

English

(Grade 11)



Government of Nepal
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Sanothimi, Bhaktapur

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Preface

The National Curriculum Framework (NCF) advocates for the promotion of skill-oriented, life skill-based, employment-driven and value-based school education. It envisions developing the human capital dedicated to nation, nationality, national integrity and Nepali specialty. English textbook for grade 11 has been prepared following the spirit of NCF 2076 and Secondary Level Curriculum 2076 (Grade 11 and Grade12). An attempt has also been made to incorporate the emerging needs of learners. The book includes the contents to develop all four language skills blended in the tasks and activities with contextual grammar and related vocabulary.

The book has two sections: language development and literature. The language development section includes a range of contemporary issue-based local and global thematic texts intended to develop intensive reading skills and foster competence in grammar, vocabulary, speech and writing of different types. The literature section includes genre-based literary texts for both intensive and extensive reading so as to enable the learners to discern different aspects of the literary texts and practise creative writing. Each text is followed by adequate exercises to foster creativity and critical interpretation in the learners along with interactive skills and sensitivity about the culture and tradition.

This textbook was written by Mohan Singh Saud and edited by Prof. Dr. Bal Mukunda Bhandari, Dr. Ganga Ram Gautam, Dr. Gopal Prasad Pandey and Prof. Dr. Jiba Lal Sapkota. Director General Keshab Prasad Dahal, Dr. Lekh Nath Poudel and Director Tuka Raj Adhikari also contributed in shaping the book in this form. Several experts and practitioners that include; Nim Prakash Singh Rathaur, Shankar Adhikari, Nabin Kumar Khadka, Matrika Subedi, Ramesh Dhakal, Passhupati Pandey and Ananda Dhungana contributed to the revision and development of the tasks particularly in the language development section. Similarly, Gangadhar Hada, Rani Jha, Purna Bahadur Lamichhane, Mahendra Kumar Shrestha, Hari Prasad Kafle, Hari Prasad Dhakal, Dipendra Regmi and Tanka Nath Acharya provided suggestions and feedback. The Illustration of the book was done by Dev Koimee and the layout was designed by Khados Sunuwar. The Curriculum Development Centre (CDC) extends sincere thanks to all of them. The centre would like to acknowledge all the sources from where the texts, audios and tasks are borrowed and adapted.

The centre always welcomes constructive feedback for the betterment of its publications.

2020

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Sanothimi, Bhaktapur

Table of Contents

Section I: Language Development

Unit	Reading	Vocabulary	Writing	Grammar	Listening	Speaking (Function)	Project Work	Page
1. Education and Humanity	Education First	Dictionary use Alphabetical order	Personal narratives	Word classes	Conversation	Expressing good wishes Contracted forms of verbs	Poster presentation	3
2. Communication	Freewriting	Position of adverbs	Paragraph writing	Position of adverbs	Conversation	Expressing agreement/disagreement	Hobby Cards	13
3. Media and Society	Social Media: Its Influence and Control over People's Lives	Prepositional verbs	Paragraph writing	Prepositions of direction	Television Programme	Giving directions and instructions	Facebook survey	22
4. History and Culture	Qin Dynasty	Stress Limericks	Email Table interpretation	Past simple	Documentary	Narrating events	Comparative chart	31
5. Life and Love	The Looking Glass	Word formation	Paragraph	Will and be going to	Conversation	Expressing decisions, intentions and plans	Drawing a picture and presentation	42
6. Health and Exercise	You may scoff...	Suffixes Silent	Essay Instruction	Subject-verb agreement	Conversation	Describing places	Mini research	53
7. Ecology and Development	Foresters without Diplomas	Prefixes	Personal letters Essay	Transitive, intransitive and linking verbs	Interview	Asking about opinions/giving opinions	Speech	62
8. Humour and Satire	A Few Kind Words for Superstition	Derivation Collocation with verbs	Argumentative essay	Present simple present continuous	Conversation	Suggesting and advising	Interviewing	71

Unit	Reading	Vocabulary	Writing	Grammar	Listening	Speaking (Function)	Project Work	Page
9. Democracy and Human Rights	Nelson Mandela's 1994 Inauguration Speech	Pronunciation of -d/ed and -s/es	Short biography Speech	Should, had better	Conversation	Persuading	Collecting and presenting information	79
10. Home Life and Family Relationship	The Tattered Blanket	Spelling Syllable	Writing a diary	Connectives	Conversation	Expressing reactions	Newspaper Article	88
11. Arts and Creation	Why is the Renaissance Important?	Idioms and phrasal verbs	Essay	Relative clause (who/that/which)	The Talk Show	Describing people	Making a profile	99
12. Fantasy	Down the Rabbit Hole	Consonants /s/ and /ʃ/, /s/ and /z/	Narrating events	Wish	Speech	Expressing regrets	Book review	109
13. Career and Entrepreneurship	Mahabir Pun: A visionary social entrepreneur	Irregular plurals	Email Communique	Present perfect Past simple	Speech	Narrating experience and achievements	Interviewing and writing short biography	118
14. Power and Politics	Napoleon Bonaparte	Compound noun phrases	Paragraph Essay	May, might, must, can't	Speech	Expressing certainty and probability	Description of a person	130
15. War and Peace	Shall there Be Peace?		Essay	Sentence functions	Conversation	Encouraging/discouraging	Picture story	137
16. Critical Thinking	What is the Soul?		Critical writing	Used to	Narration	Comparing past and present habits	Writing summary	145
17. Globalisation and Diaspora	What Lost Identity?: The Diaspora and Globalisation	Collocation	News story	Infinitive and gerund	Documentary	Expressing obligations	Newspaper article	152

