English Literature Reader

Class X

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FOREWORD

Since its inception, the Board of Secondary Education, Manipur has been promoting the quality of education in the state. It has developed text-books for the schools of Manipur under the guidelines given by the National Curriculum Framewok (NCF) from time to time to keep abreast of the changes in the national trend in preparing, structuring and writing text-books.

This text-book has been prepared, structured and written under the guidelines of NCF 2005. Every possible effort has been made and every possible care taken to make it worthwhile and fulfil the local needs were held with the authors and the reviewers in the course of its development.

I, on behalf of the Board of Secondary Education, Manipur, thank the authors and the reviwers for their painstaking labour in bringing this text-book to its present form. Every suggestion to improve it is warmly welcomed.

December 8, 2014

Dr. Chingangbam Sarat
Secretary

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Chapter 1
THE LAST LESSON

By Alphonse Daudet

1. Introduction :

How will you feel if you are told you cannot use your mother tongue? Write a few lines.

_____

_____

_____

_____

2. Now read a story that happened in France :

I started for school very late morning and was in great dread of a scolding, especially because M. Hamel had said that he would question us on participles, and I did not know the first word about them. For a moment I thought of running away and spending the day out of doors. It was so warm, so bright! The birds were chirping at the edge of the woods; and in the open field back of the saw mill the Prussian soldiers were drilling. It was all much more tempting than the rule for participles, but I had the strength to resist, and hurried off to school.

When I passed the town hall there was a crowd in front of the bulletin board. For the last two years all our bad news had come from there - the lost battles, the draft, the orders of the commanding officer - and I thought to myself without stopping: "What can be the matter now?"

Then, as I hurried by as fast as I could go, the blacksmith, Wachter, who was there with his apprentice, reading the bulletin, called after me: "Don't go so fast, boy; you'll get to your school in plenty of time!"

I thought he was making fun of me, and reached M. Hamel's little garden all out of breath.

Usually, when school began, there was a great bustle, which could be heard out in the

street– the opening and closing of desks, lessons repeated in unison, very loud, with our hands over our ears to understand better, and the teacher's great ruler rapping on the table. But now it was all so still! I had counted on the commotion to get to my desk without being seen; but, of course, that day everything had to be as quiet as Sunday morning.

Through the window I saw my classmates, already in their places, and M. Hamel walking up and down with his terrible iron ruler under his arm. I had to open the door and go in before everybody. You can imagine how I blushed and how frightened I was.

But nothing happened. M. Hamel saw me and said very kindly: "Go to your place quickly, little Franz. We were beginning without you."

I jumped over the bench and sat down at my desk. Not till then, when I had got a little over my fright, did I see that our teacher had on his beautiful green coat, his frilled shirt, and the little black silk cap, all embroidered, that he never wore except on inspection and prize days. Besides, the whole school seemed so strange and solemn. But the thing that surprised me most was to see, on the back benches that were always empty, the village people sitting quietly like ourselves; old Hauser with his three-cornered hat, the former mayor, the former postmaster, and several others besides. Everybody looked sad, and Hauser had brought an old primer thumbed at the edges, and he held it open on his knees with his great spectacles lying across the pages.

While I was wondering about it all, M. Hamel mounted his chair, and, in the same grave and gentle tone which he had used to me, said:

"My children, this is the last lesson I shall give you. The order has come from Berlin to teach only German in the schools of Alsace[1] and Lorraine[2]. The new master comes tomorrow. This is your last French lesson. I want you to be very attentive."

What a thunderclap these words were to me!

Oh, the wretches; that was what they had put up at the town hall!

My last French lesson! Why, I hardly knew how to write! I should never learn anymore! I must stop there, then! Oh, how sorry I was not learning my lessons, for seeking birds' eggs, or going sliding on the Saar! My books, that had seemed such a nuisance a while ago, so heavy to carry, my grammar, and my history of the saints, were old friends now that I couldn't give up. And M. Hamel, too, the idea that he was going away, that I should never see him again, made me forget all about his ruler and how cranky he was.

1– pronounced as *al-jas*
2– pronounced as *Lo-ren*

Poor man! It was in honour of this last lesson that he had put on his fine Sunday clothes; and now I understood why the old men of the village were sitting there in the back of the room. It was because they were sorry, too, that they had not gone to school more. It was their way of thanking our master for his forty years of faithful service and of showing their respect for the country that was theirs no more.

While I was thinking of all this, I heard my name called. It was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to be able to say that dreadful rule for the participle all through, very loud and clear, and without one mistake? But I got mixed up on the first words and stood there holding on to my desk, my heart beating, and not daring to look up. I heard M. Hamel say to me:

"I don't scold you, little Franz, you must feel bad enough. See how it is! Every day we have said to ourselves: 'Bah! I've plenty of time. I'll learn tomorrow.' And now you see where we've come out. Ah, that's the great trouble with Alsace; she puts off learning till tomorrow. Now those fellows out there have the right to say to you: 'How is it you pretend to be Frenchmen, and yet you can neither speak nor write your own language?' But you are not the worst, poor little Franz. We've all a great deal to reproach ourselves with.

Your parents were not anxious enough to have you learn. They preferred to put you to work on a farm or at the mills, so as to have a little more money. And I've been to blame also. Have I not often sent you to water my flowers instead of making you learn your lessons? And when I wanted to go fishing, did I not just give you a holiday?"

Then, from one thing to another, M. Hamel went on to talk of the French language saying that it was the most beautiful language in the world– the clearest, the most logical, that we must guard it among us and never forget it, because when a people are enslaved, as long as they hold fast to their language, it is as they had the key to their prison. Then he opened a grammar and read us our lesson. I was amazed to see how well I understood it. All he said seemed so easy! I think, too, that I had never listened so carefully, and that he had never explained everything with so much patience. It seemed almost as if the poor man wanted to give us all he knew before going away, and to put it all into our heads at one stroke.

After the grammar, we had a lesson in writing. That day M. Hamel had new copies for us, on which were written in a beautiful round hand: "France, Alsace, France, Alsace." They looked like little flags fluttering everywhere in the school room, hung from the rod at the top of our desk. You ought to have seen how everyone set to work and how quiet it was: the only

sound was the scratching of the pens over the paper. Once some beetles flew in but nobody paid any attention to them, not even the littlest ones, who worked right on tracing their fishhooks, as if that was French, too. On the roof the pigeons cooed very low, and I thought to myself:

"Will they make them sing in German, even the pigeons?"

Whenever I looked up from my writing I saw M. Hamel sitting motionless in his chair and gazing at one thing. Then at another, as if he wanted to fix in his mind just how everything looked in that little school-room. Fancy! For forty years he had been there in the same place, with his garden outside the window and his class in front of him, just like that. Only the desk and benches had been worn smooth; the walnut trees in the garden were taller, and the hop-vine that he had planted himself twined about the windows of the roof. How it must have broken his heart to leave it all, poor man; to hear his sister moving about in the room above, packing their truck! For they must leave the country next day.

But he had the courage to hear every lesson to the very last. After the writing, we had a lesson in history, and then the babies chanted their *ba, be, bi, bo, bu*. Down there at the back of the room old Hauser had put on his spectacles and, holding his primer in both hands, spelled the letters with them. You could see that he, too, was crying; his voice trembled with emotion, and it was so funny to hear him that we all wanted to laugh and cry. Ah, how well I remember it, that last lesson!

All at once the church clock struck twelve. Then the Angelus. At the same moment the trumpets of the Prussians, returning from drill, sounded under our windows. M. Hamel stood up, very pale, in his chair. I never saw him look so tall.

"My friends," said he, "I - I -" but something was choking him. He could not go on.

Then he turned to the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and, bearing on with all his might, he wrote as large as he could:

"VIVE LA FRANCE!"

Then he stopped and leaned his head against the wall, and, without a word, he made a gesture to us with his hand:

"School is dismissed - you may go."

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* Vive La France = veev-la-fra(n)s

3. About the author :

Alphonse Daudet (pronounced as al-fawns doh-de) was a novelist and short story writer of France. He was born in 1840. His works are *Little Good-for-nothing* (1885), *Letters from My Mill* (1880), *Diary of a Recluse* (1896), *Rose and Nevetle* (1892) and others. He died in 1897.

This short story here relates to the period after 1870 when France was defeated by Germany. As a result of this defeat France had to surrender the border districts of Alsace and Lorainne to Germany. The story is set in a village school in Alsace where the order has come that in future only German is to be taught. The story is moving and at the same time inspiring.

4. Word Notes :

participles	:	a grammatical lesson
Prussian	:	German
bulletin board	:	notice board
rapping	:	hitting rapidly
frilled shirt	:	shirt the front of which was decorated with closely folded patterns
thumbed at the edges:		a book with the edges of the pages soiled or curled up because they have been opened with the thumb
saar	:	name of a river
cranky	:	eccentric; somewhat strange
at one stroke	:	at a single class
the Angelus	:	midday prayer

5. Comprehension :

A. From your reading of the text write the correct answer from those given:

I. There was a crowd in front of the bulletin board because it had the notice that

a. M. Hamel had been transferred.

b. the French lost a battle.

c. French was no longer to be taught.

d. everyone from the village was to attend school.

_____

II. When the writer entered his class

a. M. Hamel rebuked him for coming late.

b. M. Hamel asked him to take his seat.

c. the people made fun of him.

d. the village elders told him to sit down at his place.

_____

III. M. Hamel had put on his formal Sunday clothes because

a. he wanted to honour his last French lesson.

b. it was a special Sunday class.

c. he would not be coming anymore.

d. the Germans had asked him to do so.

_____

B. Based on your reading of the text complete the following statements:

I. The writer was reluctant to attend class because M. Hamel had said he would question on participles and _____.

II. In the last two years all the bad news had come _____

_____.

III. Watcher, the blacksmith asked the writer not to go fast because _____

_____.

IV. In the class-room what surprised the writer most was to see _____

_____.

V. When the writer tried to recite the rules of participle he _____

_____.

C. Answer the following questions in a sentence each:

I. Where had the crowd gathered?

II. How did the writer feel when he entered the class?

III. How did the writer feel when he sat down at his seat?

IV. How did the writer feel about his books when he realized that it was to be the last lesson?

V. According to M. Hamel, which was the most beautiful language?

VI. What did M. Hamel write on the board?

D. Answer the following questions briefly:

I. Why did little Franz think of running away from school and spending the day out of doors?

II. Why had a crowd gathered near the town hall?

III. 'You will get to school in plenty of time!'

What did the blacksmith mean by it?

IV. How did Franz hope to escape the teacher's notice as he went in late?

V. What unusual things did Franz see in the classroom?

VI. Why were the village people sitting in the classroom?

VII. 'What a thunderclap these words were to me!'

What words were a thunderclap? Why?

VIII. Why did M. Hamel not scold Franz for his inability to recite correctly the rules for his participles?

IX. '... it is as if they had the key to their prison.'

What is the prison referred to here?

X. Why did the pupils want to laugh and cry at the same time?

E. Answer the following questions in about 80 words each:

I. In what ways was the day of the last lesson different from other days? Write it.

II. How did Franz find the last lesson on Grammar? Why did he find everything the teacher said so easy?

III. What are the feelings Franz had on learning that M. Hamel will be giving his last lesson?

IV. 'What would I not have given to be able to say that dreadful rule for the participle all through, very loud and clear, and without one mistake?'

Why did Franz feel so?

V. In what sense was the last lesson the first lesson on French language for Franz?

VI. Why did M. Hamel write 'Vive La France!' before dismissing his class?

6. Think and Write :

A. "Will they make them sing in German, even the pigeons?" Franz thought.

Explain what could this mean?

B. Imagine that after the last lesson was over Franz and a few of his classmates continue a dialogue on the developments.

Write the dialogue.

Franz:- It is the saddest day of my life!

1st student:- _____

2nd student:- _____

3rd student:- _____

Franz:-_____

1st student:- _____

7. Discuss :

I. In the present world a young person must learn English, and if possible some other languages too to go ahead in life. Discuss the importance of mother tongue in such a social scenario. You can use the following points in your discussion:

* Mother tongue is your identity.
* It is the source of one's culture.

8. Vocabulary :

A. Cows moo. Crows crow. Find out what the following do:

owls -

sparrows -

geese -

pigeons -

asses -

monkeys -

bulls -

elephants -

B. Add one of the following suffixes to these words and make them nouns:

age	ance	ship	ion	ness

act -

observe -

pilgrim -

bold -

friend -

innocent -

tense -

bag -

dark -

hard -

9. Writing Practice :

A few months after, say about two months, Franz writes a letter to M. Hamel describing how sad he is in missing his French class. Write the letter.

10. Listening Practice :

The teacher reads out a piece of news item or plays a tape for the students to write the gist of it.

Chapter 2
MACBETH

By William Shakespeare

1. Introduction:

When an overambitious person exceeds the limits of what is right or wrong for the fulfilment of his dream, what may happen to him?

A. Success will come to him/her one after another.

B. His/Her over-ambition will lead him/her to commit wrong deeds that will lead him/her to bad days.

Which of these two alternatives is likely to occur to him? Write two/three lines explaining why you think so.

_____

_____

_____

_____

2. Now, read the story of an over ambitious man and his fate:

Long ago the kingdom of Scotland was ruled by an old king called Duncan. He was a kindly old man, but somewhat too gentle for those rough days, so that in time some of his subjects, led by a cruel nobleman named Macdonwald, rebelled against him, and invited the king of Norway to come over with his soldiers to help them. Nearer home the Thane of Cawdor was also found to be plotting treason.

So, king Duncan sent two of his greatest generals, who were Macbeth and Banquo, to lead his army against the rebels. When the two armies came together, Macbeth fought so hardily that he carved a way through the enemy until he stood face to face with Macdonwald. Then with one single blow he shore through the head and shoulders of the traitor. The king of Norway was so shaken when he saw Macbeth's valour, and how Macdonwald was slain,

that he craved a truce forthwith, and agreed to pay a great ransom if he might be allowed to bury his dead and return home.

When this news was carried to Duncan he condemned the Thane of Cawdor to death, and commanded that his lands and goods and title should be bestowed upon Macbeth as a reward for his valour.

The wars being ended, Macbeth and Banquo led their soldiers back to the king. On the way they came to a barren heath. Here, spurring their horses, they rode ahead to report their victory to the king. It was a strange day, fair by turns and then foul, now bright sunshine, and then dark clouds and wind and driving rain, and all around them nothing could be seen but the low heath as far as the edge of the sky.

Suddenly there stood before them three ancient witches, withered and wild in their attire. They halted their trembling horses and gazed astonished at these strange beings.

Banquo first spoke, " Who are these," he cried, " so withered and so wild, that look not like the inhabitants of this earth, and yet are on it ? Are you living things? Or are you things that a man may question ?"

At these words each of the three ancient Weird Sisters put a skinny finger to her lips in sign that they should listen, but say nothing.

"Speak, if you can," commanded Macbeth. "What are you ?"

Then the first witch said, " All hail, Macbeth; hail to thee, Thane of Glamis."

And the second witch said, "All hail, Macbeth; hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor."

And the third witch said. "All hail, Macbeth ; that shall be king hereafter."

At these strange greetings Macbeth made no reply, for his thoughts were ambitious and full of treason and the third witch's " all hail" echoed them. Banquo, seeing that Macbeth was staring as a man lost in his own broodings, again spoke roughly to them, bidding them, if they could see into the seeds of time and say which grain would grow and which would not, speak to him too.

Then the first witch cried, "Hail!"

And the second witch cried, "Hail !"

And the third witch cried, "Hail !"

"Lesser than Macbeth, and greater !" said the first witch.

" Not so happy, yet much happier !' said the second witch.

Then Macbeth would have asked more, for he could not understand the strange greetings. He was Thane of Glamis, but yet he knew nothing of Cawdor's doom, and to be king was beyond belief. He commanded them to tell him again, but the three Weird Sisters made no answer, and while he was still speaking they were gone from human sight, like bubbles breaking in the air.

Macbeth and Banquo were greatly astonished by this strange apparition, and began to speak of the prophecies, when they saw coming towards them two men on horses. As they came nearer they knew them for Ross and Angus, two of the king's noblemen. Ross rode up to Macbeth and, in the king's name, delivered his thanks and praises for their valour in the battle:

"Further," said Ross, "the king bade me salute you as Thane of Cawdor."

Macbeth was strangely disturbed at so quick and sudden a fulfilment of the prophecy.

“The Thane of Cawdor lives,” he said; “why do you dress me in borrowed robes?” “He lives as yet” replied Ross, “but under doom of death, and no longer Thane of Cawdor.”

Then Macbeth saw that somehow the other prophecy that he would be king would also be fulfilled; and the thought filled him with horrible imaginings, so that from this time forward he began to think more closely of how things might be brought to pass.

At length they reached the king. Duncan greeted them both, and did great honour to them and to all who had deserved well at that time. And among others he had promoted his eldest son, Malcolm, to be prince of Cumberland, heir to his throne.

This seemed to Macbeth to be a bar to his hope, and kindled him to more desperate actions than before. The king said he would further honour Macbeth by becoming his guest at his castle. So Macbeth left the king and rode home to prepare for the king’s coming. But first he sent a message to his wife to warn her. And a letter telling her of the three Weird Sisters and of their strange forebodings.

When lady Macbeth received the letter her thought caught fire, for she was as ambitious as her husband, but without that of natural kindness which made Macbeth shrink from seeking the crown by foul means. She determined that she would so kindle him that he would stop at nothing, not even the murder of the king when a guest in his own castle.

She was still in this mood when Macbeth himself returned. She greeted him exultingly as if the prophecies had already been fulfilled, and at once began to whet him in on to the

deed, and to prepare him for his part, for as yet he looked so wild and haggard that a man might almost read his thoughts in his face.

Towards evening Duncan himself, with his lords and servants, drew near the castle. It was warm summer evening, and the swallows were soaring high as they flitted to and fro to their nests hanging beneath the eaves and battlements. As the party reached the castle, Lady Macbeth was waiting to receive her guest. The king dismounted, and taking Lady Macbeth's arm he passed into the castle. When all had gone in, the drawbridge was raised and the great gate was shut.

All this time Macbeth could hardly bring himself to face the king. He sulked in his own chamber, or walked moodily and restlessly in those parts of the castle where he would be alone. Even at suppertime, when a host, it was his duty to present the cup to the king, and gave him all loyal service, he could hardly wait till the end of the feast, but rose and stood moodily away, which caused Duncan to ask whether he was not well; and had it not been for Lady Macbeth he soon have become suspicious of his host, but she so plied him with courtesies and compliments that he ended his meal in great content. Towards midnight the king rose and went to his own chamber.

Macbeth by this time was in a high fever of doubt, for he could see into the meaning of this foul deed which his wife was thrusting upon him. He brooded ceaselessly upon it. He would risk damnation in the world to come, but knew that in this life he would reap as he sowed. Duncan was his guest, his kinsman; by every right he was bound to protect him; not to bear the knife himself. Besides, Duncan was so meek a king, and so honest in his rule, that his death could not but cause universal pity for him and horror against his murderer; for Macbeth knew, even now, that the crown which he coveted could prove a barren honour and bring him nothing but misery and disaster. At this time he would have given up the deed had not his wife come from the hall to seek him.

"We will proceed no further in this business," he said to her.

But she answered him scornfully, and taunted him as a coward; too feeble to take what he wanted. This so stung Macbeth that he resolved to doubt no further, but to follow his wife's persuasion, and especially when she showed that she had already exactly planned the murder. When Duncan was asleep (and after his day's hard journey he would sleep soundly), she would drug the drink of his two servants. Then they would kill Duncan and put the blame upon the two men.

At length Macbeth came down to the great hall of the castle and waited till all was quiet, but, as the time for the murder drew near, his thoughts began to quicken in him more

and more, until it seemed that in the air before him there floated a dagger, its handle towards his hand and its point towards Duncan's chamber; and as he stared upon it there appeared drops of blood upon the blade. So he began stealthily to move toward the stairs which led to the king's chamber.

When he reached the chamber he opened the door. Duncan lay asleep. On either side sat the grooms of his chamber, lolled back on their stools in drunken stupor, but on the bed there lay their daggers, as Lady Macbeth had placed them. She would indeed have stabbed Duncan herself, but that the sight of him, with his white hair on the pillow, put her in mind of her own old father.

So Macbeth took hold of the daggers, one in either hand, and lest the sight of Duncan should unman him, he straightaway stabbed him. The king neither stirred nor uttered a moan, but his blood spurted out so freely that it covered the dagger , and wandered away from the chamber dazed and stupefied.

He came down the stairs slowly, step by step, until he reached the great hall, still carrying the daggers in his bloody hands.

Lady Macbeth was waiting for him.

"I have done the deed," he muttered, "did you not hear a cry?"

"I heard the owl screech," she answered, "and the crickets cry. Did not you speak?"

"When?"

"Now."

"As I descended ?"

"Ay."

Then Macbeth caught sight of his own hands, all clammy with Duncan's blood, and he shuddered. "This is a sorry sight," he said, and with that began to murmur how the two grooms had awakened, spoken, and gone off to sleep again; but he would never sleep again, for he had murdered sleep.

Lady Macbeth was disturbed when she heard her husband's mutterings, but especially when she saw that he had not left the daggers in Duncan's bedchamber but was still clasping them in his hands. She sternly bade him take them back to the bedchamber and smear the sleepy grooms with blood, and then fetch water and wash his filthy hands. But Macbeth refused to go, for he dared not again look on Duncan's body. She snatched the daggers away and

ran back to the chamber, leaving Macbeth standing alone in the empty hall gazing in a trance on his own red hands. And in this state Lady Macbeth found him when she came back.

Suddenly there was a loud knocking on the outer gate. Lady Macbeth at once saw that this meant danger; if any one saw them in the hall at this hour of the night, and especially Macbeth's hands, they would be suspected of the murder. The knocking grew louder. Lady Macbeth took her husband by arm and dragged him away to their own chamber.

"A little water clears us of this deed," she said, "how easy is it then."

The knocking became louder and more frequent. At length the porter, still fuddled with drink, roused himself, took down his keys from their hooks, and shuffled into the hall. He turned the key, pulled back the bolts, and opened the gate.

The newcomers were Lennox and Macduff, two of Duncan's noblemen, who had come to awaken the king, for it was now almost morning. They were still trying to make some sense of the porter's mutterings when Macbeth himself joined them. His hands were now clean and he was once more self-possessed. He greeted the lords. Then, learning that Macduff had come to wake the king, he led him to the door of the king's chamber and there left him, and came back to speak to Lennox.

Suddenly Macduff ran back to them, crying out in horror that the king was murdered. He shouted for the alarm bell to ring, and ran round to the chambers of the rest of Duncan's followers, to Banquo, to Malcolm and Donalbain, calling on them to come out. In a short while there was great uproar in the castle. Lennox, and Macbeth with him, ran up to Duncan's chamber to see for themselves what had happened. And there Macbeth, pointing out the blood on the clothes of the two grooms, with a fine show of fury, slew them.

