in 1st Battalion, 8th Gorkha Rifles Regiment. He was commissioned on 28 August 1949. At 06:00 on 20 October 1962, the Chinese opened a barrage of artillery and mortar fire over Sirijap-1 post near the Chushul airport in Ladakh. The shelling continued till 08:30 and the whole area was set ablaze. Some shells fell on the command post and damaged the wireless set. This put the post out of communication. The Chinese then attacked in overwhelming numbers. Major Thapa and his men repulsed the attack, inflicting heavy casualties on the enemy. The Chinese mounted another attack in greater numbers after shelling the area with artillery and mortar fire.

Major Thapa once again repulsed the attack, inflicting heavy losses on the Chinese. A short while later, a third Chinese attack included tanks in support of the infantry. The defenders were weakened by the casualties suffered in earlier attacks, but held out while the ammunition lasted. When the Chinese finally overran the post, Major Thapa jumped out of his trench and killed many intruders in hand to hand fighting. He was eventually overpowered and captured.

Major Thapa who was awarded the Param Vir Chakra, was believed to have been killed in this engagement. But he was later discovered to have been taken prisoner. After his release from the POW camp he resumed his military career. He retired as Lieutenant-Colonel and died in September 2005. Major Thapa's cool courage, conspicuous fighting qualities and leadership were in the highest traditions of our Army.

**\*\*\*Havildar Abdul Hamid** was a soldier in the 4th battalion, the Grenadiers of the Indian Army, who died in the Khem Karan sector during the Indo-Pak War of 1965. He was the posthumous recipient of the Republic of India's highest military decoration, the Param Vir Chakra.

Abdul Hamid was born in a poor Darzi family at Dhamupur village of Ghazipur District of Uttar Pradesh on July 1, 1933. Abdul Hamid was enrolled into The Grenadiers infantry regiment in 1954. During the Sino-Indian War of 1962, Hamid's battalion was part of 7th Infantry Brigade commanded by Brigadier John Dalvi. It participated in the battle of Namka Chu against the Chinese. In 1965 Indo-Pak war, Abdul Hamid was posted in the Khem Karan – Bhikhiwind Sector in Punjab. Successful actions by Indian armoury artillery and infantry anti-tank actions, such as those of Abdul Hamid, tarnished the reputation of the M48 Patton tanks. At 0800 hours on 10 September 1965 Pakistan forces launched an attack with a regiment of Patton tanks on a vital area ahead of village Cheema on the Bhikhiwind road in the Khem Karam Sector. Intense artillery shelling preceded the attack. The enemy tanks penetrated the forward position by 0900 hours. Realising the grave situation, Company Quarter Master Havildar Abdul Hamid who was commander of an RCL gun detachment moved out to a flanking position with his gun mounted on a jeep, under intense enemy shelling and tank fire. Taking an advantageous position, he knocked out the leading enemy tank and then swiftly changing his position, he sent another tank up in flames. By this time the enemy tanks in the area spotted him and brought his jeep under concentrated machinegun and high explosive fire. Undeterred Havildar Abdul Hamid kept on firing on yet another enemy tank with his recoilless gun. While doing so, he was mortally wounded by an enemy high explosive shell.

Havildar Abdul Hamid's brave action inspired his comrades to put up a gallant fight and to beat back the heavy tank assault by the enemy. His complete disregard for his personal safety during the operation and his sustained acts of bravery in the face of constant enemy fire were a shining example not only to his unit but also to the whole division and were in the highest traditions of the Indian Army.

\*\*\*\*Flying Officer **Nirmal Jit Singh Sekhon**, PVC (17 July 1943-14 December 1971) was an officer of the Indian Air Force. He was posthumously awarded the Param Vir Chakra, India's highest military decoration, in recognition of his lone defence of Srinagar Air Base against a Pakistani air raid during the Indo-Pak war of 1971. During the Indo-Pak War of 1971, he was assigned to the No. 18 Squadron, "The Flying Bullets", flying the Folland Gnat fighter aircraft based at Srinagar. On 14 December 1971, Srinagar airfield was attacked by six Pakistan Air Force F-86 jets. Flying Officer

Sekhon was on readiness duty at that time. Soon the enemy aircraft attacked the airfield, strafing ground targets. Under heavy fire, he was able to take off in his Gnat and engage the Sabres.

In the ensuing air battle, Sekhon scored a direct hit on one Sabre and set another ablaze. The latter was seen heading away towards Rajauri, trailing smoke. The four remaining Sabres pressed the attack, and after a lengthy dog-fight at tree-top level, Sekhon's aircraft was hit, and he was killed. The remaining Pakistani aircraft returned to Pakistan without pressing the attack.

The bravery, flying skill and determination displayed by Flying Officer Sekhon earned him India's highest wartime medal for gallantry, the Param Vir Chakra. His skill was later praised in an article by Salim Baig Mirza, the pilot who shot him down.

\*\*\*\*\*Captain **Vikram Batra** PVC (9 September 1974 - 7 July 1999) was an officer of the Indian Army, posthumously awarded with the Param Vir Chakra, India's highest and prestigious award for valour, for his actions during the 1999 Kargil War in Kashmir between India and Pakistan.

Vikram Batra was born on 9 September 1974 in Ghuggar village near Palampur, Himachal Pradesh. He was selected to join the Indian Military Academy in Dehradun in 1996 in Jessore Company of Manekshaw Battalion, and was commissioned in the Indian Army as a Lieutenant of the 13 Jammu & Kashmir Rifles at Sopore, in Jammu and Kashmir. He rose to the rank of Captain. On 1 June 1999, his unit proceeded to the Kargil Sector on the eruption of a war-like situation in Kargil, Drass and Batalik sub-sectors. He was sent along with his company on the first strategic and daring operation to recapture the first peak of utmost importance –Point 5140, which was at an altitude of 17,000 feet. Captain Vikram Batra, was given the task of recapturing Point 5140. Nicknamed Sher Shah ('Lion King') in Hindi for his courage, he decided to lead the rear, as an element of surprise would help stupefy the enemy. He and his men ascended the sheer rock-cliff, but as the group neared the top, the enemy pinned them on the face of the bare cliff with machine gun fire. Captain Batra, along with five of his men, climbed up regardless of the heavy firing and after reaching the top, hurled two grenades at the machine gun post. He single-handedly killed three enemy soldiers in close combat. He was seriously injured during this, but insisted on regrouping his men to continue with the mission. Inspired by the courage displayed by

Captain Batra, the other soldiers of 13 JAK Rifles charged the enemy position and captured Point 5140 at 3:30 a.m. on 20 June 1999. His company is credited with killing at least eight Pakistani soldiers and recovering a heavy machine gun.

The capture of Point 5140 set in motion a string of successes, such as Point 5100, Point 4700, Junction Peak and Three Pimples. Along with fellow Captain Anuj Nayyar, Batra led his men to victory with the recapture of Point 4750 and Point 4875. He attained martyrdom when he tried to rescue an injured officer during an enemy counter attack against Point 4875 in the early morning hours of 7 July 1999. His last words were, “Jai Mata Di.” (Which means “Victory to the Mother Durga!”).

*(Compiled by Vandana Sehgal)*

*Courtesy : Wikipedia*

### ***Glossary***

**martyr:** /'mɑ :tə(r)/ (n) a person who undergoes death or suffering for a great cause

**gallantry:** / 'g æləntri / (n) courage especially in a battle (He was given a medal for gallantry)

**exemplary:** /ɪg 'zempləri / (adj) providing a good example for people to copy. (He displayed exemplary courage in the war)

**dignity:** / 'dɪ g nəti / (n) a calm and serious manner that deserves respect/ the fact of being given honour and respect by people

**sentinel:** /'sentɪnl / (n) a soldier whose job is to guard something/sentry

**excerpt:** /'eksɜ:pt/ (n) a short piece of writing taken from a whole. (The document was an excerpt from an unidentified CID file)

**recipient:** /rɪ'sɪpɪənt/ (n) a person who receives something. (He is the recipient of the Padamshri award)

**inflict:** /ɪn'flɪkt/ (v) to make somebody suffer something unpleasant. (They inflicted heavy casualties on the enemy)

**foe:** /fəʊ / (n) an enemy

**posthumous:** /'pɒstjʊməs/ (adj) something done or published etc. after a person has died. (He was given a posthumous award for bravery)

**evict:** /ɪ'vɪkt/ (v) to force somebody to leave a house or land especially when you have the legal right to do so

**infiltrator:** /'ɪnfɪltreɪtə(r)/ (n) a person who secretly goes to somebody's place or area to get important information or to influence the people of that area

**raider:** /'reɪdə(r)/ (n) a person who makes a criminal attack/raid on a place

**combat:** /'kɒmbæt/ (n) a fight, especially during a time of war. (He was killed in the combat)

**casualties:** /'kæʒuəltɪz/ (n) persons who are killed or injured in war/ accident victims

**ensuing:** /ɪn'sjuːɪ ŋ / (v) happening after or as a result of another event/follow. (He had been separated from his parents in the ensuing panic)

**mortar:** /'mɔːtə(r)/ (n) a heavy gun that fires bombs and shells high into the air/ the bombs that are fired by this gun

**bombardment:** /bɒm'b ɑ :dmənt/ (n) attack on a place by firing large guns at it or dropping bombs on it continuously

**outnumber:** /,aʊt'nʌmbə(r) / (v) to be greater in number than somebody. (The demonstrators were heavily outnumbered by the police)

**magazine:** /,mæ g ə'zi:n/ (n) the part of a gun that holds the bullets before they are fired

**ammunition:** /,æmjʊ'nɪʃn / (n) a store or a supply of bullets etc. to be fired from guns

**impetus:** /'ɪmpɪtəs / (n) something that encourages a process or activity to develop more quickly/ stimulus

**barrage:** /'bær ɑ :ʒ/ (n) the continuous firing of a large number of guns in a particular direction

**artillery:** /ɑ : 'tɪləri/ (n) large, heavy guns which are often moved on wheels. (The town is under heavy artillery fire)

**ablaze:** /ə'bleɪz / (adj) burning quickly and strongly. (The whole building was soon ablaze)

**infantry:** /'ɪnfəntri/ (n) soldiers who fight on foot. (The infantry was/were guarding the bridge)

**trench:** /trentʃ/ (n) a long deep hole dug in the ground in which soldiers can be protected from enemy attacks

**conspicuous:** /kən'spɪkjʊəs / (adj) easy to see or notice; likely to attract attention. (The vice-principal was conspicuous by his absence in the meeting)

**tarnish:** /'tɑːnɪʃ/ (v) to spoil the good opinion people have of something

**flanking:** /flæŋkɪŋ / the left or right side of an army during a battle

**undeterred:** /,ʌndɪ'tɜːd/ (adj) brave, without loss of courage or will power

**strafing:** /strɑːfɪŋ / (v) attacking a place with bullets or bombs from an aircraft flying low

**gnat:** /næt/ (n) a small fly with two wings. (a name given to small fighter planes)

**sabre:** /'seɪbə(r)/ (n) a sword with a curved blade (a name given to big fighter planes used by Pakistan)

**valour:** /'vælə(r)/ (n) great courage, especially in war/ bravery

**stupefy:** /'stjuːpɪfaɪ / (v) to surprise or shock somebody. (He was stupefied by the amount they had spent)

## ***I. Comprehension***

(a) **Answer the following questions in 10-15 words each:**

1. Name the five recipients of the Param Vir Chakra mentioned in the lesson 'Let's Not Forget the Martyrs'.
2. When and where did Major Som Nath Sharma die?
3. How did Major Som Nath face the mortar firing from the enemy?
4. In which war did Lt. Col. Dhan Singh Thapa distinguish himself as a great soldier?
5. Havildar Abdul Hamid is known as a killer of 'tanks'. Why?

6. What was Abdul Hamid's role during the Sino-Indian war of 1962?
7. Why was Flying Officer Nirmal Jit Singh Sekhon awarded the Param Vir Chakra?
8. In which war did Captain Vikram Batra display exemplary bravery to win the Param Vir Chakra?
9. How did Vikram Batra come to join the Indian army?
10. What was the effect of the capture of Point 5140 during the Kargil war?

(b) **Answer the following questions in 50-60 words each:**

1. Describe the circumstances of the martyrdom of Major Som Nath Sharma.
2. Describe the role of Lt. Col. Dhan Singh Thapa during the Chinese attack.
3. Explain the bravery displayed by Havildar Abdul Hamid in the Indo-Pak war in 1965.
4. How did Flying Officer Nirmal Jit Singh Sekhon defend the Srinagar air base in 1971?
5. Explain the part played by Captain Vikram Batra in the Kargil war in June 1999.

## II. *Vocabulary Practice*

**Fill up the blanks in the following sentences with suitable words selected from the box below:**

casualties	posthumously	overwhelming	approached
infiltrators	displayed	combat	recipient

1. Major Som Nath was the first ..... of the Param Vir Chakra.
2. Pakistani ..... crossed the line of control in Jammu and entered India.

3. As he could not afford to pay his fees, he ..... the principal for help.
4. The brave officer killed two enemy soldiers in a hand-to- hand .....
5. The enemy suffered lots of ..... and took to their heels.
6. In 1962, the Chinese attacked the Indian army in ..... numbers.
7. After his great sacrifice, he was ..... honoured with the highest military decoration.
8. He ..... the highest bravery in the fight and made the enemy run away.

2. **Form *adjectives* from the following words:**

<b>Word</b>	<b>Adjective</b>
(i) poverty	.....
(ii) mercy	.....
(iii) power	.....
(iv) destroy	.....
(v) gallantry	.....
(vi) success	.....
(vii) bravery	.....
(viii) length	.....
(ix) prestige	.....
(x) courage	.....

**III. Grammar Exercises**

1. **Fill in each blank with a suitable determiner:**

1. Would you like .....tea? (any/ some)
2. ....my life I have been waiting for this moment. (all/some)
3. I have no time for .....these formalities. (any/ all)
4. ....lawyers pleaded their cases well. (every, both)
5. ....books are to be read only in parts. (any/ some)

**2. Change the voice:**

1. She could not help me with my lessons.
2. Our conscience has been mortgaged to money.
3. The doctor advised the patient not to eat rice.
4. The flies were laying eggs in her wounds.
5. Do you imitate others?

**3. Identify the tenses in the given sentences:**

1. Everybody is out to abuse and rape the country.
2. We have not conquered anyone.
3. My hostess will keep her promise.
4. A commission of inquiry is leaving for Hiroshima.
5. A car was waiting for us.

**IV. Practice in Spoken English**

Key to Phonetic symbols:

g	get	dʒ	join	θ	thin	ʃ	ship	j	yes
tʃ	chain	ŋ	long	ð	then	ʒ	measure		
i:	weep	ɑ:	part	u:	root	eɪ	play	ɔɪ	boy
ɪ	bit	ɒ	hot	ʌ	but	əʊ	go	ɪə	hear
e	pet	ɔ:	court	ɜ:	bird	aɪ	buy	eə	pair
æ	bat	ʊ	put	ə	away	aʊ	cow	ʊə	poor

**I a. Read the following sentences aloud:**

- /eɪ/**
- (i) He lay awake from eight till eight without a break.
  - (ii) They waited & waited for the train but it was late.
  - (iii) Kate lost weight and was in great state.
- /əʊ/**
- (iv) Joe gave a low groan as he fell over the stone.
  - (v) Go slowly. It's a lonely road.

b. Say the following words aloud (as the teacher says them):

suggestion		tortoise	/ 'tɔ:təs/
mis	/z/	chew	/u:/
swan	/v/	geography	
breakfast	/ə/ /ə/	sandwich	/ 'sænwɪtʃ/
vase	/ɑ:/	clerk	/ɑ:/

#### V. *Suggested Readings*

1. India's Struggle for Independence  
*by* Bipin Chandra, Mridula Mukherjee, Aditya Mukherjee,  
Sucheta Mahajan, K. N. Panikkar
2. *Saint Joan*  
*by* George Bernard Shaw

**Please ponder over**

God gives every bird its food  
But does not always  
Drop it into the nest.

# 8

## WATER - A TRUE ELIXIR

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*Water is one of the most important gifts of Nature to Man. It is as essential to life as air. Life is not possible without air or water. But with the advance of civilization, it sometimes goes unnoticed that air and water, the two lifelines of this universe, are being polluted every day. A day might come when this level of pollution increases so much that life becomes impossible. In that situation, air would become too toxic to be breathed in and water would become poisonous. Are we not thus robbing or disinheriting our future generations from their legitimate right to live? We must set things right before it is too late. If the present generation does not read the writing on the walls, it would be wilfully closing its eyes and pushing the future of mankind into jeopardy and extinction.*

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Water covers about 75 per cent of our planet, so it appears plentiful. However, 97 per cent of that water is salty ocean water, which we cannot drink. Of the 3 per cent that is fresh water, most is frozen in glaciers and polar ice caps. As a result, only 1 per cent of the Earth's water may be available for drinking. Moreover, the Earth's water supply is fixed, no new water is being made. We have the same amount of water now as there was when the earth was created. This is the water we have, and we must preserve its quality. Water is the foundation of food and life. Next to air, water is our most precious resource. We cannot live without water.

C. V Raman has rightly said, "Man has through the ages sought in vain for the imaginary elixir of life, the divine amrita, a draught of which was thought to confer immortality. But the true elixir of life lies near to our hands. For it is the commonest of all liquids, plain water!" That is why most of our civilizations and important cities grew on the banks of big rivers only.

Our ancient religious texts and epics give a good insight into the water storage and conservation systems that prevailed in those days. The Indus Valley

Civilization, that flourished along the banks of the river Indus and other parts of western and northern India about 5,000 years ago, had one of the most sophisticated urban water supply and sewage systems in the world. The fact that the people were well acquainted with hygiene can be seen from the covered drains running beneath the streets of the ruins at both Mohenjodaro and Harappa.

In the forests, water seeps gently into the ground as vegetation breaks the flow of water. This groundwater in turn feeds wells, lakes, and rivers. Protecting forests means protecting water 'catchments'. In ancient India, people believed that forests were the 'mothers' of rivers and worshipped the sources of these water bodies.

Water is a source of beauty and joy. It adds to the beauty of nature. It may be a little stream trickling down the rocks or a waterfall, big or small. It is a joy to the eyes and a freshening breath of beauty to the mind. Brooks and rivers dancing down the hills on their majestic journey to the sea in their serpentine ways add a touch of novelty to the scene. Small tanks, lakes or big oceans earn rich tributes from sensitive poets. A great writer wrote: "Water in a landscape may be compared to the eyes in a human face. It reflects the mood of the hour, being bright and gay when the sun shines, turning to dark and gloomy when the sky is overcast."

Over the years, rising populations, growing industrialization, and expanding agriculture have pushed up the demand for water. Efforts have been made to collect water by building dams and reservoirs and digging wells. Some countries have also tried to recycle and desalinate (remove salts) water. Water conservation has become the need of the day. While the availability of water can turn millions of uncultivated land into areas teeming with life and vegetation, the absence of water can convert fertile lands into dry, barren lifeless tracts of death.

Conservation of water in the agricultural sector is essential but depleting water table and a rise in salinity due to overuse of chemical fertilizers and pesticides is something serious. The food bowl of India, the state of Punjab, is fast drying up. It is on the verge of an ecological disaster. The number of tubewells has grown up from 1.2 lakh in 1970 to about 13 lakh now, the groundwater decline rate has reached an alarming level. The worst affected districts are Sangrur and Moga where the water table is below 50 feet.

The Punjab irrigation minister admitted on the floor of the house in the Punjab Vidhan Sabha (29.06.12) that groundwater was continuously declining in 85% areas of the state. Worse, nitrate presence in water had gone up by 10 times in the past four decades. Another M. L. A said, "The quality of water in 1972 was such that it had 0.5 mg/litre of nitrate. As of now, it has increased to 5mg/litre. And going by the excessive use of insecticides and pesticides by our farmers, it is expected to reach 10 mg/litre in the next 20 years. This means that water in the Punjab will cease to be potable for humans and animals in the next 20-25 years. Presence of nitrate up to 10mg/litre renders it unfit for drinking." High levels of arsenic, nitrates and heavy metals in water are causing severe health problems across the whole of the Punjab. High nitrate levels in water can result in a reduced oxygen supply to vital tissues such as the brain. The state should, therefore, make a comprehensive policy on the issue on a top priority basis. Departments of soil conservation, irrigation, electricity and agriculture should work in cohesion to meet this challenge.