Unit	Reading	Vocabulary	Writing	Grammar	Listening	Speaking (Function)	Project Work	Page
18. Immigration and Identity	Identity Crisis in Immigrants (book review)	Homophones	Book/film review	Reported speech	Film review	Reporting	Report writing	162
19. Travel and Tourism	Discovering West Nepal – the Wild Frontier	sk, sp, st clusters	Travelogue Essay	Voice	Documentary	Expressing compliment	Preparing brochure	172
20. Science and Technology	Taking my Son to College, where Technology has Replaced Serendipity	Commonly confusing words	Interpreting para-orthographic texts	Articles	Documentary	Requesting and offering	Oratory contest	181

Section II : Literature

Unit 1 Short Stories

1. The Selfish Giant *by Oscar Wilde* 193
2. The Oval Portrait *by Edgar Allan Poe* 200
3. God Sees the Truth but Waits *by Leo Tolstoy* 206
4. The Wish *by Roald Dahl* 215
5. Civil Peace *by Chinua Achebe* 220
6. Two Little Soldiers *by Guy de Maupassant* 227
7. An Astrologer's Day *by R. K. Narayan* 235

Unit 2 Poems

1. Corona Says *by Vishnu S. Rai* 241
2. A Red, Red Rose *by Robert Burns* 245
3. All the World's a Stage *by William Shakespeare* 248
4. *Who are you, little i?* *by E. E. Cummings* 251
5. The Gift in Wartime *by Tran Mong Tu* 253

Unit 3 Essays

1. Sharing Tradition *by Frank LaPena* 256
2. How to Live Before You Die *by Steve Jobs* 261
3. What I Require from Life *by J.B.S. Haldane* 268
4. What is Poverty? *by Jo Goodwin Parker* 274
5. Scientific Research is a Token of Humankind's Survival
by Vladimir Keilis-Borok 280

Unit 4 One Act Plays

1. Trifles *by Susan Glaspell* 285
2. A Sunny Morning *by Serafin and Foaquin Alvarez Quintero* 302
3. Refund *by Fritz Karinthy* 316

Section One

Language Development

Unit 1

Education and Humanity

“The roots of education are bitter, but the fruit is sweet.” - Aristotle

Reading

Education First

Before you read

- Who are these people?
- What are they known for? How did education contribute to their success in life?
Discuss with a partner.



- What do you think the text is about?

Now read the speech by Malala delivered at the United Nations Youth Assembly on 12 July 2013.

Today, it is an honour for me to be speaking again after a long time. Being here with such honourable people is a great moment in my life. I don't know where to begin my speech. I don't know what people would be expecting me to say. But first of all, thank you to God for whom we are all equal and thank you to every person who has prayed for my fast recovery and a new life. I cannot believe how much love people have shown me. I have received thousands of good wish cards and gifts from all over the world. Thank you to all of them. Thank you to the children whose innocent words encouraged me. Thank you to my elders whose prayers strengthened me. I would like to



Malala in her childhood

thank my nurses, doctors and all of the staff of the hospitals in Pakistan and the UK and the UAE governments who have helped me get better and recover my strength.

I fully support Mr. Ban Ki-moon, the Secretary-General in his Global Education First Initiative and the work of the UN Special Envoy Mr. Gordon Brown. And I thank them both for the leadership they continue to give. They continue to inspire all of us to action.

There are hundreds of human rights activists and social workers, who are not only speaking for human rights, but who are struggling to achieve their goals of education, peace and equality. Thousands of people have been killed by the terrorists and millions have been injured. I am just one of them.

So here I stand, one girl among many.

I speak not for myself, but for all girls and boys.

I raise up my voice – not so that I can shout, but so that those without a voice can be heard.

Those who have fought for their rights:

Their right to live in peace.

Their right to be treated with dignity.

Their right to equality of opportunity.

Their right to be educated.



Malala delivering a speech in UN General Assembly

On the 9th of October 2012, the Taliban shot me on the left side of my forehead. They shot my friends too. They thought that the bullets would silence us. But they failed. And then, out of that silence came, thousands of voices. The terrorists thought that they would change our aims and stop our ambitions but nothing changed in my life except this: weakness, fear and hopelessness died. Strength, power and courage was born. I am the same Malala. My ambitions are the same. My hopes are the same. My dreams are the same.

I am not against anyone. Neither am I here to speak in terms of personal revenge against the Taliban or any other terrorists group. I am here to speak up for the right of education of every child. I want education for the sons and the daughters of all the extremists especially the Taliban.

I do not even hate the Talib who shot me. Even if there is a gun in my hand and he stands in front of me, I would not shoot him. This is the compassion that I have learnt

from Muhammad-the prophet of mercy, Jesus Christ and Lord Buddha. This is the legacy of change that I have inherited from Martin Luther King, Nelson Mandela and Muhammad Ali Jinnah. This is the philosophy of non-violence that I have learnt from Gandhi Jee, Bacha Khan and Mother Teresa. And this is the forgiveness that I have learnt from my mother and father. This is what my soul is telling me, be peaceful and love everyone.

We realise the importance of light when we see darkness. We realise the importance of our voice when we are silenced. In the same way, when we were in Swat, the north of Pakistan, we realised the importance of pens and books when we saw the guns.

The wise saying, “The pen is mightier than sword” was true. The extremists are afraid of books and pens. The power of education frightens them. They are afraid of women. The power of the voice of women frightens them. And that is why they killed 14 innocent medical students in the recent attack in Quetta. And that is why they killed many female teachers and polio workers in Khyber Pukhtoon Khwa and FATA. That is why they are blasting schools every day. Because they were and they are afraid of change, afraid of the equality that we will bring into our society.