At length Lady Macbeth came out and innocently asked the cause of this alarm. Soon all were gathered in the hall in such few clothes as they could snatch up, asking Lennox and Macduff what had happened, and when, and how. At this Macbeth loudly began to tell how Duncan lay covered in blood, and his murderers with their bloody daggers slept by his side, whom he had slain forthwith; but he spoke too eagerly and Lady Macbeth feared that some might suspect him. To distract them such thoughts she pretended to faint away. As she was carried to her own chamber, Banquo proposed that they should first put on their clothes, and then all must meet in the hall to devise some way to discover and punish the murderers.

So they went back to their chamber, all but Malcolm and Donalbain, Duncan's two

young sons. They saw that the murderer of the father would next search out the sons. So without more ado they made for the stables, and before their going was discovered they were away on their horses, Donalbain to fly to Ireland, and Malcolm to seek refuge with the English king.

The throne of Scotland was thus left without an heir. When the nobles had assembled they found that Malcolm and Donalbain had fled. This, said Macbeth, was clear proof that they had slain their father; and at that time they believed that it was so, though Banquo, knowing more than the rest, said nothing, but wondered. They therefore chose Macbeth as king, being a kinsman of king Duncan and a mighty soldier.

Thus the third of the prophecies made to Macbeth by the three Weird Sisters was fulfilled.

Now that Macbeth was king he brooded more than ever over the prophecies. Everything had come to pass as the three Weird Sisters had foretold. But he remembered also what had been promised to Banquo that though he should be no king himself yet he should be the father of many kings. In no long time Banquo and Macbeth began to hate each other for Banquo knew that Macbeth was indeed the murderer of the old king and Macbeth sought how he might make away with Banquo and his only son Fleance.

Soon after his coronation Macbeth held a solemn supper for his courtiers, to which Banquo was invited by Macbeth himself to be chief guest. It happened that Banquo had some business which took him and Fleance some miles away from court but he purposed to return before evening. This Macbeth learnt by questioning him, but he pretended to be all love for Banquo, and hospitably bade him "fail not our feast."

To which Banquo replied, "My lord, I will not." And he kept that promise.

No sooner had Banquo and Fleance ridden away than Macbeth summoned two men whom he had already sounded. He persuaded them that Banquo was their enemy and had greatly wronged them, and so moved them that they agreed to kill Banquo and his son. So Macbeth told them of Banquo's journey, and where to waylay him on his way back to the palace that very night.

Macbeth waited impatiently for the night, for he was torn between fury and despair. By night terrible dreams tormented him, and by day every sound caused him to start and fear, so that he was already envying Duncan, at rest in his grave, where treason and enemies could no longer harm him. These thoughts made him so desperate that he no longer needed

any promptings from his wife to urge him to a second deed of cruelty. He was indeed so greatly changed that she began to fear him, and to watch him closely.

As night came on, and there were now only a few pale streaks of daylight in the west, the murderers took their places by the road which Banquo and Fleance would follow. Soon the sound of horses could be heard, and then a torch was seen in the darkness. Banquo and Fleance came by. The murderers sprang upon them, but the torch was dropped and went out, and in the struggle and darkness Fleance escaped. But Banquo lay dead, with his throat cut. It was too dark to look for Fleance.

They took Banquo's body and flung it into a ditch. They made their way back to the palace. By this time the feast had begun.

With pomp and ceremony the guests were conducted up the hall, and each man took his place according to his rank and degree. The queen sat apart to state, but Macbeth came among his guests to welcome them. He was about to sit in their midst when he saw one of his murderers standing in the doorway of the hall. Macbeth went to him and asked in a whisper if Banquo was dead.

"My lord," answered the man, "his throat is cut; that I did for him."

At this news Macbeth was very joyful. Then he asked whether Fleance also was dead; but when he heard that Fleance had escaped he despaired and his old fears and doubts came back with greater force than ever.

The guests were surprised that the king should thus leave the table to talk to such an ugly villain, and one man began to look at another, though saying nothing. When the queen saw their thoughts, she called to her husband and chided him gently for neglecting his duty as host. So Macbeth thrust down his thoughts and spoke hospitably to his guests; and particularly he lamented that Banquo had not returned to be the honoured guest of the evening. The lords begged him to sit with them, but he could see no empty place.

"The table's full," he said.

These words of Macbeth greatly astonished the lords, for the seat in the midst was vacant.

"Here is a place reserved, Sir," said Lennox.

"Where?" asked Macbeth.

"Here, my lord," said Lennox, pointing to the empty stool.

But to Macbeth's sight the stool was not empty for one sat there with his back turned

towards him. As Macbeth looked it turned round, and he saw the face; and the face was the face of Banquo, pale, and streaked with blood, staring at him with open, sightless eyes. The king cried out in his terror, "Which of you have done this?"

"What, my good lord?" they asked since they could still see nothing but the empty seat. At this there was great confusion, for Macbeth stared and muttered; but the queen, seeing that Macbeth was again in one of his fits, came swiftly down from her throne. She begged the lords to take no notice of him.

"It is but a momentary fit," she said."He will soon be well again."

Then she took Macbeth by the arm and shook him fiercely, whispering,"Are you a man?"

"Yes," muttered Macbeth, "and a bold one, for I dare look on a thing which would appal the Devil."

And still he stared in horror.

She answered him roughly, "For shame? Why do you make such faces? Why, man, it is only a stool?"

But Macbeth saw not a stool but Banquo, slowly nodding his pale torn face. But at last it faded away and was gone, and there was but an empty stool. Once again the queen tried to bring him back to his senses. She said aloud, "My lord, your friends miss you."

So Macbeth came back to the table, pretending a heartiness which he did not feel, and sat down in his seat. Then he rose, and, taking up a full cup, he drank to the health of the company, and, he went on, " to our dear friend, Banquo, whom we all miss."

All pledged this toast, but as Macbeth took the cup from his lips and would have sat down again, there was Banquo behind him, pale and staring.

Macbeth dropped the cup with a scream of horror and bade the ghost be gone. The queen once more tried to persuade his guests to take no notice of him, but the talk at the tables had died away, and all were gazing at him, silent and amazed. Macbeth stared back at them, wondering that they could see such things unmoved; but his wife, not knowing what he might not reveal in his fit, turned to the lords and curtly prayed them to be gone without more ado, without order or ceremony, but at once.

They rose and went, as yet saying nothing, but each noting to himself that no innocent man could be moved by such unseen terror as Macbeth.

When all had gone Macbeth was desperate for he now knew that blood would have blood, and that these murders, by one means or another, would be revealed. In such a mood he determined that, come what might he would go forward on his lonely way, destroying all who dared oppose him; and amongst others he was beginning to doubt the loyalty of Macduff, the Thane of Fife. He therefore determined to seek out the Weird Sisters, and from them to force the truth, whatever it might be.

By this time Macbeth's cruelties were turning all men against him and even his own nobles, though they dared not disobey him, were secretly, hinting of his guilt. Macbeth, they whispered, pitied Duncan; but Duncan was dead. Banquo walked too late; and Fleance killed him, so Macbeth said. And Malcolm and Donalbain, they had killed their father; or so Macbeth said. And Macbeth killed Duncan's own grooms in pious rage; a noble deed, perhaps, and a wise, for they might have denied it, and what then ?

Meanwhile Malcolm, who by right was Scotland's king, was in England, kindly received by the English king, and waiting his time. When Macduff was summoned before the king he refused to obey, and with all speed made for England to pray for help to rid Scotland from the tyrant.

So deep at midnight Macbeth once more sought the Weird Sisters. When he found them they were clustered round a cauldron, performing black incantations as they seethed their filthy brew. He charged them by their art to answer what he bade, come what ruin might.

And they promised to give him his desire. So they bade him say nothing, but watch.

Thereupon out from the darkness there appeared a Head; and it called to him three times, "Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth."

Then it said, "Beware Macduff. Beware the Thane of Fife."

And with that the Head vanished away.

These words confirmed Macbeth's thoughts, and he determined that he would make sure of Macduff.

Then there appeared the figure of a Bloody Child. It likewise called him thrice by name, "Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth."

Then it said:

"Be bloody, bold, and resolute;
Laugh to scorn
The power of men, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth."

From these words Macbeth took great comfort, for thought he, "if none of woman born can harm me, I need not fear Macduff."

Then a third figure appeared in the smoke of the cauldron. It was a child, crowned with a golden crown, and bearing in its hand a tree. And it said;

"Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquished be until
Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him."

This pleased Macbeth still further, for it seemed a thing impossible that a forest should uproot itself and move.

But yet he was not satisfied, and he commanded the witches to tell him if ever son of Banquo should reign in Scotland. They replied, "Seek to know no more."

But he answered with a curse that they should tell him all.

Then the witches cried, "Show! Show! Show!"

Then there passed before him a vision of eight kings, one following the other. The first was Banquo; and the last held in its hand a glass wherein appeared many more. Macbeth was greatly perturbed by this last vision, but before he could question the witches further they had all vanished from his sight, leaving him alone in the night. While he stood thus amazed he heard the sound of horsemen galloping by, and soon Lennox came near him. He asked Lennox who these horsemen might be.

"My lord," he replied, "they bring word that Macduff has fled to England."

When Macbeth knew that Macduff too had escaped him, his rage was unbounded. Forthwith he sent men to seize upon Macduff's castle, and to kill all within, his wife, his children, every living soul.

At length Macduff reached the English Court, and here he found Malcolm. So he led Malcolm aside and began to tell him of Macbeth's evil deeds; but Malcolm answered him coldly.

"It may be so," he said; "but once they thought him a good king. You loved him once; he has not touched you yet. Perchance you came to trap me."

"I am not treacherous," Macduff answered.

"But Macbeth is," said Malcolm. "And even good men will obey their king, however evil."

Macduff then began to protest his honesty; but Malcolm still was not sure of him.

"If you should choose me as king," he said, "Scotland would fare even worse than now, for I have all Macbeth's faults and vices; and more. I am lustful and avaricious. I have none of the kingly virtues. Justice, truth, mercy, patience, courage, I hate them all. Is such a one fit to govern ?"

"Fit to govern ?" cried Macduff in horror, "No; not fit to live !"

So he turned away very sadly, for his hopes of Malcolm seemed utterly broken.

Then Malcolm knew that he was indeed faithful and no spy; so he took Macduff by the hand, and said, "Macduff, I see that you are indeed not such a man as I said. I am yours, and Scotland's . Already Siward and ten thousand men are ready to set out for Scotland. Let us go together."

Macduff was at first too much astonished by this sudden change in Malcolm to answer him; but while they were still speaking they saw approaching a Scot. It was Ross, who had ridden hastily from Scotland to urge Malcolm and Macduff to march against Macbeth, but also to break the news of the savage slaughter of Macduff's wife and children.

Few now remained loyal to Macbeth; only those who dared not leave him still remained. Even his wife had ceased to be companion or ally, for she was utterly worn out with the ceaseless horror and anxiety, and beyond the care of doctors, so that by night or day she could never rest. She was afraid of darkness, and commanded that there should always be a candle burning by her bedside. Sometimes in her sleep she would rise from her bed, unlock her closet, take paper, write upon it, read what she had written, seal it, and return to bed knowing nothing of what she had done. Her doctor determined to watch and observe what she said at these times.

For two nights he waited in vain with one of her gentlewomen, but the third night, as they watched, they saw her walking with the candle in her hand; her eyes were open, but their sense fast shut. She set down the candle, and then she began as it were to wash her hand. As she washed she murmured, "Out, damned spot; out I say. One ; two; why, then 'tis time to do it; Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie, a soldier, and afraid ? What need we fear ? Who knows it, when none can call our power to accompt; yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him ?"

"Do you mark that ?" whispered the doctor, who drew out his notebook and wrote down her words.

"Here's the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." She heaved a great sigh, as if she would never shift the weight of her remorse. Then she seemed to be speaking to Macbeth.

"Wash your hands," she said. "Put on your nightgown, look not so pale; I tell yet again Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave."

She took up the candle and began to move towards the door.

"To bed, to bed," she said. "There's knocking at the gate; come, come, come, give me your hand; what's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed."

So she went back again to her own chamber, leaving the doctor and the gentlewoman uneasy and frightened at what they had heard, for the doctor knew that her words came from a heart too heavily burdened with foul secrets. He bade the gentlewoman watch her fully, lest she should attempt to kill herself.

By this time Malcolm, Macduff , and their friends were on the march. As they drew nearer to Macbeth's castle, from all sides the men of Scotland joined them to put down the tyrant. Yet Macbeth was still defiant. Though all men might leave him, he was still safe until the prophecies should be fulfilled, until Birnam Wood should come to Dunsinane. But Malcom's army had now reached Birnam Wood. Here he commanded every soldier to cut off a leafy bough and carry it with him, so that by this means Macbeth's scouts should not be able to spy the number of his men. And so, with the boughs in their hands, they drew near to the castle.

Macbeth knew that before long they would assault the walls, but, though desperate, he still believed that the castle would be too strong for them. While he was moodily pacing the battlements he heard the cry of wailing from within. He asked his servant what the cry might be.

The man replied, "The Queen, my lord, is dead."

But Macbeth was too weary even to feel sorrow for her, for he now saw all his life was vain and useless, like a little candle, soon burnt out, or like a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, but with no meaning. And then, while he was still brooding, there ran in a messenger, white with terror.

"As I stood watching," he said, "I looked towards Birnam, and I thought the wood began to move."

"Liar and slave !" cried out Macbeth.

But the man kept to his tale; it was coming on, he declared , a moving forest.

Then Macbeth knew that once again the Weird Sisters had cheated him for the impossible was come to pass, and Birnam Wood was indeed coming towards Dunsinane.

In a short while Malcolm and his army was at hand. Macbeth's soldiers fought but feebly, and soon the outer walls of the castle were yielded. Only Macbeth, now almost alone, furiously assailed each man as he came near him, for he fought desperately, still encouraged by the prophecy that none of women born could harm him. As for Macduff, he sought only Macbeth; and at last he found him.

"Turn, hell-hound, turn!" he cried, and ran at Macbeth. Long and vainly he struck at Macbeth, who warded off all his blows, and mocked him.

"You lose your labour!" he retorted. "I bear a charmed life. None of women born can harm me."

"Your charm is useless," retorted Macduff, "for I was not born like other men but taken unnaturally from my mother before my time."

Then Macbeth knew that all was fulfilled, and that he had at last met his doom. Yet he fought on desperately, but in vain, for Macduff struck him to the ground and smote off his head.

The castle had now yielded, and when Macduff came to Malcolm with Macbeth's head, all knew that Scotland was at last free from the bloody tyrant. So with great rejoicing they proclaimed Malcolm rightful king of Scotland.

3. About the author:

William Shakespeare (1564-1616) is regarded as the greatest dramatist of all time in the world. Indeed, there is no human emotion - be it love or hatred or anger or patriotism - that he had not touched in his 37 plays. His plays are a class apart because of their beautiful poetry and unmatched characterisation.

Macbeth is one of *Shakespeare's* greatest tragedies. Tragedies are dramas or novels in which the hero dies, in spite of possessing heroic virtues, owing to some fault in his character. In *Macbeth, Shakespeare* shows over-ambition, even beyond all bounds of right or wrong, leads to Macbeth's ruin. The present piece is one retold in story form by *G.B. Harrison.*

4. Word Notes:

Thane	-	title of a landed lord in olden days
treason	-	act of treachery against a king or one's own country
ransom	-	money paid for freeing a captive
craved	-	desired; longed for
heath	-	a wide waste area of land
spurring	-	making a horse run faster with a whip, etc.
weird sisters	-	witches who were unearthly
broodings	-	thoughts about troubles, etc.
apparition	-	ghostly sight
prophecies	-	predictions about what may happen in the future
exultingly	-	with great joy
whet	-	excite a desire
haggard	-	tired
flitted	-	flew about
draw-bridge	-	bridge that can be pulled up by chains
sulked	-	showed resentment and refused to communicate

high fever of doubts	-	to become restless with doubts
plied	-	treated so skilfully
damned in the world to come	-	will be in hell after his death
barren	-	empty; useless
stealthily	-	silently
grooms	-	caretakers; attendants
lolled back	-	heads and limbs hanging down
in a trance	-	to be in a half-conscious and half-unconscious state
porter	-	watchman at the gate
fuddled	-	not capable of thinking clearly
self-possessed	-	to be in control of one's thought
kinsman	-	relative
brooded	-	thought constantly
make away with	-	remove by murdering
coronation`	-	ceremony in which someone is made king
purposed	-	intended
sounded	-	talked to
waylay	-	wait with the purpose of killing them
promptings	-	reminding or suggestions to do something
thrust down	-	suppressed; controlled
fits	-	occasions when someone is attacked by fever or mental condition like madness
appal	-	frighten
pledged this toast	-	drank to the health of (Banquo who was absent)

curtly	-	abruptly and rudely
cauldron	-	a large vessel for cooking something
black incantations	-	magical rites calling upon evil spirits
seethed	-	boiled
filthy liquid	-	foul liquid boiled with poison, lizards, bats, etc as witches are supposed to do
charged	-	commanded
lion mettled	-	spirited; brave like the lion
chafes...frets	-	behaves angrily
vanquished	-	defeated
Siward	-	a North English Lord
murky	-	dark
accompt	-	challenge or question
hell hound	-	dog belonging to hell; a cruel and wicked fellow
charmed life	-	life protected against all charms, injuries, etc. by magic

5. Comprehension:

(A) Based on your reading of the text complete the following statements:

(i) The first witch hailed Macbeth as _____ _____ .

(ii) The second witch said to Banquo that _____

(iii) When Ross addressed Macbeth as Thane of Cawdor Macbeth was surprised because _____ .

(iv) If he killed the king, Macbeth knew that he would risk damnation after his death but knew also that _____ .

(v) When Lady Macbeth taunted him as a coward, too feeble to take what he wanted, Macbeth _____ .

(vi) After the king's murder Malcolm and Donalbain ran away because they feared_____ .

(vii) During the supper, Macbeth said that the table was full. But this astonished the lords because _____ .

(viii) Lady Macbeth became afraid of darkness and she commanded _____ _____ .

(B) Answer the following questions in a sentence each:

(i) Whose help did Macdonald seek when he rebelled against king Duncan?

(ii) How did the third witch address Macbeth?

(iii) Why did Lady Macbeth not stab king Duncan herself?

(iv) 'Then Macbeth caught sight of his own hands .....'

What did Macbeth see of his own hands?

(v) After the discovery of the king's murder, why did Macbeth kill the two grooms guarding the king?

(vi) 'All pledged this toast, but as Macbeth took the cup from his lips and would have sat down again, there .....'

What did Macbeth see?

(vii) Malcolm escaped to England. What treatment did he find at the hands of the English king?

(viii) In his second meeting with the Weird Sisters, what did the first figure say to Macbeth?

(ix) When Macduff reached England, Malcolm at first treated him unkindly. Why?

(x) What tactics did Malcolin adopt to hide the exact number of his soldiers as they reached Birnam Wood?

(C) Answer the following questions briefly:

(i) Why did the king of Norway crave for a truce immediately?

(ii) What fate did the Thane of Cowdor meet for plotting treason against king Duncan?

(iii) What were the prophecies made to Macbeth by the Weird Sisters?

(iv) What prophecies did they make to Banquo?

(v) What piece of news prompted Macbeth to aspire for the throne of Scotland?

(vi) 'When Lady Macbeth received the letter her thoughts caught fire.....' What characteristic of Lady Macbeth made her think so?

(vii) What arguments made Macbeth hesitant to murder the king while he was a guest in his castle?

(viii) Why did Macbeth finally decide to murder the king?

(ix) Why did Banquo begin to hate Macbeth?

(x) How did Macbeth feel when he learnt that Fleance had escaped?

(xi) Why did Macbeth decide to meet the Weird Sisters a second time?

(xii) When Macbeth met the Weird Sisters for the second time, what did the third figure tell him?

(xiii) What did Macbeth do when he heard that Macduff had fled to England?

(xiv) Why did Macbeth feel that no one could conquer him?

(xv) How did Birnam wood move to Dunsinane?

(xvi) 'Your charm is useless,' retorted Macduff....' Why did Macduff say so to Macbeth?

(D) Answer the following questions in about 80 words each:

(i) Bring out the significance of Macbeth and Banquo's first meeting with the witches.

(ii) Write the circumstances that led Macbeth to kill king Duncan?

(iii) 'Macbeth by this time was in a high fever of doubt.....'

Why was Macbeth in such a state of doubt?

(iv) Explain the reason of Macbeth's strange behaviour at the supper at which Banquo was to be the chief guest.

(v) Explain the reason of Lady Macbeth's strange behaviour in her sleep after the death of the king.

(vi) Give a character sketch of (a) Macbeth and (b) Lady Macbeth.

(vii) Describe the role of the witches in the story of Macbeth.

(viii) Why did Macbeth describe his life as 'vain and useless' comparing it with 'a little candle soon burnt out'?

(ix) Do you think the story has a lesson to teach? Elaborate on it.

6. Think and Write:

(i) ***Which of the following do you think is responsible for Macbeth's suffering?***

(a) Fate, because no one can escape death.

(b) The witches who led him to wrong path.

(c) Both his and his wife's unscrupulous ambition.

Justify your answer.

(ii) Do you feel pity for Macbeth's suffering? Do you think if Macbeth had been scrupulously guided by a sense of right or wrong, he would not have suffered?

7. Discuss:

(i) Ambition is good. But more important is what is right and wrong. Our ambition should always be guided by a sense of right or wrong.

Discuss, in your group, the above statement with examples from Macbeth's life.

8. Vocabulary:

A. ***Read the sentences and choose the likely meaning from the context given of the words in bold from among the choices given:***

(i) 'This seemed to Macbeth to be a bar to his hopes, and kindled him to more **DESPERATE** actions than before.'

(a) Thoughtful

(b) Severe and serious

(c) Brave

_____

(ii) 'She greeted him exultingly..... and at once began to **WHET** him on the deed...'

(a) Encourage

(b) Discourage

(c) Warn

_____

(iii) 'So he began **STEALTHILY** to move toward the stairs which led to the king's chamber.'

(a) Nervously

(b) Quickly

(c) Silently

(iv) 'So without more **ADO** they made for the stables, and before their going was discovered they were away on their horses.....'

(a) Delay

(b) Questions

(c) Feeling disturbed

(v) 'When he found them they were **CLUSTERED** round a cauldron, performing black incantations as they seethed their filthy brew.'

(a) Scattered

(b) Seated

(c) Grouped

(vi) 'I am lustful and **AVARICIOUS**. I have none of the kingly virtues. Justice, truth, mercy..... all.'

(a) Ambitious of wealth

(b) Hateful of people

(c) Cruel to enemy

(vii) 'It was Ross, who had ridden hastily from Scotland to urge Malcom ..... but also to break the news of the savage **SLAUGHTER** of Macduff's wife and children.'

(a) Keeping in prison

(b) Merciless killing

(c) Punishment

_____

B. ***Give the verb forms of the following words and use them in sentences of your own:***

NOUN		VERB
Relief	-	
Proposal	-	
Speech	-	
Declaration	-	
Expectation	-	
Manipulation	-	
Proposition	-	
Anticipation	-	
Announcement	-	
Exultation	-	

9. Writing Task:

A. Now that you have read the story of Macbeth, write a diary entry expressing your feelings about the fate of Macbeth.

10. Listening Task:

A. The teacher plays on the tape recorder a speech or a song and asks the children to write the idea of it.

Chapter 3
THE CHILD'S RETURN

By Rabindranath Tagore

1. Introduction :

(A) How will a mother react if her son/daughter disappears in a mysterious circumstance?