According to the findings of the National Geophysical Research Institute, due to the over exploitation of water resources, the groundwater levels are going down by 60 cm every year. The Punjab has, in less than 30 years, used up groundwater reserves built up over the last 105 years. In order to reach the water table, farmers are forced to dig deeper and deeper into the ground and use more power to pump out water. Even residents in cities using hand pump water are having to dig deeper than they did, say, 10 years ago. The excessive decline in water table is resulting in low discharge of tubewells, deepening of pits and tubewells, replacement of low cost centrifugal pumps with costlier submersible pumps and increased energy cost, thereby affecting the socio-economic condition of small and marginal farmers of the state.

In the state, major share of water is taken by rice-wheat cropping system. It may be noticed that 1 kilogram of rice consumes 3500-4000 litres of water for its growth (depending upon its variety, sowing time, area, etc). Therefore, it is the requirement of the present situation that the traditional cropping pattern should be changed immediately. Moreover, there is a need to strictly switch over to the technologies related to soil and agronomic management that save water without a loss in crop yields, leading to higher productivity per unit use of water. These technologies include planting and transplanting time of crops, irrigation scheduling and new irrigation methods, ( e. g. sprinkler, drip, furrow etc.) For using available water resources effectively and efficiently, water

users' associations/societies should be constituted. Various measures/ technologies for enhancing artificial groundwater recharge should also be adopted. We must hear the warning bells and act before it is too late. Every drop of water is precious and needs to be saved wherever and in whatever way it is possible.

Every day in rural communities and poor urban centres throughout India, hundreds of millions of people suffer from a lack of access to clean, safe water. Women and girls especially bear the burden of walking miles at a time to gather water from streams and ponds-full of water-borne diseases that are making them and their families sick. What each of us does in the world, how we live, does make a difference. We should learn the value of clean, safe water. We should take steps to protect it and to get it to the people who lack access to it today.

**Dr D. V. Jindal**

### ***Glossary***

**resource:** /rɪˈsɔːs/ (n) a supply of something that a country, an organization or a person has and can use especially to increase their wealth

**disinherit:** /ˌdɪsɪnˈherɪt/ (v) to prevent somebody, especially a son or daughter from receiving one's money/ property after death

**legitimate:** /lɪˈdʒɪtɪmət/ (adj) valid/ justifiable/legal

**jeopardy:** /ˈdʒepədi/ (n) a dangerous position or situation and likely to be lost or harmed

**extinction:** /ɪkˈstɪŋkʃn/ (n) a situation in which a plant, an animal, a way of life etc. stops existing

**elixir:** /ɪˈlɪksə(r)/ (n) a magic liquid that is believed to cure illness or to make people live forever. (Water is the elixir of life)

**draught:** /drɑːft/ (n) a flow of cool air, a small amount

**epic:** /ˈepɪk/ (n) a long poem on a great subject

**prevail:** /priˈveɪl/ (v) to exist or be very common at a particular time or space, triumph

**acquainted:** /əˈkweɪntɪd/ familiar with something, having read, seen or experienced it

**seep:** /si:p/ (v) to flow slowly and in small quantities through something or into something/ trickle

**catchment:** /'kætfmənt/ (n) the area from which rain flows into a particular river or lake

**brook:** /brʊk/ (n) a small river

**majestic:** /mə'dʒestɪk/ (adj) impressive because of size or beauty/ awe-inspiring/splendid

**serpentine:** /'sɜ:pəntaɪn/ (adj) bending and twisting like a snake/winding

**gloomy:** /'glu:mɪ/ (adj) nearly dark, or badly lit in a way that makes you feel sad/depressing

**overcast:** /,əʊvə'kɑ:st/ (adj) covered with clouds/dull. (Today, it will be a dull and overcast sky)

**reservoir:** /'rezəvɔ:ɹ/ (n) a natural or artificial lake or a tank where water is stored before it is taken by pipes to houses etc

**teeming:** /'ti:mɪŋ/ (adj) present in larger numbers, full of people, animal etc. (Stray animals are moving around in the teeming streets of city)

**ecological:** /,i:kə'lɒdʒɪkl/ (adj) connected with the relation of plants and living creatures to each other and to their environment

**potable:** /'pəʊtəbl/ (adj) safe to drink

**cohesion:** /kəʊ'hi:ʒn/ (n) the act or state of keeping together/unity

**centrifugal:** /,sentrɪ'fju:gl/ (adj) moving or tending to move away from a centre

**submersible:** /səb'mɜ:səbl/ (adj) that can be used under water e.g. a submersible pump

**agronomic:** /ə'grɒnəmɪk/ (adj) related to crops and environment

**sprinkler:** /'sprɪŋklə(r)/ (n) a device that is used to spray water in drops on plants, soil or grass

**drip:** /drɪp/ (v) to fall in small drops

**furrow:** /'fʌrəʊ/ (n) a long narrow cut in the ground, especially one made by a plough for planting seeds in

## ***I. Comprehension***

### **(a) Answer the following questions in 10-15 words each:**

1. Why is only one percent of the water available on our planet fit for drinking?
2. Why should we preserve the quality of water available to us?
3. Why did civilizations generally grow on the banks of big rivers?
4. What type of water supply and sewerage system prevailed during the Indus Valley Civilization period?
5. What role do forests play in the conservation of water?
6. Why is water conservation the need of the day?
7. What did the Punjab Agriculture Minister admit on the floor of the House?
8. What is the result of the excessive decline in water table in the state?
9. What technology can be used to save water?
10. How do the rural communities and the poor urban classes suffer due to the shortage of water?

### **(b) Answer the following questions in 50-60 words each:**

1. How is water a source of beauty and joy? Explain.
2. Write a note on the necessity of conserving water.
3. How and why is the ground water level falling in Punjab with every passing year? Explain.
4. How does the cropping pattern affect the water table?
5. Write a short paragraph on: 'Water, A True Elixir'.

## **II. Vocabulary Practice**

### **1. Match the words under A with their meanings under B:**

	A	B
1.	plentiful	understanding
2.	draught	sad
3.	insight	twisting and turning
4.	flourish	threatening, dangerous
5.	acquainted with	fall down, decrease
6.	gloomy	reach
7.	serpentine	familiar with
8.	alarming	prosper
9.	decline	a small amount
10.	access	sufficiently large in quantity

### **2. Use a prefix to form the antonyms of the following words: discipline, dependence, developed, secure, directly**

## **III. Grammar Exercises**

### **1. Fill in each blank with a suitable modal:**

1. The teacher said that he .....be punished for his mistake.  
(will/would)
2. You .....impose discipline on yourself first. (can/  
must)
3. Some of us are worrying about whether the stock  
market ....crash. (will/ should)
4. You ..... be careful while driving. (must/ need)
5. We ....preserve our forests. (must/ need)

**2. Change the form of narration:**

1. Barb shouted, "Malcolm, hold on. I am going for help."
2. I said, "What a mean act!"
3. "Most of you will be leaving school within six months," said the teacher to his pupils.
4. I asked my guest, "Did you have a bad night?"
5. She said, "I sold my car myself."

**3. Use each of the following words as a *noun* and a *verb*:**

- (i) treasure
- (ii) order
- (iii) attack
- (iv) water
- (v) table
- (vi) encounter

**IV. Practice in Spoken English**

Key to Phonetic symbols:

g	get	dʒ	join	θ	thin	ʃ	ship	j	yes
tʃ	chain	ŋ	long	ð	then	ʒ	measure		
i:	weep	ɑ:	part	u:	root	eɪ	play	ɔɪ	boy
ɪ	bit	ɒ	hot	ʌ	but	əʊ	go	ɪə	hear
e	pet	ɔ:	court	ɜ:	bird	aɪ	buy	eə	pair
æ	bat	ʊ	put	ə	away	aʊ	cow	ʊə	poor

**I a. Read the following sentences aloud:**

- /ai/** (i) I buy my rice before the price begins to rise.  
(ii) I like ice at night.  
(iii) My wife likes to go for a drive every Friday at five.
- /au/** (iv) I had found the roundabout without any doubt.  
(v) He was found drowned. There was no foul play.

**b. Say the following words aloud (as the teacher says them):**

spin	strike
play	desk
spring	sixth
straight	attempt
string	twelfth

**V. Suggested Readings**

1. The Big Thirst  
*by* Lisa Bonnema
2. The Essential Guide to our Contaminated Drinking Water and  
What you can Do about it  
*by* Lono Kahuna Kupua Ho Ala

**Tongue-twister**

*Tiny Tommy Tortoise talked to Tessie turtle on the  
telephone ten times today.*

## THE FIRST ATOM BOMB

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*Marcel Junod (1904-1961) was a Swiss doctor and a field delegate of the international Committee of the Red Cross. He is remembered for his selfless service during the Abyssinian War, the Spanish Civil War and World War II. He was the first foreign doctor to reach Hiroshima after the atom bomb attack on 6 August 1945. In this essay, he gives a first hand experience of the devastation caused in Japan during the Second World War due to the dropping of the first atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Even those who were responsible for dropping the bombs, like General Mac Arthur, after seeing the death and destruction, felt that force is not a solution to man's problem and 'a new war would leave nothing behind worthy of mention'.*

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Three weeks had passed since the two atomic bombs had been dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, but we still knew practically nothing about the fate of the devastated towns or of the innumerable victims. The American wireless had broadcast a very great deal about the preparations made for the use of the new weapon and about its extraordinary power, but information concerning the effects of atomic bombardment was limited to the horrible prophecy' for seventy years at least the radio-activity of the earth around the scene of the explosion will prevent all forms of life from existing there.'

The Americans I had met the evening before on board the *Benevolence* had all fallen silent the moment I had mentioned the word 'Hiroshima'. When they questioned me about Japan they carefully avoided all mention of it, and when I uttered the word I think we all felt an indefinable sense of discomfort.

For different reasons the Japanese also maintained complete silence concerning the disaster which had brought about their sudden defeat.

It was only through the verbal reports which went from one end of Japan to the other that we began to have some idea of what the sudden cataclysm had meant for the inhabitants of Hiroshima. One of our secretaries named Nohara, a half-Japanese, sometimes repeated to us more or less the gist of what was being rumoured amongst the Japanese. Many fugitives had fled from Hiroshima to seek safety with their families, and their first-hand descriptions of the horror were profoundly disquieting; the blinding light suddenly flashing

out of a peaceful sky was a phenomenon much more terrible than an earthquake. It was a typhoon of glare, heat, and wind which had swept suddenly over the earth and left a sea of fire behind it.

No one knew the total of the dead; 50,000 said some; 200,000 insisted others. And there were just as many wounded, or more. And of those who seemed at first to have escaped injury, thousands were dying every day with strange, new, and inexplicable symptoms.

On 2 September a Japanese policeman brought a copy of a telegram to our villa in Torizaka for which Tokyo had not yet issued a censorship visa. Bilfinger had arrived at Hiroshima on 30 August and hurriedly sent off the following disjointed report:

Situation horrifying..... Ninety per cent of town razed .... All hospitals destroyed or severely damaged..... Have visited two provisional hospitals' conditions indescribable .... Bomb effects mysterious.... Many victims apparently recovering suddenly experience fatal relapse owing to degeneration of white corpuscles and other internal injuries..... Deaths still occurring in great numbers. More than 100,000 victims still in provisional hospitals in neighbourhood. Grave shortage of material, bandages, medicaments .... Appeal allied high command supplies be parachuted immediately into centre of town. Urgently need large supplies bandages, cottonwool, ointments for burns, sulphamides, blood plasma and transfusion kits .... Immediate action necessary...

I took this telegram, and the photographs, which I still had in my possession, and went at once to the Yokohama Chamber of Commerce where General MacArthur had installed himself and his staff.

A few minutes after my arrival four high officers were bending over the table on which I had wordlessly placed the photos and the telegram: General Fitch, Chief of the U.S. Information Service; Colonel Marcus, of the Prisoners-of-war Department; Colonel Webster, Chief of the Hospital Service; and Colonel Sams, who was in charge of assistance for the civil population.

They were the first Americans to see photographs of Hiroshima taken on the ground after the fall of the atomic bomb. Their faces were grave and attentive, and their expressions were a trifle wry at the sight of those carbonized corpse....

No one spoke. The photos went from hand to hand. General Fitch put on his glasses. He read the telegram twice and then turned to me.

'What do you want us to do?'

What did I want them to do? Wasn't Bilfinger's telegram plain enough? There were 100,000 wounded people without proper attention. Bandages, sulphamides, blood plasma — Bilfinger had listed it all. I suggested that a rescue expedition should be organised at once.

The general turned to Colonel Sams.

'That's your department, I think,' he said.

The four officers put their heads together. Then one of them picked up the photos and the telegram.

'Leave these with me,' he said. 'I want to show them to General MacArthur.'

It was 7 September, five days later, before I heard anything further, and then Colonel Sams summoned me to Yokohama.

'It is impossible for the United States Army to organize any direct relief action,' he informed me, 'but General MacArthur is willing to let you have fifteen tons of medicaments and hospital material. They can be distributed under the control and responsibility of the Red Cross.' And he added:

'A commission of inquiry is leaving for Hiroshima tomorrow. A seat has been reserved for you on board one of the planes.'

Early on 9 September the investigation commission left the island of Miyajima. From our hotel we walked along the shore of the little harbour. We boarded the boat which was to take us over the arm of the sea which separated us from the main island.

A car was waiting for us there, and I sat between two Japanese interpreters, a Miss Ito, who had been born in Canada, and a Japanese journalist who had spent twenty years in the United States. They both gave me a great deal of information about what Hiroshima had once been — its main activities and its geographical situation. I needed their accounts in order to compare the reality of yesterday, a busy prosperous town, with the reality of today; the desolating spectacle after its utter destruction by one flash of blinding, searing light.

'Hiroshima,' explained the fragile Miss Ito 'means "the broad island"'. It was built on the delta of the river Ota which flows down from Mount Kamuri and it

was the seventh town in point of size in Japan. The seven arms of the Ota — seven rivers which pour their waters into the inland sea- enclose in an almost perfect triangle the harbour of the town, the factories, an arsenal, oil refineries, and warehouses. Hiroshima had a population of 250,000 people, and in addition there was a garrison of about 150,000 soldiers.

The journalist described:

'On 6 August there wasn't a cloud in the sky above Hiroshima, and a mild, hardly perceptible wind blew from the south. Visibility was almost perfect for ten or twelve miles.

'At nine minutes past seven in the morning an air-raid warning sounded and four American B 29 planes appeared. To the north of the town two of them turned and made off to the south and disappeared in the direction of the Shoho Sea. The other two, after having circled the neighbourhood of Shukai, flew off at high speed southwards in the direction of the Bingo Sea.

'At 7.31 the all-clear was given. Feeling themselves in safety people came out of their shelters and went about their affairs, and the work of the day began.

Suddenly a glaring whitish pinkish light appeared in the sky, accompanied by an unnatural tremor which was followed almost immediately by a wave of suffocating heat and wind which swept away everything in its path.

'Within a few seconds the thousands of people in the streets and the gardens in the centre of the town were scorched by a wave of searing heat. Many were killed instantly, others lay writhing on the ground screaming in agony from the intolerable pain of their burns. Everything standing upright in the way of the blast — walls, houses, factories, and other buildings – was annihilated, and the debris spun round in a whirlwind and was carried up into the air. Trams were picked up and tossed aside as though they had neither weight nor solidity. Trains were flung off the rails as though they were toys. Horses, dogs, and cattle suffered the same fate as human beings. Every living thing was petrified in an attitude of indescribable suffering. Even the vegetation did not escape. Trees went up in flames, the rice plants lost their greenness, the grass burned on the ground like dry straw.

Beyond the zone of utter death in which nothing remained alive, houses collapsed in a whirl of beams, bricks, and girders. Up to about three miles from the centre of the explosion lightly-built houses were flattened as though they had been built of cardboard. Those who were inside were either killed or

wounded. Those who managed to extricate themselves by some miracle found themselves surrounded by a ring of fire. And the few who succeeded in making their way to safety generally died twenty or thirty days later from the delayed effects of the deadly gamma rays. Some of the reinforced concrete or stone buildings remained standing, but their interiors were completely gutted by the blast.

About half an hour after the explosion, whilst the sky all round Hiroshima was still cloudless, a fine rain began to fall on the town and went on for about five minutes. It was caused by the sudden rise of overheated air to a great height, where it condensed and fell back as rain. Then a violent wind rose and the fires extended with terrible rapidity, because most Japanese houses are built only of timber and straw.

By the evening the fire began to die down and then it went out. There was nothing left to burn. Hiroshima had ceased to exist.

The Japanese broke off, and then pronounced one word with indescribable but restrained emotion:

'Look.'

About two and a half miles from the centre of the town all the buildings had been burnt out and destroyed. Only traces of the foundations and piles of debris and rusty charred ironwork were left.

At three-quarters of a mile from the centre of the explosion nothing at all was left. Everything had disappeared. It was a stony waste littered with debris and twisted girders.

We got out of the car and made our way slowly through the ruins into the centre of the dead city. Absolute silence reigned in the whole city. There was not even a survivor searching in the ruins, though some distance away a group of soldiers was clearing a passage through the debris. There was not a bird or an animal to be seen anywhere.

Professor Tsusuki (one of the leading surgeons in Japan) led the way and spoke in a loud voice so that we could all hear what he said. His sentences came to us disjointed as though by deep excitement and emotion.

'We must open our minds . . . we must try to understand everything.'

He pointed to the remnants of a wall, the base of which ran for perhaps six or seven yards.

'There was a hospital here, gentlemen. Two hundred beds, eight doctors, twenty nurses. Every single one and all the patients were killed. That's what an atomic bomb does....'

A few days before I left Tokyo, Brigadier-General Baker, one of the American officers in charge of foreign relations, informed me that General MacArthur wished to receive the delegation of the International Red Cross.

General MacArthur received us in his office on the top floor of the building. He was wearing the ordinary service uniform of the U.S. Army, and the only indication of his high rank were five stars in each shoulder strap.

He invited us all to sit down near the window, which gave on to the grounds of the Imperial Palace, and sitting down with us and smoking his traditional pipe he talked to us freely.

He thanked us for the work we had done on behalf of the imprisoned Americans, but we could feel that his thoughts went even further than the fate of his own men. He was thinking of every one who had been assisted and protected by the Red Cross, of all those who in their exile and their humiliation had no other hope of assistance.

'The supreme value of human life and human blood has been forgotten,' he said, 'and human dignity too.'

In a firm voice, emphasizing each word, he went on:

'Force is not a solution for man's problems. Force on its own is nothing. It never has the last word. Perhaps you find it strange that I, a professional soldier, should say that to you.'

The chief architect of victory in the Pacific did not conceal his opinion that peace still lay far ahead in the future. 'Even with our present weapons,' he went on, 'not including those still to be developed, a new war would leave nothing behind worthy of mention.'

And in even more precise terms he sketched the danger of death and destruction which still hung over the world.

Too much has been destroyed in this war, and the physical exhaustion is too great, for there to be another war during the next twenty or twenty-five years. But what will happen after that? What will happen unless between now and then we do everything possible to save mankind from itself?