I remember that there was a boy in our school who was asked by a journalist, “Why are the Taliban against education?” He answered very simply. By pointing to his book he said, “A Talib doesn't know what is written inside this book.” They think that God is a tiny, little conservative being who would send girls to the hell just because of going to school. The terrorists are misusing the name of Islam and Pashtun society for their own personal benefits. Pakistan is peace-loving democratic country. Pashtuns want education for their daughters and sons. And Islam is a religion of peace, humanity and brotherhood. Islam says that it is not only each child's right to get education, rather it is their duty and responsibility.

Peace is necessary for education. In many parts of the world wars and conflicts stop children to go to their schools. We are really tired of these wars. Women and children are suffering in many parts of the world in many ways. Young girls have to do domestic child labour and are forced to get married at early age. Poverty, ignorance, injustice, racism and the deprivation of basic rights are the main problems faced by both men and women.

Today I am focusing on women's rights and girls' education because they are suffering the most. There was a time when women social activists asked men to stand up for their rights. But, this time, we will do it by ourselves. I am not telling men to step away

from speaking for women's rights rather I am focusing on women to be independent to fight for themselves.

Now it's time to speak up.

So today, we call upon the world leaders to change their strategic policies in favour of peace and prosperity.

We call upon the world leaders that all the peace deals must protect women and children's rights. A deal that goes against the dignity of women and their rights is unacceptable.

We call upon all governments to ensure free compulsory education for every child all over the world.

We call upon all governments to fight against terrorism and violence, to protect children from brutality and harm.

We call upon the developed nations to support the expansion of educational opportunities for girls in the developing world.

We call upon all communities to be tolerant – to reject prejudice based on cast, creed, sect, religion or gender. To ensure freedom and equality for women so that they can flourish, we cannot all succeed when half of us are held back.

We call upon our sisters around the world to be brave – to embrace the strength within themselves and realise their full potential.

We want schools and education for every child's bright future. We will continue our journey to our destination of peace and education for everyone. No one can stop us. We will speak for our rights and we will bring change through our voice. We must believe in the power and the strength of our words. Our words can change the world.

Because we are all together, united for the cause of education. And if we want to achieve our goal, then let us empower ourselves with the weapon of knowledge and let us shield ourselves with unity and togetherness.

We must not forget that millions of people are suffering from poverty, injustice and ignorance. We must not forget that millions of children are out of schools. We must not forget that our sisters and brothers are waiting for a bright peaceful future.

So let us wage a global struggle against illiteracy, poverty and terrorism and let us pick

up our books and pens. They are our most powerful weapons.
One child, one teacher, one pen and one book can change the world.
Education is the only solution. Education first.

Malala Yousafzai

Ways with words

A. Find the words from the text which mean the following.

- a. a messenger or representative, especially one on a diplomatic mission
- b. the state or quality of being worthy of honor or respect
- c. harm done to someone in response to harm
- d. a person who holds extreme views in political or religious matters
- e. sympathetic pity and concern for the sufferings or misfortunes of others
- f. a person who is believed to speak for God
- g. the study of the nature of knowledge, reality and existence
- h. the use of physical force so as to injure, abuse, damage or destroy
- i. an unreasonable dislike of a particular group of people or things

B. Match the words on the left with their opposite meanings on the right.

- | | |
|----------------|---------------|
| a. honour | i. kindness |
| b. innocent | ii. literacy |
| c. brutality | iii. guilty |
| d. forgiveness | iv. disgrace |
| e. illiteracy | v. punishment |

C. Using dictionary

Dictionary contains at least three forms of information about a word: pronunciation, word class and meaning.

Look at the following dictionary entry of the words ‘humanity’ and ‘humanize’ (*Oxford Advanced Learner’s Dictionary* 9th edition):

humanity/hju:’mænəti/ *noun* **1** [U] people in general: *He was found guilty of crimes against humanity.* **2** [U] the state of being a person rather than a god, an animal or a machine: *The story was used to emphasize the humanity of Jesus.* **united by a sense of common humanity** **3** [U] the quality of being kind to people and animals by making sure that they do not suffer more than is necessary; the quality of being humane: *The judge was praised for his courage and humanity.*
OPP inhumanity **4(the) humanities** [pl.] the subjects of study that are about the way people

think and behave, for example literature, language, history and philosophy: *The college offers a wide range of courses in the arts and humanities.*

humanize(BrE also -ise) /'hju:mənaɪz/ verb~sth to make sth more pleasant or suitable for people; to make sth more HUMANE: *These measures are intended to humanize the prison system.*

a. Study the dictionary entry above and answer these questions.

- i. What is the headword in the first entry?
- ii. How many meanings of the word 'humanity' are given?
- iii. What do the abbreviations U, OPP, pl, and sth stand for?
- iv. What is the British English spelling of 'humanize'?
- v. How is the word 'humanize' pronounced?
- vi. If we say *Every person should have the sense of humanity*, which meaning of 'humanity' is applied?

b. Arrange the following words in alphabetical order.

- i. advance analysis amuse assure allergy attain aid anxiety acute agreement
- ii. smoke small smart speaking smelling smoothly smuggler smashed smearing smallpox
- iii. terminal terminate terminology termite terms terrace terrible terribly territory terror

c. Make a list of five new words from the reading text. Using a dictionary, write their meanings and use the words in sentences of your own.

Comprehension

Answer the following questions.

- a. Why did the speaker receive thousands of good-wishes cards and gifts from all over the world?
- b. According to the speaker, what are hundreds of human rights activists and social workers struggling for?
- c. What has she learnt from Gandhi?
- d. In what sense is peace necessary for education?
- e. According to the speaker, what are the main problems faced by both men and women?
- f. What is Malala calling upon all governments?
- g. What is the main message of this speech?

Critical thinking

- a. All children have the right to quality education. How can we ensure this right to every child? Discuss the role of the government and the parents to make sure that every child can attend school.
- b. Do you think that there is still discrimination between sons and daughters in terms of providing education in our country? What strategies do you suggest to overcome such discrimination against girls?
- c. A Chinese philosopher Confucius said, "If your plan is for one year, plant rice; if your plan is for ten years, plant trees; if your plan is for one hundred years, educate children." What is the meaning of this saying? Elaborate this with examples.