I. Distraught.
II. Devastated.
III. Sad and shocked.
IV. All the above.

2. Now read a story about a mother whose child disappeared:

Raicharan was twelve years old when he came as a servant to his master's house. He belonged to the same caste as his master, and was given his master's little son to nurse. As time went on the boy left Raicharan's arms to go to school. From school he went on to college, and after college he entered the judicial service. Always, until he married, Raicharan was his sole attendant.

But, when a mistress came into the house, Raicharan found two masters instead of one. All his former influence passed to the new mistress. This was compensated for by a fresh arrival. Anukul had a son born to him, and Raicharan by his unsparing attentions soon got a complete hold over the child. He used to toss him up in his arms, call to him in absurd baby language, put his face close to the baby's and draw it away again with a grin.

Presently the child was able to crawl and cross the doorway. When Raicharan went to catch him, he would scream with mischievous laughter and make for safety. Raicharan was amazed at the profound skill and exact judgment the baby showed when pursued. He would say to his mistress with a look of awe and mystery: " Your son will be a judge someday".

New wonders came in their turn. When the baby began to toddle, that was to Raicharan an epoch in human history. When he called his father Ba-ba and his mother Ma-ma and Raicharan Chan-na, then Raicharan's ecstasy knew no bounds. He went out to tell the news to all the world.

After a while Raicharan was asked to show his ingenuity in other ways. He had, for instance, to play the part of a horse, holding the reins between his teeth and prancing with his feet. He had also to wrestle with his little charge and if he could not, by a wrestler's trick, fall on his back defeated at the end, a great outcry was certain.

About this time Anukul was transferred to a district on the banks of the Padma. On his way through Calcutta he bought his son a little go-cart. He bought him also a yellow satin waistcoat, a gold-laced cap, and some gold bracelets and anklets. Raicharan was wont to take these out, and put them on his little charge with ceremonial pride, whenever they went for a walk.

Then came the rainy season, and day after day the rain poured down in torrents. The hungry river, like an enormous serpent, swallowed down terraces, villages, cornfields, and covered with its flood the tall grasses and wild casuarinas on the sandbanks. From time to time there was a deep thud as the river-banks crumbled. The unceasing roar of the main current could be heard from far away. Masses of foam, carried swiftly past, proved to the eye the swiftness of the stream.

One afternoon the rain cleared. It was cloudy, but cool and bright. Raicharan's little despot did not want to stay in on such a fine afternoon. His lordship climbed into the go-cart. Raicharan, between the shafts, dragged him slowly along till he reached the rice-fields on the banks of the river. There was no one in the fields, and no boat on the stream. Across the water, on the farther side, the clouds were rifted in the west. The silent ceremonial of the setting sun was revealed in all its glowing splendour. In the midst of that stillness the child, all of a sudden, pointed with his finger in front of him and cried: "Chan- na! Pitty fow."

Close by on a mud-flat stood a large Kadamba tree in full flower. My lord, the baby, looked at it with greedy eyes, and Raicharan knew his meaning. Only a short time before he had made, out of these very flower balls, a small go-cart; and the child had been so entirely happy dragging it about with a string, that for the whole day Raicharan was not made to put on the reins at all. He was promoted from a horse into a groom.

But Raicharan had no wish that evening to go splashing knee-deep through the mud to reach the flowers. So he quickly pointed his finger in the opposite direction, calling out: "Oh, look, baby, look! Look at the bird." And with all sorts of curious noises he pushed the go-cart rapidly away from the tree.

But a child, destined to be a judge, cannot be put off so easily. And besides, there was at the time nothing to attract his eyes. And you cannot keep up forever the pretence of an imaginary bird.

The little Master's mind was made up, and Raicharan was at his wits' end. "Very well, baby," he said at last, "you sit still in the cart, and I'll go and get you the pretty flower. Only mind you don't go near the water."

The moment Raicharan had gone, his little Master went off at racing speed to the forbidden water. The baby saw the river rushing by, splashing and gurgling as it were. It seemed as though the disobedient wavelets themselves were running away from some greater Raicharan with the laughter of a thousand children. At the sight of their mischief, the heart of the human child grew excited and restless. He got down stealthily from the go-cart and toddled off towards the river. On his way he picked up a small stick, and leant over the bank of the stream pretending to fish. The mischievous fairies of the river with their mysterious voices seemed inviting him into their play-house.

Raicharan had plucked a handful of flowers from the tree, and was carrying them back in the end of his cloth, with his face wreathed in smiles. But when he reached the go-cart there was no one there. He looked back at the cart and there was no one there.

In that first terrible moment his blood froze within him. Before his eyes the whole universe swam round like a dark mist. From the depth of his broken heart he gave a piercing cry; "Master, Master, little Master."

But no voice answered "Chan-na." No child laughed mischievously back; no scream of baby delight welcomed his return. Only the river ran on, with its splashing, gurgling noise as before– as though it knew nothing at all, and had no time to attend to such a tiny human event as the death of a child.

As the evening passed by Raicharan's mistress became very anxious. She sent men out on all sides to search. They went with lanterns in their hands, and reached at last the banks of the Padma. There they found Raicharan rushing up and down the field, like a stormy mind, shouting the cry of despair: " Master, Master, little Master !"

When they got Raicharan home at last, he fell prostrate at his mistress's feet. They shook him, and questioned him, and asked him repeatedly where he had left the child; but all he could say was that he knew nothing.

Though everyone held the opinion that the Padma had swallowed the child, there was a lurking doubt left in the mind. For a band of gipsies had been noticed outside the village that afternoon, and some suspicions rested on them. The mother went so far in her wild grief as to think it possible that Raicharan himself had stolen the child. She called him aside with piteous entreaty and said: "Raicharan, give me back my baby. Oh! give me back my child. Take from me any money you ask, but give me back my child!"

Raicharan only beat his forehead in reply. His mistress ordered him out of the house.

Anukul tried to reason his wife out of this wholly unjust suspicion: "Why on earth," he said, " should he commit such a crime as that?"

The mother only replied: " The baby had gold ornaments on his body. Who knows?"

It was impossible to reason with her after that.

II

Raicharan went back to his own village. Up to this time he had had no son, and there was no hope that any child would now be born to him. But it came about before the end of a year that his wife gave birth to a son and died.

An overwhelming resentment at first grew up in Raicharan's heart at the sight of this new baby. At the back of his mind was a resentful suspicion that it had come as a usurper in place of the little Master. He also thought it would be a grave offence to be happy with a son of his own after what had happened to his master's little child. Indeed, if it had not been for a widowed sister, who mothered the new baby, it would not have lived long.

But a change gradually came over Raicharan's mind. A wonderful thing happened. This new baby in turn began to crawl about, and cross the doorway with mischief in its face. It also showed an amusing cleverness in making its escape to safety. Its voice, its sounds of laughter and tears, its gestures, were those of the little Master. On some days, when Raicharan listened to its crying, his heart suddenly began thumping wildly against his ribs, and it seemed to him that his former little Master was crying somewhere in the unknown land of death because he had lost his Chan-na.

Phailna (for that was the name Raicharan's sister gave to the new baby) soon began to talk. It learnt to say Ba-ba and Ma-ma with a baby accent. When Raicharan heard those familiar sounds the mystery suddenly became clear. The little Master could not cast off the spell of his Chan-na, and therefore he had been reborn in his own house.

The arguments in favour of this were, to Raicharan altogether beyond dispute :

(i) The new baby was born soon after his little Master's death.

(ii) His wife could never have accumulated such merit as to give birth to a son in middle age.

(iii) The new baby walked with a toddle and called out Ba-ba and Ma-ma. There was no sign lacking which marked out the future judge.

Then suddenly Raicharan remembered that terrible accusation of the mother. "Ah", he said to himself with amazement, " the mother's heart was right. She knew I had stolen her child." When once he had come to this conclusion, he was filled with remorse for his past neglect. He now gave himself over, body and soul, to the new baby, and became its devoted attendant. He began to bring it up, as if it were the son of a rich man. He bought a go-cart, a yellow satin waistcoat, and a gold-embroidered cap. He melted down the ornaments of his dead wife, and made gold bangles and anklets. He refused to let the little child play with any one of the neighbourhood, and became himself its sole companion day and night. As the baby grew up to boyhood, he was so petted and spoilt and clad in such finery that the village children would call him "Your Lordship", and jeer at him, and older people regarded Raicharan as unaccountably crazy about the child.

At last the time came for the boy to go to school. Raicharan sold his small piece of land, and went to Calcutta. There he got employment with great difficulty as a servant, and sent Phailna to school. He spared no pains to give him the best education, the best clothes, the best food. Meanwhile he lived himself on a mere handful of rice, and would say in secret: "Ah! my little Master, my dear little Master, you loved me so much that you came back to my house. You shall never suffer from any neglect of mine."

Twelve years passed away in this manner. The boy was able to read and write well. He was bright and healthy and good-looking. He paid a great deal of attention to his personal appearance, and was specially careful in parting his hair. He was inclined to extravagance and finery, and spent money freely. He could never quite look on Raicharan as a father, because, though fatherly in affection, he had the manner of a servant. A further fault was this, that Raicharan kept secret from everyone that he himself was the father of the child.

The students of the hostel, where Phailna was a boarder, were greatly amused by Raicharan's country manners, and I have to confess that behind his father's back Phailna joined in their fun. But, in the bottom of their hearts, all the students loved the innocent and

tender-hearted old man, and Phailna was very fond of him also. But, as I have said before, he loved him with a kind of condescension.

Raicharan grew older and older, and his employer was continually finding fault with him for his incompetent work. He had been starving himself for the boy's sake. So he had grown physically weak, and no longer up to his work. He would forget things, and his mind became dull and stupid. But his employer expected a full servant's work out of him, and would not brook excuses. The money that Raicharan had brought with him from the sale of his land was exhausted. The boy was continually grumbling about his clothes, and asking for more money.

III

Raicharan made up his mind. He gave up the situation where he was working as a servant, and left some money with Phailna and said: "I have some business to do at home in my village, and shall be back soon."

He went off at once to Baraset where Anukul was magistrate. Anukul's wife was still broken down with grief. She had no other child.

One day Anukul was resting after a long and weary day in court. His wife was buying, at an exorbitant price, a herb from a mendicant quack, which was said to ensure the birth of a child. A voice of greeting was heard in the courtyard. Anukul went out to see who was there. It was Raicharan. Anukul's heart was softened when he saw his old servant. He asked him many questions, and offered to take him back into service.

Raicharan smiled faintly, and said in reply: "I want to make obeisance to my mistress."

Anukul went with Raicharan into the house, where the mistress did not receive him as warmly as his old master. Raicharan took no notice of this, but folded his hands, and said, "It was not the Padma that stole your baby. It was I."

Anukul exclaimed : "Great God!Eh!What! Where is he ?"

Raicharan replied :"He is with me. I will bring him the day after to-morrow."

It was Sunday. There was no magistrate's court sitting. Both husband and wife were looking expectantly along the road, waiting from early morning for Raicharan's appearance. At ten O'clock he came, leading Phailna by the hand.

Anukul's wife, without a question, took the boy into her lap, and was wild with excitement, sometimes laughing, sometimes weeping, touching him, kissing his hair and his forehead, and gazing into his face with hungry, eager eyes. The boy was very good- looking and dressed like a gentleman's son. The heart of Anukul brimmed over with a sudden rush of affection.

Nevertheless the magistrate in him asked, "Have you any proofs?"

Raicharan said: "How could there be any proof of such a deed ? God alone knows that I stole your boy, and no one else in the world."

When Anukul saw how eagerly his wife was clinging to the boy, he realised the futility of asking for proofs. It would be wiser to believe. And then, where could an old man like Raicharan get such a boy from? And why should his faithful servant deceive him for nothing?

"But," he added severely, "Raicharan, you must not stay here."

"Where shall I go, Master?" said Raicharan, in a choking voice, folding his hands: "I am old. Who will take in an old man as a servant?"

The mistress said: "Let him stay. My child will be pleased. I forgive him."

But Anukul's magisterial conscience would not allow him. "No," he said, "he cannot be forgiven for what he has done."

Raicharan bowed to the ground, and clasped Anukul's feet. "Master," he cried, "Let me stay. It was not I who did it. It was God."

Anukul's conscience was worse stricken than ever, when Raicharan tried to put the blame on God's shoulders.

"No," he said, "I could not allow it. I cannot trust you anymore. You have done an act of treachery. "

Raicharan rose to his feet and said: "It was not I who did it."

"Who was it then?" asked Anukul.

Raicharan replied : " It was my fate."

But no educated man could take this for an excuse. Anukul remained obdurate.

When Phailna saw that he was the wealthy magistrate's son, and not Raicharan's, he was angry at first, thinking that he had been cheated all this time of his birthright. But seeing Raicharan in distress, he generously said to his father: "Father , forgive him. Even if you don't let him live with us, let him have a small monthly pension."

After hearing this, Raicharan did not utter another word. He looked for the last time on the face of his son; he made obeisance to his old master and mistress. Then he went out, and was mingled with the numberless people of the world.

At the end of the month Anukul sent him some money to his village. But the money came back. There was no one there of the name of Raicharan.

3. About the author:

Rabindranath Tagore, the only Indian nobel laureate in literature is well-known all over the world. He wrote poems, short-stories, novels, plays and composed songs. He also authored Indian National anthem. His poems, prose, novels and short-stories are marked by delicate irony of human situation. The present story *The Child's Return* is such a story.

4. Words Notes :

nurse	:	(verb) to take care and look after
mistress	:	a woman of authority in a house; the master’s wife
compensated for	:	the loss was made up
hold	:	control
toddle	:	started walking
epoch	:	great moment in history
ecstasy	:	great joy
ingenuity	:	inventiveness; ability to invent
prancing	:	to move quickly with exaggerated steps
go-cart	:	a small cart in which a child is put and then dragged or pushed by an adult

shafts	:	two poles attached to the go-cart between which a person can place himself and drag the go-cart
ceremonial	:	routine or usual activities
pity fow	:	pretty flower
reins	:	bridle for horses
pretence	:	the act of pretending; to act as if there was a bird whereas it was actually not there
at wits' end	:	to be confused and not to know what to do
piercing	:	high and loud
despair	:	feeling of hopelessness
fell prostrate	:	fell flat on the ground
lurking	:	secret; hidden
gipsies	:	nomadic people who travel from place to place
overwhelming	:	an extreme feeling that one does not know how to deal with it
resentment	:	feeling of anger and bitterness
usurper	:	to take somebody's position without the right to do so
mothered	:	took care of the baby as a mother did
mischief	:	bad behaviour which is annoying but harmless
thumping	:	beating
spell	:	influence
merit	:	virtue
remorse	:	regret; repentence
petted	:	to give too much of love
inclined to	:	was in the habit of

condescension	:	to look at someone as if he is inferior
mendicant quack	:	an untrained medical practitioner who travels from place to place for business
obeisance	:	show respect
brimmed over	:	overflowed
worse stricken	:	became more hurt
obdurate	:	refusing to change

5. Comprehension:

(A) Put (✓) marks against the correct answers:

(a) Until his master married Raicharan had

(i) no master.

(ii) one master.

(iii) two masters.

(iv) three masters.

(b) When a child was born to Raicharan, he

(i) felt resentment.

(ii) felt joy.

(iii) did not feel anything.

(iv) knew little master was born in his family.

(c) Raicharan began to give too much of love to his son because

(i) he got him when he was old.

(ii) he was by nature a kind and loving father.

(iii) the boy had no mother.

(iv) he thought it was little master born in his house.

(d) Raicharan left Anukul's house leaving his son there because

(i) the mistress did not want him to stay.

(ii) Anukul did not want him to stay.

(iii) Phailna showed no love for him.

(iv) it was painful to him to see his son as Anukul's son.

(B) Based on your reading of the story complete the following statements:

(i) When Raicharan's master married, he lost _____.

(ii) One afternoon the rain cleared and the little _____.

(iii) As soon as Raicharan went to pluck the flowers, the little Master _____ _____.

(iv) When Raicharan did not return the mistress grew anxious and _____ _____.

(v) Raicharan thought that the little Master could not cast off _____ _____.

(vi) Raicharan's one fault was that he kept it a secret that _____ _____.

(C) Answer the following questions in a sentence each:

(i) How could Raicharan get a complete hold over Anukul's new-born son?

(ii) What was to Raicharan an epoch in human history?

(iii) What was Raicharan doing when the search party reached him?

(iv) Why did Raicharan melt down his wife's ornaments?

(v) How did Anukul receive Raicharan when he went to him after many years?

(vi) What was Phailna's feeling when he saw that he was the son of a wealthy magistrate?

(vii) The money Anukul sent to Raicharan in his village came back. What does it show?

(D) **Answer the following questions briefly:**

(i) How had Raicharan to show his ingenuity to the little Master?

(ii) Whenever Raicharan took the little Master out for a walk, what ritual Raicharan did with ceremonial pride?

(iii) Describe the Padma in flood.

(iv) Why was little Master attracted to the Kadamba flower?

(v) "..... Raicharan was at his wit's end." Why was Raicharan at his wit's end?

(vi) "The mother went so far in her wild grief as to think it possible that Raicharan himself had stolen the child."

What did the mother do?

(vii) Why did Raicharan resent his child?

(viii) What are the arguments in favour of Raicharan's belief that the little Master was born as his son?

(ix) Why did Raicharan's son not look on his father as a father?

(x) How did Raicharan run into shortage of money?

(xi) "Have you any proof."

Why did Anukul ask this question?

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

(i) How was the little Master lost?

(ii) Bring out the mother's reaction when she lost her son, the little Master.

(iii) How did a change come over Raicharan with regard to his son?

(iv) Why did Raicharan pamper the boy?

(v) Why did Raicharan decide to take Phailna to Anukul's house?

(vi) "It would be wiser to believe."

Why did Anukul decide that it would be wiser to believe that the boy Raicharan had brought was his son?

(F) Complete the table by explaining the given phrases/sentences in your own words:

Phrases/Sentences	Meanings
(i) Got a complete hold over the child.	
(ii) The disobedient wavelets themselves were running away from some greater Raicharan with the laughter of a thousand children.	
(iii) His faces wreathed in smile.	
(iv) In that terrible moment his blood froze within him.	
(v) The magistrate in him.	
(vi) Anukul's conscience was worse stricken than ever, when Raicharan tried to put the blame on God's shoulders.	

6. Think and write:

(i) Was the birth of Raicharan's son really the return of the child? Justify your answer.

(ii) Was Raicharan morally right in handing Phailna over to Anukul and his wife? Justify your answer.

7. Discuss:

(i) What was the most likely reason of the child's disappearance? Discuss it in your group for presentation to the class.

(ii) Discuss in your group which of the following may have happened to Raicharan after he left Phailna at Anukul's house:

(a) He realised Phailna had no love for him and so he tried to forget him and finally he did not think of his son. He, however, became a religious man and spent the rest of his life in an Ashram.

(b) He was heart-broken and committed suicide.

(c) He became mad, uttered 'my son, my son' and became a joke of young boys.

8. Vocabulary :

Look at these words:

waist + coat = waistcoat

corn + field = cornfield

Now, combine the words in the left hand column with another in the right hand column to form new meaningful words:

news	high
money	ground
sun	service
sky	room
river	lender
ocean	set
van	palace
team	liner
royal	work
play	bed

_____ _____

_____ _____

_____ _____

_____ _____

_____ _____

9. Writing Practice:

After many years Phailna comes to know the reality of his parentage. Write a paragraph about his feelings in his diary.

Date:

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

10. Listening task:

The teacher reads out a passage from the day's newspaper or any passage easy for the students to comprehend. Then he asks them a few questions on the passage he has read out and the students answer them.

Chapter 4
THE IMP AND THE PEASANT'S BREAD

By Leo Tolstoy

1. Introduction :

(A) Write a few lines about the harms done by alcoholic drinks in your society:

_____
_____
_____
_____
_____
_____
_____

2. Now read a story about what drinks do to men:

A poor peasant set out early one morning to plough, taking with him for his breakfast a crust of bread. He got his plough ready, wrapped the bread in his coat, put it under a bush, and set to work. After a while, when his horse was tired and he was hungry, the peasant fixed the plough, let the horse loose to graze, 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, shook it out— but the bread was gone. The peasant could not make this out at all.

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

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

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

And he went to the well, had a drink of water, and rested a bit. Then he caught his horse, harnessed it, and began ploughing again.

The imp was creastfallen at not having made the peasant sin, and he went to report what had happened to the Devil, his Master.

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

The devil was angry, and replied: 'If the man got the better of you, it was your own fault– you don't understand your business ! If the peasants, and their wives after them, take to that sort of thing, it will be all up with us. The matter can't be left like that! Go back at once,' said he, 'and put things right. If in three years you don't get the better of that peasant, I'II have you ducked in holy water!'

The imp was frightened. He scampered back to earth, thinking how he could redeem his fault. He thought and thought, and at last hit upon a good plan.

He turned himself into a labouring man and went and took service with the poor peasant. The first year he advised the peasant to sow corn in a marshy place. The peasant took his advice and sowed in the marsh. The year turned out a very dry one, and the crops of the other peasants were all scochred by the sun, but the poor peasant's corn grew thick and tall and full eared. Not only had he grain enough to last him for the whole year; but he had much left over besides.

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

Then the imp showed the peasant how he could mash the grain and distil spirit from it; and the peasant made strong drink, and began to drink it himself and to give it to his friends.

So the imp went to the Devil, his master, and boasted that he had made up for his failure. The devil said that he would come and see for himself how the case stood.

He came to the peasant's house, and saw that the peasant had invited his well-to-do neighbours and was treating them to drink. His wife was offering the drink to the guests, and as she handed it round she stumbled against the table and spilt a glassful.

The peasant was angry, and scolded his wife: 'What do you mean? Do you think it's ditchwater, you cripple, that you must go pouring good stuff like that over the floor?'

The imp nudged the Devil, his master, with his elbow. 'See', said he, 'that's the man who did not grudge his only crust!'

The peasant, still railing at his wife, began to carry the drink round himself. Just then a poor peasant returning from work came in uninvited. He greeted the company, sat down, and saw that they were drinking. Tired with his day's work, he felt that he too would like a drop. He sat and sat, and his mouth kept watering, but the host instead of offering him any only muttered; 'I can't find drink for everyone who comes along.'

This pleased the Devil; but the imp chuckled and said, 'Wait a bit, there's more to come yet!'

The rich peasants drank, and their host drank too. And they began to make false, oily speeches to one another.

The Devil listened and listened, and praised the imp.

'If', said he, 'the drink makes them so foxy that they begin to cheat each other, they will soon all be in our hands.'

'Wait for what's coming,' said the imp. 'Let them have another glass all round. Now they are like foxes, wagging their tails and trying to get round one another, but presently you will see them like savage wolves.'

The peasants had another glass each, and their talk became wilder and rougher. Instead of oily speeches, they began to abuse and snarl at one another. Soon they took to fighting, and punched one another's noses. And the host joined in the fight and he too got well beaten.

The Devil looked on and was much pleased at all this.

'This is first-rate!' said he.