**Marcel Junod**

## ***Glossary***

**delegate:** /'delɪ ɡ ət / (n) a person who is chosen or elected to represent the views of a group

**fate:** /feɪt / (n) destined result, luck. (The court will decide our fate)

**prophecy:** /'prɒfəsi / (n) a statement that something will happen in the future

**indefinable:** /,ɪndɪ'faɪnəbl / (adj) difficult or impossible to define or explain

**cataclysm:** /'kætəklɪzəm / (n) a sudden disaster or a violent event that causes a big change

**gist:** /dʒɪst / (n) the main or general meaning of a piece of writing or a speech

**fugitive:** /'fju:dʒətɪv / (n) a person who has escaped or is running away to avoid being caught

**typhoon:** /taɪ'fu:n / (n) a violent tropical storm

**glare:** / ɡ leə(r) / (n) a very bright, unpleasant light

**inexplicable:** /,ɪnɪk'splɪkəbl / (adj) that cannot be understood or explained/ incomprehensible

**raze:** /reɪz / (v) to completely destroy a building, town so that nothing is left

**relapse:** /rɪ'læps / (v) to go back into a previous condition

**grave:** / ɡ reɪv / (adj) very serious and important; giving you a reason to feel worried

**allied:** /'ælaɪd / (adj) the countries that fought together against Germany in the world war

**trifle:** /'traɪfl / (adj) slightly. (She seemed a trifle anxious)

**wry:** /raɪ / (adj) showing that you are both amused and disappointed or annoyed

**expedition:** /,ekspə'dɪʃn / (n) an organized journey with a particular purpose

**harbour:** / 'hɑ :bə(r) / (n) the area of water on the coast, protected from the open sea by strong walls, where ships can shelter

**desolate:** /'desələt / (adj) empty and without people making you feel sad or frightened

**searing light:** strong light that seems to burn you

**fragile:** /'frædʒaɪl / (adj) easily broken or damaged

**arsenal:** /'ɑːsənəl/ (n) collection of weapons such as guns and explosives

**garrison:** /'gærɪsn/ (n) a group of soldiers living in a town or fort to defend it

**perceptible:** /pə'septəbl/ (adj) great enough for you to notice it / noticeable

**tremor:** /'tremə(r)/ (n) a small earthquake in which the ground shakes

**scorch:** /skɔːtʃ/ (v) to burn and slightly damage a surface by making it too hot

**writhe:** /raɪð/ (v) to twist your body without stopping, often because you are in great pain

**agony:** /'æɡəni/ (n) extreme physical or mental pain

**annihilate:** /ə'naɪəleɪt/ (v) to destroy completely. (The human race has enough weapons to annihilate itself.)

**petrified:** /'petrɪfaɪd/ (adj) extremely frightened / terrified (I am petrified of snakes.)

**extricate:** /'ekstrɪkeɪt/ (v) to escape from difficult situation

**gutted:** /'gʌtɪd/ (adj) burnt

**exhaustion:** /ɪɡ'zɔːstʃən/ (n) the state of being very tired. (Her face was grey with exhaustion.)

## ***I. Comprehension***

(a) **Answer the following questions in 10-15 words each:**

1. Where were the first two atomic bombs dropped?
2. What prophecy was broadcast by the American wireless regarding the effects of atomic bombardment?
3. How was a Japanese policeman able to bring a copy of a telegram to the author regarding the effect of the atomic bombardment?
4. Where did the author take the telegram?
5. Who were the first Americans to see photographs of Hiroshima taken on the ground after the dropping of the atomic bomb?
6. Where is Hiroshima situated?

7. What was the effect on houses up to three miles from the centre of the explosion?
8. Why did a fine rain begin to fall half an hour after the explosion?
9. What was the effect of the atomic bombardment at three-quarters of a mile from the centre of the explosion?
10. Who was Brigadier General Baker? What did he inform the author?
11. What was the opinion of General Macarthur about war?

(b) **Answer the following questions in 50-60 words each:**

1. What did Miss Ito tell the author about Hiroshima?
2. Describe the immediate effect of the atomic bombardment on Hiroshima.
3. What happened to the houses in Hiroshima after the bombardment?
4. Describe, in brief, the author's meeting with General Macarthur.

## **II. Vocabulary Practice**

1. **Match the words under A with their antonyms under B:**

- | A                | B             |
|------------------|---------------|
| 1. extraordinary | explicable    |
| 2. verbal        | inattentive   |
| 3. inexplicable  | danger        |
| 4. arrival       | tolerable     |
| 5. perceptible   | describable   |
| 6. safety        | reveal        |
| 7. intolerable   | imperceptible |
| 8. indescribable | written       |
| 9. conceal       | departure     |
| 10. attentive    | ordinary      |

2. **Use a prefix to form the antonyms of the following words:**  
acquainted, human, cultivated, effective, definable

### ***III. Grammar Exercises***

**1. Fill in the blanks with suitable prepositions:**

1. We are ..... the top five nations of the world in terms of GDP.
2. Her lips constantly moved..... inaudible prayer.
3. Do we realize that self- respect comes ..... self - reliance?
4. I came here the day..... yesterday.
5. Everything in this store is ..... sale.

**2. Change the voice:**

1. She was writing five to six letters to Malcolm every week.
2. The smell of blood and the bear had nauseated him.
3. How could anyone love a freak?
4. I shall help you in every way.
5. Why did your brother give such a rude reply?

**3. Do as directed:**

1. He purchased a new bicycle. (change into future indefinite tense)
2. He held his breath. (change into past perfect tense)
3. Everything had disappeared. (change into present perfect tense)
4. The child ran towards his parents. (change into future continuous tense)
5. Everything is working out fine. (change into past indefinite tense)

#### IV. Practice in Spoken English

Key to Phonetic symbols:

g	get	dʒ	join	θ	thin	ʃ	ship	j	yes
tʃ	chain	ŋ	long	ð	then	ʒ	measure		
i:	weep	ɑ:	part	u:	root	eɪ	play	ɔɪ	boy
ɪ	bit	ɒ	hot	ʌ	but	əʊ	go	ɪə	hear
e	pet	ɔ:	court	ɜ:	bird	aɪ	buy	eə	pair
æ	bat	ʊ	put	ə	away	aʊ	cow	ʊə	poor

#### I a. Read the following sentences aloud:

/ɔɪ/ (i) He toiled all day in the toy shop.

(ii) I was annoyed at the boy for spoiling the toy.

/ɪə/ (iii) His fear was clear as they steered near the pier.

(iv) Some of the peers cheered and others said, "Hear! Hear!"

(v) The dear old seer appeared in tears.

#### b. Say the following words aloud (as the teacher says them):

calm

listen

balm

receipt

knight

columnn

knotty

castle

resign

comb

(Hint: Underlined letters are all silent)

#### ***IV. Suggested Readings***

1. Hiroshima  
*by* John Hersey
2. The Making of the Atomic Bomb  
*by* Richard Rhodes

#### **An Anecdote**

Years ago in Scotland, the Clark family had a dream. They had a strong desire to travel to the United States. It had taken years. But now they had finally saved enough money for a trip to the United States by sea. The entire family was filled with anticipation and excitement about their new life. However, seven days before their departure, the youngest son was bitten by a dog. The trip had to be postponed for two weeks.

The family's dreams were dashed. The father shed tears of disappointment and cursed both his son and God for their misfortune. Five days later, the tragic news spread throughout Scotland - the mighty Titanic had sunk. The unsinkable ship had sunk, taking hundreds of lives with it. The Clark family was to have been on that ship, but because the son had been bitten by a dog, they were left behind in Scotland. When Mr. Clark heard the news, he hugged his son and thanked him for saving the family. He thanked God for saving their lives and turning what he had felt was a tragedy into a blessing.

# 10

## NO TIME FOR FEAR

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*A native of Atlanta, Georgia, Philip Yancey earned graduate degree in Communications and English from Wheaton College Graduate School and the University of Chicago. He joined the staff of Campus Life Magazine in 1971, and worked there as Editor and then Publisher. He looks on those years with gratitude, because teenagers are demanding readers, and writing for them taught him a lasting principle:*

*The reader is in control !*

*In 1978 Philip Yancey became a full-time writer, initially working as a journalist for such varied publications as Reader's Digest, Publisher's Weekly, National Wildlife, Christian Century and The Reformed Journal. For many years he wrote a monthly column for Christianity Today magazine.*

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'No Time for Fear' is a story about the bravery of a young Canadian named Malcolm. He saved his friend Barb from a grizzly. His terrible encounter with the grizzly explains the title 'No Time for Fear.' He was reduced to a freak but Barb still loved him and married him. Her true love brings back hope in Malcolm's life

1. The two young Canadians huddled close to the rusty steel heater . Malcolm Aspeslet, 19 , and Barb Beck , 18 , were on their longest date yet — a hike to Balu Pass, 2050 metres up in British Columbia's Glacier National Park. Yesterday, the climb had seemed a pleasantly uncomplicated way to celebrate a day off from their hot, noisy kitchen work in the park lodge. The hike had gone smoothly until they reached the top. But there they had been unexpectedly caught in a freak snow flurry and forced to spend the night in one of the Park's alpine cabins.
2. Now , next morning , the two sat on the floor, talking and laughing. They had met two months before, and had spent many hours together. Both loved the mountains enough to spend their holidays doing kitchen work just to be near the Canadian peaks. It was the first day of October , 1971 , and the summer- season had just ended. There were no unshuttered windows in the cabin , so periodically Malcolm would

open the door and check weather conditions. About mid-morning the snow stopped, and the young couple began their descent hike. Barb, wearing smooth-soled, knee-high fashion boots, kept slipping and falling on the ice.

3. The five-kilometre trail marked with frequent zigzags, followed a creek bed down the mountains. It took the couple only an hour to reach the half-way point. They stopped to rest for a minute, leaning against a bank of piled-up snow. The sun, out now, had warmed them, and both were wearing only sweaters, their coats tied around their waists. A nearby waterfall gurgled with newly melted snow. They dipped their hands in the cold water and playfully splashed each other. Then they started off again, Malcolm in the lead.
4. **HIDDEN DANGER** : A hundred metres further along the trail, Malcolm stopped short. Two bear cubs were playing in the creek gully, about 20 metres to their right. The day before, they had seen a mother grizzly and two cubs. They had shouted and waved and watched through binoculars as the mother reared up and roared at them. That had been more funny than frightening, with a safe kilometre and a half of distance separating them. But now a mother bear – perhaps the same grizzly – could be just over the ridge, obscured by the bushes.
5. Malcolm stood stiffly, trying to decide what to do. Perhaps they could slip by quietly. But as he lifted his boot for the first step, the mother bear suddenly came charging over the ridge with a half-growl, half-scream of rage. Barb saw immediately that it was a grizzly – the silvertip fur glistened in the sunlight, and there was the characteristic hump on its back. How can something that huge move so fast she thought; then felt herself being flung into a snowbank by Malcolm.
6. Malcolm saw the charging grizzly's open mouth. The bear was drooling flecks of foam and making short, grunting sounds. A second before the bear was on him. He ducked, but one swat of the grizzly's paw knocked him senseless.
7. For a moment he went blank. When he raised his head he saw that he'd been thrown three metres. The grizzly had found Barb. The girl was face-down and motionless in the snow and the giant beast was standing

on her leg, gnawing near the back of her neck. Malcolm did not hesitate – there was no time for fear. Instinctively he grabbed a hunting knife from his belt and ran towards the bear, shouting. The mother bear stood well over two metres and probably outweighed him by 250 kilos. When he leaped on her back, she didn't even quiver.

8. Malcolm could hear the gnawing sound of teeth against bone. Crazed with anger and desperation, he plunged himself the knife clear up to the handle into the grizzly's neck fur. He pulled himself higher on the thick hump back and slashed at her neck. Warm blood spurted. The grizzly let out a deafening roar and snapped her head backwards. That quick, head motion sent Malcolm's knife flying and broke his wrist.
9. BEAR HUG. Now the snarling grizzly turned towards Malcolm. She grabbed him with both paws and squeezed him against her chest. The smell of blood and bear nauseated him. The grizzly swatted at him with her huge claws. The first blow took off his hair in one piece like a wig, most of his scalp going with it. Then he was rolling over, clutched by the bear. The dizzying motions stopped, when they reached the gully bottom. The bear raked his face repeatedly. As she bent to rip into his neck and shoulder with her teeth, Malcolm freely jabbed with his fist at her sensitive nose. His jabs had no effect.
10. Malcolm closed his eyes. It's all over, he thought, and stopped struggling. Incredibly, almost as soon as he stopped moving, the grizzly let go. She swatted him once more, then scrapped dirt and twigs over him and lumbered away.
11. At first Malcolm wasn't sure he was even alive. He was lying half in and half out of the creek. He felt no pain except a throbbing in his wrist. Slowly he wriggled out of the creek and called weakly, “Barb, are you okay?”
12. Barb, afraid the grizzly was still around, didn't answer. She crawled to the edge of the gully and saw a bloody clump of hair. Then she saw Malcolm, half-buried. His face had been split with a wicked slash, and the right side of it was peeled back to reveal muscle and sinew – and a nearly severed eye. She shouted, 'Malcolm, hold on – I'm going for help.' Tossing her coat to him, she started running towards the lodge.

13. Malcolm lay still for a while, trying to take stock of his injuries. His wrist wouldn't move and must be broken. One knee-cap had been torn off, and he couldn't feel any front teeth with his tongue. He could partially see out of one eye, but was afraid to turn his head because he saw loose facial skin hanging down. He felt no revulsion, just an aching hope that it hadn't happened, that it was all a nightmare.
14. Spotting his haversack up toward the trail, he determined to reach it and use it as a bandage. Tediously, he dragged himself up backward. His one good eye kept sticking shut and periodically he'd have to stop and open it with his good hand. Finally, he reached the haversack and lay back, physically drained from the exertion. He prayed, and wondered whether he would live, and what he'd look like if he did.
15. LONG ROAD BACK. Meanwhile, Barb, her arm slashed and her hair flecked with blood, had run along the winding trail to the lodge. Staggering into the lobby, she cried, 'A grizzly got Malcolm ! He can't walk ! Help..... ' And then she burst into sobs. People appeared from nowhere – wardens, fellow workers, lodge guests.
16. The first that Malcolm heard of his rescuers was the static of a walkie-talkie. He had sat propped against a stump for an hour and a half, and was still conscious. Warden Gordy Peyto, Malcolm's good friend, ran to him. 'Well, pal,' he said, 'I always end up looking after you. How you doing man ?'
17. 'I'm okay, but kind of hungry,' Malcolm replied gamely. 'Guess I really did it this time, Gordy. I think my wrist is broken.' Gordy sucked in his breath. He saw bloodless white head. The bear's swipe had cleanly lifted off the scalp and blood vessels, exposing a layer of tissues next to the skull.
18. Ned Clough, a first-aid attendant, wrapped Malcolm's face and the chewed gashes on his legs in gauze, then strapped him in a stretcher. They radioed for a rescue helicopter to pick him up at a clearing down the trail and take him to Queen Victoria Hospital in Revelstoke.
19. Surgery began with a seven-hour emergency operation. The surgeon put in more than 1,000 stitches. 'Restoring Malcolm's face was like putting a jigsaw puzzle together,' one attending doctor later said.

20. Malcolm was then moved to a hospital in his hometown, Edmonton. He remembered little of the first weeks. He was under heavy sedation, and his mind wandered endlessly, drifting between dreams and semi-consciousness. He underwent 41 skin-graft operations.
21. In time, life began to look up. Doctor assured Malcolm that he would soon look fine, after the grafts were finished and the rolls of gauze came off. But one day close to Christmas, when the nurse was changing his bandages and was called away momentarily, Malcolm edged over to the bathroom mirror for the first look at himself. It almost made him sick. The doctors had tried to repair the damage by constructing a nose from arm muscle and by grafting skin from leg across his face. He had no hair, and thick scars criss-crossed one side of his face. The skin was still puffy and an ugly shiny-red.
22. That one incident started a rejection period lasting weeks. Malcolm refused to see parents or friends, hating the world and himself. He couldn't bear the thought of people's stares. He ignored the growing stack of letters from Barb. How could anyone love a freak?
- 23 But Barb wouldn't give up. She wrote to Malcolm faithfully — five to seven letters a week — even though he never responded. Malcolm's friends who knew Barb wrote to her about his self-pity. 'He simply can't believe you care about him, looking the way he does,' they told her.
- 24 One day , shortly after his Christmas-time despondency, Barb surprised Malcolm by walking into his hospital room after a journey of 1,250 kilometres. The two spent long hours together, talking across the barriers of bandages. Malcolm was stubbornly aloof. But her presence forced him to reminisce about the good times he had shared with her. Perhaps she does love me, he thought. After all, I'm the same person she said she loved last summer.
- 25 Whatever doubts Malcolm had were dispelled in January when he received a marriage proposal in the mail. 'It's a leap year,' Barb explained demurely.
- 26 Her persistence began to pay off. Though Malcolm would not answer her proposal, he did promise to visit her. In February 1972, five months after the accident, an unsteady, slim figure with a badly scarred face

and one arm in a cast stepped off a train at Fort Langley , near Vancouver. Malcolm was promptly smothered by a delighted Barb.

- 27 And a few days later she had her answer. Malcolm drove her to the town of Langley and stopped at a jewellery store so that they could choose an engagement ring. Barb, smiling and crying simultaneously, was overwhelmed. On 21 July 1973, they were married.
- 28 Meanwhile , Malcolm discovered that word of his exploit had spread all across Canada. (To his surprise, it had never occurred to him that he could have run and left Barb with the grizzly, and he had never seen his actions as heroic ). The Royal Humane Society , London , awarded him the Stanhope Gold Medal for performing the bravest deed reported that year in the entire Commonwealth . He received the Gold Medal for bravery from the Royal Canadian Humane Association and the Carnegie Medal for heroism from the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission.
- 29 Today, Malcolm and Barb live near Vancouver. Except for scars and harrowing memories, they seem little different from any of Vancouver's other couples. Sometimes people ask Barb if she married Malcolm out of a sense of obligation. She says, “ I loved Malcolm before the accident and I always will love him. Handicaps should be accepted in life. Scars don't change the person.”

**Philip Yancey**

### ***Glossary***

**huddle:** /'hʌdl/ (v) crowd together, sit closer together usually because of cold or fear

**hike:** /haɪk/ (n) a long walk in the country

**snow flurry:** (n) a short, sudden fall of snow

**gurgle:** /'gɜ:gl/ (v) to make a sound like water flowing quickly through a narrow space

**splash:** /splæʃ/ (v) to fall noisily onto a surface

**creek:** /kri:k/ (n) a narrow area of water where the sea flows into the land

**grizzly bear:** / , ɡ rɪzli 'beə(r)/ (n) a large aggressive brown bear that lives in North America and parts of Russia

**reared up:** raised up

**frightening:** /' fraɪnɪ ŋ / (adj) making you feel afraid

**obscured:** /əb 'skjʊəd / (adj) difficult to be seen, hidden

**growl:** / ɡ rəʊl / (v) to make a low sound in the throat, usually as a sign of anger

**rage:** /reɪdʒ/ (n) a feeling of violent anger that is difficult to control

**glisten:** /' ɡ lɪsn / (v) to shine

**drooling:** /dru:lɪ ŋ / (v) small particles of saliva falling from the mouth

**fleck:** /flek / (n) a very small piece of something

**grunt:** / ɡ rʌnt / (v) to make a short low sound in the throat by animals to show that they are annoyed

**ducked:** /dʌkt / (v) moved the head or body downward to avoid being hit or seen

**swat:** /swɒt / (v) slap

**gnawing:** /' nɔ:ɪ ŋ / (v) biting steadily

**instinctively:** /ɪn 'stɪ ŋ ktrɪvli / (adv) based on instinct, not thought or training

**grab:** / ɡ ræb / (v) to take or hold somebody/something with your hand firmly, seize

**leap:** /li:p/ (v) to jump high

**spurt:** /spɜ:t / (v) to burst or pour out suddenly

**nauseate:** /' nɔ:ziət/ to make somebody feel disgusted

**dizzying:** /' dɪziɪ ŋ / (adj) feeling as if everything is spinning around you and that you are not able to balance/ feeling giddy

**gully:** /' ɡ ʌli / (n) a narrow channel formed by rain water/ a deep ditch

**raked:** /reɪkt / dug at with a claw (here)

**rip into:** to go very quickly and violently into or through something/ somebody

**jab:** /dʒæb/ (v) strike at with quick blows

**lumbered away:** moved in a slow, heavy and awkward way

**scrap:** /skræp/ (v) to get rid of something that is no longer useful

**throbbing:** /θrɒbɪŋ/ (n) feeling a series of regular painful movements/ a feeling of pain that you experience as a series of strong beats

**wriggle:** /'rɪɡl/ (v) to twist and turn your body or part of it with quick short movements

**sinew:** /'sɪnju:/ (n) a strong band of tissues that joins a muscle to the body

**revulsion:** /rɪ'vʌlʃn/ (n) a strong feeling of disgust or horror

**haversack:** /'hævəsæk/ (n) a bag that is carried on the back especially when walking in the country

**tediously:** /'ti:diəsli/ (adv) taking too long/lasting

**staggering:** /'stæɡərɪŋ/ (v) walking with weak unsteady steps

**prop:** /prɒp/ (v) to support

**gash:** /ɡæʃ/ (n) a long deep cut in the surface especially a person's skin

**gauze:** /ɡɔ:z/ (n) thin, net like material used for bandages etc

**sedation:** /sɪ'deɪʃn/ (n) administering of drugs in order to make somebody calm or to make one sleep; the state resulting from this.