Writing

- a. Recall your school days. Write in three paragraphs of an event that you always remember.
- b. "Education empowers a person". Elaborate this statement giving examples of your personal experience.

Grammar

Word classes

- A. Word class refers to the category of words of similar form or function. Another name of word class is a parts of speech. In the text below, certain words are underlined. While you read, try to identify which word class they belong to.**

Most governments around the world have temporarily closed educational institutions in an attempt to contain the spread of the COVID-19 pandemic. These nationwide closures are impacting over 60% of the world's student population. Some 1 billion students and youth across the planet are affected by school and university closures due to the COVID-19 outbreak. Several other countries have implemented localized closures impacting millions of additional learners. UNESCO is supporting countries in their efforts to mitigate the immediate impact of school closures, particularly for more vulnerable and disadvantaged communities, and to facilitate the continuity of education for all through remote learning.

The Global Education Coalition launched by UNESCO seeks to facilitate inclusive learning opportunities for children and youth during this period of sudden and unprecedented educational disruption. Investment in remote learning should both mitigate the immediate disruption caused by COVID-19 and establish approaches to develop more open and flexible education systems for the future. The Global Coalition members and prospective members are encouraged to pledge for the protection of learners' personal information, privacy and security.

In the text, the underlined words belong to different word classes or parts of speech.

- governments - noun
- temporarily - adverb
- affected - verb
- and - conjunction
- in - preposition
- immediate - adjective
- the - determiner

B. Classify the underlined words into different word classes.

- a. The man who is wearing glasses is my uncle's friend.
- b. I bought a round table in the supermarket.
- c. Alas, she is dead.
- d. Hari works very hard all the time but his wife is very lazy.
- e. I have never been to Japan.

C. Read a paragraph of an English newspaper and make a list of about 20 words. Categorize them into different 'Word classes'. You can refer to the grammar book for help.

Listening

- A. What is your major optional subject in Grade 11? Why are you interested in the subject that you have chosen?**
- B. Listen to the recording and mark if the sentences are True or False.**
- a. The man has already chosen his major subject.
 - b. The woman is a senior college student.
 - c. The woman didn't work during the school year.
 - d. The man is attending English class right now.

C. Listen to the recording and answer the following questions.

- a. Where is the conversation most likely taking place?
- b. How many credits does the woman have to take for graduation?
- c. Why has the woman not been able to work in the past year?
- d. How does the woman know the man's teacher?

D. Most students have difficulty in deciding what to study after high school. Did you also have that problem? Work in a group of three and share the dilemma you had and how you decided to study the subject that you have chosen.

Speaking

Expressing good wishes

We use certain pattern to express good wishes.

A. Read this conversation. Notice the expressions used to express good wishes and underline them.

Ali: Hello Anju, are you coming to Rita's house tonight?	Pasang: Hello Lhakpa, I didn't see you in school yesterday.
Anju: No, I'm afraid. I can't.	Lhakpa: That's because I didn't come.
Ali: Why? Don't you want to join us at the birthday party?	Pasang: Really? Why?
Anju: Of course, I would love to. But I have a speech contest tomorrow. I have to prepare for that.	Lhakpa: I was sick. I had a fever and my father took me to hospital to check whether I had dengue fever or not.
Ali: Ok, I understand! I wish you all the best.	Pasang: I am sorry to hear that. And then? It's negative, isn't it?
Anju: Thanks.	Lhakpa: Yes, but I still have cough.
Ali: You're welcome, Anju.	Pasang: I wish you a quick recovery. Get well soon.
	Lhakpa: Thank you. I hope so.

B. Work in pairs. Write how you would express good wishes in these situations.

- a. Your sister is taking an IELTS test.
- b. One of your friends is attending a job interview and you meet him/her in the street.

- c. It's your friend's birthday.
- d. Your friend is leaving for a holiday abroad and you met her at the airport.

C. Contracted forms of verbs

a. Study the following contracted forms of verbs.

'm = am	I'm						
's = is or has	I've	he's	she's	it's			
're = are	I'll				we're	you're	they're
've = have	I'd	he'll	she'll		we've	you've	they've
'll = will		he'd	she'd		we'll	you'll	they'll
'd = had or would					we'd	you'd	they'd

D. Say the contracted forms and the full forms of the verbs correctly. Notice that full forms have weak forms of pronunciation.

I'm /aɪm/ feeling tired.

I **am** /aɪ əm/ feeling tired.

He's /hɪz/ watching TV.

He **is** /hɪ ɪz/ watching TV.

It's /ɪts/ ready now.

It **is** /ɪt ɪz/ ready now.

She's lost the key.

She **has** lost the key.

Janak's gone out.

Janak **has** gone out.

We're working hard.

We **are** working hard.

I've composed a song.

I **have** composed a song.

They'll come soon.

They **will** come soon.

I'd like to have a cup of tea.

I **would** like to have a cup of tea.

Who's your favourite singer?

Who **is** your favourite singer?

Note that contracted forms of verbs are common in spoken English, but in written English, it's informal to write contracted forms.

Project Work

Visit a woman who is famous in your community. Ask her questions how she was able to attend school and the struggle she made for education. Prepare a poster of her life story and present it in class.

“Good writing does not succeed or fail on the strength of its ability to persuade. It succeeds or fails on the strength of its ability to engage you, to make you think, to give you a glimpse into someone else’s head.” – *Malcolm Gladwell*

Reading

Freewriting

Before you read

- a. What do the following images indicate? What comes to your mind when you see them? What do they communicate to people?