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

The peasants had their third glass, and became quite like brutes. They muttered and shouted, not knowing why, and not listening to one another.

Then the party began to break up. Some went alone, some in twos, and some in threes, all staggering down the street. The host went out to speed his guests, but he fell on his nose into a puddle, smeared himself from top to toe, and lay there grunting like a hog.

This pleased the Devil still more.

'Well,' said he, 'You have hit on a first-rate drink, and have quite made up for your blunder about the bread. But now tell me how this drink is made. You must first have put in fox's blood; that was what made the peasants sly as foxes. Then, I suppose, you added wolf's

blood; that is what made them fierce like wolves. And you must have finished off with swine's blood, to make them behave like swine.'

'No,' said the imp, 'that was not the way I did it. All I did was to see that the peasant had more corn than he needed. The blood of the beasts is always in man; but as long as he has only enough corn for his needs, it is kept in bounds. While that was the case, the peasant did not grudge his last crust. But when he had corn left over, he looked for ways of getting pleasure out of it. And I showed him a pleasure– drinking ! And when he began to turn God's good gifts into spirits for his own pleasure - the fox's, wolf's and swine's blood in him all came out. If only he goes on drinking, he will always be a beast !'

The Devil praised the imp, forgave him for his former blunder, and advanced him to a post of higher honour.

3. About the author:

Count Leo Tolstoy is one of the greatest writers in Russian literature. His novel '*War and Peace*' is one of the greatest novels in the world. *Tolstoy* also wrote a number of short stories, often in the form of a parable like the present one.

4. Word Notes:

make-out	-	explain
imp	-	a small creature like a little man that has magic powers and behaves badly
call on the Devil	-	utter the name of the Devil as a result of anger
crestfallen	-	sad and disappointed
all up with us	-	we will suffer a lot
ducked	-	submerged
scampered	-	moved hastily
marshy	-	wet
scorched	-	burnt
mash	-	crush
distil	-	purify liquid with heat (to make alcoholic drink)
spirit	-	alcoholic drink

stumbled	-	hit her foot
stuff	-	thing (here, the drink)
nudge	-	to push someone gently with the elbow
railing	-	rebuking angrily
chuckled	-	laughed quietly
oily	-	flattering
foxy	-	cunning like a fox
hog	-	pig

3. Comprehension:

(A) From your understanding of the story answer the following questions:

(a) The imp's intention in stealing the bread was :

(i) he was hungry and wanted to eat it.

(ii) he wanted to show that the peasant was a virtuous man.

(iii) he wanted the peasant to curse and commit a sin.

(iv) he wanted to show to the Devil that not all men are bad.

Ans:- _____

(b) In the first year the Imp suggested that the peasant should sow corn

(i) on the hill.

(ii) in a marshy place.

(iii) in the plain.

(iv) by the river.

Ans:- _____

(c) The peasant carried the drinks himself because

(i) his wife was tired.

(ii) the guests wanted him to carry the drinks.

(iii) he was afraid his wife would spill the drink.

(iv) it was customary for the host to do so.

Ans:- _____

(d) After the third glass of drink the peasants behaved like

(i) wolves.

(ii) foxes.

(iii) swines.

(iv) tigers.

(e) The blood of the beasts is always in man. But it is kept in bounds

(i) as long as he does not have enough corn.

(ii) as long as he has enough corn for his needs.

(iii) as long as he has more than his needs.

(iv) as long as he has no corn at all.

Ans:- _____

(B) Complete the following with information from the text:

(i) The imp was sad because he failed to make _____ .

(ii) The Devil said that if within three years the Imp failed _____ _____ .

(iii) In the second year the peasant sowed the corns on the hill according to _____ .

(iv) The Devil said to the imp that if the drink made peasants so foxy then _____ .

(v) After the second drink the peasants stopped oily speeches but they began _____ .

(vi) The pleasure that the imp showed to the peasant was _____ _____ .

(C) Answer the following questions briefly :

(i) How did the peasant react when his bread had been stolen?

(ii) What was the imp's aim in stealing the bread?

(iii) What did the Devil fear when he heard of the imp's failure?

(iv) Why did the imp turn himself into a labouring man?

(v) How did the peasant get more corn than he needed?

(vi) Describe the effects of the first two glasses of drink on the peasant and his friends.

(vii) 'Wait a bit - the best is yet to come.' What was the best?

(D) Answer the following questions in about 80 words each :

(i) That's the man who did not grudge his only crust.'

Bring out the significance of the imp's statement.

(ii) 'I can't find drink for everyone who comes along.'

Comment on the change in the character of the speaker in the light of the given statement.

(iii) 'The blood of the beasts is always in man.'

Write how the imp shows it.

(iv) Bring out the moral of the story.

6. Think & Write:

(i) The story has some moral message. Do you think the moral has some bearing even in modern day life-style? Write a paragraph in justification of your answer.

(ii) Develop a dialogue containing the 'false, oily speeches' among the peasants under the influence of drinks.

The host – Friends, how do you like my drinks?

1st Peasant– It is wonderful. You are the best ho..... You are the greatest of friends!

2nd Peasant–

3rd Peasant–

7. Discuss:

I. Discuss the effect of drinks on homes, society and the individual. Present your group's point to the whole class.

8. Vocabulary:

A. Match the words in list A with their meanings in B.

A	B
crestfallen	flattering
wagging	hurried
ducked	burnt
mash	rebuking
oily	stumbling
chuckled	crushed
railing	laughed quietly
staggering	sad and dejected
scampered	moving to and fro
scorched	soaked

B. Choose the correct meaning from alternatives given of the idiomatic phrases and write a sentence of your own using each of them.

Set to work:

(a) Be ready for a work

(b) Plan a work in the immediate future

(c) To begin a work in a determined way

Ans :- _____ .

Get the better of:

(a) Defeat

(b) To recover from illness

(c) To become rich

Ans :- _____ .

Rail at:

(a) Praise

(b) Sympathise

(c) Rebuke

Ans :- _____ .

At sixes and sevens:

(a) To keep everything in proper order

(b) In complete disorder

(c) The units of six and seven

Ans :- _____ .

With flying colours:

(a) With great success

(b) To wear colourful dresses

(c) Flag flying high

Ans :- _____ .

By hook or by crook:

(a) By any means

(b) A difficult situation

(c) In a cunning way

Ans :- _____ .

Apple of discord:

(a) Cause for alarm

(b) A good harvest

(c) Reason for quarrel

Ans :- _____ .

9. Writing Practice :

Write a paragraph describing the effect of drugs on youngsters:

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

10. Listening Practice:

The teacher plays a tape recorder containing some article or speech in English. The students are to write a summary of it.

Chapter 5
ON SAYING 'PLEASE'

By A.G. Gardiner

1. Introduction:

A. Suppose there is a reception party at your home to which you have invited many friends for the feast. When the meal is ready, which of the following is the most appropriate way of announcing the meal?

(i) Hello, ladies and gentlemen, go to the hall for your meal, please.

(ii) Ladies and gentlemen, may I announce that meal is ready! Please proceed to the hall.

(iii) Your attention please everybody. You can proceed to the hall, or you will miss your meal.

Ans:.....

2. Now, read an essay on civility:

The young lift-man in a City office who threw a passenger out of his lift the other morning and was fined for the offence was undoubtedly in the wrong. It was a question of "Please". The complainant entering the lift, said, "Top". The lift-man demanded "Top please", and this concession being refused he not only declined to comply with the instruction, but hurled the passenger out of the lift. This, of course, was carrying a comment on manner too far. Discourtesy is not a legal offence, and it does not excuse assault and battery. If a burglar breaks into my house and I knock him down, the law will acquit me, and if I am physically assaulted, it will permit me to retaliate with reasonable violence. It does this because the burglar and my assailant have broken quite definite commands of the law. But no legal system could attempt to legislate against bad manners, or could sanction the use of violence against something which it does not itself recognize as a legally punishable offence. And whatever our sympathy with the lift-man, we must admit that the law is reasonable. It would never do if we were at liberty to box people's ears because we did not like their behaviour, or the tone of their voices, or the scowl on their faces. Our fists would never be idle, and the gutters of the City would run with blood all day.

I may be as uncivil as I may please and the law will protect me against violent retaliation. I may be haughty or boorish and there is no penalty to pay except the penalty of being written down an ill-mannered fellow. The law does not compel me to say "Please" or to attune my voice to other people's sensibilities any more than it says that I shall not wax my moustache or dye my hair or wear ringlets down my back. It does not recognize the laceration of our feelings as a case for compensation. There is no allowance for moral and intellectual damages in these matters.

This does not mean that the damages are negligible. It is probable that the lift man was much more acutely hurt by what he regarded as a slur upon his social standing than he would have been if he had a kick on the shins, for which he could have got a legal redress. The pain of a kick on the shins soon passes away but the pain of a wound to our self-respect or our vanity may poison a whole day. I can imagine that the lift-man, denied the relief of throwing the author of his wound out of the lift, brooding over the insult by the hour, and visiting it on his wife in the evening as the only way of restoring his equilibrium. For there are few things more catching than bad temper and bad manners? When Sir Anthony Absolute bullied Captain Absolute, the latter went out and bullied his man, Fag, whereupon Fag went out downstairs and kicked the page-boy. Probably the man who said "Top" to the lift-man was really only getting back on his employer who had not said "Good morning" to him because he 'himself had been henpecked at breakfast by his wife, to whom the cook had been insolent because the housemaid had "answered her back". We infect the world with our ill-humours. Bad manners probably do more to poison the stream of the general life than all the crimes in the calendar. For a wife who gets a black eye from an otherwise good-natured husband there are a hundred who live a life of martyrdom-under the shadow of a morose temper. But all the same the law cannot become the guardian of our private manners. No Decalogue could cover the vast area of offences and no court could administer a law which governed our social civilities, our speech, the tilt of our eyebrows and all our moods and manners.

But though we are bound to endorse the verdict against the lift-man, most people will have a certain sympathy with him. While it is true that there is no law that compels us to say "Please", there is a social practice much older and much more sacred than any law which enjoins us to be civil. And the first requirement of civility is that we should acknowledge a service. "Please" and "Thank you" are the small change with which we pay our way as social beings. They are the little courtesies by which we keep the machine of life oiled and

running sweetly. They put our intercourse upon the basis of a friendly co-operation, an easy give and take, instead of on the basis of superiors dictating to inferiors. It is a very vulgar mind that would wish to command where he can have the service for asking, and have it with willingness and good-feeling instead of resentment.

I should like to "feature" in this connection my friend, the polite conductor. By this discriminating title I do not intend to suggest a rebuke to conductors generally. On the contrary, I am disposed to think that there are few classes of men who come through the ordeal of a very trying calling better than bus conductors do. Here and there you will meet an unpleasant specimen who regards the passengers as his natural enemies– as creatures whose chief purpose on the bus is to cheat him, and who can only he kept reasonably honest by a loud voice and an aggressive manner. But this type is rare– rarer than it used to be. I fancy the public owes much to the Underground Railway Company, which also runs the buses, for insisting on a certain standard of civility in its servants and taking care that that standard is observed. In doing this it not only makes things pleasant for the travelling public, but performs an important social service.

It is not, therefore, with any feeling of unfriendliness to conductors as a class that I pay a tribute to a particular member of that class. I first became conscious of his existence one day when I jumped on to a bus and found that I had left home without any money in my pocket. Everyone has had the experience and knows the feeling, the mixed feeling, which the discovery arouses. You are annoyed because you look like a fool at the best and like a knave at the worst. You would not be at all surprised if the conductor eyed you coldly as much as to say, "Yes, I know that stale old trick. Now then, get off." And even if the conductor is a good fellow and lets you down easily, you are faced with the necessity of going back, and the inconvenience, perhaps, of missing your train or your engagement.

Having searched my pockets in vain for stray coppers and having found I was utterly penniless, I told the conductor with as honest a face as I could assume that I couldn't pay the fare, and must go back for money. "Oh, you needn't get off: that's all right," said he. "All right," said I, "but I haven't a copper on me." "Oh, I'll book you through," he replied. "Where d'ye want to go?" and he handled his bundle of tickets with the air of a man who was prepared to give me a ticket for anywhere from the Bank to Hong Kong. I said it was very kind of him, and told him where I wanted to go, and as he gave me the ticket I said, "But where shall I send the fare?" "Oh, you'll see me some day all right," he said cheerfully, as he turned to go. And then, luckily, my fingers, still wandering in the corners of my pockets

lighted on a shilling and the account was squared. But that fact did not lessen the glow of pleasure which so good-natured an action had given me.

A few days after, my most sensitive toe was trampled on rather heavily as I sat reading on the top of a bus. I looked up with some anger and more agony, and saw my friend of the cheerful countenance. "Sorry, sir," he said. "I know these are heavy boots. Got 'em because my own feet get trod on so much, and now I'm treading on other people's. Hope I didn't hurt you, sir." He had hurt me but he was so nice about it that I assured him he hadn't. After this I began to observe him whenever I boarded his bus, and found a curious pleasure in the constant good-nature of his bearing. He seemed to have an inexhaustible fund of patience and a gift for making his passengers comfortable. I noticed that if it was raining he would run up the stairs to give someone the tip that there was "room inside". With old people he was as considerate as a son, and with children as solicitous as a father. He had evidently a peculiarly warm place in his heart for young people, and always indulged in some merry jest with them. If he had a blind man on board it was not enough to set him down safely on the pavement. He would call to Bill in front to wait while he took him across the road or round the corner or otherwise safely on his way. In short, I found that he irradiated such an atmosphere of good-temper and kindliness that a journey with him was a lesson in natural courtesy and good manners.

What struck me particularly was the ease with which he got through his work. If bad manners are infectious, so also are good manners. If we encounter incivility most of us are apt to become uncivil, but it is an unusually uncouth person who can be disagreeable with sunny people. It is with manners as with the weather. "Nothing clears up my spirits like a fine day," said Keats, and a cheerful person descends on even the gloomiest of us with something of the benediction of a fine day. And so it was always fine weather on the polite conductor's bus, and his own civility, his conciliatory address and good-humoured bearing infected his passengers. In lightening their spirits he lightened his own task. His gaiety was not a wasteful luxury, but a sound investment.

I have missed him from my bus route of late; but I hope that only means that he has carried his sunshine on to another road. It cannot be too widely diffused in a rather drab world. And I make no apologies for writing a panegyric on an unknown bus conductor. If Wordsworth could gather lessons of wisdom from the poor leech-gatherer "on the lonely moor", I see no reason why lesser people should not take lessons in conduct from one who shows how a very modest calling may be dignified by good-temper and kindly feeling.

It is a matter of general agreement that the war has had a chilling effect upon those little everyday civilities of behaviour that sweeten the general air. We must get those civilities back if .we are to make life kindly and tolerable for each other. We cannot get them back by invoking the law. The policeman is a necessary symbol and the law is a necessary institution for a society that is still somewhat lower than the angels. But the law, can only protect us against material attack. Nor will the lift-man's way of meeting moral affront by physical violence help us to restore the civilities. I suggest to him, that he would have had a more subtle and effective revenge if he had treated the gentleman who would not say "Please" with elaborate politeness. He would have had the victory, not only over the boor, but over himself, and that is the victory that counts. The polite man may lose the material advantage, but he always has the spiritual victory. I commend to the lift-man a story of Chesterfield. In his time the London streets were without the pavements of today, and the man who "took the wall" had the driest footing. "I never give the wall to a scoundrel," said a man who met Chesterfield one day in the street. "I always do," said Chesterfield, stepping with a bow into the road. I hope the lift-man will agree that his revenge was much more sweet than if he had flung the fellow into the mud.

3. About the author:

Alfred George Gardiner (1865-1946) was a British Journalist and author. From 1915 he used to contribute to the magazine *The Star* under the pseudonym *Alpha of the plough*. He became the editor of The Daily News and became a successful editor. As an essayist he wrote on social problems.

4. Word Notes:

lift-man	:	man who operates a lift in multi-storied buildings
threw-out	:	pushed out
complainant	:	the man who made a complaint against the liftman
concession	:	right; privilege
discourtesy	:	lack of respect
battery	:	beating; physical attack
comment	:	opinion

command	:	directive
sanction	:	approve
box	:	hit
gutters	:	drains
boorish	:	bad mannered
laceration	:	injury
allowance	:	compensation
redress	:	compensation
vanity	:	feeling of self importance
brooding	:	thinking and worrying
visiting	:	doing violence
equilibrium	:	mental balance
man	:	(here) servant
henpecked	:	treated badly
infect	:	spread bad feeling like diseases are spread
martyrdom	:	sacrifice
morose	:	feeling ill tempered
decalogue	:	a book of law
enjoins	:	advises
small change	:	small coins without which buying and selling will be difficult
intercourse	:	social relationship
feature	:	tell the story
discriminating	:	selective
ordeal	:	very difficult or trying situation

trying	:	difficult
calling	:	profession
specimen	:	kind
tribute	:	praise
knave	:	dishonest man
copper	:	money; a penny
book	:	give a ticket
Bank	:	Bank of London
squared	:	settled
top of a bus	:	London buses have two stories
solicitous	:	attentive
inexhaustible	:	unlimited
Bill in front	:	the driver in front of the bus
irradiated	:	threw light on
uncouth	:	unrefined
benediction	:	joyful blessings
diffused	:	spread
drab	:	dull
panegyric	:	praise
Wordsworth	:	Wordsworth's Leech Gatherer
chilling effect	:	bad effect
moral affront	:	challenge to our mind or thinking

5. Comprehension:

A. Based on your reading of the text, complete the following statements:

(i) The liftman who threw the passenger out was in the wrong because discourtesy _____.

(ii) Law may not recognise discourtesy as a legal offence, but it does not mean that the _____.

(iii) In the eye of the law, the liftman may be wrong, yet most people _____ _____.

(iv) 'Thank you' and 'please' make social relationship mutually co-operative and easy instead of _____ _____.

(v) The writer is thankful to the "Underground Railway Company" for _____ _____.

(vi) The polite conductor got a heavy boot because _____ _____.

(vii) If bad manners are infectious, so _____ _____.

(viii) The polite conductor's civility and good-humoured bearing _____ _____.

B. Answer the following questions in a sentence each:

(i) Does law recognise bad manner as a legally punishable offence?

(ii) According to the writer, are damages done to one's self-respect negligible?

(iii) According to the writer, what poisons general life in society more than all the crimes in the calendar?

(iv) What, according to Gardiner, is the first requirement of civility?

(v) What kind of mind will wish to command where one can have the service more willingly only on asking?

(vi) What is the writer's general opinion about conductors as a class?

(vii) The conductor gave a ticket to the writer although he had no money. Where did the conductor say he should pay the money?

(viii) Why did the writer feel a curious pleasure whenever he travelled in the bus of the polite bus conductor?

(ix) According to the writer, what is responsible for the loss of the little everyday civilities of behaviour that sweetens the general air?

C. Answer each of the following questions briefly:

(i) Why did the liftman push out the passenger?

(ii) What legal right does a man have if a burglar breaks into his house?

(iii) The law found the liftman wrong. Why does the author say that the law is reasonable? How?

(iv) Why does the law not compel a man to say 'please'?

(v) "The pain of a kick on the shins soon passes away but the pain of a wound to our self-respect or our vanity may poison a whole day." Explain.

(vi) According to the author, what might the liftman have done if he was denied the relief of throwing the uncivil passenger out of the lift?

(vii) "Bad manners probably do more to poison the stream of general life than all the crimes in the calendar." Explain.

(viii) The writer says that most people will have certain sympathy with the liftman. Why does he say so in spite of saying that he was legally wrong?

(ix) " 'Please' and 'Thank you' are the small change with which we pay our way as social beings."

Why does the writer say so?

(x) Why does the writer say that the bus conductor's job is a trying job?

(xi) Under what circumstances did the author meet the polite conductor?

(xii) How did the author expect to be treated at the hand of the polite conductor when he found that he had no money?

(xiii) The conductor's boot had hurt the author. Yet he assured him that he had not. Why did he do so?

(xiv) How did the conductor treat blind men aboard his bus?

(xv) The author missed the polite conductor from his bus. But he did not mind it. Why?

(xvi) 'The policeman is a necessary symbol.....'

Why does the writer say so?

(xvii) What is the story of Lord Chesterfield who had a sweet revenge upon a boorish man?

D. Answer the following questions in about 80 words each:

(i) "There is no allowance for moral and intellectual damages."

Why does the writer say so in the context of the liftman and the rude passenger?

(ii) "This does not mean that the damages are negligible."

Why does the writer say so in spite of the fact that incivility is not a legal offence?

(iii) "But all the same the law cannot become the guardian of our private manners."

Explain why the writer says so in spite of the fact that the damages caused by incivility are not negligible.

(iv) "While it is true that there is no law that compels us to say 'Please', there is a social practice much older and much more sacred than any law which enjoins us to be civil."

Explain why civility is important in the light of the above remark.

(v) Write about the author's encounter with the polite conductor when he found he had left home without any money.

(vi) "I found that he irradiated such an atmosphere of good-temper and kindliness that a journey with him was a lesson in natural courtesy and good manners."

Explain the activities of the polite bus conductor in the light of the above remark.

(vii) "In lightening their spirits he lightened his own task."

Explain how the conductor lightened his task as a bus conductor.

(viii) What are the author's recommendations for getting back the lost sense of civility in society?

6. Think and Write:

(I) Read the following dialogue:

Mr. A. - Excuse me, gentleman. Can you please tell me the way to Mr. Z's house?

Mr. B. - What! Do you think I've been standing here for the last 15 minutes to answer stupid questions from men like you?

Suppose, you are Mr. A and the above incident has happened to you. How will you describe the incident? What will your feelings be? Write how you will react?

(II) People say that the young generations in modern time lack a sense of good manners. Write a paragraph expressing your ideas for and against this opinion.

7. Discuss:

(I) Discuss in your group ways and means to improve politeness and civility in society. The following may be some of the points. Try to add some of your own points:

(a) Parents should teach politeness at home.

(b) Lessons on politeness should be included in the text book.

(II) Discuss in your group the effect of mass media like films and T.V. on the people in their sense of civility.

8. Vocabulary:

(I) In English language the meaning of a word changes with different appropriate prepositions - For example:

break away - That country may break away from the World Body (separate).

break down- His health broke down because of illness (failed).

Now, find the meaning of the following and write sentences of your own. You ought to consult a dictionary.

Break in:

Break into:

Break off:

Break out:

Break through:

Break up:

Break with:

(II) Make new words by matching the words on the left with suitable words from the right:

moon	patient
ear	spoon
door	escape
lion	mill
money	ring
fire	step
shoe	light
wind	maker
tea	tamer
out	lender

9. Writing Practice:

Write a letter to the editor of a newspaper expressing your views that 'politeness' makes human relationship sweet.

To

The Editor

The Manipur Daily

Date

Dear Sir,

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

Yours sincerely,

( ).

10. Listening Practice:

The teacher reads out a piece of prose from the day's newspaper and the children writes the summary of it.

Chapter 6
THE DIAMOND NECKLACE

By Gay-de-Maupassant

1. Introduction :

Here is the beginning of a story:

There was a woman who was never happy with what she had. She always grumbled about what she did not have - ' I don't have gold ornaments. I don't have beautiful clothes, etc., etc., ...'