**freak:** /fri:k/ (n) a person who is considered to be unusual because of the way he looks/ unexpected

**despondency:** /dɪ'spɒndənsɪ/ (n) a mood of sadness without much hope

**demurely:** /dɪ'mjʊəli/ (adv) quietly and seriously, hesitatingly

**harrowing:** /'hærəʊɪŋ/ (adj) very shocking or frightening and making you feel very upset

**obligation:** /,ɒblɪ'ɡeɪʃn/ (n) the state of being forced to do something because it is your duty or because of law etc. /commitment

## ***I. Comprehension***

(a) **Answer the following questions in 10-15 words each:**

1. Who were Malcolm and Barb?
2. Where did they go on their date?
3. Why were they forced to spend the night in a cabin?

4. Who attacked Barb?
5. How did Malcolm try to save Barb from the grizzly?
6. Why did the grizzly leave Malcolm?
7. What did Barb do when she saw Malcolm after the grizzly had gone?
8. Who was Gordy Peyto? What did he say to Malcolm?
9. Who was Ned Clough? How did he help Malcolm?
10. What, according to the doctor, was like putting a jigsaw puzzle together?
11. What made Malcolm almost sick?
12. Why did he ignore Barb's letters?
13. Barb wrote to Malcolm, 'It's a leap year.' What is the significance of this term?
14. When did they get married?
15. Why did Barb marry Malcolm?

(b) **Answer the following questions in 50-60 words each:**

1. How did the grizzly injure Malcolm?
2. Describe, in brief, Malcolm's treatment in the hospital after the attack of the grizzly.
3. Why did Barb continue writing letters to Malcolm?
4. Describe, in brief, Barb and Malcolm's meeting in the hospital?
5. What awards were given to Malcolm for his bravery?
6. Write a paragraph on: 'True Love Knows No Barriers'.
7. Write a note on Malcolm's encounter with the grizzly.

## II. *Vocabulary Practice*

Fill up the blanks in the following sentences with suitable words selected from the box below:

gurgling	grabbed	ducked	nauseated	ripped
sedation	despondency	obligation	throbbing	

1. She ..... the opportunity as soon as it came to her.
  2. When he threw a stone at me, I ..... a little and saved my head.
  3. We saw water ..... down the hill.
  4. The patient had to be given a light ..... to relieve him of the pain.
  5. After having lost the case, we returned home in a mood of .....
  6. It will be a great personal ..... if you help me in this hour of need.
  7. With a heart ..... hard, I entered the interview room to find that it was not so difficult an affair.
  8. The brave soldier ..... into the enemy defence and blew up their camp.
  9. I was badly ..... at the sight of blood and violence all around me.
2. a. **Form nouns from:**  
immortal, store, acquaint, expand, safe
- b. **Form verbs from:**  
conservation, protection, life, description, attention
- c. **Form adjectives from:**  
plenty, salt, imagine, margin, violence

### **III. Grammar Exercises**

#### **1. Fill in each blank with a suitable determiner:**

1. ....one incident started a rejection period lasting weeks. (each/ that)
2. Our team won .....match. (an/the)
3. I am ...same person that you loved last summer. (a/ the)
4. How could .....one love a freak? (each/ any)
5. Malcolm could not answer .....proposal. (both/her)

#### **2. Fill in each blank with a suitable modal:**

1. It ...rain tomorrow. (may/ shall)
2. You ... have liberty without discipline. (can't/ may not)
3. You would not .....to eat in public during Ramadan, in Dubai. (dare/ must)
4. Tomorrow .....be Sunday. (may, will)
5. He .....be thirty next birthday. (shall/will)

#### **3. Do as directed:**

1. We must set things right before it is too late.  
*(Rewrite after removing 'too')*
2. Water is too important a resource to be wasted.  
*(Remove 'too')*
3. The atom bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki were really very destructive.  
*(Use 'too' and rewrite the sentence)*
4. Much has been destroyed in the war.  
*(Use 'too' and rewrite the sentence)*
5. Barb was too afraid to make a reply.  
*(Rewrite after removing 'too')*

#### IV Practice in Spoken English

Key to Phonetic symbols:

g	get	dʒ	join	θ	thin	ʃ	ship	j	yes
tʃ	chain	ŋ	long	ð	then	ʒ	measure		
i:	weep	ɑ:	part	u:	root	eɪ	play	ɔɪ	boy
ɪ	bit	ɒ	hot	ʌ	but	əʊ	go	ɪə	hear
e	pet	ɔ:	court	ɜ:	bird	aɪ	buy	eə	pair
æ	bat	ʊ	put	ə	away	aʊ	cow	ʊə	poor

#### I a. Read the following sentences aloud:

- /eə/ (i) That is a rare pair for the Mayor.  
(ii) If there is a bear in that lair we'd better take care.  
(iii) Mary's hair is very fair
- /ʊə/ (iv) Are you sure that the tours are newer?  
(v) I am sure this tour is newer.

#### b. Say the following words aloud (as the teacher says them):

gh <u>o</u> st	kn <u>e</u> e
gh <u>a</u> stly	ad <u>j</u> ective
doub <u>t</u>	ad <u>j</u> ust
lamb <u>l</u>	res <u>i</u> gn
kn <u>i</u> fe	ass <u>i</u> gn

(Hint: Underlined letters are all silent)

**V. Suggested Readings**

1. I Am Malala: The Girl Who Stood Up...  
*by Malala Yousafzai, Christina Lamb*
2. When I Fell From the Sky  
*by Juliane Koepcke*

**A Riddle**

I see much but change little,  
I am firm, irresolute,  
Powerful but gentle,  
I can rip apart mountains,  
Yet be moved by gentle stirrings,  
I am valued and wasted,  
I am life itself,  
And I give life to others.  
What am I?

Answer      Tree

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

---

I heard a thousand blended notes,  
While in a grove I sate reclined,  
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts  
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link  
The human soul that through me ran;  
And much it grieved my heart to think  
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,  
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;  
And 'tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,  
Their thoughts I cannot measure:--  
But the least motion which they made  
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,  
To catch the breezy air;  
And I must think, do all I can,  
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,  
If such be Nature's holy plan,  
Have I not reason to lament  
What man has made of man?

**William Wordsworth**

*William Wordsworth is one of the most important English poets and a founder of the Romantic Movement in English literature. He lived in Lake District of northern England which is renowned for its beautiful, wild landscapes and countless lakes. Because of the area, he became known as a Lakeland Poet."*

***About the poem :** The poet reclines in a beautiful grove surrounded by the blended notes of nature. Even as he enjoys the scene, it inspires a melancholy mood and the speaker begins to have dark thoughts about humanity. Nature, in this poem, does everything right; it is man who has failed by rejecting nature. The perfection of nature seen viz a viz the conduct of humans saddens the poet. Melancholy sets in because of the striking contrast between nature and humanity.*

### ***Glossary***

**blended** : mixed, made up of different sounds

**grieved** : caused pain

**primrose**: a small plant with yellow flowers

**periwinkle**: a small plant

**tuft**: a number of flowers taken together

### ***I. Answer the following questions***

1. The poet describes a bitter-sweet moment. Why is the moment 'bitter-sweet'?
2. Write a few lines about the simplicity of the language used in the poem.
3. What abilities, according to the poet, does nature have?
4. What does the poet lament about?
5. How does the poet glorify nature?
6. Give an example of personification of nature in this poem.
7. Give the central idea of the poem.

[ **Personification** is a figure of speech by which animals, abstract ideas, or inanimate things are referred to as if they were human. Here is an example:

“Love is not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks,  
Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.”

[*Shakespeare* ]

**II. Add more words that rhyme with the rhyming words given below :**

- |    |          |          |       |       |
|----|----------|----------|-------|-------|
| 1. | reclined | mind     | ..... | ..... |
| 2. | link     | think    | ..... | ..... |
| 3. | measure  | pleasure | ..... | ..... |
| 4. | sent     | lament   | ..... | ..... |

**III Read the following lines and answer the questions that follow**

To her fair works did Nature link  
The human soul that through me ran;  
And much it grieved my heart to think  
What man has made of man.

1. What are the fair works of nature referred to in this stanza?
2. Why is the poet grieved?
3. Who wrote these lines? Name the poem in which these lines occur.
4. List two pairs of rhyming words used by the poet in this passage?
5. What does the poet mean by '*What man has made of man*'?

**IV Suggested reading: (by the same poet)**

1. The World Is Too Much With Us
2. The Tables Turned
3. Daffodils

We do it differently  
 in this dark continent.  
 Not just once a year  
 a string of spurious verses  
 ensconced in a bouquet  
 shaped like a Chinese house of dreams.  
 My mother is more demanding  
 an obeisance at each sunrise,  
 like a devotee throwing a handful  
 of yellow rice to the birds.  
 Holding a candelabrum before an idol,  
 Just once a year  
 Is desecrating it.  
 Whenever I see a caterpillar slouching  
 towards a pansy's eye,  
 or hear ancestral voices in a wind's howl,  
 I invoke my deity-  
 sometimes twice a day.

**Shiv K Kumar**

*Shiv K Kumar was born in Lahore, British India, in 1921. He matriculated from Dayanand Anglo Vedic High School in 1937. He studied for his B.A. at Government College, Lahore and his M.A. at Forman Christian College, Lahore (1943). Shiv K. Kumar taught English literature at Osmania University, Hyderabad, and the University of Hyderabad. During 1972-74, he was a UGC National Lecturer in English. He is the founder Head of the Department of English and the first Dean of the School of Humanities at the University of Hyderabad. He retired as the Vice-Chancellor (I/c) of the University of Hyderabad in 1980. He was Distinguished Visiting Professor at the Universities of Oklahoma and Northern Iowa, and Visiting*

*Professor at the Universities of Drake, Hofstra, Marshall, etc. He was also a Visiting Fulbright Fellow at Yale University. He was nominated as a member of the Jury for the Neustadt International Prize for Literature (USA, 1981). Several of his poems and short stories have been broadcast over the BBC—and published in Indian, British, American, Canadian and Australian journals and magazines. They have also been translated into several Indian and foreign languages. In 2001 he was awarded the Padma Bhushan for his contribution to literature. Sonnets, ballads, free verse and fiction can be written with just imagination and insight, and Shiv K. Kumar has plenty of both. “Poetry is an exacting genre — you need to think and ponder over a poem,” he says. His recently published anthology of poems titled, 'Which of my selves do you wish to speak to?' has themes ranging from love, loss, passion, sensuality and death. There Kumar forges his way down a rhetorical road, speaking of dilemmas, hopes, fears and on love and lust.*

***About the poem:***

*The poet is against dedicating one day in the whole year to one's mother. He believes that there can be no such day in India because the mother is a blessing for life. Dedicating only one day to her, leaves a question mark on the rest of 364 days. We pay obeisance to our mothers twice a day, each day of the year and that is her right.*

***Glossary***

**continent:** a large mass of land such as Europe, Asia or Africa (here India )

**spurious:** false, only seeming to be genuine, based on false ways of thinking

**ensconced:** placed safely in, attached to

**obeisance:** act of bending in respect (and touching the feet)

**candelabrum:** an object with several branches to hold candles

**desecrate:** treat a thing with disrespect

**pansy:** a plant with bright flowers

**slouch:** move forward

**deity:** goddess (here mother)

**I. Answer the following questions**

1. What is the significance of 'Chinese house of dreams'?
2. In what way is 'my mother' more demanding?
3. What, according to the poet, amounts to desecrating a mother?
4. How often does the poet invoke his deity?
5. Write a short note on 'how we Indians celebrate the mother's day'.

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

	<b>A</b>	<b>B</b>
1.	obeisance	violate/ mean disrespect
2.	slouch	inherited
3.	invoke	goddess
4.	ancestral	courtesy, respect
5.	deity	appeal to/ call up
6.	spurious	stoop( to move forward)
7.	desecrate	false

**III. Read the following lines and mention the figures of speech used in them: ( simile, metaphor, personification)**

1. ....like a devotee throwing a handful of yellow rice to the birds.
2. I invoke my deity.
3. Bouquet shaped like a Chinese house of dreams.
4. ....hear ancestral voices in a wind's howl.

[**Simile** is an explicit (clear) comparison between two different things, actions, or feelings, using the words 'as' or 'like'. Here is an example:

I wondered lonely as a cloud

**Metaphor** is a figure of speech in which there is an indirect, implied, hidden comparison between two things that share a common quality.

**Examples**

- (i) He is as brave as a lion. (Simile)  
He is a lion. (Metaphor)
- (ii) That man is like a saint. (Simile)  
That man is a saint. (Metaphor) ]

**IV. Read the following lines and answer the questions that follow**

My mother is more demanding  
an obeisance at each sunrise,  
like a devotee throwing a handful  
of yellow rice to the birds.  
Holding a candelabrum before an idol,  
Just once a year  
Is desecrating it.

- 1. What does 'my mother' demand?
- 2. List the two things, mentioned by the poet we are supposed to do at sunrise.
- 3. Write a short note on the idea contained in the lines “Holding a .....is desecrating it”.

**V. Suggested reading**

- 1. To My Mother by *Edgar Allan Poe*
- 2. Song of the Old Mother by *W.B Yeats*
- 3. Mother O' Mine by *Rudyard Kipling*

The most important thing we've learned,  
So far as children are concerned,  
Is never, NEVER, NEVER let  
Them near your television set --  
Or better still, just don't install  
The idiotic thing at all.  
In almost every house we've been,  
We've watched them gaping at the screen.  
They loll and slop and lounge about,  
And stare until their eyes pop out.  
(Last week in someone's place we saw  
A dozen eyeballs on the floor.)  
They sit and stare and stare and sit  
Until they're hypnotised by it,  
Until they're absolutely drunk  
With all that shocking ghastly junk.  
Oh yes, we know it keeps them still,  
They don't climb out the window sill,  
They never fight or kick or punch,  
They leave you free to cook the lunch  
And wash the dishes in the sink --  
But did you ever stop to think,  
To wonder just exactly what  
This does to your beloved tot?  
IT ROTTS THE SENSE IN THE HEAD!  
IT KILLS IMAGINATION DEAD!  
IT CLOGS AND CLUTTERS UP THE MIND!  
IT MAKES A CHILD SO DULL AND BLIND  
HE CAN NO LONGER UNDERSTAND

A FANTASY, A FAIRYLAND!  
HIS BRAIN BECOMES AS SOFT AS CHEESE!  
HIS POWERS OF THINKING RUST AND FREEZE!  
HE CANNOT THINK -- HE ONLY SEES!  
'All right!' you'll cry. 'All right!' you'll say,  
'But if we take the set away,  
What shall we do to entertain  
Our darling children? Please explain!'  
We'll answer this by asking you,  
'What used the darling ones to do?  
'How used they keep themselves contented  
Before this monster was invented?'  
Have you forgotten? Don't you know?  
We'll say it very loud and slow:  
THEY ... USED ... TO ... READ! They'd READ and READ,  
AND READ and READ, and then proceed  
To READ some more. Great Scott! Gadzooks!  
One half their lives was reading books!  
The nursery shelves held books galore!  
Books cluttered up the nursery floor!  
And in the bedroom, by the bed,  
More books were waiting to be read!  
Such wondrous, fine, fantastic tales  
Of dragons, gypsies, queens, and whales  
And treasure isles, and distant shores  
Where smugglers rowed with muffled oars,  
And pirates wearing purple pants,  
And sailing ships and elephants,  
And cannibals crouching 'round the pot,  
Stirring away at something hot.  
(It smells so good, what can it be?  
Good gracious, it's Penelope.)  
The younger ones had Beatrix Potter

With Mr. Tod, the dirty rotter,  
And Squirrel Nutkin, Pigling Bland,  
And Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle and-  
Just How The Camel Got His Hump,  
And How the Monkey Lost His Rump,  
And Mr. Toad, and bless my soul,  
There's Mr. Rat and Mr. Mole-  
Oh, books, what books they used to know,  
Those children living long ago!  
So please, oh please, we beg, we pray,  
Go throw your TV set away,  
And in its place you can install  
A lovely bookshelf on the wall.  
Then fill the shelves with lots of books,  
Ignoring all the dirty looks,  
The screams and yells, the bites and kicks,  
And children hitting you with sticks-  
Fear not, because we promise you  
That, in about a week or two  
Of having nothing else to do,  
They'll now begin to feel the need  
Of having something to read.  
And once they start -- oh boy, oh boy!  
You watch the slowly growing joy  
That fills their hearts. They'll grow so keen  
They'll wonder what they'd ever seen  
In that ridiculous machine,  
That nauseating, foul, unclean,  
Repulsive television screen!  
And later, each and every kid  
Will love you more for what you did.

## ROALD DAHL

*Roald Dahl was born on September 13, 1916, in Llandaff, South Wales. In 1953, he published the best-selling story collection Someone Like You and married actress Patricia Neil. He published the popular book James and the Giant Peach in 1961. In 1964, he released another highly successful work, Charlie and the Chocolate Factory, which was later adapted for two films. Over his decades-long writing career, Dahl wrote 19 children's books. He died on November 23, 1990, in Oxford. He said, "Children are ... highly critical. And they lose interest so quickly. You have to keep things ticking along. And if you think a child is getting bored, you must think up something that jolts it back. Something that tickles. You have to know what children like."*

***About the poem:** The poet calls television a ridiculous machine. He wants the children to read and play instead of watching television. According to the poet, the TV set should be replaced with a book shelf so that the children are bound to read books.*

### **Glossary:**

**gaping:** staring at somebody with mouth open due to surprise or shock

**slop about:** to spend time being lazy

**lounge about :** to stand, sit or lie in a lazy way

**ghastly:** very frightening and unpleasant

**isle:** island

**cannibal:** a person who eats human flesh

**ridiculous:** very silly and unreasonable

**repulsive:** very unpleasant

**I. Answer the following questions:**

1. Why does the poet not want to let the children go near the television?
2. He gives a still better option. What is it?
3. How does the television hypnotize the children?
4. Mention any three damages done if one goes on watching television?
5. What shall we do to entertain our darling children?
6. What should we replace the television with?
7. What will the children learn in the absence of television?

**II. Complete the sentences in column A filling in the blanks with the words most suitable given in column B:**

	<b>A</b>	<b>B</b>
1.	It .....in the head.	he only sees
2.	It .....dead.	as soft as cheese.
3.	It .....up the mind.	kills imagination
4.	It makes a child so .....	rust and freeze.
5.	His brain becomes.....	rots the sense
6.	His power of thinking.....	clogs and clutters
7.	He cannot think, .....	dull and blind.

**III Read the following pairs of rhyming words**

1. cheese            freeze
2. understand      fairyland
3. install            wall

**Now find out at least ten more such pairs of rhyming words used in this poem.**

***IV Read the following lines and answer the questions that follow:***

Fear not, because we promise you  
That, in about a week or two  
Of having nothing else to do,  
They'll now begin to feel the need  
Of having something to read.

1. What is the 'fear' the poet is talking about?
2. Why do you think that the children will start reading books?
3. What does the word 'need' convey in these lines?