- b. What do the following quotes mean?
- i. If writing is easy, you are doing it wrong.
 - ii. The pen is the tongue of the mind.

Now read the following essay about freewriting as another way to brainstorm a general topic in order to arrive at a specific focus in writing.

The most effective way I know to improve your writing is to do freewriting exercises regularly. At least three times a week. They are sometimes called “automatic writing,” “babbling,” or “jabbering” exercises. The idea is simply to write for ten minutes (later on, perhaps fifteen or twenty). Don’t stop for anything. Go quickly without rushing. Never stop to look back, to cross something out, to wonder how to spell something, to wonder what word or thought to use, or to think about what you are doing. If you can’t think of a word or a spelling, just use a squiggle or else write, “I can’t think of it.” Just put down something. The easiest thing is just to put down whatever is in your mind. If you get stuck it’s fine to write “I can’t think what to say, I can’t think what to say”

as many times as you want; or repeat the last word you wrote over and over again; or anything else. The only requirement is that you never stop.

Freewriting exercise is important. It must be a piece of writing which, even if someone reads it, doesn't send any ripples back to you. It is like writing something and putting it in a bottle in the sea. The teacher less class helps your writing by providing maximum feedback. Freewriting helps you by providing no feedback at all. When I assign one, I invite the writer to let me read it. But also tell him to keep it if he prefers. I read it quickly and make no comments at all and I do not speak with him about it. The main thing is that a freewriting must never be evaluated in any way; in fact, there must be no discussion or comment at all.

Here is an example of a fairly coherent exercise (sometimes they are very incoherent, which is fine):

I think I'll write what's on my mind, but the only thing on my mind right now is what to write for ten minutes. I've never done this before and I'm not prepared in any way—the sky is cloudy today, how's that? Now I'm afraid I won't be able to think of what to write when I get to the end of the sentence—well, here I am at the end of the sentence—here I am again, again, again, again, at least I'm still writing—Now I ask is there some reason to be happy that I'm still writing—ah yes! Here comes the question again—What am I getting out of this? What point is there in it? It's almost obscene to always ask it but I seem to question everything that way and I was gonna say something else pertaining to that but I got so busy writing down the first part that I forgot what I was leading into. This is kind of fun oh don't stop writing—cars and trucks speeding by somewhere out the window, pens clattering across peoples' papers. The sky is still cloudy—is it symbolic that I should be mentioning it? Huh? I dunno. Maybe I should try colors, blue, red, dirty words—wait a minute—no can't do that, orange, yellow, arm tired, green pink violet magenta lavender red brown black green—now that I can't think of any more colours—just about done—relief? Maybe.

Freewriting may seem crazy but actually it makes simple sense. Think of the difference between speaking and writing. Writing has the advantage of permitting more editing. But that's its downfall too. Almost everybody interposes a massive and complicated series of editing between the time words start to be born into consciousness and when they finally come off the end of the pencil or typewriter onto the page. This is partly because schooling makes us obsessed with the “mistakes” we make in writing. Many people are constantly thinking about spelling and grammar as they try to write. I am always thinking about the awkwardness, wordiness, and general mushiness of my natural verbal product as I try to write down words.

But it's not just “mistakes” or “bad writing” we edit as we write. We also edit unacceptable thoughts and feelings, as we do in speaking. In writing there is more

time to do it so the editing is heavier: when speaking, there's someone right there waiting for a reply and he'll get bored or think we're crazy if we don't come out with something. Most of the time in speaking, we settle for the catch-as-catch-can way in which the words tumble out. In writing, however, there's a chance to try to get them right. But the opportunity to get them right is a terrible burden: you can work for two hours trying to get a paragraph "right" and discover it's not right at all. And then give up.

Editing, in itself, is not the problem. Editing is usually necessary if we want to end up with something satisfactory. The problem is that editing goes on at the same time as producing. The editor is, as it were, constantly looking over the shoulder of the producer and constantly fiddling with what he's doing while he's in the middle of trying to do it. No wonder the producer gets nervous, jumpy, inhibited, and finally can't be coherent. It's an unnecessary burden to try to think of words and also worry at the same time whether they're the right words.

The main thing about freewriting is that it is none-editing. It is an exercise in bringing together the process of producing words and putting them down on the page. Practiced regularly, it undoes the ingrained habit of editing at the same time you are trying to produce. It will make writing less blocked because words will come more easily. You will use up more paper, but chew up fewer pencils.

Next time you write; notice how often you stop yourself from writing down something you were going to write down. Or else cross it out after it's written. "Naturally," you say, "it wasn't any good." But think for a moment about the occasions when you spoke well. Seldom was it because you first got the beginning just right. Usually it was a matter of a halting or even garbled beginning, but you kept going and your speech finally became coherent and even powerful. There is a lesson here for writing: trying to get the beginning just right is a formula for failure - and probably a secret tactic to make yourself give up writing. Make some words, whatever they are, and then grab hold of that line and reel in as hard as you can. Afterwards you can throw away lousy beginnings and make new ones. This is the quickest way to get into good writing.