Now, you can imagine what might have happened to her life at the end– happy and joyful, or sad and suffering.

Based on your own imagination as to what might have happened to her life complete the story in your own words:

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

2. Now read the story of a woman who craved for luxuries:

The girl was one of those pretty and charming young creatures who sometimes are born, as if by a slip of fate, into a family of clerks. She had no dowry, no expectations, no way of being known, understood, loved, married by any rich and distinguished man; so she let herself be married to a little clerk of the Ministry of Public Instruction.

She dressed plainly because she could not dress well, but she was unhappy as if she had really fallen from a higher station; since with women there is neither caste nor rank, for beauty, grace and charm take the place of family and birth. Natural ingenuity, instinct for what is elegant, a supple mind are their sole hierarchy, and often make of women of the people the equals of the very greatest ladies.

Mathilde[1] suffered ceaselessly, feeling herself born to enjoy all delicacies and all luxuries. She was distressed at the poverty of her dwelling, at the barenness of the walls, at the shabby chairs, the ugliness of the curtains. All those things, of which another woman of her rank would never even have been conscious, tortured her and made her angry. The sight of the little Breton peasant who did her humble housework aroused in her despairing regrets and bewildering dreams. She thought of silent antechambers hung with Oriental tapestry, illumined by tall bronze candelabra, and of two great footmen in knee breeches who slept in the big armchairs, made drowsy by the oppressive heat of the stove. She thought of long reception halls hung with ancient silk, of the dainty cabinets containing priceless curiosities and of the little coquettish perfumed reception rooms made for chatting at five o'clock with intimate friends, with men famous and sought after, whom all women envy and whose attention they all desire.

When she sat down to dinner, before the round table covered with a tablecloth in use three days, opposite her husband, who uncovered the soup tureen and declared with a delighted air, "Ah, the good soup! I don't know anything better than that," she thought of dainty dinners, of shining silverware, of tapestry that peopled the walls with ancient personages and with strange birds flying, in the midst of a fairy forest; and she thought of delicious dishes served on marvellous plates and of the whispered gallantries to which you listen with a sphinx like smile while you are eating the pink meat of a trout or the wings of a quail.

She had no gowns, no jewels, nothing. And she loved nothing but that. She felt made for that. She would have liked so much to please, to be envied, to be charming, to be sought after.

She had a friend, a former schoolmate at the convent, who was rich, and whom she did not like to go to see any more because she felt so sad when she came home.

But one evening her husband reached home with a triumphant air and holding a large envelope in his hand.

"There," said he, "there is something for you."

She tore the paper quickly and drew out a printed card which bore these words:

"The Minister of Public Instruction and Madame Georges Ramponneau[2] request the honour of M. and Madame Loisel's[3] company at the palace of the Ministry on Monday evening, January 18th."

1– pronounced as ma-til-da
2– pronounced as rampono
3– pronounced as lu-wa-jel's

Instead of being delighted, as her husband had hoped, she threw the invitation on the table crossly, muttering:

"What do you wish me to do with that?"

"Why, my dear, I thought you would be glad. You never go out, and this is such a fine opportunity. I had great trouble to get it. Everyone wants to go; it is very select, and they are not giving many invitations to clerks. The whole official world will be there."

She looked at him with an irritated glance and said impatiently:

"And what do you wish me to put on my back?"

He had not thought of that. He stammered: "Why, the gown you go to the theatre in. It looks very well to me."

He stopped, distracted, seeing that his wife was weeping. Two great tears ran slowly from the corners of her eyes toward the corners of her mouth.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" he answered.

By a violent effort she conquered her grief and replied in a calm voice, while she wiped her wet cheeks:

"Nothing. Only I have no gown, and, therefore, I can't go to this ball. Give your card to some colleague whose wife is better equipped than I am."

He was in despair. He resumed: "Come, let us see, Mathilde. How much would it cost, a suitable gown, which you could use on other occasions--something very simple?"

She reflected several seconds, making her calculations and wondering also what sum she could ask without drawing on herself an immediate refusal and a frightened exclamation from the economical clerk.

Finally she replied hesitating: "I don't know exactly, but I think I could manage it with four hundred francs."

He grew a little pale, because he was laying aside just that amount to buy a gun and treat himself to a little shooting next summer on the plain of Nanterre[1], with several friends who went to shoot larks there on a Sunday.

But he said: "Very well. I will give you four hundred francs. And try to have a pretty gown."

1– pronounced as non-te-ah

The day of the ball drew near and Madame Loisel seemed sad, uneasy, anxious. Her frock was ready, however. Her husband said to her one evening: "What is the matter? Come, you have seemed very queer these last three days."

And she answered: "It annoys me not to have a single piece of jewelry, not a single ornament, nothing to put on. I shall look poverty-stricken. I would almost rather not go at all."

"You might wear natural flowers," said her husband. "They're very stylish at this time of year. For ten francs you can get two or three magnificent roses."

She was not convinced. "No; there's nothing more humiliating than to look poor among other women who are rich."

"How stupid you are!" her husband cried. "Go look up your friend, Madame Forestier[1], and ask her to lend you some jewels. You're intimate enough with her to do that."

She uttered a cry of joy: "True! I never thought of it."

The next day she went to her friend and told her of her distress.

Madame Forestier went to a wardrobe with a mirror took out a large jewel box, brought it back, opened it and said to Madame Loisel: "Choose, my dear."

She saw first some bracelets, then a pearl necklace, then a Venetian gold cross set with precious stones, of admirable workmanship. She tried on the ornaments before the mirror, hesitated and could not make up her mind to part with them, to give them back. She kept asking: "Haven't you anymore?"

"Why, yes. Look further; I don't know what you like."

Suddenly she discovered, in a black satin box, a superb diamond necklace, and her heart throbbed with an immoderate desire. Her hands trembled as she took it. She fastened it round her throat, outside her high-necked waist, and was lost in ecstasy at her reflection in the mirror.

Then she asked, hesitating, filled with anxious doubt: "Will you lend me this, only this?"

"Why, yes, certainly."

1– pronounced as foh-rehst-ee-ai

She threw her arms round her friend's neck, kissed her passionately, then fled with her treasure.

The night of the ball arrived. Madame Loisel was a great success. She was prettier than any other woman present, elegant, graceful, smiling and wild with joy. All the men looked at her, asked her name, sought to be introduced. All the attaches of the Cabinet wished to waltz with her. She was remarked by the minister himself.

She danced with rapture, with passion, intoxicated by pleasure, forgetting all in the triumph of her beauty, in the glory of her success, in a sort of cloud of happiness comprised of all this homage, admiration, these awakened desires and of that sense of triumph which is so sweet to woman's heart.

She left the ball about four o'clock in the morning. Her husband had been sleeping since midnight in a little deserted anteroom with three other gentlemen whose wives were enjoying the ball.

He threw over her shoulders the wraps he had brought, the modest wraps of common life, the poverty of which contrasted with the elegance of the ball dress. She felt this and wished to escape so as not to be remarked by the other women, who were enveloping themselves in costly furs.

Loisel held her back, saying: "Wait a bit. You will catch cold outside. I will call a cab."

But she did not listen to him and rapidly descended the stairs. When they reached the street they could not find a carriage and began to look for one, shouting after the cabmen passing at a distance.

They went toward the Seine in despair, shivering with cold. At last they found on the quay one of those ancient night cabs which, as though they were ashamed to show their shabbiness during the day, are never seen round Paris until after dark.

It took them to their dwelling in the Rue des Martyrs, and sadly they mounted the stairs to their flat. All was ended for her. As to him, he reflected that he must be at the ministry at ten o'clock that morning.

She removed her wraps before the glass so as to see herself once more in all her glory. But suddenly she uttered a cry. She no longer had the necklace around her neck!

"What is the matter with you?" demanded her husband, already half undressed.

She turned distractedly toward him. "I have--I have--I've lost Madame Forestier's necklace," she cried.

He stood up, bewildered.

"What!--how? Impossible!"

They looked among the folds of her skirt, of her cloak, in her pockets, everywhere, but did not find it.

"You're sure you had it on when you left the ball?" he asked.

"Yes, I felt it in the vestibule of the minister's house."

"But if you had lost it in the street we should have heard it fall. It must be in the cab."

"Yes, probably. Did you take his number?"

"No. And you--didn't you notice it?"

"No."

They looked, thunderstruck, at each other. At last Loisel put on his clothes.

"I shall go back on foot," said he, "over the whole route, to see whether I can find it."

He went out. She sat waiting on a chair in her ball dress, without strength to go to bed, huddled on a chair, without volition or power of thought.

Her husband returned about seven o'clock. He had found nothing.

He went to police headquarters, to the newspaper offices to offer a reward; he went to the cab companies--everywhere, in fact, whither he was urged by the least spark of hope.

She waited all day, in the same condition of mad fear before this terrible calamity.

Loisel returned at night with a hollow, pale face. He had discovered nothing.

"You must write to your friend," said he, "that you have broken the clasp of her necklace and that you are having it mended. That will give us time to turn round."

She wrote at his dictation.

At the end of a week they had lost all hope. Loisel, who had aged five years, declared:

"We must consider how to replace that ornament."

The next day they took the box that had contained it and went to the jeweler whose name was found within. He consulted his books.

"It was not I madam, who sold that necklace; I must simply have furnished the case."

Then they went from jeweler to jeweler, searching for a necklace like the other, trying to recall it, both sick with chagrin and grief.

They found, in a shop at the Palais Royal, a string of diamonds that seemed to them exactly like the one they had lost. It was worth forty thousand francs. They could have it for thirty-six.

So they begged the jeweler not to sell it for three days yet. And they made a bargain that he should buy it back for thirty-four thousand francs, in case they should find the lost necklace before the end of February.

Loisel possessed eighteen thousand francs which his father had left him. He would borrow the rest.

He did borrow, asking a thousand francs of one, five hundred of another, five louis here, three louis there. He gave notes, took up ruinous obligations, dealt with usurers and all the race of lenders. He compromised all the rest of his life, risked signing a note without even knowing whether he could meet it; and, frightened by the trouble yet to come, by the black misery that was about to fall upon him, by the prospect of all the physical privations and moral tortures that he was to suffer, he went to get the new necklace, laying upon the jeweler's counter thirty-six thousand francs.

When Madame Loisel took back the necklace Madame Forestier said to her with a chilly manner:

"You should have returned it sooner; I might have needed it."

She did not open the case, as her friend had so much feared. If she had detected the substitution, what would she have thought, what would she have said? Would she not have taken Madame Loisel for a thief?

Thereafter Madame Loisel knew the horrible existence of the needy. She bore her part, however, with sudden heroism. That dreadful debt must be paid. She would pay it.

They dismissed their servant; they changed their lodgings; they rented a garret.

She came to know what heavy housework meant and the odious cares of the kitchen. She washed the dishes, using her dainty fingers and rosy nails on greasy pots and pans. She washed the soiled linen, the shirts and the dishcloths, which she dried upon a line; she carried the slops down to the street every morning and carried up the water, stopping for breath at every landing. And dressed like a woman of the people, she went to the fruiterer, the grocer, the butcher, a basket on her arm, bargaining, meeting with impertinence, defending her miserable money, sou by sou.

Every month they had to meet some notes, renew others, obtain more time.

Her husband worked evenings, making up a tradesman's accounts, and late at night he often copied manuscript for five sous a page.

This life lasted ten years.

At the end of ten years they had paid everything, everything, with the rates of usury and the accumulations of the compound interest.

Madame Loisel looked old now. She had become the woman of impoverished households--strong and hard and rough. With frowsy hair, skirts askew and red hands, she talked loud while washing the floor with great swishes of water. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she sat down near the window and she thought of that gay evening of long ago, of that ball where she had been so beautiful and so admired.

What would have happened if she had not lost that necklace? Who knows? Who knows?

How strange and changeful life is! How small a thing is needed to make or ruin us!

But one Sunday, having gone to take a walk in the Champs Elysees to refresh herself after the labours of the week, she suddenly perceived a woman who was leading a child. It was Madame Forestier, still young, still beautiful, still charming.

Madame Loisel felt moved. Should she speak to her? Yes, certainly. And now that she had paid, she would tell her all about it. Why not?

She went up.

"Good-day, Jeanne."

The other, astonished to be familiarly addressed by this plain good-wife, did not recognize her at all and stammered: "But--madame!--I do not know--You must have mistaken."

"No. I am Mathilde Loisel."

Her friend uttered a cry.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! How you are changed!"

"Yes, I have had a pretty hard life, since I last saw you, and great poverty--and that because of you!"

"Of me! How so?"

"Do you remember that diamond necklace you lent me to wear at the ministerial ball?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, I lost it."

"What do you mean? You brought it back."

"I brought you back another exactly like it. And it has taken us ten years to pay for it. You can understand that it was not easy for us, for us who had nothing. At last it is ended, and I am very glad."

Madame Forestier had stopped.

"You say that you bought a necklace of diamonds to replace mine?"

"Yes. You never noticed it, then! They were very similar."

And she smiled with a joy that was at once proud and ingenuous.

Madame Forestier, deeply moved, took her hands.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! Why, my necklace was paste! It was worth at most only five hundred francs!"

3. About the author:

Henri Rene Albert Guy de Maupassant[1] was a popular 19c. French writer. He is considered one of the fathers of modern short story. He wrote some 300 short stories, six novels and three travel books and one volume of verse. His stories end with unexpected turns and bring out the irony of life.

1– Henri Rene Albert Guy de Maupassant– ahn-re ruh-ney al-ber gee duh moh-pa-sahn

4. Word Notes:

slip of fates	: mistake of fate
ingenuity	: inventive and clever
elegant	: attractive
supple mind	: easily adjustable
hierarchy	: social rank
women of the people	: women of common home; ordinary
delicious	: beautiful and nice things
Breton	: people of Celtic origin in France
antechamber	: room for guests to wait
tapestry	: clothes on which pictures and patterns are woven
candelabra	: ornamental candle holder having several branches
knee-breeches	: short trousers fastened just below the knees
priceless curiosities	: objects that arouse interest because they are extraordinary
coquettish	: things that arouse romantic feeling
soup tureen	: a large deep dish or pot with a lid used for serving vegetables or soup
dainty dinners	: dinners with well cooked food items
fairy forest	: forests that appear in fairy tales; beautiful and strange
gallantries	: stories of courage and bravery
sphinx-like smile	: slight smile
distracted	: worried
queer	: strange

high-necked waist : lady's dress that reaches upto the neck

quay : platform in a harbour where boats are loaded

time to turn around : until things or situation becomes more favourable

chagrin : anger

black misery : terrible miseries

privations : hardships

garret : dark unpleasant room often at the top of a house

impertinence : lack of respect

sou : unit of money of small value (French)

frowsy : untidy

ingenuous : truthful

paste : imitation; artificial gem

5. Comprehension:

A. ***On the basis of your understanding of the text complete the following statement:***

I. The little Breton girl who helped Mathilde in her household work filled her mind

_____

_____

II. Mr. Loisel brought the invitation from the ministry thinking that it _____

_____

III. Mr. Loisel sacrificed his dream of buying a gun because he wanted to see

_____

IV. After the dance, at the time of returning home, Mr. Loisel tried to throw a wrap around his wife, but she refused because _____

_____

V. When Madame Loisel took the necklace to Madame Forrestier, Madam Forrestier said _____

VI. Madame Loisel experienced the horrible existence of poor family. She, however,

_____

B. ***Answer the following questions in a sentence each:***

I. Why did Mathilde suffer ceaselessly?

II. Why did Mathilde not like to go to see her former schoolmate?

III. What was in Mathilde's mind when she saw the invitation her husband brought for her?

IV. What was Mathilde's objection to wearing roses to the party?

V. What were the feelings of the attaches of Cabinet on seeing Mathilde dance?

VI. Why did Mathilde and her husband hurry towards the Seine in despair after the dance?

VII. " Lousel returned at night with a hollow, pale face." Why did M. Lousel look so?

VIII. Why did Mrs. Lousel dismiss her servant?

IX. “But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she sat down near the window and she thought of that .....”

What did Mathide think of?

X. At the Champs Elysees why could not Madame Forrestier recognise Mathilde?

C. ***Answer each of the following questions briefly:***

i. What circumstances forced Madame Loisel to marry a clerk?

ii. Mathilde had no gowns, no jewels, nothing. What was her feeling at her own condition?

iii. What was M. Loisel's expectation when he brought the invitation?

iv. "She threw her arms round her friend's neck, kissed her passionately, then fled with her treasure."

Why did Madame Loisel behave in such a way after she borrowed the necklace?

v. In what sense was Madame Loisel a great success in the party?

vi. "She removed her wraps before the glass so as to see herself once more in her glory."

What does this line tell about Madame Loisel?

vii. "They looked, thunderstruck, at each other."

Describe M. and Madame Loisel's feelings at the discovery of the loss of the necklace.

viii. "Loisel, who had aged five years....."

Why had Loisel aged five years?

ix. Madame Loisel loved to be an elegant lady. How did she look like after she had paid for the necklace?

x. "What would have happened if she had not lost that necklace?"

Try to guess what Madame Loisel's life would have been if she had not lost the necklace.

D. ***Answer the following questions in about 80 words:***

i Bring out the character of Madam Mathilde as revealed in the opening paragraphs of the story.

ii Why was Mathilde always unhappy? Do you think she was right in being unhappy? Justify your answer.

iii From the way Mathilde behaved from receiving the invitation to the end of the party, comment on Mathilde's character.

iv How did M. Loisel try to retrieve the lost necklace?

v How did the Loisels raise the money for the necklace and how did they repay the money?

vi "Thereafter Madame Loisel knew the horrible existence of the needy."

Bring out the circumstances that compelled Madame Loisel to experience the existence of the needy.

vii Do you think the ending of the story is unexpected? What is the intention of the writer in ending the story in this way?

viii Why did Moupassant entitle the story 'The Diamond Necklace'?

ix Write how M. Loisel is a contrast to Madame Matilde.

6. Think and Write :

i. A symbol is something which means some other thing, like an idea or an abstract thing. For example, a red cross means things like a hospital. Again, a pigeon may mean 'peace'. Writers and poets often create their own symbols and use them to mean a different thing or concept, other than the words usually do.

Do you think Maupassant has used the necklace as a symbol to mean something else, say a concept or an idea? Think about it and write a small paragraph. Here is a clue:- Necklace stands for a thing after which Mathilde ran after. You may also note that Mathilde always yearned for the necklace and such other things.

Write a paragraph of a few lines on Moupassant's use of the necklace as a symbol.

ii. Do you think the story has any moral to teach? Is the moral connected with Madame Lousel's essential character? Write a paragraph about it.

iii. "How small a thing is needed to make or ruin us."

Do you think the statement is true? In what sense Madame Lousel's borrowing the necklace is the cause of her ruin?

iv. Suppose Madame Mathilde did not wish to borrow the necklace. Write a paragraph about what her life would have been.

7. Discuss :

I. Hold a class debate on the following:

In life we should be content with what our life provides us. If we yearn for what is beyond us we will fall on bad days.

II. If we do not long for what is good in life we may not ever get them.

If the above statement is true, what went wrong with Madame Mathilde?

8. Vocabulary :

(A) Look at the word 'possess'.

'Loisel possessed eighteen thousand francs .....'

The word 'possess' can be turned into a noun - possession.

"All his possessions were burnt down in the fire."

Now, give the noun forms of the following words and make sentences of your own using them:

know -

move -

celebrate -

arrive -

succeed -

envelop -

admire -

hesitate -

exclaim -

choose -

(B) Look at the word 'impossible'.

It is made up of two sections:

im + possible

Similarly, the word 'undo' is made up of

un + do

Words like *im, un,* are called prefixes.

Some other prefixes are *ill, non, en,* etc.

By adding prefixes we change the meaning of a word.

Now, add *im, un, ill, non, en,* etc. to the following words as prefixes and make new words:

logical	dear	pleasant	violence
moderate	certain	advised	list
entity	personate	broken	perfect
feeling	treat	modest	

9. Writing Practice :

Write an informal letter to a friend of yours about what you have learnt from your reading of "The Diamond Necklace". You may use the following format.

Format

Dear _____ Date _____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

Sincerely yours,

( )

10. Listening Practice:

The teacher plays a tape - a speech or a dialogue - and asks the students to write the summary of what they had listened.

Chapter 7
(DRAMA)
THE BISHOP'S CANDLESTICS

By Norman Mckinnel

1. Introduction:

A. Suppose a dangerous knife-wielding criminal enters your house at the midnight. What will you do?

I. Raise a hue and cry.

II. Try to catch the criminal.

III. Inform the police.

IV. Do all the above.

Ans : _____ .

2. Now, read about how a Bishop reacted to a criminal.

Scene– The Kitchen of the Bishop's cottage. It is plainly but substantially furnished. Doors R. and L.C. Window R.C. Fireplace with heavy mantelpiece down R. Oak settle with cushion behind door L.C. Table in window R.C. with writing material and crucifix(wood). Eight day clock R. of window. Kitchen dresser, with cupboard to lock, down L. Oak dining - table R.C. Chairs, books, etc. Winter wood scene without. On the mantelpiece are two very very handosme candlesticks, which look strangely out of place with their surroundings.

(*Marie and Persome discovered. Marie stirring some soup on the fire. Persome laying the cloth, etc.*)

Persome : Marie, isn't the soup boiling yet ?

Marie : Not yet, Madam.

Persome : Well, it ought to be. You haven't tended the fire properly, child.

Marie : But Madam, you yourself made the fire up.

Persome : Don't answer me back like that. It is rude.

Marie : Yes, Madam.

Persome : Then don't let me have to rebuke you again.

Marie : No, Madam.

Persome : I wonder where my brother can be (*looking at the clock*). It is after eleven o'clock and no sign of him. Marie !

Marie : Yes, Madam.

Persome : Did Monseigneur the Bishop have any message for me ?

Marie : No, Madam.

Persome : Did he tell you where he was going ?

Marie : Yes, Madam

Persome : (*Imitating*). "Yes, Madam". Then why haven't you told me, stupid!

Marie : Madam didn't ask me.

Persome : But that is no reason for your not telling me, is it ?

Marie : Madam said only this morning I was not to chatter, so I thought -

Persome : Ah, mon Dieu, you thought ! Ah! It is hopeless.

Marie : Yes, Madam.

Persome : Don't keep saying "Yes, Madam" like a parrot, nincompoop.

Marie : No, Madam.

Persome : Well, where did Monseigneur say he was going ?

Marie : To my mother's, Madam.

Persome :To your mother's, indeed ! And why, pray ?

Marie : Monseigneur asked me how she was and I told him she was feeling poorly.

Persome : You told him she was feeling poorly, did you ? And so my brother is to be kept out of his bed, and go without his supper, because you told him she was feeling poorly. There's gratitude for you !

Marie : Madam, the soup is boiling !

Persome : Then pour it out, fool, and don't chatter. (*Marie about to do so*). No, no, not like that. Here, let me do it, and do you put the salt cellars on the table – the silver ones.

Marie : The silver ones, madam ?

Persome : Yes, the silver ones. Are you deaf as well as stupid ?

Marie : They are sold, Madam.

Persome : Sold ! (*With horror*) sold ! Are you mad ? Who sold them ? Why were they sold ?