***V Suggested reading***

1. Turn Off the TV! by *Bruce Lansky*
2. Your Television Set Don't Love You, Darlin' by *Steve Eng*

Upagupta, the disciple of Buddha, lay sleep in  
the dust by the city wall of Mathura.  
Lamps were all out, doors were all shut, and  
stars were all hidden by the murky sky of August.  
Whose feet were those tinkling with anklets,  
touching his breast of a sudden?  
He woke up startled, and a light from a woman's  
lamp fell on his forgiving eyes.  
It was the dancing girl, starred with jewels,  
Wearing a pale blue mantle, drunk with the wine  
of her youth.  
She lowered her lamp and saw young face  
austerely beautiful.  
“Forgive me, young ascetic,” said the woman,  
“Graciously come to my house. The dusty earth  
is not a fit bed for you.”  
The young ascetic answered, “Woman,  
go on your way;  
When the time is ripe I will come to you.”  
Suddenly the black night showed its teeth  
in a flash of lightening.  
The storm growled from the corner of the sky, and  
The woman trembled in fear of some unknown danger.  
The branches of the wayside trees were full of blossom.  
Gay notes of a flute came floating in the  
warm spring air from afar.  
The citizens had gone to the woods for the

festival of flowers.

From the mid - sky gazed the full moon on the  
shadows of the silent town.

The young ascetic was walking in the lonely street,  
While overhead the love-sick koels uttered from the  
mango branches their sleepless plaint.

Upagupta passed through the city gates, and  
stood at the base of the rampart.

Was that a woman lying at his feet in the  
shadow of the mango grove?

Struck with black pestilence, her body  
spotted with sores of small-pox,  
She had been hurriedly removed from the town  
To avoid her poisonous contagion.

The ascetic sat by her side, took her head  
on his knees,

And moistened her lips with water, and  
smeared her body with sandal balm.

“Who are you, merciful one?” asked the woman.

“The time, at last, has come to visit you, and  
I am here,” replied the young ascetic.

### **Rabindranath Tagore**

*Viswakavi (world poet) Rabindranath was born on May 9, 1861 in Bengal. His father Maharishi Devendranath Tagore was a rich man and an aristocrat and his mother was Sarada Devi. He was the eighth son and fourteenth child of his parents. Rabindranath Tagore was not sent to any school. He was educated at home by a tutor. Though he was educated at home, he studied many subjects and there was a method in his studies. Reading plays was of special interest to him. He was happy to read plays of Kalidas and Shakespeare. He had a special interest in Bengali, which was his mother-tongue. For further studies, he was sent to a public school at London, where he became a student of Prof. Henry Morley whose lectures influenced*

*Rabindranath to take interest in English literature. Rabindranath started writing poetry in Bengali. His poem "Sandhya Geet" (Song of Dusk) was appreciated by many, including Sri Bankimchandra Chatterji, who wrote the National song "Vande Mataram". "Gitanjali" is a well-known collection of his poems. For "Gitanjali" Rabindranath Tagore was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature in 1931. He was the first Indian to get a Nobel Prize and the British Government conferred on him Knighthood and gave the title of "Sir". What makes Rabindranath Tagore special for the people of India is his "Jana Gana Mana", our National Anthem. He breathed his last on August 7, 1941, leaving his thoughts and ideas for all to follow.*

**About the poem:** *This poem has a human appeal. The dancing girl is drunk with the wine of her youth. The unpleasant fate of such people is foretold. The poet brings out the need to see beyond the short term bodily pleasures. This masterpiece by Tagore shows the impermanence of youth and physical beauty and the permanence of love for humanity.*

### **Glossary**

**disciple:** a person who believes in and follows the teachings of a religious or political leader

**murky sky:** cloudy sky

**mantle:** a loose piece of clothing worn over other clothes

**austerely:** simply and plainly; without any decorations

**ascetic:** monk, hermit

**contagion:** (n) the spreading of a disease by people touching each other

### **I. Answer the following questions**

1. Which lines in the poem prove that it was a dark night when Upagupta lay asleep?
2. How does the poet describe the dancing girl?
3. How can a face be austere yet beautiful?
4. Why was the woman hurriedly removed from the town?
5. How did the ascetic help the woman?

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

A	B
1. murky	flourish
2. mantle	group of trees
3. ascetic	spreading of a disease by touch
4. blossom	cloudy
5. rampart	abstinent/ living like a monk
6. pestilence	ointment
7. contagion	cloak
8. balm	parapet
9. grove	epidemic

**III Read the lines**

The young ascetic answered, “Woman,  
go on your way.”

**What was 'her' way and what was 'his' way?**

**IV** 1. 'Suddenly the black night showed its teeth in a flash of lightning.'

**How can you say that the figure of speech used is personification?**

2. **Write down the figure of speech used in the following line:**

*'.....spotted with sores of small-pox.'*

[ **Alliteration** is the repetition of the same sound, usually initial consonants of words, in any sequence of words. Examples:

(i) Landscape lover, lord of language. (*Tennyson*)

(ii) In a summer season, when soft was the sun....

(*Piers Plowman*) ]

**3. Read the following lines and answer the questions that follow:**

The ascetic sat by her side, took her head  
on his knees,  
And moistened her lips with water, and  
smeared her body with sandal balm.  
“Who are you, merciful one?” asked the woman.  
“The time, at last, has come to visit you, and  
I am here,” replied the young ascetic.

1. List the things the ascetic did to lessen the woman's suffering.
2. What is the significance of the line “The time.....am here.”

***V Suggested reading:***

1. Abou Ben Adhem by *Leigh Hunt*
2. The Quality of Mercy by *William Shakespeare*

**CONFESSIONS OF A BORN SPECTATOR**

---

One infant grows up and becomes a jockey,  
Another plays basketball or hockey,  
This is one the prize ring hates to enter,  
that one becomes a tackle or center,  
I am just as glad as glad can be  
That I'm not them, that they're not me.

With all my heart do I admire  
Athletes who sweat for fun or hire,  
Who take the field in gaudy pomp,  
And maim each other as they romp,  
My limp and bashful spirit feeds  
On other people's heroic deeds.

Now A runs ninety yards to score,  
B knocks the champion to the floor.  
C risking vertebrae and spine,  
Lashes his steed across the line,  
You'd think my ego it would please  
To swap positions with one of these.

Well, ego might be pleased enough,  
But zealous athletes play so rough,  
They do not ever, in their dealings  
Consider one another's feelings.  
I'm glad that when my struggle begins  
Twixt prudence and ego, prudence wins.

When swollen eye meets gnarled fist  
When snaps the knee, and cracks the wrist,  
When calm officialdom demands  
Is there a doctor in the stands?  
My soul in true thanksgiving speaks  
For this most modest physiques  
Athletes, I'll drink to you  
Or eat with you,  
Or anything except compete with you,  
Buy tickets worth their weight in radium,  
To watch you gambol in a stadium  
And reassure myself anew  
That you're not me and I'm not you.

### OGDEN NASH

*Frederick Ogden Nash was born on August 19, 1902 in Rye, New York. He was raised in Rye, New York and Savannah, Georgia and educated at St. George's School in Rhode Island and, Harvard University. He published his first book for children, The Cricket of Caradon in 1925. His first published poem was Spring Comes to Murray Hill in 1930. Afterwards he published 19 books of poetry.*

***About the poem:** The poet calls himself a born spectator. He loves watching the players showing their mettle and winning prizes. But he does not want to be like them because he is afraid of getting hurt. In this poem, in a light hearted tone, he makes fun of athletes and players. He appreciates them to the full, but he is afraid of competing with them lest he should be physically hurt.*

### **Glossary**

***maim:** to injure somebody seriously, causing permanent damage to their body*

***romp:** to play in a happy and noisy way*

***gaudy:** too brightly coloured in a way that lacks taste*

***vertebrae:** small bones that are connected together to form the spine*

***swap:** to give something to somebody and receive something in exchange*

***prudence:** sensibility to make judgements and decisions*

***gnarled:** twisted and rough*

***gambol:** to jump or run about in a lively way*

**I. Answer the following questions**

1. What is the poet glad about?
2. The poet admires the athletes. Give reasons for this admiration.
3. Why does he call his spirit bashful?
4. Write a few lines on the struggle between the poet's ego and prudence.
5. List the things that the poet is ready to do for the athletes.

**II. Look at the following lines taken from the poem**

My limp and bashful spirit feeds

On other people's heroic deeds.

**What does the poet mean to convey in these lines? Select the proper options:**

- (a) He is not sure of his own capabilities to perform such deeds.
- (b) He does not like to perform heroic deeds.
- (c) He is scared of getting hurt while performing such deeds.

**Now look at this line:**

Buy tickets worth their weight in radium.

**Select the correct meaning of this line from the given statements:**

- (a) The poet gives radium to buy tickets.
- (b) The poet would pay anything for buying tickets to watch the games
- (c) The poet does not buy tickets

**III. Read the following lines and answer the questions that follow**

*I'm glad that when my struggle*

*Twixt prudence and ego, prudence wins.*

1. The poet's ego urges him to show some heroism on the playfield. How often does he show it?
2. Do you think he wants to show this heroism?
3. Write a short note on the poet's '*struggle*'.
4. What is he glad about?
5. These two lines contain the theme of the poem. Explain.

**IV. Read (by the same poet), the following poems**

1. A Lady Who Thinks She Is Thirty
2. Adventures of Isabel

**THE LITTLE BLACK BOY**

---

My mother bore me in the southern Wild,  
And I am black, but O! my soul is white;  
White as an angel is the English child:  
But I am black as if bereav'd of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree  
And sitting down before the heat of day,  
She took me on her lap and kissed me,  
And, pointing to the east began to say.

Look on the rising sun: there God does live  
And gives his light, and gives his heat away.  
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive  
Comfort in morning, Joy in the noon day.

'And we are put on earth a little space,  
That we may learn to bear the beams of love,  
And these black bodies and this sun-burnt face  
Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

'For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear  
The cloud will vanish we shall hear his voice.  
Saying: "Come out from the grove, my love and care,  
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice."

Thus did my mother say and kissed me,  
And thus I say to little English boy;  
When I from black and he from white cloud free,  
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat till he can bear,  
To lean in joy upon our fathers knee.  
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,  
And be like him and he will then love me.

### WILLIAM BLAKE

*William Blake was born on 28 November 1757 in London. He was an English poet, painter and printmaker, unrecognized, during his lifetime. He left school at the age of ten and was educated at home by his mother. His notable works are: Songs of Innocence and of Experience, The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, The Four Zoas and Jerusalem.*

***About the poem:** In this poem Blake deals with the suffering of the blacks at the hands of white people. A black child tells the story of how he came to know his own identity and how he came to know God. He tells how his mother taught him about God who lives in the East.*

### **Glossary**

**angel:** a spirit who is believed to be a servant of God and is sent by God to deliver a message or perform a task (Angels are shown dressed in white and with wings)

**vanish:** to disappear suddenly

**rejoice:** to express great happiness about something

### **I. Answer the following questions**

1. Why does the black child think that the English child is an angel?
2. What does the rising sun give us?
3. What are the black bodies compared to?
4. What happens when our souls learn to bear the heat?
5. When will the black cloud vanish?
6. What will God's voice tell them to do?
7. What does the black boy want to do for the white boy?

**II** *Do you think that the poem is about a child's acceptance of suffering and injustice? Give reasons for your answer*

**III.** *Match the words given in column A with their comparisons (in the poem) given in column B*

	<b>A</b>	<b>B</b>
1.	angel	black body
2.	east	innocent child
3.	sun- burnt face	English child
4.	cloud	God's home
5.	lamb	shady grove

**IV.** *Select the correct figure of speech used in the following lines from the list given at the end of each line*

1. White as an angel is the English child.....(simile, metaphor)
2. And these black bodies and this sun-burnt face  
Is but a cloud.....( simile, metaphor, personification)
3. And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice. (simile, metaphor, personification)

**V.** *Suggested reading*

1. Let America Be America Again by *Langston Hughes*.

·A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOR EVER

---

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:  
 Its loveliness increases; it will never  
 Pass into nothingness; but still will keep  
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.  
 Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing  
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,  
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth  
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,  
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkn'd ways  
 Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,  
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall  
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,  
 Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon  
 For simple sheep; and such are daffodils  
 With the green world they live in; and clear rills  
 That for themselves a cooling covert make  
 'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,  
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:  
 And such too is the grandeur of the dooms  
 We have imagined for the mighty dead;  
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,  
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

**JOHN KEATS**

*John Keats was an English Romantic poet. He is one of the most beloved English poets. His poetry mainly consists of sensual imagery, most notably in the series of odes. He died at the age of 26. Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes and Hyperion etc... are some of his oft quoted works.*

**About the poem:** *The poem A THING OF BEAUTY has a very beautiful concept carved in it. A beautiful thing is a source of eternal joy; its attractiveness grows with the passage of time and its impact never fades away. Even at depressing moments, beauty dispels the pall of sadness from our spirits.*

## ***Glossary***

**bower:** a pleasant place in the shade under trees

**despondence:** sad, without hope

**covert:** secret or hidden

**grandeur:** the quality of being great and impressive in appearance

**brink:** edge

**immortal:** that lives or lasts forever

### ***I. Answer the following questions***

1. Why does the poet think that a thing of beauty is a source of eternal joy?
2. What, according to the poet, keeps us attached to this earth?
3. How does eternal beauty help us to cheer up our spirits or clear our despondence?
4. Where do the musk roses bloom?
5. Name some objects of beauty mentioned in the poem.
6. Apart from nature, which other objects are mentioned in the poem as sources of beauty?
7. How is beauty the source of nectar (immortal drink)?

### ***II. Underline the odd word. The first one is done for you***

1. gloomy      ominous      happy      depressing      dismal
2. covert      secret      concealed      hidden      open
3. grandeur      splendour      tiny      magnificence      opulence
4. immortal      ugly      eternal      everlasting      unending
5. brink      edge      threshold      rim      centre
6. mighty      strong      miserable      grand      powerful

### ***III. Read the following lines and answer the questions given below***

Some shape of beauty moves away the pall  
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,  
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon  
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils.

1. What moves away the pall from our dark spirits?
2. Name the heavenly bodies mentioned in the above lines.
3. Why does the poet think that the trees, sheep and daffodils can cheer up our gloomy spirit?
4. Do you think only daffodils can cheer our spirit up or other flowers can also do the same? Give reasons for your answer.
5. List the two rhyming words in the passage.

***IV. Suggested reading***

1. The Daffodils by *William Wordsworth*
2. To Nature by *Samuel Coleridge*

## AN ASTROLOGER'S DAY (R.K. Narayan)

*R.K. Narayan is an Indian novelist and short story writer of international repute. With Raja Rao and Mulk Raj Anand, he forms a trio of talented writers of Indo-Anglian fiction. He is one of those Indian authors who write for both Eastern and Western public. He was educated at Maharaja's College, Mysore. He had a keen sense of perception and his delineation of characters shows that he had a deep understanding of the various aspects of human nature. Most of his writings deal with day to day Indian life — both urban and rural — and are written in a simple style. His first novel 'Swami and Friends' was published in 1935. 'The Bachelor of Arts' published in 1937 won great praise. Then followed 'The English Teacher' (1945) and 'The Guide' (1958). His collection of short stories 'An Astrologer's Day and Other Stories' contains some of his best stories. His works spring from Indian soil but their appeal is universal. He was awarded Padma Bhushan for distinguished services to literature.*

*'An Astrologer's Day', has a typically Indian atmosphere and has a surprise ending. A road-side astrologer, by accident, comes across a man whom he had tried to murder some time back and who had been left for dead. In the dim light, the astrologer recognizes him and tells him his name, his past, in fact, everything. He advises him not to wander in search of the man who had tried to kill him as he is no longer alive. The man is highly impressed by the astrologer's skill. He gives him a handful of coins and goes away perfectly satisfied with what the astrologer tells him. The astrologer feels relieved that he is not recognized. A great weight is now off his mind that he is not the murderer of that man. The story thus contains its sting in the tail.*

Punctually<sup>1</sup> at midday he opened his bag and spread out his professional equipment<sup>2</sup>, which consisted of a dozen cowrie shells, a square piece of cloth with obscure<sup>3</sup> mystic<sup>4</sup> charts on it, a notebook, and a bundle of palmyra<sup>5</sup> writing. His forehead was resplendent<sup>6</sup> with sacred ash and vermilion<sup>7</sup>, and his

1. at the exact time every day
2. articles needed for a profession
3. not clear; vague
4. strange, magical looking
5. an African and Asian palm yielding jaggery
6. shone brightly
7. a bright red powder used by married Hindu ladies in the parting of their hair (sindoor)

eyes sparkled with a sharp abnormal gleam which was really an outcome of a continual searching look for customers, but which his simple clients took to be a prophetic light<sup>8</sup> and felt comforted. The power of his eyes was considerably enhanced by their position-placed as they were between the painted forehead and the dark whiskers which streamed down his cheeks: even a half wit's<sup>9</sup> eyes would sparkle in such a setting. To crown the effect<sup>10</sup> he wound a saffron-coloured turban around his head. This colour scheme never failed. People were attracted to him as bees are attracted to cosmos or dahlia<sup>11</sup> stalks. He sat under the boughs of a spreading tamarind tree which flanked a path running through the Town Hall Park. It was a remarkable place in many ways: a surging crowd was always moving up and down this narrow road, morning till night. A variety of trades and occupations was represented all along its way: medicine sellers, sellers of stolen hardware and junk, magicians, and, above all, an auctioneer of cheap cloth, who created enough din all day to attract the whole town. Next to him in vociferousness<sup>12</sup> came a vendor of fried groundnut, who gave his ware a fancy name each day, calling it "Bombay Ice-Cream" one day, and on the next "Delhi Almond", and on the third "Raja's Delicacy", and so on and so forth, and people flocked to him. A considerable portion of this crowd allied<sup>13</sup> before the astrologer too. The astrologer transacted his business by the light of a flare which crackled and smoked up above the groundnut heap nearby. Half the enhancement<sup>14</sup> of the place was due to the fact that it did not have the benefit of municipal lighting. The place was lit up by shop lights. One or two had hissing gaslights, some had naked flares<sup>15</sup> stuck on poles, some were lit up by old cycle lamps, and one or two like the astrologer's managed without lights of their own. It was a bewildering criss-cross<sup>16</sup> of light rays and moving shadows. This suited the astrologer very well, for the simple reason that he had not in the least intended to be an astrologer when he began life, and he knew no more of what was going to happen to himself next minute. He was as much a stranger to the stars as were his innocent customers. Yet he said things which pleased and astonished

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8. light in the eyes of a prophet who could foretell the coming events

9. a stupid fellow

11. flower plants

13. wandered; idled away time

15. an unshaded flame

10. to complete the effect

12. capacity to make a loud noise

14. increase in effect; better suitability

16. a network of crossing lines

everyone: that was more a matter of study, practice and shrewd guess work. All the same; it was as much an honest man's labour as any other, and he deserved the wages he carried home at the end of a day.

He had left his village without any previous thought or plan. If he had continued there he would have carried on the work of his forefathers — namely, tilling the land, living, marrying, and ripening in his cornfield and ancestral home. But that was not to be. He had to leave home without telling anyone, and he could not rest till he left it behind a couple of hundred miles. To a villager it is a great deal, as if an ocean flowed between.

He had a working analysis of mankind's troubles: marriage, money, and the tangles of human ties. Long practice had sharpened his perception. Within five minutes he understood what was wrong. He charged three pies per question, never opened his mouth till the other had spoken for at least ten minutes which provided him enough stuff for a dozen answers and advices. When he told the person before him, gazing at his palm, “In many ways you are not getting the fullest results for your efforts,” nine out of ten were disposed to agree with him. Or he questioned: “Is there any woman in your family, may be even a distant relative, who is not well disposed towards you?” Or he gave an analysis of character: “Most of your troubles are due to your nature. How can you be otherwise with Saturn<sup>17</sup> where he is? You have an impetuous<sup>18</sup> nature and a rough exterior.” This endeared him to their hearts immediately, for even the mildest of us loves to think that he has a forbidding exterior.”