The habit of compulsive, premature editing doesn't just make writing hard. It also makes writing dead. Your voice is damped out by all the interruptions, changes, and hesitations between the consciousness and the page. In your natural way of producing words there is a sound, a texture, a rhythm - a voice - which is the main source of power in your writing. I don't know how it works, but this voice is the force that will

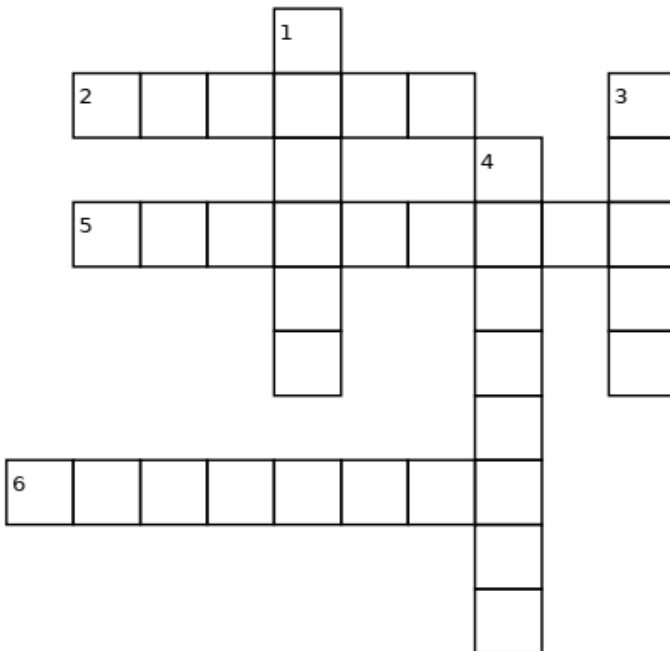
make a reader listen to you, the energy that drives the meanings through his thick skull. Maybe you don't like your voice; maybe people have made fun of it. But it's the only voice you've got. It's your only source of power. You better get back into it, no matter what you think of it. If you keep writing in it, it may change into something you like better. But if you abandon it, you'll likely never have a voice and never be heard.

Freewritings are vacuums. Gradually you will begin to carry over into your regular writing some of the voice, force, and connectedness that creep into those vacuums.

Peter Elbow

Ways with words

A. The words in the crossword puzzle are from the text. Find them in the text to solve the puzzle based on the clues given below.



Down:

- 1. to be preoccupied with a single topic or emotion
- 3. to move slowly and quietly in a particular direction
- 4. orderly, logical and consistent

Across:

- 2. to utter rapidly or unintelligibly
- 5. to insert something between other things
- 6. an unreadable handwriting

B. Use the following words in sentences of your own.

massive, consciousness, catch-as-catch-can, give up, abandon, lousy, editing

C. Word formation: Adjectives and Adverbs

a. Read the following sentences from the text and notice the words that are underlined.

- i. Do free writing exercises regularly.
- ii. Go quickly without rushing.
- iii. No wonder the producer gets nervous, jumpy, inhibited, and finally can't be coherent.
- iv. You can throw away lousy beginnings and make new ones.

The underlined words in (a) and (b) are **adverbs**, and in (c) and (d) are **adjectives**. Notice that we can form adverbs by adding the suffix '-ly' to an adjective, and adjective by adding the suffix '-y' to a noun.

Note that adding the suffix '-ly' to the noun makes that noun an adjective (e.g. friend – friendly, love – lovely, beast – beastly, scholar – scholarly, month – monthly, etc.).

b. Write the following words in the right columns. Change the adjectives into adverbs and nouns into adjectives, as shown in the example.

rain, careful, bush, spice, perfect, automatic, snow, blood, certain, cloud, fair, general, heavy, bag, proud, rapid, mood, noise, proper, air, final, common, beautiful, frequent, snow, hungry, cream, dust, ease, ice, oil, spice fun, hand, greed, health, hill

Adjectives	Adverbs	Nouns	Adjectives
careful	carefully	rain	rainy
.....

c. Fill in the gaps with the appropriate adjective or adverb.

- i. Pramila is playing (quiet/quietly).
- ii. Hari speaks very (loud/loudly).
- iii. Mukesh is a (careful/carefully) driver.
- iv. The test was (easy/easily) and we finished in time.
- v. He is fitting the (automatic/automatically) door in my house.
- vi. My uncle speaks (perfect/perfectly) Chinese.
- vii. It was raining very (heavy/heavily).
- viii. She looked very (calm/calmly), but I am sure she was feeling very nervous.

Comprehension

Answer the following questions.

- a. Why is freewriting also called ‘automatic writing’?
- b. How do you differentiate writing from speaking?
- c. What is the biggest obstacles in the writing process, according to Elbow? Do you agree with him? Why? Why not?
- d. How can freewriting overcome ‘writer’s block’?
- e. What do you mean by ‘voice’ in writing?
- f. Elbow uses a simile to explain that freewriting “is like writing something and putting it in a bottle in the sea.” What does this mean? Explain.

Critical thinking

- a. How does the author persuade readers in this essay? What is he trying to communicate to the readers?
- b. Elbow said, freewriting “is an exercise in bringing together the process of producing words and putting them down on the page.” Do you agree with his statement? Why? Why not?
- c. How did you learn to write? What was particularly difficult in writing? What inspired you to write? What are some of the challenges that you still face while writing?

Writing

Freewriting

Freewriting is like brainstorming. It is simply exploring your ideas through writing. When you freewrite, you write whatever comes into your mind on the topic. You write without stopping. Most of the freewriting exercises are of short duration – around five or ten minutes. When you freewrite, you need not worry about the formal structures, mechanics or grammar.

- A. Decide a topic of your choice for free writing exercise. Write a paragraph on the topic for five minutes. Do not stop for spelling or go back. Just write as much as you can. When you finish, you can share (verbally) what you wrote to your friends.**

Paragraph organization

A paragraph is usually a group of sentences on a topic. Most of the paragraphs are often five to ten sentences long, but they can be longer or shorter depending on the topic.

A paragraph has a topic sentence, supporting sentences and a concluding sentence. The topic sentence introduces the topic with a controlling idea, the supporting sentences further explain the topic sentence and the concluding sentence often repeats the information in the topic sentence in a different way. The topic sentence is usually the first sentence of the paragraph and the concluding sentence is the last.