Marie : Monseigneur the Bishop told me this afternoon while you were out to take to Monsieur Gervais, who has often admired them, and sell them for as much as I could.

Persome : But you have no right to do so without asking me.

Marie : (*With awe*). But, Madam, Monseigneur the Bishop told me.

Persome : Monseigneur the Bishop is a - ahem ! but - but what can he have wanted with the money?

Marie : Pardon, Madam, but I think it was for Mere Gringoire.

Persome : Mere Gringoire indeed ! Mere Gringoire ! What, the old witch who lives at the top of the hill, and who says she is bedridden because she is too lazy to do any work ? And what did Mere Gringoire want with the money, pray ?

Marie : Madam, it was for the rent. The bailiff would not wait any longer and threatened to turn her out today if it were not paid, so she sent little Jean to Monseigneur to ask for help, and -

Persome : Oh, mon Dieu ! It is hopeless, hopeless. We shall have nothing left. His estate is sold, his savings have gone. His furniture, everything. Were it not for my

little dot we should starve! And now my beautiful, beautiful (s*obs*) salt cellars. Ah it is much, too much (she breaks down crying.)

Marie : Madam, I am sorry. If I had known -

Persome : Sorry, and why, pray ? If Monseigneur the Bishop chooses to sell his salt cellars he may do so, I suppose. Go and wash your hands, they are disgracefully dirty.

Marie : Yes, Madam (*going towards R*).

(*Enter the Bishop, C*)

Bishop : Ah ! how nice and warm it is in here. It is worth going out in the cold for the sake of the comfort of coming in.

(*Persome had hastened to help him off with his coat, etc. Marie has dropped a deep courtesy*.)

Bishop : Thank you, dear.(*Looking at her.*) Why what is the matter ? You have been crying. Has Marie been troublesome, eh ? (*Shaking his finger at her.*) Ah!

Persome : No, it wasn't Marie - but -but -

Bishop : Well, well, you shall tell me presently. Marie, my child, run home now, your mother is better. I have prayed with her, and the doctor has been. Run home ! (*Marie putting on cloak and going*.) And Marie, let yourself in quietly in case your mother is asleep.

Marie : Oh, thanks, thanks, Monseigneur.

(*She goes to door C, as it opens the snow drives in*.)

Bishop : Here, Marie, take my comforter, it will keep you warm. It is very cold tonight.

Marie : Oh no, Monseigneur !(*shamefacedly*).

Persome : What nonsense, brother; she is young, she won't get hurt.

Bishop : Ah, Persome, you have not been out, you don't know how cold it has become. Here, Marie let me put it on for you (*does so*). There! Run along, little one.

(*Exit Marie* C.)

Persome : Brother, I have no patience with you. There, sit down and take your soup, it has been waiting over so long. And if it is spoilt, it serves you right.

Bishop : It smells delicious.

Persome : I'm sure Marie's mother is not so ill that you need have stayed out on such a night as this. I believe those people pretend to be ill just to have the Bishop call on them. They have no thought of the Bishop !

Bishop : It is kind of them to want to see me.

Persome : Well, for my part, I believe that charity begins at home.

Bishop : And so you make me this delicious soup. You are very good to me, sister.

Persome : Good to you, yes ! I should think so. I should like to know where you would be without me to look after you. The dupe of every idle scamp or lying old woman in the parish.

Bishop : If people lie to me they are poorer, not I.

Persome : But it is ridiculous ; you will soon have nothing left if you give away everything, everything !!!

Bishop : My dear, there is so much suffering in the world, and I can do so little (*sighs*), so very little.

Persome : Suffering, yes ; but you never think of the suffering you cause to those who love you best, the suffering you cause to me .

Bishop : (*Rising*).You, sister dear. Have I hurt you ? Ah, I remember you had been crying. Was it my fault ? I didn't mean to hurt you. I am sorry.

Persome : Sorry, yes ! Sorry won't mend it. Humph ! Oh, do go on eating your soup before it gets cold.

Bishop : Very well, dear (*sits*). But tell me -

Persome : You are like a child, I can't trust you out of my sight. No sooner is my back turned than you get that little minx Marie to sell the silver salt cellars.

Bishop : Ah, yes, the salt cellars. It is a pity. You - you were proud of them !

Persome : Proud of them ! Why, they have been in our family for years.

Bishop : Yes, it is a pity. They were beautiful; but still, dear, one can eat salt out of china just as well.

Persome : Yes, or meat off the floor, I suppose. Oh, it's coming to that. And as for that old wretch, Mere Gringoire, I wonder she had the audacity to send here again. The last time I saw her I gave her such a talking to that it ought to have had some effect.

Bishop : Yes ! I offered to take her in here for a day or two but she seemed to think it might distress you.

Persome : Distress me !!

Bishop : And the bailiff, who is a very just man, would not wait longer for the rent, so - so - you see I had to pay it.

Persome : You had to pay it.(*Gesture of comic despair*.)

Bishop : Yes, and you see I had no money, so I had to dispose of the salt cellars. It was fortunate I had them. Wasn't it ? (*smiling*). But I'm sorry I have grieved you.

Persome : Oh, go on ! go on! You are incorrigible. You'll sell your candlesticks next.

Bishop : (*With real concern*) No, no, sister, not my candlesticks.

Persome : Oh, why not ? They would pay somebody's rent I suppose.

Bishop : Ah, you are good, sister, to think of that but–I don't want to sell them . You see, dear, my mother gave them to me on - on her death-bed just after you were born and–and she asked me to keep them in remembrance of her, so I would like them, but perhaps it is a sin to set such store by them ?

Persome : Brother, brother, you will break my heart (*with tears in her voice*). There! don't say anything more. Kiss me and give me your blessings : I am going to bed. (*They kiss*.)

(Bishop makes the sign of the cross and murmurs a blessing. Persome locks cupboard door and goes R.)

Persome : Don't sit up too long and tire your eyes.

Bishop : No, dear ! Good- night ! (*Persome exits R*)

Bishop : (*Comes to table and opens a book, then looks up at the candlesticks*.) They would pay somebody's rent. It was kind of her to think of that.

(*He stirs the fire, trims the lamp, arranges some books and paper, sits down, is restless, shivers slightly; clock outside strikes twelve and he settles to read. Music during this. Enter the Convict stealthily; he has a long knife and seizes the Bishop from behind.*)

Convict : If you call out you are a dead man !

Bishop : But, my friend, as you see, I am reading. Why should I call out ? Can I help you in any way ?

Convict : (*Hoarsely*) I want food. I'm starving. I haven't eaten anything for three days. Give me food quickly, curse you.

Bishop : (*Eagerly*) But certainly, my son, you shall have food. I will ask my sister for the keys of the cupboard (Rising).

Convict : Sit down !!! (*The Bishop sits smiling*). None of that, my friend ! I'm too old a bird to be caught with chaff. You would ask your sister for the keys, would you ? A likely story ! you would rouse the house too. Eh ? Ha ! A good joke truly. Come, where is the food ? I want no keys. I have a wolf inside me tearing at my entrails, tearing me ; quick, tell me where the food is.

Bishop : (*Aside*) I wish Persome would not lock the cupboard. (*Aloud*). Come, my friend, you have nothing to fear. My sister and I are alone here.

Convict : How do I know that ?

Bishop : Why, I have just told you.

(*Convict looks long at the Bishop*.)

Convict : Hump ! I'll risk it. (*Bishop, going to door R.*) But mind ! Play me false, and as sure as there are devils in hell I'll drive my knife through your heart. I have nothing to lose.

Bishop : You have your soul to lose, my son; it is of more value than my heart.(*At door*

R. Calling.) Persome; Persome.

(*The Convict stands behind him with his knife ready.*)

Persome : (*Within.*) Yes brother.

Bishop : Here is a poor traveller who is hungry. If you are not undressed will you come and open the cupboard and I will give him some supper?

Persome : (*Within.*) What, at this time of night ? A pretty business truly. Are we to have no sleep now, but to be at the beck and call of every ne'er do-well who happens to pass ?

Bishop : But, Persome, the traveller is hungry.

Persome : Oh, very well , I am coming. (*Persome enters R. She sees the knife in the Convict's hand- Frightened*). Brother, what is he doing with that knife?

Bishop : The knife – oh, well, you see, dear, perhaps he may have thought I– I had sold ours. (*Laughs gently*.)

Persome : Brother, I am frightened. He glares at us like a wild beast (*Aside to him*).

Convict : Hurry, I tell you. Give me food or I'II stick my knife in you both and help myself.

Bishop : Give me the keys, Persome (*She gives them to him*). And now, dear, you may go to bed.

(*Persome going. The Convict springs in front of her*.)

Convict : Stop ! Neither of you leave this room till I do.

(*She looks at the Bishop*.)

Bishop : Persome, will you favour this gentlemen with your company at supper ? He evidently desires it.

Persome : Very well, brother.

(*She sits down at table staring at the two.*)

Bishop : Here is some cold pie and a bottle of wine and some bread.

Convict : Put them on the table, and stand below it so that I can see you.

(*Bishop does so, and opens drawer in table. Taking out knife and fork and looking at the knife in Convict's hand.*) My knife is sharp. (*He runs his finger along the edge and looks at them meaningly.*) We don't use forks in prison.

Prisome : Prison ?

Convict : (*Cutting off an enormous slice, which he tears with his fingers like an animal. Then starts.*) What was that ? (*He looks at the door*). Why the devil do you leave the window unshuttered and the door unbarred so that any one can come in ? (*Shutting them.*)

Bishop : That is why they are left open.

Convict : Well, they are shut now !

Bishop : (*Sighs.*) For the first time in thirty years.

(*Convict eats voraciously and throws a bone on the flo*or.)

Persome : Oh, my nice clean floor !

(*Bishop picks up the bone and puts it on the plate.*)

Convict : You 're not afraid of thieves ?

Bishop : I am sorry for them.

Convict : Sorry for them, Ha ! [*Drinks from bottle.*] That's a good one. Sorry for them. Ha ! ha ! ha ! [*Drinks.*] [*Suddenly*] What the devil are you ?

Bishop : I am a Bishop.

Convict : Ha ! ha ! ha ! A Bishop. Holy Virgin, a Bishop. Well, I'm dammed !

Bishop : I hope you escape that, my son. Persome, you may leave us; this gentleman will excuse you.

Persome : Leave you with -

Bishop : Please ! My friend and I can talk more freely then.

(*By this time, owing to starving condition, the wine has affected him.*)

Convict : What's that ? Leave us, yes, leave us. Good-night. I want to talk to the Bishop. The Bishop ! Ha ! ha !

(*Laughs as he drinks, and coughs*.)

Bishop : Goodnight, Persome.

(*He holds the door open and she goes R. holding in her skirts as she passes the Convict.*)

Convict : (*Chuckling to himself*). The Bishop. Ha ! Ha ! Well, I'm - (*Suddenly very loudly*.) D' you know what I am ?

Bishop : I think one who has suffered much.

Convict : Suffered ? (*Puzzled*.) Suffered ? My God, yes, (*Drinks*.) But that's a long time ago. Ha! Ha! That was when I was a man. Now I'm not a man; now I'm a number: number 15729, and I've lived in Hell for ten years.

Bishop : Tell me about it - about Hell.

Convict : Why ? (*Suspiciously.*) Do you want to tell the police–to set them on my tract ?

Bishop : No ! I will not tell the police.

Convict : (*Looks at him earnestly.*) I believe you (*Scratching his hea*d), but damn me if I know why.

Bishop : Laying his hand on the convict's arms.) Tell me about the time–the time before you went to - Hell.

Convict : It's so long I forget; but I had a little cottage, there were vines growing on it. (*Dreamily.)* They looked pretty with the evening sun on them, and - there was a woman–she was (thinking hard)- she must have been my wife–yes was (*Suddenly and very rapidly*). Yes, I remember. She was ill, we had no food, I could get no work, it was a bad year, and my wife, my Jeanette, was ill, dying (*pause*), so I stole to buy her food. (*Long pause, the Bishop gently pats his hand.*)They caught me. I pleaded to them, I told them why I stole, but they laughed at me and I was sentenced to ten years in the prison hulks (*Pause*), ten years in Hell. The night I was sentenced the gaoler told me - told

me Jeanette was dead. (*Sobs with fury.*)Ah, damn them, damn them. God curse them all. (*He sinks on the table sobbing.*)

Bishop : Now tell me about the prison, about Hell.

Convict : Tell you about it ? Look here, I was a man once. I'm a beast now, and they made me what I am. They chained me up like a wild animal, they lashed me like a hound. I was fed on filth, I was covered with vermin, I slept on boards, and I complained. Then they lashed me again. For ten years, ten years. Oh God ! They took away my name, they took away my soul, and they gave me a devil in its place, but one day they were careless, one day they forgot to chain up their wild beast, and he escaped. He was free. That was six weeks ago. I was free, free to starve.

Bishop : To starve ?

Convict : Yes, to starve. They fed you in Hell, but when you escape from it you starve. They were hunting me everywhere, and I had no passport, no name. So I stole again. I stole these rags. I stole my food daily. I slept in the woods, in barns, anywhere. I dare not ask for work, I dare not go into a town to beg, so I stole, and they have made me what I am, they have made me a thief. God curse them all.

(*Empties the bottle and throws it into the fireplace R. smashing it.*)

Bishop : My son, you have suffered much, but there is hope for all.

Convict : Hope! Hope! Ha ! ha! Ha!

(*Laughs wildly.*)

Bishop : You have walked far; you are tired. Lie down and sleep on the couch there and I will get you some coverings.

Convict : And if any one comes?

Bishop : No one will come; but if they do, are you not my friend ?

Convict : Your friend? (*Puzzled.*)

Bishop : They will not molest the Bishop's friend.

Convict : The Bishop's friend.

(*Scratching his head, utterly puzzled*.)

Bishop : I will get the coverings. (*Exit L*)

Convict : (*Looks after him, scratches his head*.). The Bishop's friend ! (*He goes to the fire to warm himself and notices the candlesticks. He looks round to see if he is alone, and takes them down, weighing them*.) Silver, by God, and heavy. What a prize !

(*He hears the Bishop coming, and in his haste drops one candlestick on the table*.)

Bishop : (*Sees what is going on, but goes to the settle up L, with coverings.*) Ah, you are admiring my candlesticks. I am proud of them. They were a gift from my mother. A little too handsome for this poor cottage perhaps, but all I have to remind me of her. Your bed is ready. Will you lie down now ?

Convict ; Yes, yes, I'II lie down now (*Puzzled*). Look here, why the devil are you - Ki - kind to me ? (*Suspiciously.*)What do you want ? Eh ?

Bishop : I want you to have a good sleep, my friend.

Convict : I believe you want to convert me; save my soul, don't you call it ? Well, it's no good - see ? I don't want any damned religion, and as for the Church - Bah ! I hate the Church.

Bishop : That is pity, my son, as the Church does not hate you.

Convict : You are going to try to convert me. Oh ! Ha ! ha! That's a good idea. Ha ! ha! No, no, monseigneur the Bishop, I don't want any of your Faith, Hope, and Charity - see ? So anything you do for me you're doing to the devil- understand ? (*Defiantly*.)

Bishopl : One must do a great deal for the devil in order to do a little for God.

Convict : (Angrily.) I don't want any damned religion. I tell you.

Bishop : Won't you lie down now ? It is late !

Convict : (*Grumbling*.)Well, all right; but I won't be preached at, I - I- (*On couch*). You're sure no one will come ?

Bishop : I don't think they will ; but if they do - you yourself have locked the door.

Convict : Humph ! I wonder if it's safe ? (*He goes to the door and tries it, Then turns and sees the Bishop holding the covering; annoyed.*) Here! You go to bed. I'II cover myself. (*The Bishop hesitates.*) Go on. I tell you.

Bishop : Good-night, my son. (*Exit L*).

(*Convict waits till he is off, then tries the Bishop's door.*)

Convict : No lock, of course. Curse it. (*Looks round and sees the candlesticks again.*) Humph ! I'II have another look at them.(*He takes them and toys with them.*)Worth hundreds, I'II warrant. If I had these turned into money they'd start me fair. Humph! The old boy's fond of them too, said his mother gave him them. His mother, yes. They didn't think of my mother when they sent me to Hell. He was kind to me too– but what's Bishop for except to be kind to you ? Here, cheer up, my heart, you're getting soft. God ! Wouldn't my chain-mates laugh to see 15729 hesitating about collaring the plunder because he felt good. Good ! Ha! Ha! Oh, my God ! Good ! Ha !Ha! 15729 getting soft. That's a good one. Ha! Ha! No, I'II take his candlesticks and go. If I stay here he'll preach at me in the morning and I'll get soft. Damn him and his preaching too. Here goes !

(*He takes the candlesticks, stows them in his coat, and cautiously exits L.C. As he does so, the door slams.*)

Persome : (*Without.*)Who's there ? Who's there, I say ? Am I to get no sleep to-night? Who's there, I say ? (*Enter R. Persome.*) I'm sure I heard the door shut.(*Looking round.*) No one here? (*Knocks at the Bishop's door L. sees the candlesticks have gone.*)The candlesticks, the candlesticks. They are gone. Brother, brother, come out. Fire, murder, thieves !

(*Enter Bishop, L.*)

Bishop : What is it, dear, what is it ? What is the matter?

Persome : He has gone. The man with the hungry eyes has gone and he has taken your candlesticks.

Bishop : Not my candlesticks, sister, surely not those ? (*He looks and sighs.*) Ah, that

is hard, very hard. I, I - He might have left me those. They were all I had (*Almost breaking down.*)

Persome : Well, but go and inform the police. He can't have gone far. They will soon catch him and you'II get the candlesticks again. You don't deserve them, though, leaving about with a man like that in the house.

Bishop : You are right, Persome. It was my fault. I led him into temptation indeed !

Persome : The man is a thief, a common scoundrelly thief. I knew it the moment I saw him.Go and inform the police or I will. (*Going; but he stops her.*)

Bishop : And have him sent back to prison, (*Very softly*) sent back to Hell ! No, Persome. It is a just punishment for me; I set too great store by them. It was a sin. My punishment is just; but oh, God, it is very hard.

(*He buries his head in his hand.*)

Persome : No brother, you are wrong. If you won't tell the police, I will. I will not stand by and see you robbed. I know you are my brother and my Bishop, and the best man in all France; but you are a fool, I tell you, a child and I will not have your goodness abused. I shall go and inform the police.

(*Going.*)

Bishop : Stop, Persome. The candlesticks were mine; they are his now. It is better so. He has more need of them than I. My mother would have wished it so had she been here.

Persome : But - (*Great knocking without.*)

Sergeant : (*Without.*) Mongseigneur, Monseigneur, we have something for you. May we enter?

Bishop : Enter, my son.

(*Enter Sergeant and three Gendarmes with Convict bound. The sergeant carries the candlesticks.*)

Persome : Ah, so they have caught you, villain, have they?

Sergeant : Yes, Madam, we found this scoundrel slinking along the road; and as he

wouldn't give any account of himself we arrested him on suspicion. Holy Virgin, isn't he strong and didn't he struggle? While we were securing him these candlesticks fell out of his pockets.

(*Persome seizes them, goes to table, and brushes them with her apron lovingly*.)

I remembered the candlesticks of Monseigneur the Bishop, so we brought him here so that you might identify them, and then we'll lock him up.

(*The Bishop and the Convict have been looking at each other - the Convict with dogged defiance.*)

Bishop : But - but I don't understand; this gentleman is my very good friend.

Sergeant : Your friend, Monseigneur !! Holy Virgin ! Well !!!

Bishop : Yes, my friend. He did me the honour to sup with me to-night, and I - I have given him the candlesticks.

Sergeamt : (*Incredulously*) You gave him– him your candlesticks? Holy Virgin !

Bishop : (*Severely*): Remember, my son, that she is holy.

Sergeant : (*Saluting*) Pardon, Monseigneur.

Bishop : And now I think you may let your prisoner go.

Sergeant : But he won't show me his papers; he won't tell me who he is.

Bishop : I have told you he is my friend.

Sergeant : Well, but-

Bishop : Surely? (*A pause.*)

(*The Sergeant and the Bishop look at each other.*)

Sergeant : I-I-Humph! (*To his men*). Loose the prisoner.

(*They do so*.) Right about turn, quick march!

(*Exit Sergeant and the Gendarmes. A long pause*.)

Convict : (*Very slowly, as if in a dream*). You told them you had given me the candlesticks - gave me them. By God!

Persome : (*Shaking her finger at him and hugging the candlesticks to her breast.)*. Oh, you scoundrel, you pitiful scoundrel. You come here, and fed and warmed, and - and you thief; steal from your benefactor. Oh, you blackguard.

Bishop` : Persome, you are overwrought. Go to your room.

Persome : What, and leave you with him to be cheated again, perhaps murdered? No, I will not.

Bishop : (*With slight severity.*) Persome, leave us. I wish it.

(*She looks hard at him, then turns towards her door.)*

Persome : Well, if I must go, at least I'll take the candlesticks with me.

Bishop : (*More severely*.) Persome, place the candlesticks on that table and leave us.

Persome : (*Defiantly*.) I will not!

Bishop : (*Loudly and with great severity*.) I, your Bishop, command it.

(*Persome does so with great reluctance and exit R.*)

Convict : (*Shamefacedly*) Moseigneur, I'm glad; I didn't get away with them; curse me; I am. I'm glad.

Bishop : Now won't you sleep here? See, your bed is ready.

Convict : No! (*Looking at the candlesticks*.) No! no! I daren't, daren't. Besides, I must go on, I must go on, I must get to Paris; it is big, and I-I-can be lost there. They won't find me there. And I must travel at night. Do you understand?

Bishop : I see - you must travel by night.

Convict : I - I - didn't believe there was any good man in the world; one doesn't when

one has been in Hell; but somehow I - I know you're good, and- and it's a queer thing to ask, but - but could you, would you bless me before I go? I - I think it would help me. I –

(*Hangs his head very shamefacedly*.)

(*Bishop makes sign of the cross and murmurs blessing*.)

Convict : (*Tries to speak, but a sob almost chokes him.*)

Good-night. (He hurries towards the door.)

Bishop : Stay my son, you have forgotten your property.

(*Giving him the candlesticks*.)

Convict : You mean me - you want me to take them?

Bishop : Please, they may help you.

(*The Convict takes the candlesticks in absolute amazement.*)

Bishop : And, my son, there is a path through the woods at the back of this cottage which leads to Paris; It is a very lonely path, and I have noticed that my good friends the gendarmes do not like lonely paths at night. It is curious.

Convict : Ah, thanks, Monseigneur. I - I - (*He sobs.*)

Ah! I'm a fool, a child to cry, but somehow you have made me feel that - that it is just as if I were a man again and not a wild beast.

(*The door at back is open and the Convict is standing in it.*)

Bishop : (*Putting his hand on his shoulder.*) Always remember, my son, that this poor body is the Temple of the Living God.

Convict : (*With great awe*). The Temple of the Living God. I'll remember. (*Exit L.C.*)

(*The Bishop closes the door and goes quietly to the priedieu in the window R, he sinks on his knees, and bows his head in prayer.*)

3. About the author:

Norman Mckinnel was a Scottish stage and film actor and playwright. He was born in 1870 and died in 1932. *The Bishop's Candlesticks* is a touching story which shows that criminals cannot be made good by punishments and ill treatment but by love and kindness.