The nut vendor blew out his flare and rose to go home. This was a signal for the astrologer to bundle up too, since it left him in darkness except for a little shaft of green light which strayed in from somewhere and touched the ground before him. He picked up his cowrie shells and paraphernalia<sup>19</sup> and was putting them back into his bag when the green shaft of light was blotted out: he looked up and saw a man standing before him. He sensed a possible client and said: “You look so careworn. It will do you good to sit down for a while and chat with me.” The other man grumbled some reply vaguely. The astrologer pressed his invitation; whereupon the other thrust his palm under his nose, saying: “You call yourself an astrologer?” The astrologer felt challenged and

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17. a planet having an evil effect on life

18. impulsive; rash

19. equipment; miscellaneous articles

said, tilting the other's palm towards the green shaft of light: "Yours is a nature....." "Oh, stop that," the other said. "Tell me something worthwhile....."

Our friend felt piqued<sup>20</sup>. "I charge only three pies per question, and what you get ought to be good enough for your money....." At this the other withdrew his arm, took out an anna, and flung it out to him, saying: "I have some questions to ask. If I prove you are bluffing you must return that anna to me with interest."

"If you find my answers satisfactory, will you give me five rupees?"

"No."

"Or will you give me eight annas?"

"All right, provided you give me twice as much if you are wrong," said the stranger. This pact was accepted after a little further argument. The astrologer sent up a prayer to heaven as the other lit a cheroot. The astrologer caught a glimpse of his face by the matchlight. There was a pause as cars hooted on the road, Jutka<sup>21</sup> drivers swore at their horses, and the babble of the crowd agitated the semi-darkness of the park. The other sat down, sucking his cheroot, puffing out, sat there ruthlessly. The astrologer felt very uncomfortable. "Here, take your anna back. I am not used to such challenges. It is late for me today...."

He made preparations to bundle up. The other held his wrist and said: "You can't get out of it now. You dragged me in while I was passing." The astrologer shivered in his grip; and his voice shook and became faint. "Leave me today. I will speak to you tomorrow." The other thrust his palm in his face and said: "Challenge is challenge. Go on." The astrologer proceeded with his throat drying up: "There is a woman....."

"Stop," said the other. "I don't want all that. Shall I succeed in my present search or not? Answer this and go. Otherwise I will not let you go till you disgorge<sup>22</sup> all your coins." The astrologer muttered a few incantations<sup>23</sup> and replied: "All right. I will speak. But will you give me a rupee if what I say is

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20. felt offended; annoyed

21. cab; carriage

22. to vomit; to throw out

23. said some words and mantras softly for purposes of enchantment

convincing? Otherwise I will not open my mouth, and you may do what you like.” After a good deal of haggling<sup>24</sup> the other agreed. The astrologer said: “You were left for dead. Am I right?”

“Ah, tell me more.”

“A knife has passed through you once?” said the astrologer,

“Good fellow!” He bared his chest to show the scar. “What else?”

“And then you were pushed into a well nearby in the field. You were left for dead.”

“I should have been dead if some passer-by had not chanced to peep into the well,” exclaimed the other, over-whelmed by enthusiasm. When shall I get at him?” he asked, clenching his fist<sup>25</sup>.

“In the next world,” answered the astrologer. “He died four months ago in a far-off town. You will never see any more of him.” The other groaned on hearing it. The astrologer proceeded:

“Guru Nayak.”

“You know my name!” the other said, taken aback.

“As I know all other things. Guru Nayak, listen carefully to what I have to say. Your village is two days journey due north of this town. Take this magic powder and be gone. I see once again a great danger to your life if you go anywhere away from home.” He took out a pinch of sacred ash and held it to him. “Rub it on your forehead and go home. Never travel southward again, and you will live to be a hundred.”

“Why should I leave home again?” the other said reflectively. “I was only going away now and then to look for him and to choke out his life if I met him.” He shook his head regretfully. “He has escaped my hands. I hope at least he died as he deserved.” “Yes,” said the astrologer, “he was crushed under a lorry.” The other looked gratified to hear it.

The place was deserted by the time the astrologer picked up his articles and put them into his bag. The green shaft was also gone, leaving the place in darkness and silence. The stranger had gone off into the night, after giving the astrologer a handful of coins.

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24. bargaining

25. closing his fist tightly in excitement and anger

26. threw

27. A coarse, dark sugar

It was nearly midnight when the astrologer reached home. His wife was waiting for him at the door and demanded an explanation. He flung<sup>26</sup> the coins at her and said: "Count them. One man gave all that."

"Twelve and half annas," she said counting. She was overjoyed. "I can buy some jaggery<sup>27</sup> and coconut tomorrow. The child has been asking for sweets for so many days now. I will prepare some nice stuff for her."

"The swine has cheated me! He promised me a rupee," said the astrologer. She looked up at him. "You look worried. What is wrong?"

"Nothing."

After dinner, sitting on the cot, he told her: "Do you know a great load is gone from me today? I thought I had the blood of a man on my hands all these years. That was the reason why I ran away from home, settled here, and married you. He is alive."

She gasped, "You tried to kill!"

"Yes, in our village, when I was a silly youngster. We drank, gambled, and quarrelled badly one day – why think of it now? Time to sleep," he said, yawning, and stretched himself on the cot.

### ***Comprehension Questions***

- I.
  1. What was the astrologer's professional equipment?
  2. How did he give his face the look of an astrologer?
  3. Where did he sit every day?
  4. Who were the other professionals on the road where the astrologer carried on his business?
  5. What were the different names given by the vendor of fried groundnuts to his groundnuts?
  6. What was the source of light used by the astrologer during the evening hours?
  7. How does Narayan describe the astrologer's knowledge of astronomy?

8. How would the astrologer have done if he had continued to live in his old village?
9. How could the astrologer 'guess' his clients' problems?
10. What was the challenge thrown by the client to the astrologer?
11. How could the astrologer rightly guess the past of the client?
12. What did the astrologer tell his wife?

- II**
1. Write, in brief, a character-sketch of the astrologer.
  2. Explain briefly the 'sting-in-the-tail' contained in the story.
  3. How did the astrologer finally have his day? Explain.
  4. Summarise the relationship between the astrologer and his client.
  5. Write a few lines on: *An Astrologer by the Roadside*.

## 2

### THE TIGER IN THE TUNNEL (Ruskin Bond)

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*Ruskin Bond is an Indian writer of short stories and novels in English. His first novel, 'Room on the Roof', written when he was only nineteen, won the John Llewellyn Prize. Since then several novels and volumes of short stories have been published by him.*

*'The Tiger in the Tunnel' is the story of a man bravely facing a tiger in a railway tunnel. But he himself is killed by the animal in the encounter. His son, a mere boy, is filled with grief over his father's death, but he does not allow grief to emasculate him. He decides to face life bravely and discharge the responsibility that has now fallen on him.*

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There was no moon that night, and the deathly stillness of the surrounding jungle was broken only occasionally by the shrill cry of a cicada<sup>1</sup>. Sometimes from far off came the hollow hammering of a woodpecker, carried along on the faint breeze. But these sounds were rare, and the silence of the forest always returned to swallow them up.

Baldeo, the watchman, was awake. He stretched himself, slowly unwinding the heavy shawl that covered him like a shroud<sup>2</sup>. It was close on midnight and the chill air made him shiver. The station, a small shack backed by heavy jungle, was a station in name only; for trains only stopped there, if at all, for a few seconds before entering the deep cutting that led to the tunnel. Most trains merely slowed down before taking the sharp curve before the cutting<sup>3</sup>.

Baldeo was responsible for signaling whether or not the tunnel was clear of obstruction, and his hand-worked signal stood before the entrance. At night it was his duty to see that the lamp was burning, and that the overland mail<sup>4</sup> passed through safely.

'Shall I come too, father?' asked Tembu sleepily, still lying huddled in a corner of the hut.

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1. an insect that has a shrill chirping
2. a shroud is a sheet with which a dead body is covered. The word is premonitory, as Baldeo is to die soon
3. a narrow passage cut through the rocks for the railway lines
4. a long-distance mail-train

'No, it is cold tonight. Do not get up.'

Tembu, who was twelve, did not always sleep with his father at the station, for he had also to help in the home, where his mother and small sister were usually alone. They lived in a small tribal village on the outskirts of the forest, about three miles from the station. Their small rice fields did not provide them with more than a bare living and Baldeo considered himself lucky to have got the job of Khalasi<sup>5</sup> at this small wayside signal stop.

Still drowsy, Baldeo groped for his lamp in the darkness, then fumbled about in search of matches. When he had produced a light, he left the hut, closed the door behind him, and set off along the permanent way<sup>6</sup>. Tembu had fallen asleep again.

Baldeo wondered whether the lamp on the signal-post was still alight. Gathering his shawl closer about him, he stumbled on. Sometimes along the rails, sometimes along the ballast<sup>7</sup>. He longed to get back to his warm corner in the hut which overhung the main line threateningly. On entering the cutting with its sheer rock walls towering high above the rails, Baldeo could not help thinking about the wild animals he might encounter which were supposed to frequent this spot; but he hardly believed these stories for, since his arrival at this place a month ago. There had, of course, been panthers, and only a few days ago the villagers had killed one with their spears and axes. Baldeo had occasionally heard the sawing<sup>8</sup> of a panther calling to its mate, but they had not come near the tunnel or shed.

Baldeo walked confidently for, being a tribal<sup>9</sup> himself, he was used to the jungle and its ways. Like his forefathers, he carried a small axe; Fragile to look at, but deadly when in use. With it, in three or four swift strokes, he could cut down a tree as neatly as if it had been sawn; and he prided himself in his skill in wielding it against wild animals. He had killed a young boar with it once, and the family had feasted on the flesh for three days. The axe-head of pure steel, thin but ringing true like a bell, had been made by his father over a charcoal fire. This axe was part of himself, and wherever he went, be it to the

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5. a porter or coolie

6. the railway line

7. broken rock pieces with which the foundation for railway lines is laid

8. the mating cry of the panther. It is similar to the sound of sawing wood

9. a member of a primitive class of people

local market seven miles away, or to a tribal dance, the axe was always in his hand. Occasionally an official who had come to the station had offered him good money for the weapon, but Baldeo had no intention of parting with it.

The cutting curved sharply, and in the darkness the black entrance to the tunnel looked up menacingly. The signal light was out. Baldeo set to work to haul the lamp down by its chain. If the oil had finished, he would have to return to the hut for more. The mail train was due in five minutes.

Once more he fumbled for his matches. Then suddenly he stood still and listened. The frightened cry of a barking deer, followed by a crashing sound in the undergrowth, made Baldeo hurry. There was still a little oil in the lamp, and after an instant's hesitation he lit the lamp again and hoisted it back into position. Having done this, he walked quickly down the tunnel, swinging his own lamp, so that the shadows leapt up and down the soot-stained walls, and having made sure that the line was clear, he returned to the entrance and sat down to wait for the mail train.

The train was late. Sitting huddled up, almost dozing, he soon forgot his surrounding and began to nod. Back in the hut, the trembling of the ground told of the approach of the train, and a low, distant rumble woke the boy, who sat up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

'Father, it's time to light the lamp,' he mumbled, and then, realizing that his father had been gone some time, he lay down again, but he was wide awake now, waiting for the train to pass, waiting for his father's returning footsteps.

A low grunt resounded from the top of the cutting. In a second Baldeo was awake all his senses alert. Only a tiger could emit such a sound.

There was no shelter for Baldeo, but he grasped his axe firmly and tensed his body, trying to make out the direction from which the animal was approaching. For some time there was only silence, even the usual jungle noises seemed to have ceased altogether. Then a thump and the rattle of small stones announced that the tiger had sprung into the cutting.

Baldeo, listening as he had never listened before, wondered if it was making for the tunnel or the opposite direction – the direction of the hut, in which Tembu would be lying unprotected. He did not have to wonder for long. Before a minute had passed he made out the huge body of the tiger trotting steadily towards him. Its eyes shone a brilliant green in the light from the

signal-lamp. Flight was useless, for in the dark the tiger would be more sure-footed than Baldeo and would soon be upon him from behind. Baldeo stood with his back to the signal-post, motionless, staring at the great brute moving rapidly towards him. The tiger, used to the ways of men, for it had been preying on them for years, came on fearlessly, and with a quick run and a snarl struck out with its right paw, expecting to bowl over this puny man who dared stand in the way.

Baldeo, however, was ready. With a marvelously agile leap he avoided the paw and brought his axe down on the animal's shoulder. The tiger gave a roar and attempted to close in. Again Baldeo drove his axe with true aim; but, to his horror, the beast swerved, and the axe caught the tiger on the shoulder, almost severing the leg. To make matters worse, the axe remained stuck in the bone, and Baldeo was left without a weapon.

The tiger, roaring with pain, now sprang upon Baldeo, bringing him down and then tearing at his broken body. It was all over in a few minutes and then there was blackness and the night closed in on him forever.

The tiger drew off and sat down licking his wounded leg, roaring every now and then with agony. He did not notice the faint rumble that shook the earth, followed by the distant puffing of an engine steadily climbing. The overland mail was approaching. Through the trees beyond the cutting, as the train advanced, the glow of the furnace could be seen, and showers of sparks fell like Diwali lights over the forest.

As the train entered the cutting, the engine whistled once, loud and piercingly. The tiger raised his head, then slowly got to his feet. He found himself trapped like the man. Flight along the cutting was impossible. He entered the tunnel, running as fast as his wounded leg would carry him. And then, with a roar and a shower of sparks, the train entered the yawning tunnel. The noise in the confined space was deafening but, when the train came out into the open, on the other side, silence returned once more to the forest and the tunnel.

At the next station the driver slowed down and stopped his train to water the engine. He got down to stretch his legs and decided to examine the headlamps. He received the surprise of his life; for, just above the cow-catcher<sup>10</sup> lay the major portion of the tiger, cut in half by the engine.

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10. the metal frame attached to the front of a railway engine to remove obstructions on the track.

There was considerable excitement and conjecture at the station, but back at the cutting there was no sound except for the sobs of the boy as he sat beside the body of his father. He sat there a long time, unafraid of the darkness, guarding the body from jackals and hyenas, until the first faint light of dawn brought with it the arrival of the relief-watchman.

Tembu and his sister and mother were plunged in grief for two whole days; but life had to go on, and a living had to be made, and all the responsibility now fell on Tembu. Three nights later, he was at the cutting, lighting the signal-lamp for the overland mail.

He sat down in the darkness to wait for the train, and sang softly to himself. There was nothing to be afraid of — his father had killed the tiger, the forest gods were pleased; and besides, he had the axe with him, his father's axe, and he knew how to use it.

### ***Comprehension Questions***

- I.
  1. What were the sounds that broke the silence of the night?
  2. What duties had Baldeo to perform?
  3. Why had Baldeo to work as a Khalasi?
  4. What were the factors that contributed to the eeriness of the place?
  5. What was Baldeo's axe like?
  6. How did Baldeo know that a tiger was nearby and later that it had sprung into the cutting?
  7. Why did not Baldeo run away from the tiger?
  8. Describe the fight between Baldeo and the tiger.
  9. How did the tiger die?
  10. How did his father's death affect Tembu?
  
- II.
  1. Write a brief character - sketch of Baldeo.
  2. Describe Baldeo's encounter with the tiger.
  3. Write a note on the message contained in the story.
  4. Describe, in brief, the scene and the setting of the place where Baldeo worked.

# 3

## SPARROWS (K.A. Abbas)

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*Society classifies its members so easily and so very conveniently into 'the good' and 'the bad'. And then 'the good' take upon themselves the responsibility to sit in judgement over 'the bad' and punish them. This punishment can take the form of social ostracism ("Let me not catch you playing with that man's sons!") to imprisonment ("Such people are a menace to society!"). Very seldom does a judge try to probe into the background of a 'criminal' and try to find out what made him commit the crime. Such a probe very often reveals the fact that it was the social conditions as much as other factors that were responsible for his turning a criminal.*

*What happens to a young man whose ambitions have been thwarted by the dictates of religion, the demands of tradition and the plain disregard of his feelings? Can he be blamed if he hardens into a beast?*

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THE SUN was setting behind the mango grove which fringed the western extremity of the village when Rahim Khan returned from the fields. Broad and strong despite his fifty odd years, with the plough on his shoulders, and driving his two oxen, he walked through the main street of the village with a haughty and unfriendly air. As he approached the chaupal<sup>1</sup> where a dozen or so peasants were collected for their evening smoke, the hilarious<sup>2</sup> tones of gossip died down to cautious whispers. It was only when he had vanished round the corner and the heavy tread of his footsteps was heard no more that Kallu, passing the communal<sup>3</sup> hookah to another, remarked, "There goes the hard-hearted devil!" To which Nanha, the fat sweet-seller, added, "He is getting worse and worse every day. Only yesterday he beat poor Ramoo's child for throwing a pebble at his oxen." Ramnath, the officious<sup>4</sup> zaildar<sup>5</sup>, volunteered further details of Rahim Khan's recent cruelties. "And the other day he very nearly killed my mare for straying into his field." The zaildar, of course,

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1. a platform at the entry point to the village where people sit and gossip
  2. noisy
  3. used/shared by the members of the village community
  4. too eager to tell others what to do
  5. an official in the village

thought it quite irrelevant to mention that the straying of his mare had been specially planned by his own mischievous sons. The old, grey-haired Patel was, as usual, the last to open his toothless mouth. And as usual, his words were prefaced by a pious invocation to the Almighty. “Hare Ram! Hare Ram!” he muttered, “I have never seen such a cruel man. He has compassion<sup>6</sup> neither for the child nor for the helpless animal. No wonder his own sons have run away from home.”

The subject of their conversation, meanwhile, had reached his hut which, almost symbolically, stood gaunt<sup>7</sup> and aloof, at a distance from the neighbouring cluster of houses. Leaning the plough up against the low wall of his house, he proceeded to tie the oxen to a pair of big wooden stakes embedded in the ground just in front of the doorway.

“Bhai Rahim Khan!” an obsequious<sup>8</sup> voice said behind him as he was about to enter the house.

“What is it?” he gruffly queried, turning round to address the old woman who had come out of the house nearest his own. As she hesitated to speak, he fired a volley of questions: “What is it? I won't eat you. Why don't you speak, woman? Has your son been arrested again for revenue arrears or has your daughter-in-law delivered another baby?”

As he stopped for breath, the woman summoned up all the courage to utter two words. “Your wife.....” “.....has run away.” He completed the sentence with a grin, which broadened with the realization that he had guessed right.

“No, no,” the woman hastily explained with an apologetic look, as if she herself were responsible for his wife's absence. “She has only gone to her brother at Nurpur and will be back in a few days.”

“Bah!” He flung back at her, opening the door. He knew that his wife would never come back.

Seething with inward wrath he entered the dark hut and sat down on the charpoy. A cat mewed in a corner. Finding no one else on whom to vent his anger he flung it out, slamming the door with violence.

There was no one to give him water, to wash his dust laden feet and hands, no

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6. fellow feeling, sympathy

7. grim; desolate

8. too eager to obey or serve

one to give him supper, no one whom he could curse and beat. Rahim Khan felt uncomfortable and unhappy. He had always been angry with his wife when she was there, but her absence angered him still more.

“So she's gone,” he mused, lying down on the cot, having decided to go to sleep without his food. During the thirty years of their married life, he had always felt that she would leave him one day and, at one time, he had even hoped she would. Six years ago, his eldest son Bundu had run away from home because of a more than usually severe beating. Three years later, the younger one, Nuru, joined his brother's house. Since that day, Rahim Khan felt sure his wife, too would run away to her brother's. But now that she had gone, he felt unhappy – not sorry, no, for he had never loved his wife — but only uncomfortable, as if a necessary piece of furniture had been removed. With her gone, on whom could he shower the outpourings of an embittered heart?

For thirty years his wife had been both the symbol and target of all his grievances against family, against society, against life.

As a youth there had been none in the village to beat him in feats of athletics skill — in wrestling, in kabaddi, in diving from the canal bridge. He had loved a girl, and wanted to join a touring circus which happened to pass through the village. In the circus he had felt, lay the key to his ambitions — a career after his own heart — travel — fame. And in Radha, the daughter of Ram Charan, the village *banya*, he thought he had found his soulmate. He had first noticed her watching him at a wrestling match and it had been the greatest moment of his life when, standing up after vanquishing<sup>9</sup> his adversary, he had found Radha looking at him with the light of love in her eyes. After that there had been a few brief and furtive<sup>10</sup> meetings when the unlettered but romantic youth had declared his love in passionate though halting words. But his parents had killed both his ambitions. Circus work was too lowly and immoral for a respectable peasant. Anyway, his father, grandfather and all his ancestors had tilled the land, so he, too had to do it. As for marrying Radha, a Hindu, a Kafir<sup>11</sup>, the very idea was infamous and irreligious.