B. Read the following paragraph. Identify the topic sentence and the concluding sentence.

Students require more recreational time in order to better focus on lessons in class. In fact, studies have shown that students who enjoy a recess of more than 45 minutes consistently score better on tests immediately following the recess period. Clinical analysis further suggests that physical exercise greatly improves the ability to focus on academic materials. Longer periods of recess are clearly required to allow students the best possible chances of success in their studies. Clearly, physical exercise is just one of the necessary ingredients for improving student scores on standardized tests.

C. Write a paragraph on any one of the following topics.

- a. My school library
- b. Moral values I like most

Grammar

Position of adverbs

A. Study these sentences.

- a. **Perhaps** she is not coming to the party.
- b. I **sometimes** visit him in the supermarket.
- c. He drove the car **carefully**.

Here the words in **bold** are adverbs. Adverbs can be placed at the front, in the middle or at the end position of a clause or sentence.

B. Rewrite the following sentences with the adverbs in the appropriate place.

- a. I watch television. (often)
- b. Have you been to Janakpur? (ever)
- c. They play football on Saturdays. (sometimes)
- d. The weather is bad in November. (always)
- e. We have fish for dinner. (seldom)
- f. Pritam doesn't get up before seven. (usually)
- g. I was very tired and I was hungry. (also)
- h. Did you enjoy the flight? (both)

C. Rewrite the following sentences placing the underlined words in the right position.

- a. I never have understood her.
- b. We are often invited to the parties.
- c. We all were tired, so we all fell asleep.
- d. Rajan drives always to work.
- e. Pradip hardly ever watches television, but he reads newspapers a lot.
- f. We enjoyed very much the party.
- g. My brother speaks fluently English.

Listening

A. Look at the picture and answer these questions.

- a. Is the girl happy or anxious?
- b. Why do you think the girl is worried?



B. Listen to the recording and mark True or False.

- a. Clare has got a history examination on Friday.
- b. Clare's notes are too short.
- c. Mark explains that she doesn't need to write everything in notes.
- d. Mark draws a picture of heart and writes an 'H' instead of 'King Henry'.
- e. Mark's way of taking notes doesn't work for Clare.

**C. What are your ideas about preparing notes for study and examination?
Discuss.**

Speaking

Expressing agreement/disagreement

A. Study the expressions of agreement and disagreement in the following table.

Agreeing	Partly agreeing	Disagreeing
You're right.	That's partly true,	That's not right!
Exactly.	but ...	I totally disagree!
I agree.	That may be true,	I don't agree!
Of course	but...	I don't agree with you.
Undoubtedly	I see your point,	I'm sorry, but I disagree.
I completely agree.	but ...	Absolutely not!
You're absolutely right.	I guess so, but...	A complete 'No'
I totally agree with you.	I'm not so sure	I'm afraid I can't agree with you.
Absolutely!	about that.	That's not always true.
I see exactly what you mean!	I agree up to a	I don't think so.
That's exactly what I think.	point, but ...	No, that's not true.
There is no doubt about it.		No way!

B. Here are some statements that you can agree or disagree with. Talk to each other using expressions of agreement and disagreement.

Winter is the best season.

Travelling to the remote places is important because it is adventurous.

It is easy to learn English.

Life is easier for children now and 20 years ago.

Use of smart phone in the classroom is not good.

Project Work

Work in a group of five and list five hobbies like travelling, photography, etc. Create a pack of statement cards for each hobby (for example, *Photography is an expensive hobby*). Each person in the group picks up a card and reads out the statement. The players take turns to say if they *agree* or *disagree* with the statement and give reasons for their opinion.

“The death of a billionaire is worth more to the media than the lives of a billion poor people.” - *Mokokoma Mokhonoana*

Reading

Social Media: Its Influence and Control over People’s Lives

Before you read

Look at the picture and discuss.

- What does each icon in the box mean?
- Do you have a Facebook or Twitter account? What do you do with them?
- Do you think social media can have influence in the society? How?



Read the following blog about how social media influence and control people’s lives causing them to get distracted in the society.

What comes to your mind when you hear the term ‘Social Media’? Perhaps, some people think the social as the media that makes them able to meet and communicate with people around the world. While some others think that, it is the channel that gives them the chance to send and receive information. Others might see it as the tool to get many updates from people who we follow and a part of a new marketing strategy.

Nowadays, social media seems like a big part of our life. When you have no reply to your text from you friend, you can greet them on Facebook. When you want to listen to music or watch a music video from your favourite singer you can go to YouTube. When you just wake up and open your eyes, you don’t have to walk outside to get the newspaper, just take your phone and scroll your Twitter timeline then you’ll get the information. Blog and Forum are also types of social media because they allow you to share “what you



think” about articles, pictures, videos and so on. Social media not only allows the users to share about their profession, major of study, works and company, addresses, political views and religion, but also allows them to find a job and to find the employees required. In fact, everything looks and feels easier to do with social media.

But from the examples above, I have a question in my mind. “If everything looks and feels easier to do with social media, isn't something strange? Isn't society extremely dependent on social media? How strongly can social media influence and control people’s lives?” This question leads me to recall a very interesting case in Indonesia that happened about some years ago.

In August 2008, there was a woman who was known by Indonesian people as Prita Mulyasari. Her case began when she wrote about her disappointment about the services of a Hospital in Jakarta. She wrote everything about the hospital and the bad services that she got from the doctors, nurses and administration staff. Then she sent a message to her friends on the mailing list. Actually, she just tried to remind her friends to be more selective in choosing the hospital and to be more careful in accepting many kinds of services. But, her message became a big problem after her friend shared it to a website (The People’s Forum) which so many read and commented about the issue.



In September 2008, the management of the hospital reported Prita Mulyasari for the bad news she has spread about the hospital. The management of the hospital claimed for material loss of about Rp.161 million as a replacement for clarification in national newspapers and Rp.100 million for immaterial losses. She wasn't only to pay for the hospital losses but she was also detained in May 2009. After 8 months she went through the inspection and verification process and was convicted by the court for violating the law about using the ICT (Information and Communication Technology). This case got rapidly spread among Indonesian people. As common issues, there are always pros and cons. Although the Indonesian people didn't justify what Prita had done against the hospital, most of them really cared about her life and her condition and tried to help her, at least to pay the amercement.