The play is an adaptation from the original fiction, *Les Miserables* of Victor Hugo.

4. Word Notes:

mantelpiece	-	shelf above a fire place
dresser	-	a large piece of wooden furniture with shelves in the top part and cupboards below, used for displaying and storing cups, plates, etc.
monsigneur	-	(also, monsignor) a title used when speaking to or about a priest of High rank in the Roman Catholic Church
bailiff	-	official who collects rents, etc.
mon Dieu	-	(French) my God
dot	-	dowry
dupe	-	a person who is easily duped or cheated
scamp	-	worthless person
parish	-	area under a church
minx	-	clever girl at getting what she wants
china	-	cups, plates, etc.
audacity	-	so brave as capable of showing disrespect; nerve gave her such a
talking	-	rebuked her
bird	-	(colloquial) - person
chaff	-	the outer covering of grain have a wolf inside me tearing at my
entrails	-	I am so hungry that my entrails are torn apart
pie	-	fruit baked in a dish with pastry on the bottom, side and top

unshuttered - without closing

voraciously - hungrily

prison hulks - old ships which were used as prisons. Condition was very harsh in these prisons

molest - attack physically

the old boy - the Bishop

collaring - seizing; getting hold of

plunder - loot (noun)

slinking - moving or walking slowly or stealthily so that no one will notice him

overwrought - to be emotionally disturbed

5. Comprehension:

(A) From your understanding of the play answer the following questions:

a. The Bishop was with Marie's mother because

(i) it was a social call.

(ii) she wished to discuss religion with him.

(iii) she had no money to pay her rent.

(iv) she was feeling unwell.

Ans : _____

b. Mere Gringoire had problems because

(i) she was ill.

(ii) she had no money.

(iii) her health was failing.

(iv) she had lost faith.

Ans : _____

c. The Bishop sold his salt cellars. It shows

(i) he was not clever.

(ii) he cared for the people.

(iii) he did not care for earthly things.

(iv) he needed some money for personal use.

Ans : _____

d. The convict became a convict because

(i) by nature he was a devilish fellow.

(ii) he lost hope because his wife died.

(iii) he wanted to take revenge on society.

(iv) circumstances forced him to be so.

Ans : _____

e. The Bishop would not think of selling his candlesticks because

(i) they were symbols of love.

(ii) they would not bring much money.

(iii) persome would not allow him to do so.

(iv) he liked them.

Ans : _____

f. The Bishop's door was left open till late night

(i) because the Bishop forgot to close it.

(ii) because the Bishop did not have much valuable things and so did not care.

(iii) so that needy persons may drop in for help.

(iv) because the Bishop knew the convict would come.

Ans : _____

(B) Based on your reading of the text complete the following statements :

(i) The Bishop did not return even after eleven O' clock because _____

_____ .

(ii) Mere Gringoire had no money to pay rent and she sought help _____

_____ .

(iii) According to Persome people pretended to be ill _____

_____ .

(iv) The last time Persome saw Mere Gringoire she gave her _____

_____ .

(v) As soon as the convict entered the Bishop's place, he wanted _____

_____ .

(vi) The convict stole food because _____ .

(vii) The Bishop said that the convict had suffered much, but that _____

_____ .

(viii) The convict would go to Paris because the police _____

_____ .

(C) Answer the following questions in a sentence each:

i. Where were the Bishop's two candlesticks placed?

ii. To whom were the silver salt-cellars sold?

iii. Why did the Bishop give his comforter to Marie?

iv. According to Persome, what did people do to have the Bishop call on them?

v. What did the Bishop's mother tell him on her death-bed?

vi. For how many days, did the convict say he had not eaten?

vii. 'The night I was sentenced the gaoler told me _____'.

What did the gaoler tell the convict?

viii. The convict said that he hated the church. What did the bishop reply?

ix. Where would the convict head for from the Bishop's house?

x. "Stay my son, you have forgotten your property." What is the property mentioned here?

(D) Answer each of the following questions briefly:

i. Why was the Bishop with Marie's mother?

ii. Why were the salt-cellars sold?

iii. Why did the Bishop insist on Marie's taking the comforter?

iv. "I'm sure Marie's mother is not so ill that ..... ".

Write why Persome says so?

v. "My dear, there is so much suffering in the world, and I can do so little(sighs), so very little."

Based on the above, make a comment of Bishop's character.

vi. "But it is ridiculous; you will soon have nothing left ..... ."

Why does Persome say so to the Bishop?

vii. "Oh, why not? They would pay somebody's rent, I suppose."

Why had Persome to say so?

viii. "Brother, I am frightened."

Why was Persome frightened?

ix. Why did the Bishop leave his window unshuttered and the door unbarred?

x. "I was free, free to starve."

What does the convict mean by it?

xi. Why was the Bishop sentimental about the candlesticks?

xii. Comment on the Bishop's reaction when he found the convict had taken the candle sticks.

xiii. "But - but I don't understand; this gentleman is my very good friend."

Why did the Bishop say so to the sergeant speaking about the convict?

xiv. Why did the Bishop not tell the sergeant the truth about the convict?

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

(i) Comment on the importance of the scene between Persome and Marie at the beginning of the play.

(ii) Bring out the importance of the silver salt cellar.

(iii) Comment on the life of prisoners in French jails.

(iv) "The Temple of the Living God. I'll remember."

How does this realisation come to the convict?

(v) Make a comparison between the characters of Persome and the Bishop.

(vi) Write a character sketch of the Bishop.

(vii) Comment on the theme of the play.

6. Think and Write:

(i) You know that the convict had gone to Paris. Write what might have happened to him there. Do you think he was reformed?

(ii) The convict was not a criminal at first. Who or what, do you think, is responsible for his turning into a convict? You may remember the following points:-

"The man would not have been a convict if he had got some job when he wanted it most."

"The prison system was harsh and it made him an animal.

7. Discuss:

i. Does the play have a social message, i.e., does the writer want to give a message to his readers? Discuss it.

ii. Do you think the punishments society gives to criminals should be harsh or humane? Discuss in your group.

8. Vocabulary:

(A) Fill in the blanks with suitable words from the box.

parenting	stimulates	colourful	specially
introduced	respond	creativiy	recent
beneficial	excited		

At what age should a child be _____ to books? _____ studies have shown that reading stories to the very small babies have _____ effects. Telling stories is an important part of _____ process. Pre-schoolers _____ well to stories and often feel encouraged to make their own. Thus story telling also helps to develop the _____ that all children possess from birth and _____ them to think. It is found that a one year old can get quite ..... in turning the pages of the books having ..... pictures. It is always good to buy books ..... produced for pre-schooler.

(B) Choose the correct meanings of the following idiomatic phrases and make sentences of your own:

(i) At draggers drawn:

(a) To run with daggers drawn

(b) Feeling of enmity

(c) To challenge to a fight

_____

(ii) Nip in the bud:

(a) Put a stop to something at its early stage

(b) To pluck the buds of tea leaves

(c) To pluck flower for offering to God

_____

(iii) Bolt from the blue:

(a) a clear, blue and bright sky

(b) a lightning which echoes through the sky

(c) a happening that is sudden and unexpected

(iv) In defiance of:

(a) A hostile attitude

(b) In open refusal of

(c) In full support of

_____

(v) In the same boat:

(a) To travel in the same boat

(b) To be in the same difficulty

(c) To experience similar joy

_____

(vi) By fair means or foul:

(a) To use honest means only

(b) To be simple minded

(c) To use dishonest means if necessary

_____

(vii) All in one piece:

(a) Safe and sound after a dangerous experience

(b) In very small and negligible amount

(c) In a single bundle

_____

9. Writing Practice:

You have seen a scene in which a young man is being beaten blue and black on the suspicion that he tried to steal a thing from a shop. You feel pity for the poor fellow. Write a diary entry of your feeling.

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

10. Listening Practice:

The teacher plays a tape - a speech or a dialogue - and asks the students to write the summary of what they had listened.

POETRY SECTION

Chapter 1
SHALL I COMPARE THEE TO A SUMMER'S DAY

By William Shakespeare

1. Introduction:

A. How will you like your memory to be kept alive - in a statue made of stone or a piece of poetry? Is a stone statue permanent? Can it survive natural disaster or Time's passage? How about a poem - a beautiful poem?

Answer these questions justifying your answer:

_____

_____

_____

_____

2. Now read a poem which will immortalise the person about whom it is written:

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st;
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

3. Word notes:

thee	:	poet's friend about whom this poem is written
summer's day	:	a beautiful day in summer. Summer is a very pleasant period in England
temperate	:	neither too hot nor too cold
shake	:	move
lease	:	time assigned to summer season; length of summer season
date	:	time
eye of heaven	:	the sun
dimmed	:	became dark
fair from fair...declines	:	beautiful persons lose their beauty at one or other time
by chance	:	accidentally
nature's changing course	:	course of nature which brings changes in everything
untrimmed	:	which is not checked
fade	:	loose one's beauty
owest	:	owns; have
brag	:	talk proudly
wanderest	:	walk about
his shade	:	death's shadow
eternal lines to time thou growest	:	lines of poetry that is permanent (everlasting) your beauty will go on growing
this	:	this poem
gives life to thee	:	you will live

4. About the poet:

William Shakespeare (1564 - 1616) is considered the greatest of English dramatists and poets. His plays, thirty-seven altogether, touched on every possible human emotions like love, jealousy, patriotism, ambition and they are relevant even today.

Over and above the plays, Shakespeare wrote 154 sonnets, some of them the greatest in the language. Of them, the first 126 deal with the poet's relation with a nobleman friend. The remaining sonnets are about a woman, whom he described as *'the dark lady'*. Although these two persons are supposed to be real, their identities are not really known.

5. About the poem:

In this sonnet Shakespeare praises the beauty of his noble friend. He says time will not affect his friend's beauty or diminish it because this poem which is immortal will keep his friend's beauty immortal too.

6. Comprehension:

A. Choose the correct choice from the alternatives given:

a. The poet will like to compare his friend with

I. summer's beauty.
II. summer's clouds.
III. summer's flowers.
IV. a summer's day.

---

b. Summer's gold complexion is

I. golden flowers.
II. golden sunshine.
III. golden clouds.
IV. golden afternoons.

---

c. The poet believes that his friend will be remembered because of

I. his poem.
II. his friend's good looks.
III. his works for the people.
IV. his children.

B. Answer the following questions in a sentence each:

a. Who is thee?
b. What does the wind do to the flowers?
c. What is 'summer's lease'?
d. Whose 'gold complexion' is referred to in the poem?
e. What are the 'eternal lines' mentioned in the poem?
f. 'So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.'
Identify 'this' in the above line.

C. Answer each of the following questions briefly:

a. Describe the beauty of a summer's day.

b. 'Thou art more lovely and more temperate.'
Explain.

c. 'And often is his gold complexion dimmed.'
What does the poet mean by it?

d. Why does the poet say 'every fair from fair sometimes decline'?

e. 'Nor shall death brag thou wanderest in his shade.'
Why cannot death brag?

f. 'So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.'
Explain.

7. Appreciation:

A. The poem you have read is a 'sonnet'. The word 'sonnet' has come from the Italian word 'sonetto' which means 'a little sound' or 'a song'. Sonnets have 14 lines and have specially arranged rhyme schemes.

In Shakespearan sonnets the lines are structured in three groups of 4 lines each, which are called quartrains - 1st, 2nd and 3rd. The final two lines are called a couplet.

Each quartrain and the couplet have special arrangement of rhyme scheme. Now complete the following table on the rhyme scheme of the poem:

Structure	Rhyme scheme	Theme
Quartrain 1		comparison between poet's friend and summer's beauty
Quartrain 2		summer is less beautiful
Quartrain 3		how the poem will immortalise his friend
Couplet		emphasizes his poem will immortalise him

B. Count the syllable in each line and find out if they have a pattern.

_____
_____
_____
_____

C. The poet compares the beauty of his friend with a summer's day. Bring out how summer's beauty suffers in the comparison by filling in the two columns.

Summer's day	**Poet's friend**
less temperate rough wind	more temperate

8. Discuss:

Discuss why Shakespeare wrote this poem. Is it his desire to immortalise the fame of his friend?

Do you think Shakespeare has succeeded in his purpose?

Chapter 2

THREE YEARS SHE GREW IN SUN AND SHOWER

By W. Wordsworth

1. Introduction :

A. Do you think Nature has benign influence on men? Have you ever imagined yourself residing in the country-side and live close to Nature? If so, write what you feel about Nature and how you like it.

B. The poet William Wordsworth says that 'Nature is 'the Guide', 'the Nurse' and 'the Guardian of man'. Do you agree with him? Discuss in your group and write about it.

2. Now, here's a poem written by William Wordsworth about Nature and Man. Let's read it:

Three years she grew in sun and shower:
Then Nature said, 'A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

'Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

'She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

'The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

'The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

'And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.'

Thus Nature spake - The work was done -
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

3. About the poet:

William Wordsworth (1770-1850) has been called the pioneer of *Romantic Movement* in English poetry. He was born at Cockermouth in Cumberland in the famous Lake District in England. Wordsworth is known as "*the harbinger of Nature*", "*the high priest of Nature*", "*the Worshipper of Nature*", "*a pantheist*" etc. The close relationship between *S.T. Coleridge* and *Wordsworth* resulted in the publication of Lyrical *Ballads* in 1798 which consists of famous poems such as *Tintern Abbey, Lines Written in Early Spring, Fountain,* etc. When *Wordsworth* was in Germany he produced some of his best poems including his group of love poems on Lucy

in 1799. His other great poems are *The Prelude, Solitary Reaper, To the Cuckoo, etc.* He was appointed Poet Laureate in 1843. He died in 1850 at the age of eighty.

4. About the poem:

In the poem, "Three years she grew" Wordsworth refers to a girl, Lucy. As the title suggests, the poem is a description of the girl's growth during those three years. Nature is personified as a mother in the poem. It also reflects how she reared Lucy and educated her.

5. Word Notes:

she	-	Lucy
sun and shower	-	sun and rain
take	-	(here) to keep in her custody
law and impulse	-	guiding and inspiring force
glade	-	clear, open space in a forest
bower	-	a shady place under the trees or climbing plants
an overseeing power	-	a power that looks over everything in the universe
kindle	-	inspire
restrain	-	put a check
sportive	-	playful
wild and glee	-	extreme happiness, ecstatic
breathing balm	-	shoothing balm (refers to the fragrant gentle breeze)
insensate things	-	inanimate objects
willow	-	kind of waterside tree
storm	-	strong wind
maiden's form	-	Lucy's outward appearance
rivulet	-	small river
wayward	-	without control
vital	-	life giving
dell	-	small valley
spake	-	(old use) spoke
the work was done	-	Nature completed her task of educating Lucy by providing all joys and pleasures
Lucy's race was run	-	unfortunately Lucy died; she is no more
heath	-	uncultivated land covered with rough and wild plants

6. Comprehension:

(A) Answer the following questions in a sentence each:

(i) How is Nature personified in the poem?

(ii) Write how Nature treats Lucy.

(iii) In what way does Lucy enjoy the nights.

(iv) 'The work was done' - what is 'the work' referred to?

(B) Answer each of the following questions briefly:

(i) What does the poet tell us about Lucy's education by Nature?

(ii) The poet compares Lucy to a fawn. How is the comparison apt?

(iii) Explain the expressions "overseeing power", "breathing balm", and "murmuring sound".

(iv) Describe the physical development of Lucy by different objects of Nature.

(v) "This child I to myself will take;

She shall be mine, and I will make

A Lady of my own."

Who spoke these words and why? How did the speaker plan to achieve the purpose?

7. Think and Write:

a. The poet uses few antithetical pair of words in the poem to evoke the opposite forces of Nature.

For example - 'Sun and shower'

Find out such pair of words in the poem.

b. Read the poem once more and note down the ideas and feelings you have about Lucy. What might she look like? What is her personality? Discuss in your group to write an answer.

To answer the question the following words will help you. Find out which ones apply

to Lucy.

a. Shy/outgoing
b. Unloved/loved
c. Quiet/loud
d. Beautiful/ugly
e. A celebrity/unknown
f. Fragile/robust
g. Involved in life/ remote to us

c. Make a list of all the rhyming words with their stanza numbers.
For example:

Stanza 1:-

shower	-	flower
down	-	own

8. Discuss:

a. The poem's title and the first line are the same. Discuss in your group and write a description of the significance of the title of the poem.

b. Imagine that Lucy comes back to life and if you were the poet, how will you express your joy? Make a diary entry on this.

Chapter 3
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

By Lord Alfred Tennyson

1. Introduction:

(A) The battle of Balaclava during the Crimean war was fought on 25 Oct, 1854 between the English and the Russian forces. *The Light Brigade* was the name of a British Brigade that was engaged in a frontal attack against a well-set and well-equipped Russian cavalry.

The Light Brigade was not suitably equipped to take on the Russian cavalry. Actually it was on account of some mistakes that *The Light Brigade* was given this task. But, the disciplined soldiers attacked and scattered some of the Russian gunners, however, they were badly mauled by the Russian fire and they had to retreat because of high casualty.

Tennyson immortalises the valour of *the Light Brigade* who carried out their orders regardless of the obvious outcome.

(B) Write a paragraph on any act of valour you know. Also write the essential qualities needed in an act of valour, e.g., discipline. Write any other quality necessary in an act of valour.

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

2. Now, read the poem by Lord Alfred Tennyson:

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Someone had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them

Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made,
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred.

3. Words Notes:

leagues	:	three miles
valley of Death	:	the battle field where many soldiers were to meet death. English soldiers knew it was an unequal battle and death was sure for many of them.
six hundred	:	the Light Brigade consisted of about six hundred soldiers
charge for the guns	:	attack the guns (artillery here)
dismay'd	:	frightened
someone	:	the commander
theirs	:	the soldiers
theirs.....die	:	as disciplined soldiers their role was to obey, not to ask why
cannon	:	big guns (artillery). Cannons surrounded them all around.
volleyed	:	a number of big guns were fired simultaneously by the Russians
flash'd	:	looked bright
sabres	:	swords
gunners	:	Russian soldiers firing the cannons
plunged	:	jumping or riding into the smoke
Cossack	:	a race of people in East Russia, now Ukraine
reel'd	:	staggered; incapable of standing steady
sunder'd	:	cut into pieces

not the six hundred : out of the original six hundred, many had been killed orwounded or taken prisoner

4. Comprehension:

A. Choose the correct answer from the alternatives given:

a. The battlefield has been called 'the valley of Death' because

I. it was the name of the place.
II. the British soldiers were determined to kill the Russians
III. many of the British soldiers died.
IV. many of the Russians died.

Ans: _____

b. Was there a man dismay'd?

Not tho' the soldier knew.

The soldiers were not dismayed because

I. they did not know the danger.
II. they were brave and dutiful.
III. they knew the Russians were weak.
IV. they were ignorant and stupid.

_____

c. When the Russian cannons began to fire the British soldiers

I. charged on.
II. retreated.
III. halted their charge.
IV. began to tremble in fear.

_____

d. O the wild charge they made.

The charge made by the Light Brigade has been called 'wild' because

I. the Russian soldiers were wild.
II. the British soldiers were wild.
III. the horses were wild.
IV. it was a thoughtless command resulting in many deaths.

_____

B. Answer the following questions in a sentence each:

I. "someone had blundered."
What does the line mean?

II. "Charge for the guns!" He said. Identify the 'he' here.

III. 'Theirs not to reply,'

Why were the soldiers not to reply?

IV. What did the soldiers of the Light Brigade do with their sabres?

V. 'Not the six hundred.'

Why did not all the six hundred ride back?

C. Answer the following questions briefly:

I. What was the command given by the commander?

II. Why is the valley described as 'Valley of Death'?

III. "Someone had blunder'd."

How did the soldiers react when they felt the commander had blundered?

IV. How were the Russian cannons positioned?

V. "Into the jaws of Death,

Into the mouth of Hell,"

Explain the Imagery.

VI. How did the soldiers charge?

VII. "All the world wonder'd"

Why does the poet say so?

VIII. What was the impact of the Light Brigade's charge on the enemy?

IX. They that had fought so well

What happened to these soldiers?

X. "They that had fought so well

Came thro' the jaws of Death

Back from the mouth of Hell"

Explain.

XI. "When can their glory fade?"

Why does the poet ask so?

XII. "Honour the Light Brigade"

Why does the poet ask the people to honour the Light Brigade?

5. Think and write:

The Manipuris too fought a battle against the British in 1891, at Khongjom. Although the Manipuri Commander did not blunder in his command like the British commander, there are similarities in many other matters, mainly in the two following points:

"The British were much better equipped."

" Their numbers were much bigger."

Still, the Manipuris fought for their motherland.

Now, write a paragraph emphasizing the above points and bringing out the courage and patriotism of the Manipuris.

6. Discuss:

Discipline is the most necessary attribute in military, but it is equally important in day-to-day civil life too.

Hold a class debate on the above.

Chapter 4
SONG OF THE FLOWER

By Khalil Gibran

1. Introduction :

God has given us innumerable beautiful gifts. Here are three of these innumerable gifts:

a. Sunshine
b. Food
c. Water

Now, name a few more:

_____
_____
_____

Have you included 'flower' in your list? Of course, flowers are one of the most beautiful gifts of God.

2. Now, let us read a poem on flower:

I am a kind word uttered and repeated by the voice of nature;
I am a star fallen from the blue tent upon the green carpet.
I am the daughter of the elements with winter conceived;
To whom Spring gave birth;
I was reared in the lap of Summer and I slept in Autumn.

At dawn I unite with the breeze to announce the coming of light;
At eventide I join the birds in bidding the light farewell.

The plains are decorated with my beautiful colours.
And the air is scented with my fragrance.

As I embrace Slumber the eyes of night watch over me,
And as I awaken I stare at the sun,
Which is the only eye of the day.

I drink dew for wine, and harken to the voices of the birds,
And dance to the rhythmic swaying of the grass.

I am the lover's gift; I am the wedding wreath;
I am the memory of a moment of happiness.
I am the last gift of the living to the death;
I am a part of joy and a part of sorrow.

But I look up high to see only the light,
And never look down to see my shadow.
This is wisdom which man must learn.

3. About the Poet:

Khalil Gibran (1883- 1931) was a Lebanese artist, poet and writer. As a young man he immigrated with his family to the USA, where he studied art and began his literary career writing both in English and Arabic.

He is chiefly known in the English speaking world for his 1923 book *The Prophet*, an early example of inspirational book. He died early at the age of 48.

4. About the Poem:

The poem describes flowers in the first person from a fresh perspective never before done. The metaphors are refreshing and stir our imagination. Flowers are described as something in the creation of which Nature, the elements, seasons - all played a role and whose existence is interwoven with various human activities. The poem beautifully ends with a moral universal in its essence.