For some time, Rahim Khan, with youthful resentment<sup>12</sup>, toyed with the idea of open rebellion. But the tradition of centuries of serfdom ran in blood, and however indignant he might have felt at his father's severity, he could not

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9. defeating; overcoming

10. secret; stealthy

11. an unbeliever

12. anger

13. secret

summon up enough courage to defy paternal authority and social traditions. After a few days, the circus left the village without Rahim Khan, and a furtive<sup>13</sup> romance with Radha, too, came to an abrupt end. Rahim Khan's father slyly suggested to Ram Charan that his daughter was now fifteen and ought to have been married long ago, not failing to hint at the disastrous consequences of late marriages. Within a few weeks Radha was married to Ram Lal, a middle-aged, potbellied *banya* of the neighbouring village. With a few sad tears shed in the solitude of the night in memory of her hopeless romance with Rahim Khan, she quickly reconciled herself to her fate and proceeded forthwith to be the mother of half-a-dozen children.

Rahim Khan also got married. He had, of course, no choice in the matter. His parents selected the girl, fixed the date, ordered some gaudy clothes for him and some silver ornaments for his bride, made him sit on a horse and, to the beat of a brass band, took him to the girl's house where the *Nikah*<sup>14</sup> was duly performed. To the Kazi's<sup>15</sup> formal questions Rahim Khan mechanically nodded his head. Any other course was impossible. Nobody, of course, cared to ask the shy little girl who sat huddled in a dark room only dimly conscious of the fate to which she had been condemned. After the ceremony, Rahim Khan's father in a mood of self-congratulation, boasted to his wife, "See how meekly he obeyed me. You always feared he might refuse to fall in our arrangements. I know these youngsters. They are apt to be restless if their marriage is delayed. That is why our father believed in marrying away their children early. Now he will be all right!"

At that very moment, standing on the threshold of the room, where his wife awaited him much as a sheep awaits the butcher, Rahim Khan made a terrible resolve to avenge himself on his parents, his family, on society. He held them all responsible for the frustration of his life's dreams. And in his confused, illogical mind he regarded his bride as the symbol of persecution<sup>16</sup> to which he had been subjected. On her he would wreak his vengeance. Iron entered his hitherto kindly soul as he rudely pushed open the door.

That was thirty years ago, Rahim Khan reflected as he lay there on his cot in the dark hut. And hadn't he had his revenge? For thirty years he had ill-treated his wife, his children and his bullocks, quarrelled with everyone in the village and made himself the most hated person in the whole community. The thought of being so universally detested<sup>17</sup> gave him grim satisfaction.

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14. wedding ceremony

15. Muslim priest

16. cruel treatment

17. a hated person

No one in the village, of course, understood or tried to understand the reasons for this strange transformation of the cheerful and kind young man into the beast that he had become. At first, their attitude towards him was one of astonished hostility, but later it changed to indifference mingled with fear. Of understanding and sympathy he received none. Shunned<sup>18</sup> by everyone, with a bitterness ever gnawing<sup>19</sup> at his heart, Rahim Khan sought consolation in the unquestioned authority over his wife which society allowed him.

For thirty years his wife had submitted to his persecution with the slave-like docility<sup>20</sup> that is the badge of her tribe. Lately, indeed, she had become so used to corporal chastisement<sup>21</sup> that it seemed unnatural if a whole week passed without a beating. To Rahim Khan beating his wife had become a part of his everyday existence. As sleep gathered round him, his last thought was whether he would be able to endure a life without having an opportunity of indulging in what had now become his second nature. It was perhaps the only moment when Rahim Khan had a feeling not exactly of affection for his wife, but of loneliness without her. Never before had he realized how much the woman he hated was a part of his life.

When he awoke it was already late forenoon and he started the day by cursing his wife, for it was she who used to wake him up early every morning. But he was in no great hurry today. Lazily he got up and, after his ablutions<sup>22</sup>, milked the goats for his breakfast which consisted of the remains of the previous day's chappattis soaked in the fresh milk. Then he sat down for a smoke, with his beloved hookah beside him. Now the hut was warm and alight with the rays of the sun streaming in through the open window. In a corner, they revealed some cobwebs and, having already decided to absent himself from his fields, he thought he would tidy his hut. Tying some rags to the end of the long pole, he was about to remove the cobwebs when he saw a nest in the thatched roof. Two sparrows were fluttering in and out, twittering constantly.

His first impulse was to wreck<sup>23</sup> the nest with one stroke of his pole, but something within him made him desist. Throwing down the pole, he brought a stool and climbed up on it to get a better view of the sparrow's home. Two little featherless mites<sup>24</sup> of red flesh, baby sparrows hardly a day old, lay inside,

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18. avoided

19. biting

20. passive obedience

21. physical punishment

22. washing of the body (or part of it), as part of a religious rite

23. destroy

24. small creatures

while their parents hovered round Rahim Khan's face, screaming threateningly. He barely had a glimpse of the inside of the nest when the mother sparrow attacked him.

“Oh damn you vixen<sup>25</sup>, you must have plucked out my eye,” exclaimed Rahim Khan with his characteristic hollow laugh and climbed down from his perch. He was strangely amused by the little bird's heroic efforts to save her home and children. The sparrows' nest suffered no harm that day and peace reigned in Rahim Khan's hut.

Next day he resumed his daily work. Still no one talked to him in the village. From morning till late in the afternoon he would toil in the field, ploughing the furrow and watering the crops, but he returned home before sunset. Then he would lie on his cot, smoking his hookah and watching with lively interest the antics<sup>26</sup> of the sparrow family. The two little ones had now grown into fine young birds, and he called them Nuru and Bundu after his lost sons whom he had not seen for several years. The four sparrows were his only friends in the world. His neighbours were still frightened of him and regarded his recent peaceful behavior with suspicion. They were genuinely astonished that for some time no one had seen him beating his bullocks. Nathoo and Chhiddoo themselves were happy and grateful and their bruised bodies had almost healed.

One monsoon evening, when the sky was overcast with threatening clouds, Rahim Khan returned from the fields a little earlier than usual. He found a group of children playing in the road. They ran away as they saw him, and even left their shoes behind in their haste. In vain did Rahim Khan shout, “Why are you running away? I am not going to beat you”. Meanwhile, it had started drizzling and he hurried homewards to tie up the bullocks before the big downpour came.

Entering his hut, Rahim Khan lighted the earthenware oil lamp and placed some crumbs of bread for the sparrows before he prepared his own dinner. “O Nuru! O Bundu!” he shouted, but the sparrows did not come out. Anxious to find out what had happened to his friends, he peered into the nest and found the quartet scared and sitting huddled up within their feathers. At the very spot where the nest lay, the roof was leaking. Rahim Khan took a ladder and went out in the pouring rain to repair the damage. By the time the job was

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25. an ill-tempered woman

26. amusing behaviour

satisfactorily done, he was thoroughly drenched. As he sat on the cot, Rahim Khan sneezed, but he did not heed the warning and went to sleep. Next morning he awoke with a high fever.

When the villagers did not see him going to the fields for several days, they grew anxious and came to see what the matter was. Through a crack in the door they saw him lying on the cot talking to himself, “O Bundu, O Nuru, who will feed you when I am gone?” The peasants shook their heads sympathetically. “Poor fellow,” they said, “he has gone mad. We will send for his wife to look after him.”

Next morning when Rahim Khan's wife, anxious and weeping, came with her sons, a group of neighbours collected in sympathy. The door was locked from the inside, and in spite of loud knocking no one opened it. When they broke their way in, they found the large and gaunt frame of Rahim Khan lying in the brooding silence of the room, broken only by the fluttering of four sparrows.

### ***Comprehension Questions***

- I**
1. What was Rahim Khan's occupation?
  2. “..... he walked with a haughty and unfriendly air.....”  
What does this suggest about his reputation in the village?
  3. What does the phrase “cautious whispers” suggest about the attitude of the villagers towards Rahim Khan: respect/fear/a mixture of both?
  4. “The other day he very nearly killed my mare.....”said the *zaildar*. Was Rahim Khan entirely to blame?
  5. What news did Rahim Khan get on returning to his hut? Had his wife left him or was she visiting her brother? (What do you think?)
  6. What was Rahim Khan's reaction when he heard his wife had gone away — relief/unhappiness/anger/discomfort?
  7. What were Rahim Khan's ambitions as a young man? Were they fulfilled?
  8. Why was Rahim Khan not able to join the circus?

9. How did Rahim Khan's romance with Radha end?
10. "Iron entered his hitherto kindly soul." Explain.
11. Who did Rahim Khan hold responsible for the frustration of his dreams? How did he avenge himself?
12. Something made Rahim Khan desist from wrecking the sparrows' nest. What do you think it was? What influence did the nest have on him?
13. Can you say how Rahim Khan felt when the group of children ran away from him?
14. How did Rahim Khan get drenched? What was his only worry even during the last moments of his life?
15. What does Rahim Khan's behaviour towards the sparrows show about his own nature?
16. Friends keep vigil over the body of a dear one. Who kept vigil over the body of Rahim Khan?

- II.**
1. Write a character-sketch of Rahim Khan (150 words)
  2. Rahim Khan was known to be cruel and heartless. Briefly trace the incidents which changed his nature.
  3. What is the message conveyed in the story? Explain.

# 4

## THE MODEL MILLIONAIRE (Oscar Wilde)

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*The following story is by Oscar Wilde, an imaginative and witty writer of short stories, novels and plays, who lived in the latter half of the nineteenth century.*

*Note how the author builds his story around the enduring virtue of humanity, understanding and compassion.*

*Note also the 'dramatic turn' in the story.*

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Unless one is wealthy there is no use in being a charming fellow. Romance is the privilege of the rich, not the profession of the unemployed. The poor should be practical and prosaic. It is better to have a permanent income than to be fascinating. These are the great truths of modern life which Hughie Erskine never realized. Poor Hughie! Intellectually, we must admit, he was not of much importance. He never said a brilliant or even an ill-natured thing in his life. But then he was wonderfully good-looking, with his crisp, brown hair, clear cut profile, and his grey eyes. He was as popular with men as he was with women, and he had every accomplishment except that of making money. His father had bequeathed him his cavalry sword and a History of the peninsular war in fifteen volumes. Hughie hung the first over his looking glass, put the second on a shelf between Ruffs Guide and Bailey's Magazine and lived on two hundred a year that an old aunt allowed him. He had tried everything. He had gone on the Stock Exchange for six months; but what was a butterfly to do among bulls and bears<sup>1</sup>? He had been a tea-merchant for a little longer, but had soon tired of pekoe and souchong<sup>2</sup>. Then he had tried selling dry sherry<sup>3</sup>. That did not answer; the sherry was a little too dry. Ultimately he became nothing, a delightful, ineffectual young man with a perfect profile and no profession.

To make matters worse, he was in love. The girl he loved was Laura Merton, the daughter of a retired Colonel who lost his temper and his digestion in India, and had never found either of them again. Laura adored him, and he

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1. term used on the Stock Exchange, referring to attempts to raise (bulls) or to lower them (bears), through speculative buying and selling
  2. names of grades of black tea from China
  3. a strong yellow, brown Spanish wine

was ready to kiss her shoestrings. They were the handsomest couple in London and had not a penny-piece between them. The Colonel was very fond of Hughie, but would not hear of any engagement.

“Come to me, my boy, when you have got ten thousand pounds of your own, and we will see about it,” he used to say and Hughie looked very glum<sup>4</sup> in those days, and had to go to Laura for consolation.

One morning, as he was on his way to Holland Park, where the Mertons lived, he dropped in to see a great friend of his, Alan Trevor. Trevor was a painter. Indeed, few people escape that now-a-days. But he was also an artist, and artists are rather rare. Personally he was a strange rough fellow, with a freckled face and a red, ragged beard. However, when he took up the brush he was a real master, and his pictures were eagerly sought after. He had been very much attracted by Hughie at first, it must be acknowledged, entirely on account of his personal charm. “The only people a painter should know,” he used to say, “are people who are beautiful, people who are an artistic pleasure to look at and an intellectual repose to talk to. Men who are dandies and women who are darlings rule the world, at least they should do so.” However after he got to know Hughie better, he liked him quite as much for his bright, buoyant spirit and his generous, reckless nature, and had given him the permanent entry to his studio.

When Hughie came in, he found Trevor putting the finishing touches to a wonderful life size picture of a beggar-man. The beggar himself was standing on a raised platform in a corner of the studio. He was a wizened old man, with a face like wrinkled parchment and a most piteous expression. Over his shoulder was flung a coarse brown cloak, all tears and tatters; his thick boots were patched and cobbled, and with one hand he leant on a rough stick, while with the other he held out his battered hat for alms.

“What an amazing model?” whispered Hughie, as he shook hands with his friend.

“An amazing model?” shouted Trevor at the top of his voice, “I should think such beggars as he are not to be met with every day. A discovery, my friend, a living Velasquez! My stars! What an etching, Rembrand<sup>5</sup> would have made of him!”

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4. sad

5. great painter

“Poor old chap!” said Hughie, “how miserable he looks! But I suppose, to you painters, his face is his fortune?” “Certainly,” replied Trevor, “you don't want a beggar to look happy, do you?” “How much does a model get for sitting,” asked Hughie, as he found himself a comfortable seat on a divan.

“A shilling an hour.”

“And how much do you get for your picture, Alan?”

“Oh, for this I get two thousand?”

“Pounds?”

“Guineas. Painters, poets and physicians always get guineas.”

“Well, I think the models should have a percentage,” cried Hughie, laughing, “they work quite as hard as you do.”

“Nonsense, nonsense! Why, look at the trouble of laying on the paint alone and standing all day long at one's easel! It's all very well. Hughie, for you to talk, but I assure you that there are moments when art almost attains the dignity of manual labour. But mustn't chatter, I'm very busy. Keep quiet.”

After some time the servant came in, and told Trevor that the framemaker wanted to speak to him.

“Don't run away, Hughie,” he said, as he went out. “I will be back in a moment.”

The old beggar-man took advantage of Trevor's absence to rest for a moment on a wooden bench that was behind him. He looked so forlorn and wretched that Hughie could not help pitying him and felt in his pockets to see what money he had. All he could find was a sovereign and some coppers “Poor old fellow,” he thought to himself, “he wants it more than I do, but it means no hansom <sup>6</sup> for a fortnight,” and he walked across the studio and slipped the sovereign into the beggar's hand.

The old man startled and a faint smile flitted across his withered lips. “Thank you, sir,” he said, “thank you.”

Then Trevor arrived, and Hughie took his leave, blushing a little at what he had done. He spent the day with Laura, got a charming scolding for his extravagance and had to walk home.

That night he strolled into the Palette Club about eleven o'clock and found Trevor sitting by himself in the smoking room drinking hock<sup>7</sup> and seltzer<sup>8</sup>.

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6. a two-wheeled horse-drawn cab used in England in the old days

7. German white wine

8. an artificially prepared mineral water

“Well. Alan, did you get the picture finished all right?” he said,  
“Finished and framed, my boy!” answered Trevor;” and by the by, you have made a conquest. That old model you saw is quite devoted to you. I had to tell him all about you — who are you, where you live, what your income is, what prospects you have....”

“My dear Alan.....” cried Hughie. “I shall probably find him waiting for me when I go home. But, of course, you are only joking. Poor old wretch! I wish I could do something for him. I think it is dreadful that any one should be so miserable. I have got heaps of old clothes at home — do you think he would care for any of them? Why, his rags were falling to bits.”

“But he looks splendid in them,” said Trevor. “I wouldn't paint him in a frock coat for anything. What you call rags, I call romance. What seems poverty to you is picturesequeness to me. However, I'll tell him of your offer.”

“Alan,” said Hughie seriously, “you painters are a heartless lot.”

“An artist's heart is his head,” replied Trevor, “and besides, our business is to realize the world as we see it, not to reform it as we know it. Every man to his trade. And now tell me how Laura is? The old model was quite interested in her.

“You don't mean to say you talked to him about her?” said Hughie.

“Certainly I did. He knows all about the relentless Colonel, the lovely Laura, and the £10,000/-” said Trevor.

“How could you!” cried Hughie looking very red and angry. “My dear boy,” said Trevor, smiling, “that old beggar as you call him, is one of the richest men in Europe. He could buy all London tomorrow without overdrawing his account. He has a house in every capital, dines off gold plates and can prevent Russia going to war when he chooses.”

“What on earth do you mean?” exclaimed Hughie.

“What I say,” said Trevor, “the old man you saw today in the studio was Baron Hausberg. He is a great friend of mine, buys all my pictures and that sort of thing, and gave me a commission a month ago to paint him as a beggar. What do you expect? It is the whim of a millionaire. And I must say he made a magnificent figure in his rags or perhaps I should say in my rags; they are an old suit I got in Spain.”

“Baron Hausberg!” cried Hughie. “Good heavens! I gave him a sovereign!”

and he sank into an armchair, the picture of dismay.

“Gave him a sovereign!” shouted Trevor, and he burst into a roar of laughter. “My dear boy, you’ll never see it again. His business is with other men’s money.”

“I think you might have told me, Alan,” said Hughie sulkily, “and not have let me make such a fool of myself.”

“Well, to begin with, Hughie,” said Trevor, “it never entered my mind that you went about distributing alms in that reckless way. I can understand you kissing a pretty model, but your giving a sovereign to an ugly one — by Jove, no! Besides, the fact is that I really was not at home today to any one; and when you came in I didn’t know whether Hausberg would like his name mentioned. You know he wasn’t in full dress.”

“What a duffer he must think me!” said Hughie.

“Not at all. He was in the highest spirits after you left re-set kept chuckling to himself and rubbing his old, wrinkled hands together. I couldn’t make out why he was so interested to know all about you; but I see it all now. He’ll invest your sovereign for you. Hughie, pay you the interest every six months, and have a capital story to tell after dinner.”

“I am an unlucky devil,” growled Hughie. The best thing I can do is to go to bed; and, my dear Alan, you mustn’t tell anyone I shouldn’t dare show my face in the Row.”

“Nonsense! It reflects the highest credit on your philanthropic<sup>9</sup> spirit, Hughie. And don’t run away. Talk about Laura as much as you like.”

However, Hughie wouldn’t stop, but walked home, feeling very unhappy, and leaving Alan Trevor in fits of laughter.

The next morning he was at breakfast, the servant brought him up a card on which was written “Monsieur Gustave Haudin, on behalf of M. Le Baron Hausberg.” “I suppose he has come for an apology,” said Hughie to himself, and he told the servant to show the visitor up.

An old gentleman with gold spectacles and grey hair came into the room, and said, in a slight French accent, “Have I the honour of addressing Monsieur Erskine?”

Hughie bowed.

“I have come from Baron Hausberg,” he continued. “The Baron”

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9. helping and doing good to those in need

“I beg sir, that you will offer him my sincerest apologies,” stammered Hughie. “The Baron,” said the old gentleman with a smile, “has commissioned me to bring you this letter,” and he extended a sealed envelope.

On the outside was written. “A wedding present to Hughie Erskine and Laura Merton, from an old beggar,” and inside was a cheque for £10,000.

When they were married Alan Trevor was the best man and the Baron made a speech at the wedding breakfast.

“Millionaire models,” remarked Alan, “are rare enough; but by Jove, model millionaires are rarer still.”

### *Comprehension Questions*

- I.
  1. What qualities made Hughie Erskine popular with men and women?
  2. Hughie was unable to settle down in a profession because he was unwilling to work (Yes/No). If 'no' what was the reason?
  3. What condition did the Colonel lay down for letting Hughie be engaged to Laura?
  4. Why did Alan Trevor like Hughie so much as to let him visit his studio whenever he wanted?
  5. Why did Hughie think that Trevor's model was an amazing one?
  6. Did Trevor think highly of his model? How do you know?
  7. “He (Hughie) got a charming scolding for his extravagance? Who scolded Hughie? What was Hughie's extravagance? Why was Hughie scolded? Why is the scolding described as charming?
  8. Why did Trevor think that Hughie had made a deep impression on his “old model”?
  9. Did his model behave differently from what Trevor had thought of him? If differently, how?
  10. How was Baron Hausberg both a millionaire model and a model Millionaire?
- II.
  - (i) Give in your own words a pen-portrait of Baron Hausberg
  - (ii) What impression do you form of Hughie's character?
  - (iii) How and why did Hughie oblige the old beggar?

## 5

### THE PANCH PARAMESHWAR (Munshi Premchand)

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*Premchand was born in Lamahi, a small village near Banaras in eastern Uttar Pradesh. After passing his Matriculation in 1898, Premchand joined government service as a school teacher in 1900. He was married at the age of sixteen, but finding the marriage to be incompatible, he defied social convention by remarrying a child widow in 1906. It was only much later in life, in 1919, that he obtained his BA degree from Allahabad University.*

*Mahatama Gandhi's non-cooperation movement influenced him deeply. In 1920, he resigned his government job to register his protest against the British colonial rule. He devoted the rest of his life to writing, editing and publishing.*

*The short story 'Panch-Parmeshwar' was first published in 1916. India was then involved in the First World War as a colony of Britain. In this story, Premchand looks towards the village community for a set of administrative rules that would provide an alternative to the colonial system of governance by using the mythical dimension of justice which is supposed to reside in the heart of every human being. The story focuses upon the natural agency of self-governance and justice in a rural community. At a deeper level, it locates the subtle workings of human consciousness in a social set-up. It is extremely relevant in the democratic set up adopted by India where democracy is fast taking roots in every nook and corner of the country, especially in rural India through the Panchayat Raj system.*

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Jumman Sheikh and Algu Chowdhari enjoyed a deep friendship. They cultivated their lands jointly. They trusted each other deeply. When Jumman went to Mecca for Haj, he left his house in charge of Algu and whenever Algu went away from the village, he would leave his house with Jumman. They did not share the same religion, but they used to think alike. This is the true meaning of friendship.

Jumman Sheikh had an old aunt. She had a little property but no close relatives. After making many false promises, Jumman persuaded the old woman to transfer the property in his name. Till the papers were registered in the court, he showered her with attention. He would bring her sumptuous food and sweets. But the final stamping of the transfer deed put an end to this glorious period. Jumman's wife Kariman's sharp tongue was now added as a curry along with the *roti*. Jumman also grew more cruel and indifferent. The

poor aunt had to listen to a lot of unhappy talk every day, 'God knows how long the old woman will live! She imagines that by giving us three bighas of land, she has bought us! She is unable to chew her *roti* unless there is *ghee* in her *dal*! With the amount of money spent on feeding her, we could have bought the whole village.'

The aunt tolerated this kind of talk as long as she could, then she complained to Jumman. But Jumman felt it would be unwise to interfere in the functioning of the 'officer on duty' – the mistress of the house. Somehow things carried on like this for a few more days. At last one day the aunt said to Jumman, 'I don't think I can live with you any longer. Just give me a few rupees and I'll cook my own food.'

Jumman answered rudely, 'Does money grow on trees here?' The aunt pointed out politely, 'My needs are very little, but I must make my ends meet all the same.'

Jumman answered with great seriousness, 'I had no idea that you were determined to live for ever.'

The aunt was upset. She threatened to go to the village panchayat. Jumman laughed to himself like a hunter does, when he watches his prey walk towards the trap. 'Yes. Go to the panchayat. The matter must be settled. I too don't like these daily arguments.'

Jumman had no doubt who was going to win at the panchayat meeting. After all, who was there in all the nearby villages who was not obliged to Jumman in many ways?

In the days to follow, the old aunt, a stick in her hand, went around from village to village. Her back was bent like a bow. Every step she took was painful. But a problem had come up; it was necessary to solve it.

The old woman poured out her lament to every good man who was willing to listen to her. Some tried to console her and put her off; others cursed the cruel times. There were very few who were law-abiding<sup>1</sup>, kind and considerate, who listened attentively to the sad story and offered her consolation. In the end she reached Algu Chowdhari. She put down her stick, sat down, and rested.

'Son, you too must come to the panchayat meeting, if only for a few minutes.'

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1. those who respect law

'There will be many others from the village who will be attending the panchayat. Why do you want me to go?' 'I have told my sad story to everybody,' she said, 'now it is up to them to come or not.'

'I'll come along, but I won't open my mouth during the panchayat.'

'But why?' she asked.

'What answer can I give to this? It's my wish. Jumman is an old friend of mine and I can't afford to spoil my relationship with him.'

'Will you turn your back to justice for fear of ruining your friendship?'

We have a tendency not to bother about our religious traditions; we would even let them be destroyed. But we are always aroused when a challenge is thrown at our faces. Algu had no reply to her question, but her words kept resounding in his mind-will you turn your back to justice for fear of ruining your friendship?

The panchayat met under a tree in the evening. Sheikh Jumman had already spread coverings on the earthen floor. Of course, he himself was sitting some distance away from Algu Chowdhari, and whenever anybody arrived at the meeting, he would greet them warmly. When the sun had set and the birds had settled down to their own noisy meeting on the tree, the panchayat started. Every inch of the sitting area was packed, but most people were only spectators.

The panchayat sat down. The old aunt appealed to them:

'Members of the panchayat! Three years ago I transferred all my property to the name of my nephew. All of you know this. In return for this, Jumman had agreed to feed and clothe me. Somehow, for a year, I managed to suffer through, but now I cannot bear their ill-treatment. I neither got enough food nor adequate clothes. I am a poor helpless widow, unable to fight in a court or durbar. Except for you all, who else will listen to my grief? I am willing to accept whatever you decide. If you think I am at fault, you can punish me. If you find Jumman guilty<sup>2</sup>, explain matters to him. Why does he want to suffer a helpless widow's curse? I will be happy to abide by your decision.'

Ramdhan Misra, whose many clients had been given shelter by Jumman in the village, said, 'Jumman Mian, better settle with the old woman now. Otherwise whatever the panches decide, you will have to accept. Or name your own head panch.'

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2. one who has done wrong

Jumman noticed that most of the panchayat members were people who were obliged to him in one way or another. He said, 'I will accept the decision of the panches as the decision of God. Let my aunt select the head panch. I have no objection.' The aunt shouted, 'You creatures of God! Why don't you come out with the name so that I should also know?'

Jumman replied angrily, 'Don't force me to open my mouth. It's your problem. Name whoever you want.' The aunt realized that Jumman was trying to put all the blame on her.

She said, "Son, you should fear God! The panch is nobody's friend or enemy. What kind of talk is this? If you can't trust anybody, then let it go. I am sure at least you trust Algu Chowdhari. I will propose his name as the head panch.'

Jumman Sheikh was overjoyed, but he hid his feelings. In a calm voice he said, 'Whether you select Algu or Ramdhan it makes no difference to me.'

Algu did not want to get involved in their quarrel. He tried to back out. 'Aunt,' he said, 'Jumman and I share a deep friendship.'

The aunt replied in a sober voice, 'No one will turn his back to justice for the sake of a friendship. God resides<sup>3</sup> in the heart of a panch. They speak in God's voice.'

Algu Chowdhari's nomination was accepted. Algu Chowdhari said, 'Sheikh Jumman! You and I are old friends. Whenever the need arose, we helped each other. But at this moment, you and your old aunt are both equal in my eyes. Now you can make your statement to the '*panchayat*'.

Jumman was confident that he had won the round and that Algu was talking for effect. So he said peacefully, 'Dear members! Three years ago my aunt transferred her property to me. In return I had agreed to look after her needs, and as God is my witness, I have caused her no trouble till today. I treat her as my own mother, as it is my duty to look after her. But there is always friction<sup>4</sup> between the women in a household. How can I be blamed for that? My aunt wants a separate monthly allowance from me. You all know how much property there was. There is not enough income from it to pay her a monthly allowance<sup>5</sup>. Apart from this, there is no mention of any monthly allowance in our agreement, otherwise I wouldn't have taken on this unnecessary headache.

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3. lives

4. quarrels and ill-feelings

5. a fixed amount of money

That is all that I have to say. The panchayat is welcome to decide as it wishes.'

Algu Chowdhari used to visit the courts frequently. So he knew a great deal about law. He began to cross-examine Jumman. Each question hit Jumman like a blow to the heart. Jumman was wondering what had happened to Algu. Only a little while ago he was talking so differently. Was their old friendship going to prove of no use? Jumman Sheikh was lost in such thoughts when Algu announced the decision: 'Jumman Sheikh! The panches have considered the matter. It seems to them that the aunt should be paid a monthly allowance. It is our opinion that there is enough income from her property to pay her such an allowance. This is our decision. If Jumman is unwilling to pay her the allowance, the agreement should be cancelled.'

Jumman was stunned. His own friend! Who would have thought he would behave like an enemy and stab him in the back? It is in such situations as this that one comes to recognize one's genuine friends from false ones. What a trick of fate! Being let down by the very man he trusted most!

But Ramdhan and other members of the panchayat were openly praising the just decision. This was the true panchayat. Friendship is all very well, but it must be kept in its proper place. Man's primary duty is to be just and true. It is the righteous who support the world. Otherwise it would have perished long ago.

This decision shook the foundations of the friendship between Algu and Jumman. Now they were not seen talking with each other. Their old friendship which had stood firm like a tree could not withstand the first blast of truth. Now when they met, they were formal with each other. They greeted each other coldly as a sword greets a shield.

Algu's betrayal played on Jumman's mind all the time. He lived now only to take revenge. It takes a long time for the results of a good deed to show, but the results of an evil deed can be seen at once.

Jumman did not have to wait long for his revenge. The previous year Algu Chowdhari had bought a pair of beautiful, long-horned oxen from Batesar. For months people came from neighbouring villages to admire them. Unfortunately, a month after the panchayat decision, one of the oxen died. Jumman told his friends, 'This is the punishment for treachery. Human beings can act in whatever way they like, but God sees the good and bad behind one's deeds.'

Algu suspected that Jumman had poisoned the ox. His wife also blamed Jumman for the mishap. One day she and Jumman's wife had a violent argument<sup>6</sup> about it. All sorts of hateful, rude and sarcastic words were exchanged. Somehow Jumman managed to quieten the warring sides. He scolded his wife and persuaded her to come away from the battlefield. On the other side, Algu also quietened his wife with a firm stand.

One ox is of no use to a farmer. Algu searched for a matching ox, but could not find one. He finally decided to sell the animal. The trader, Samjhu Sahu, in the village, drove an ox-cart. He used to take *gur* and *ghee* to the market and return with salt and oil which he sold to the villagers. He thought if he could lay his hands on the ox, he could make three trips to the market daily, instead of one. He inspected the ox, took it on a trial run, and then after some haggling brought it home and tied it in his courtyard. He promised to pay for it within a month. Algu was so anxious to get rid of the ox that he did not mind if the money came in later.

With a new ox, Samjhu started making three, even four trips in a day. He was careless with the food and water for the animal, nor did he give it proper rest. At the market place, he would throw some dry straw before it. The poor animal had barely rested, before he was tied up to the cart again.

At Algu's house, the ox had been looked after well, with fresh water to drink. Apart from fodder, it was given grain and even a touch of *ghee*. Morning and evening it was cleaned and massaged. Its comfortable past had given way to a life of torture. It became half its size and its bones stuck out.

One day, while making his fourth trip, Samjhu overloaded the cart. The poor animal was tired after the long day – it could barely lift its feet. Samjhu began to whip it and it began to run. After a few yards it paused to rest, but Samjhu was in a hurry and he began to beat the animal mercilessly. The poor ox again tried to pull the cart, but its strength failed and it collapsed on the ground. This time it was unable to get up. Samjhu hit the dead animal a few more times, complaining, 'If you had to die, why didn't you wait till you reached home. Now who will pull the cart?'

The cart had been loaded with several tins of *ghee*, some of which had been sold and two hundred and fifty rupees from the sales were tied in his waistband. Apart from this were loaded bags of salt which he could not leave

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6. quarrel, exchange of hot words

unguarded. In the end he decided to spend the night in the cart. When he woke up in the morning, he found his money gone along with several tins of oil. He beat his head with sorrow and wept. He reached home in a state of shock. When his wife heard the bad news, she cried and started abusing Algu Chowdhari. 'That mean fellow! His unlucky ox has ruined us! All our life-long savings have been stolen!'

Several months went by. Whenever Algu demanded the price of the ox, Samjhu would reply nastily, 'Here we have lost our life savings and you want money for the ox! You cheated me! You gave me a sick ox! You expect me to pay you? Do you take me for such a fool? I come from a trading family and I am not going to let you fool me.'

Finally some villagers suggested that the matter be decided in a panchayat, and both Samjhu and Algu agreed.

The Panchayat sat down. Ramdhan Misra asked, 'Now what is the delay? Let us select the members. Well, Chowdhari, whom do you nominate?'

Algu said very politely, 'Let Samjhu choose them.'

Samjhu stood up and said, 'I propose Jumman Sheikh.'

Hearing this, Algu's heart began to beat fast, as if someone had slapped him. Ramdhan was Algu's friend. He understood. He said, 'Chowdhari, do you have any objections?'

Resignedly, Chowdhari answered, 'No, I have none.' The knowledge of one's responsibility helps to improve our relationship with others. Whenever we behave badly, this inner realization helps to bring us back to the right path.

As soon as Jumman Sheikh was appointed sarpanch, he felt a sense of responsibility for his high position. He thought, 'I am sitting on the highest throne of justice and *dharma*. Whatever comes from my lips will be treated with the same respect as the words of God. I must not stray even an inch from the truth.'

The panches began to question both the factions. For a long time, both sides and their supporters argued back and forth. They all agreed that Samjhu should make payment for the ox. But two of the men favoured the idea that Samjhu should also be compensated for the loss of the animal. Others insisted Samjhu should be punished to set an example to other villagers not to treat their animals with such cruelty. Finally Jumman announced the decision.

‘Algu Chowdhari and Samjhu Sahu, the members have considered your case very thoroughly. It is only proper that Samjhu should pay the full amount for the ox. When he bought the ox, it was in good health. If he had paid cash down at the time, the present situation would not have arisen. The ox died because it was made to work very hard, and it was not fed or looked after properly.’

Ramdhan Misra spoke, 'Samjhu has deliberately killed the animal, and he should be punished for it.'

Jumman said, 'That is a different matter. We have nothing to do with that.'

Jhagru Sahu pleaded, 'Samjhu should not be treated so harshly.'

Jumman said, 'That is up to Algu Chowdhari. If he wants to give a concession, it will be because of his own goodness.'

Algu was delighted. He stood up and shouted, 'God bless the *sarpanch*.'

The entire crowd joined in 'God bless the *sarpanch*.' Everyone praised the decision. This is not the work of man; God lives in the heart of a panch. This was His blessing. Before the panch, falsehood will be swept away.

After a little while, Jumman came to Algu and embraced him. Said he, 'My brother! Ever since you became *sarpanch* and decided the case against me, I have been your deadly enemy. But today I learnt as a panch that I am neither anybody's friend nor anybody's foe. A panch cannot see anything except justice. Today I am convinced that God speaks through a panch's lips.'

Algu began to cry. His tears washed away the misunderstandings that had accumulated in their hearts.

### ***Comprehension Questions***

- I. 1. What do you know about the friendship of Jumman Sheikh and Algu Chowdhari?
2. What was the problem of Jumman Sheikh's old aunt?
3. Why did Jumman laugh at the threat of the old aunt to take the matter to the village panchayat?
4. How did the villagers react when Jumman's old aunt contacted them about the meeting of the Panchayat?
5. How did Algu Chowdhari react when the old aunt went to him to request him to come to the panchayat meeting?
6. How did Jumman's old aunt present her case?

7. Whom did Jumman's old aunt nominate as the head panch?
8. How did Jumman Sheikh become the enemy of his friend Algu Chowdhari?
9. What was the matter of dispute between Algu Chowdhari and Samjhu Sahu?
10. How did Algu Chowdhari & Jumman Sheikh become friends again?

- II.**
1. Write a note on the theme of the story.
  2. Bring out the relevance of the story in the panchayat raj system of Indian democratic set up.
  3. Write a brief character - sketch of Jumman Sheikh.
  4. Write a brief character - sketch of Algu Chowdhari.
  5. Bring out the significance of the title of the story.

# 6

## THE PEASANT'S BREAD (Leo Tolstoy)

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*Count Leo Nikolaevich Tolstoy (1828-1910) belonged to an ancient, noble family of Russia. He was a novelist, social reformer, and religious teacher. Tolstoy's great novels are 'War and Peace' and 'Anna Kerenina'. These classics have also been made into great motion pictures. He came to be regarded as a prophet during his own life-time. Mahatma Gandhi was greatly influenced by Tolstoy's ideas.*

*After a few years of youthful frivolity, Tolstoy began to experience a feeling of indignation against the idle-rich. The story 'The Peasant's Bread', shows how a poor peasant gracefully accepts the loss of his only piece of bread. But when he becomes rich and has more corn than he needs, his mind turns to vices. He makes vodka from the excess corn. The vice of drinking brings out the worst in him. In fact, it seems as though he ceases to be human and combines within him the worst qualities of three animals: the cunningness of a fox, the fierceness of a wolf and the stupidity of a pig. All in all, he makes an utter ass of himself.*

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

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

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

It was an imp<sup>1</sup> who had stolen the bread while the peasant was ploughing, and at that moment he was sitting behind the bush, waiting to hear the peasant swear<sup>2</sup> and call on the name of the Devil.

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

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1. little devil, an evil - intentioned spirit
2. use foul, abusive language

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

The imp was upset<sup>3</sup>, because he had not made the peasant do wrong, and he went to the devil, his master, to report what had happened.

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

The devil was angry and replied, 'If the man got the better of you<sup>4</sup>, it was your own fault – you don't understand your business! If the peasants and their wives do that kind of thing, we shall be lost. The matter can't be left like that! Go back at once and make things right. If, in three years, you don't get the better of that peasant, I'll have you thrown into holy water!'

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

He changed himself into a working man and went to work with the poor peasant. The first year he advised the peasant to sow corn in a low-lying damp place. The peasant took his advice and sowed there. The year happened to be a very dry one, and the crops of the other peasants were all burnt up by the sun, but the poor peasant's corn grew thick and tall and heavy with grain. Not only had he enough grain to last him for the whole year, but he had also much to spare.

The next year the imp advised the peasant to sow on the hill, and it happened to be a wet summer. Other people's corn was beaten down and the ears<sup>5</sup> did not fill, but the peasant's crop, on the hill, was a fine one. He had more grain to spare than before, so that he did not know what to do with it all.

Then the imp showed the peasant how he could crush the grain and make vodka<sup>6</sup> from it; and the peasant made vodka and began to drink it himself and to give it to his friends.

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

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3. disturbed

4. could not be forced to do some evil deed, remained calm and defeated the plan of the devil

5. head of corn

6. Russian drink

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

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

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

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

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

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

The devil listened and listened, and praised the imp.

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

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

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

The devil watched all this with great delight.

'This is fine,' he said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

### ***Comprehension Questions***

- I 1. What was the peasant’s routine before breakfast?
2. Who had stolen the peasant’s bread? Why?
3. What was the peasant’s reaction when he found his breakfast stolen by the imp?
4. Why was the imp upset to find the peasant calm?
5. What was the threat given to the imp by his master, the devil?
6. What advice did the imp give to the peasant in the first year?

7. What was the result of the imp's advice?
8. What was the imp's advice the second year?
9. What happened during the second year?
10. What did the imp teach the peasant to do with the excess grain he had?
11. What happened when the guests in the peasant's house drank the first glass of vodka?
12. What happened as they drank the second glass?
13. What happened when the guests had their third glass?
14. What exactly had the imp done?
15. How was the imp rewarded by his master?

- II**
1. Describe the scene of the party going on at the peasant's house.
  2. What made the devil happy?
  3. Describe the effect of vodka on the peasant's guests.
  4. What is the message contained in the story? Explain.
  5. Is wealth bad in itself? How can it destroy people? Give your views.