5. Word Notes:

kind word	:	flowers are described as nature's word full of kindness
blue tent	:	the sky
green carpet	:	the grassy plain
the elements	:	air, water, fire, earth - it was believed that these were the substances with which all things were made of
conceived	:	became pregnant
reared	:	brought up
eventide	:	evening (poetic)

slumber	:	sleep (here personified)
hearken	:	listen
rhythmic swaying	:	regular to and fro movement
lover's gift	:	lovers usually give flowers as gifts to each other
wreath	:	garland
last gift...dead	:	flowers are the last gifts of the living to the dead

6. Comprehension :

A. On the basis of your understanding of the poem complete the following statements:

I. The flower, at dawn announces.....
.....

II. The plains become beautiful .....
.....

III. The flower drinks .....
.....

IV. The last gift of the living to the dead .....
.....

B. Answer each of the following questions in a sentence:

I. What becomes of the star when it falls from the blue tent of sky?

II. Who conceived the flower?

III. What does the flower do at eventide?

IV. What watches over the flower when she embraces Slumber?

V. What does the flower do with the rhythmic swaying of the grass?

VI. Why does the flower look up so high?

C. Answer the following questions briefly:

I. The poet compares the flower with a kind word. Bring out the appropriateness of the comparison.

II. "I am a star fallen from the blue tent upon the green carpet."

Explain why the flower says so.

III. Why does the flower say that it is the daughter of the elements?

IV. How is the flower 'winter conceived'?

V. What does the flower do at dawn?

VI. "I drink dew for wine, and harken to the voices of the birds."
Explain.

VII. "I am the memory of a moment of happiness."
Explain.

VIII. What should man learn from the flower?

7. Appreciation:

A. A metaphor is a comparison in which the likeness between two different things are highlighted. For example, look at the line:

I am a kind word ...

Here, the poet is making a comparison between the flower and a kind word:

Flower and kind word	Flower is beautiful and gives joy So do kind words

Now, bring out points of similarities in the following metaphors:

Metaphor	**Points of Similarities**
I am a star fallen from the blue tent	
The only eye of the day	
I drink dew for wine	
I am the memory of a moment of happiness	

B. (i) In the poem, who is the speaker? Of course, it is the flower. The poet is imagining the flower to be a person who can speak. Such an imaginative poetic device is called *'personification'*.

Write a few lines on how the technique impresses on you. Does the technique create a feeling of close intimacy between you, the reader and the flower? Write a few lines expressing your feelings.

(ii) There are some other instances of personification.
Write them.

8. Think and Write:

The writer has given a number of uses of flowers, for example - the lover's gift.Now, list them one after another. And also write a few more uses of flowers other than those mentioned in the poem practised in your community.

9. Discuss:

Role of Nature in Human life.

Chapter 5
PRELUDES

By T.S. Eliot

1. Introduction:

A. Here is a description of a city:-

It is smelly, wet and filled with litter.

How will you feel about this place?
Refreshing and inspiring, or
Unhealthy and depressing.

_____

T.S. Eliot finds modern city dull, unhealthy and cheerless.

B. Describe how you feel living in your place. Write whether the place is crowded or sparsely populated. Is nature part of your surrounding? Do you feel refreshing and enlivening, or depressing?

_____
_____
_____
_____
_____

2. Now, read a poem about a typical modern city:

The winter evening settles down
With smell of steaks in passage ways.
Six O'clock.
The burnt-out ends of smoky days.
And now a gusty shower wraps
The grimy scraps
Of withered leaves about your feet
And newspapers from vacant lots;
The showers beat

On broken blinds and chimney-pots,
And at the corner of the street
A lonely cab-horse steams and stamps.
And then the lighting of the lamps.

The morning comes to consciousness
Of faint stale smells of beer
From the sawdust-trampled street
With all its muddy feet that press
To early coffee-stands.

With the other masquerades
That time resumes,
One thinks of all the hands
That are raising dingy shades
In a thousand furnished rooms.

3. About the poet:

T.S. Eliot was born in America in 1888, but became a naturalised British citizen. He brought about a revolution in the 20th century English poetry. He did not write an idealised picture of nature or of people. He described the modern industrialised life as dull and depressing, killing the human spirit. He described the world as a vast wasteland in which people find themselves lost. *Eliot's* style of writing poems had far reaching influence in the development of modern poetry.

4. About the poem:

In the poem *Preludes, T.S. Eliot* gives a picture of the evening scene of a town and hints at the dullness and cheerlessness of a modern industrial city. In the second stanza, he describes the activities of the town-dwellers in the moning and suggests the meaninglessness of the morning activities.

5. Word notes:

winter	:	winter is less pleasant than summer
settles down	:	darkness settles down; (also) the smoke gradually settles down
steaks	:	(pronounced 'stakes') pieces of meat, usually beef The air in filled with the smell of cooking of beef/meat. Eliot is

hinting that the smell of cooking of meat makes the evening atmosphere unpleasant.

passageways : lanes; by-lanes

six o' clock : six o' clock in the evening, when people are returning home from offices and factories

the burnt-out ends of smoky days : the days are compared with cigarette butts - smoke filled, unhealthy things

and now a gusty shower : the cold evening atmosphere is made worse by rain

wraps : covers

the grimy : dirty

scraps : small pieces of paper, clothes, leaves, etc.

withered : dried up and dead

newspapers : pieces of newspapers

lot : vacant plots of land in between buildings

showers : rain

broken blinds : broken glass windows

chimney-pots : short wide pipe placed on top of a chimney [chimney -device of pipes through which smoke from the fire-place is let out, generally fixed on the roof.]

cab-horse : horse that draws cabs (carriages). Horse-drawn cabs used to serve as taxis in early twenty century London.

steams and stamps : the horse is breathing out steams because of the cold. His legs are hitting the floor of the road because he is impatient and uncomfortable in the cold. (All these images or pictures -create a feeling of cheerlessness, monotony and dullness.)

lighting of the lamps : at that time street lamps were lit with oil fires

comes to consciousness ....

smells of beer : in the morning, when a person wakes up, the first thing he comes to consciousness is the smell of stale beer that the people drank the night before. Eliot is describing the lack of freshness in the morning that a city dweller experiences.

sawdust trampled
street : in those days the lanes of London were often muddy and saw-dust was spread over them to cover the mud. This sawdust often gave out smell of beer that drunkards had thrown on it.

all the muddy
feet : people coming out to hotels to drink coffee. Their feet still muddy from the mud on the streets.
(These pictures give a very dull, depressing picture. Eliot is saying morning brings no feeling of freshness.)

masquerades : various activities which are not meaningful (people are engaged in various activities which they do out of habit and without their heart in it.)

that time
resumes : the various monotonous activities that people do as time progresses

one thinks of
all the hands : all the activities in every home are the same. There are no varieties and freshness. What is happening in each home one can easily imagine. Eliot is stressing the dull monotonous human activities in every household.

that...shades : in the morning people are engaged in various routine activities. The dull movement of their hands throw shadows on the dirty walls (dinghy– dirty, so dull.) [Eliot is showing that the city dwellers in the morning are engaged in the same routine dull activities. There is no newness in their daily activities.]

in a thousand
furnished rooms : in the innumerable flats and rooms where people live. 'Furnished' suggests artificial surrounding and so artificial life.

6. Comprehension:

A. Based on your understanding of the poem complete the following statements:

I. In the evening the city streets are filled with the _____.
II. The rain in the evening makes the atmosphere _____.
III. The showers beat on _____.
IV. The horse is steaming and stamping because _____.

V. The morning air is filled with _____.

VI. The dirty walls in thousand rooms are filled with _____.

B. Answer the following questions in a sentence each:

I. What season of the year is suggested in the first stanza?

II. What is the evening compared to?

III. What surrounds the feet of the passersby?

IV. When do the showers beat?

V. What does the cab-horse do?

VI. What smell fills the morning air?

VII. How are the feet of the men going to coffee-stands?

VIII. "..... hands

That are raising dinghy shades."

Whose hands are referred to here?

C. Answer the following questions briefly:

I. "The winter evening settles down

With smells of steaks in the passageways."

What do these lines suggest?

II. Why does Eliot compare the evening with "the burnt out ends of smoky days"?

III. "The grimy scraps of withered leaves about your feet"

What do these lines suggest?

IV. "The showers beat on broken blinds and chimney-pots."

What are the impressions created by these lines?

V. What effect does Eliot want to create by the image "faint stale image of beers"?

VI. "Sawdust-trampled street"

Explain the image created by this line.

VII. What are the "other masquerades" mentioned in second stanza?

VIII. What are the "dinghy shades" mentioned in the 22nd line?

7. Appreciation:

A. Eliot wrote many poems in which he describes human beings as pitiable victims of circumstances that modern machine civilisation has created.

The poem *'Preludes'* is one of the earliest poems. In subsequent poems he would write more or less about the same theme - drab, cheerless society, men and women without creativity, etc.

Do you think the title *'Preludes'* (introduction) has anything to do with Eliot's series of writings?

Explain it in a few lines.

B. Write the alliterative sounds that Eliot has used in the poem.

8. Think and write:

A. Think about the world/life Eliot describes in his poem.

Do you think such a life will be suitable to the growth of human mind and its creativity? Give your answer in a small paragraph.

B. Now, try to describe your own town/village in terms of the following:

I. Do you feel the atmosphere/environment of your town/village refreshing?
II. How do you feel the environment–clean or polluted?
III. Are the people friendly and humanistic or are they selfish, money-minded?

C. If you are asked for some suggestions that you want to be done to your place, what will they be?

9. Discuss:

1. Discuss the demerits of industrialisation on human spirit and society. You may note the following points:

i. People have become money-minded.
ii. It has resulted in wider gap between the poor and the rich.
iii. Impact on environment.

Chapter 6
THE FROG AND THE NIGHTINGALE

By Vikram Seth

1. Introduction:

A. Todays world is a world of commercialisation. There are people who are so cunning or clever that they will turn everything - art, science, dance, music into money - making means. Gifted but innocent people are taken advantage of. People are exploited. Write a few lines on how the innocent and helpless are exploited in today's commercial world (Clue – children and women.)

B. Have you come across any incident in which some people pretended as well-wishers, then looted innocent people? Write about it.

C. Write a few lines on the theme that "Greed leads to calamity".

2. Now read a poem on the above theme by Vikram Seth

Once upon a time a frog
Croaked away in Bingle Bog
Every night from dusk to dawn
He croaked awn and awn and awn
Other creatures loathed his voice,
But, alas, they had no choice,
And the crass cacophony
Blared out from the sumac tree
At whose foot the frog each night
Minstrelled on till morning night

Neither stones nor prayers nor sticks.
Insults or complaints or bricks
Stilled the frogs determination
To display his heart's elation.
But one night a nightingale
In the moonlight cold and pale
Perched upon the sumac tree

Casting forth her melody
Dumbstruck sat the gaping frog
And the whole admiring bog
Stared towards the sumac, rapt,

And, when she had ended, clapped.
Ducks had swum and herons waded
To her as she serenaded
And a solitary loon
Wept, beneath the summer moon.
Toads and teals and tiddlers, captured
By her voice, cheered on, enraptured:
"Bravo!" "Too divine!" "Encore!"
So the nightingale once more,
Quite unused to such applause,
Sang till dawn without a pause.

Next night when the Nightingale
Shook her head and twitched her tail,
Closed an eye and fluffed a wing
And had cleared her throat to sing
She was startled by a croak.
"Sorry - was that you who spoke?"
She enquired when the frog
Hopped towards her from the bog.
"Yes," the frog replied. "You see,
I'm the frog who owns this tree
In this bog I've long been known
For my splendid baritone
And, of course, I wield my pen
For Bog Trumpet now and then"

"Did you... did you like my song?"
"Not too bad - but far too long.
The technique was fine of course,
But it lacked a certain force."
"Oh! "the nightingale confessed,
Greatly flattered and impressed

That a critic of such note
Had discussed her art and throat:
"I don't think the song's divine.
But-oh, well-at least it's mine."

"That's not much to boast about."
Said the heartless frog. "Without
Proper training such as I
-And few others can supply.
You'll remain a mere beginner.
But with me you'll be a winner"
"Dearest frog", the nightingale
Breathed: "This is a fairy tale -
And you are Mozart in disguise
Come to earth before my eyes."

"Well I charge a modest fee."
"Oh!" "But it won't hurt, you'll see,"
Now the nightingale inspired,
Flushed with confidence, and fired
With both art and adoration,
Sang - and was a huge sensation.
Animals for miles around
Flocked towards the magic sound,
And the frog with great precision
Counted heads and charged admission.

Though next morning it was raining,
He began her vocal training.
"But I can't sing in this weather"
"Come my dear - we'll sing together.
Just put on your scarf and sash,
Koo-oh-ah! Ko-ash! Ko-ash!"
So the frog and nightingale
Journeyed up and down the scale
For six hours, till she was shivering
And her voice was hoarse and quivering.

Though subdued and sleep deprived,
In the night her throat revived,
And the sumac tree was bowed,
With a breathless, titled crowd:
Owl of sandwich, Duck of Kent,
Mallard and Milady Trent,
Martin Cardinal Mephisto,
And the Coot of Monte Cristo,
Ladies with tiaras glittering
In the interval sat twittering -
And the frog observed them glitter
With a joy both sweet and bitter.

Every day the frog who'd sold her
Songs for silver tried to scold her:
"You must practice even longer
Till your voice, like mine grows stronger.
In the second song last night.
You got nervous in mid-flight.
And, my dear, I lay on more trills:
Audiences enjoy such frills.
You must make your public happier:
Give them something sharper snappier.
We must aim for better billings.
You still owe me sixty shillings."

Day by day the nightingale
Grew more sorrowful and pale.
Night on night trilled and bounced along,
Till the birds and beasts grew tired
At a voice so uninspired
And the ticket office gross
Crashed, and she grew more morose -
For her ears were now addicted
To applause quite unrestricted
And to sing into the night
All alone gave no delight.

Now the frog puffed up with rage.
"Brainless bird- you're on the stage-
Use your wits and follow fashion.
Puff your lungs out with your passion."
Trembling, terrified to fail,
Blind with tears, the nightingale
Heard him out in silence, tried,
Puffed up, burst a vein, and died.

Said the frog: " I tried to teach her,
But she was a stupid creature -
Far too nervous, far too tense.
Far too prone to influence.
Well, poor bird - she should have known
That's why I sing with panache:
"Koo-oh-ah! Ko-ash ! Ko-ash!"
And the foghorn of the frog
Blared unrivalled through the bog.

3. Word notes :

bog	-	wet and muddy land where frogs etc. love to live
Bingle Bog	-	name of imaginary wet-land, named for the sake of alliteration
awn	-	deliberately misspelt so that it rhymes with dawn
loathed	-	hated
crass	-	insensitive to others feelings
cacophony	-	loud and unpleasant sound
minstrelled	-	sang
elation	-	feeling of pride and joy
rapt	-	totally interested
waded	-	walked in the water

serenaded	-	sang
loon	-	a large water bird
teals	-	kind of small duck
tiddlers	-	small fish
enraptured	-	charmed
encore	-	once again
baritone	-	a deep male singing voice
technique	-	method of doing a thing
Mozart	-	famous Viennese classical music composer of 18th century
flushed	-	excited
sash	-	piece of cloth worn around the shoulder or waist as a mark of showing respect
quivering	-	trembling
subdued	-	lack of energy; weak
tiara	-	jewels worn by women
trills	-	singing two musical notes one after another repeatedly and quickly
frills	-	decorative style
snappier	-	catchy; crisp; something done cleverly
billings	-	cash collection
zipped	-	hurried; sang quickly
morose	-	angry and bad-tempered
panache	-	carelessly confident style
foghorn	-	a very loud, unpleasant noise

3. About the poet:

Born on 20 June, 1952 in Kolkata, *Vikram Seth* is a renowned Indian novelist, poet, writer of children's books, and biographer. *Seth's* collections of poetry such as *Mappings and Beastly Tales* are notable contribution to the Indian English language poetry.

He won *WH Literary Award* and the *Commonwealth Writer's Prize* for his novel *A Suitable*. His travelogue, *From Heaven Lake : Travels Through Sinkiang and Tibet* won the *Thomas Cook Travel Book Award.*

4. About the poem:

The poem is a spoof or parody (a humorous presentation of a situation) of modern day society in which everything is commercialised and the innocents are duped by the clever professionals.

5. Comprehension:

A. Based on your understanding of the poem tick the correct answer:

(a) The frog's intention was to

(i) make the nightingale famous.

(ii) show that he was a superior singer.

(iii) make a fool of the nightingale.

(iv) exploit the nightingale to make money.

(b) The animals in the bog

(i) did not like the nightingale's song.

(ii) were indifferent to the nightingale's song.

(iii) admired and loved the nightingale's song.

(iv) were curious about the nightingale's song.

(c) The Nightingale

(i) was aware of her own talent.

(ii) knew she needed the frog's help.

(iii) lacked self-confidence.

(iv) was over-confident.

(d) Towards the end the nightingale no longer enjoyed her own singing because

(i) the frog did not praise her any more.

(ii) she was tired.

(iii) she had earned enough money.

(iv) she was used to appreciation and praise.

B. Answer the following questions in a sentence each:

(i) Did the animals in the bog enjoy the frog's croakings?

(ii) What did the solitary loon do after she had heard the nightingale's song.

(iii) How did the nightingale feel when the frog praised her after her first song in the bog?

(iv) The frog offered to train the nightingale. Why did he do so?

(v) " Though next morning it was raining."

Did the frog give the nightingale rest because it was raining?

(vi) Why did the frog advise the nightingale to add some trills to her song?

(vii) What happened to the nightingale at the end?

C. Answer the following questions briefly:

i. What did the frog do every night at Bingle Bay?

ii. 'So the nightingale once more.

Quite unused to such applause.

Sang till dawn without a pause.'

Write why the nightingale behaved so.

iii. How did the frog introduce himself?

iv. "Did you.... did you like my song?"

How did the frog react to the nightingale's question ?

v. How did the nightingale feel flattered and impressed ?

vi. How did the frog manipulate the nightingale to bring the nightingale under his control?

(vii). ..... "This is a fairy-tale

And you are Mozart in disguise

Come to earth before my eyes."

Explain why the nightingale said so.

(viii) How did the frog commercially exploit the nightingale?

(ix) The frog did not allow the nightingale to rest even in rain.

What does it tell about his character?

(x) "Every day the frog wou'd sold her

Songs for silver tried to scold her:"

How did the frog scold her?

(xi) Why did the birds and beasts grow tired?

(xii) Why was the frog who'd sold her angry?

(xiii) How did the nightingale die?

6. Appreciation:

You may have noted that the story of the frog and the nightingale is not at all a story of a frog and a nightingale. Actually, each of them is a representation of human characters in the modern world of commercialisation of arts. Commercialisation of arts (actually everything has been commercialised) has given rise to a situation in which the meek and the innocent talents are exploited by ruthless businessmen.

In the light of this background fill in the two columns given below with the words/ phrases applicable to the two characters:

dominating	lacks self-image	simpleton
cunning	mercenary	no self-confidence
heart less	nervous	subject to flattery
proud	meek	exploitative
shy		

Frog	Nightingale

B. Make a list of alliterative words found in the poem:

6. Think and write:

A. In our present world people like the frog take advantage of the unsophisticated, but talented ones like the nightingale for the purpose of making money.

Justify the above statement in the present day scenario of commercialisation of arts, music, films, etc. Write a paragraph on it.

B. At the end, the nightingale dies in her effort to keep up the level of success. Do you think the end is correct? Write a few lines justifying your answer.

7. Discuss:

The present day trend of commercialisation of everything ends in tragedy. Have a class discussion on how to avoid such human tragedy.

8. Writing:

Do you think the death of the nightingale is inevitable? Express your feeling in a diary.

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Chapter 7
A DAY

By Emily Dickinson

1. Introduction:

(A) You must have seen sunrise.

How will you describe it?

(a) Glorious

(b) Mysterious

(c) Magnificent display of colours

(d) All the above

(B) With which of the two you associate sunset?

(a) Birth (b) Death

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2. Now let us read a poem on sunrise and sunset:

A Day

I'll tell you how the sun rose, —
A ribbon at a time
The steeples swam in amethyst,
The news like squirrels ran.

The hills untied their bonnets,
The bobolinks begun.

Then I said softly to myself,

"That must have been the sun!"

***

But how he set, I know not.

There seems a purple Stile

Which little yellow boys and girls

Were climbing all the while

Till when they reached the other side,

A dominie in grey

Put gently up the evening bars,

And led the flock away.

3. About the poet:

Emily Dickinson (1830-1886) is an American poet and she grew up in Amherst in Massachusetts. She wrote her poem secretly and kept them hidden from her family. She wrote more than a thousand lyrics. Her poems are delicate, uncommon and the themes are generally on Death, Loneliness and Love. She remained a spinster throughout her life.

4. About the Poem:

A Day is an allegorical poem. The sunrise and the mysterious display of colour during it is described as symbolic presentation of birth. The sunset, painted to bring in a sense of mystery represent the mystery, that is death, which takes us to the mysterious world of death.

5. Word-notes:

I'll tell you how...	–	shows the speaker is confident of her facts
a ribbon at a time	–	a layer of light, then another layer of different colours
ateeples	–	high pointed towers of churches or buildings; symbolic of spiritual world

swam	–	the steeples seem to swim in the ocean of light
amethyst	–	purple coloured semi-precious stone, (here) turned purple in sunlight
news	–	news that the sun has risen and that the whole of the earth is bathed in sunlight. The spread of light which is quick, is described as the running of squirrels
hills	–	(personified) described as persons wearing bonnets. The hills has become distinct in the sunshine.
bobolinks	–	a North American song-bird
"That must... Sun"	–	for all the things that had happened, the sun is the cause
but how he set...	–	sun-set (figuratively-death) is mysterious. The poet does not know about it.
stile	–	ladder like structure for people to climb up to a higher level
which ...while	–	the sombre display of colour reminds the poet of children climbing over a stile
the other side	–	other side of the hill; (here) Death
dominie	–	priest
gray	–	symbol of mourning
evening bar	–	bars– wooden pieces to secure a gate or door. As evening comes the gate is shut

6. Comprehension:

(A) Answer the following questions in a sentence each:

(i) What looks like a ribbon?

(ii) "The news like squirrels ran." What is the news about?

(iii) What are the hills compared with?

(iv) What do the bobolinks do?

(v) Does the poet know about the sunset?

(vi) What does " a dominie in grey" symbolise?

(B) Answer the following questions briefly:

(i) " I'll tell you how the sun rose." Why does the poet say so?

(ii) How do the steeples swim in amethyst?

(iii) " The news like squirrels ran." Explain the imagery.

(iv) How do the hills untie the bonnets.

(v) Why do the bobolinks begin to sing?

(vi) " But how he set, I know not." Why does the poet say so?

(vii) What things are reminded to the poet, when she sees the sky during sunset?

(viii) " A dominie in grey"– what does this image mean?

(ix) " Put gently up the evening bars

And let the flock away."

Explain.

7. Appreciation:

A metaphor is a way of describing a thing in terms of another. In the sentence "childhood is the morning of life', the speaker is using a metaphor by calling childhood 'morning'. Poets usually use a lot of metaphor. [See page 133]

Now find out how the poem "A Day' is a metaphor of 'Birth' and 'Death'. You will find that some of the individual line or lines are also metaphors.

8. Think and write:

A philosopher is one who thinks about very difficult problems or questions about life or the world, etc. Do you think the poet is a kind of philosopher? Write a small paragraph on it. Justify your answer.