The first Facebook account which was made by some people is (<https://www.facebook.com/KoinPeduliPrita>). They were spreading “Bantu Bebaskan Prita” or “Help Free

Prita” among Indonesian People and approached them to help Prita by collecting the coins. It didn’t take a long time. Many volunteers, social workers, activists, students and even artists came together to help her. They were collecting many coins from people on the street, office, and even an entertainment centre. Some singers also held a charity concert to help her. In December 2009, the campaign was concluded and they succeeded in collecting the coins to help Prita, about Rp. 825 million. The money was extremely worth it for Prita, although she still had to go through the period of detainees. However, the money was very helpful for her not only to pay the amercement but also for her life, considering she had two kids to bring up.

I’m not trying to spread bad news about my country or discredit someone or some institutions. I am just trying to make you believe that social media has the strength to influence and control people’s lives. Prita’s case clearly explains to us that social media were able to make people’s life get worse or get better. It certainly does not mean that we need to stay away or become anti-social media. People are stronger than social media because we can easily think before we act and think before we speak. There is nothing to be worried about if we are wise when we share something on social media.

Aulia Maharani Karli

Ways with words

A. Find the words from the text that have the following meanings.

- a. a personal or corporate website
- b. a job requiring expertise in a particular field
- c. a feeling of sadness
- d. put under custody
- e. found guilty
- f. breaking or disregarding rules or system
- g. advantages and disadvantages
- h. a non-statutory monetary penalty

B. Study the underlined phrases in the following sentences.

Perhaps some people think about the media that makes them able to meet and communicate with people around the world.

When you want to listen to music or watch a music video from your favourite singer you can go to YouTube.

These are prepositional verbs. A prepositional verb is a combination of a verb and a preposition. It is simply a verb followed by a preposition (prepositional verb = verb + preposition).

Now, use the following prepositional verbs in sentences.

apologize to	adapt to	devote to	refer to	reply to
admire for	apply for	pray for	scold for	vote for
aim at	arrive at	glance at	look at	bring up
agree on	comment on	concentrate on	rely on	count on
grow up	escape from	recover from	resign from	suffer from
separate from	worry about	argue about	boast about	dream about
acquaint with	agree with	charge with	trust with	confuse with
believe in	involve in	succeed in	specialize in	absorb in

Comprehension

A. Fill in the gaps with appropriate words/phrases from the text.

- People are using social media for individual as well as purposes.
- Social media is not only a platform of sharing views, but also a platform of
- The hospital wanted Prita to pay Rp. 100 million for
- Some singers organized to help Prita.
- The campaign to help Prita was able to collect Rp.

B. Answer these questions.

- How do you define social media?
- Social media has been an integral part of modern life. How?
- Why do people use Facebook and YouTube?
- What is a blog? How can it be beneficial to us?
- Was Prita's intention bad when she sent a message to her friends?
- How did Prita's message become a big problem?
- Why was she convicted by the court?
- What was the purpose of the campaign, "*Bantu Bebaskan Prita*"?
- How are people stronger than social media?

Critical thinking

- Does social media have positive impact in the society? Discuss.
- How do you compare virtual communication and face-to-face communication?

Writing

- There are different schools of thought regarding the social media. Some people see the benefits while others see problems in them. What are your observations? Explain the advantages and disadvantages of the social media giving your position in it.
- What is cyber bullying? What are its effects? How can it be stopped?

Grammar

Prepositions of direction

A. Look at the following prepositions of direction with examples.

Preposition	Example
away from	Why are you <i>going away</i> from me?
across	She walked <i>across</i> the road.
along	A soldier walked <i>along</i> the rope.
out of	He came <i>out of</i> the room.
up to	He came <i>up to</i> her and asked a question.
past	The bullet whistled <i>past</i> my right ear.
through	The river runs <i>through</i> the woods.
to	This bus goes <i>to</i> Dhankuta.
into	The thief jumped <i>into</i> a car and drove away.
round	We travelled <i>round</i> the country.
onto	The cat climbed <i>onto</i> the roof.
towards	He started walking <i>towards</i> the library.
off	Don't jump <i>off</i> that wall.

B. Complete the following sentences using the correct prepositions of direction: *to, toward, onto, or into.*

- a. Prem drove Milan the airport.
- b. The plane landed the runway.
- c. The kids climbed the monkey bars.
- d. Manish and Richa moved the table the dining room.
- e. Ganesh almost fell the river.
- f. Lalit and Sarita took the bus that was heading the university.

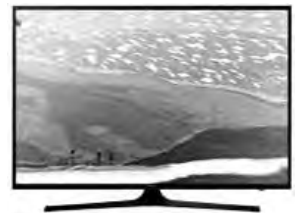
C. Complete the sentences with the correct preposition from the brackets.

- a. While we were hiking the forest, we saw a mountain lion. (across/through/along/under)
- b. The leopards walked in a circle the baby giraffe before they attacked. (into/towards/round/through)
- c. Go the building and turn left. (into/up/off/out of)
- d. She ran home when she was eighteen. (towards/away from/down/across)
- e. Raindrops ran the windscreen making it difficult to see the road. (into/up/down/over)
- f. Hemanta put the plate the table and began to eat his dinner. (onto/into/up/off)
- g. The frightened deer disappeared the forest. (up/onto/into/toward)
- h. We were driving the City Centre when we had an accident. (up/into/towards/along)
- i. The smoke from the fire went into the sky. (into/up/to/onto)

Listening

A. Answer these questions.

- a. Do you prefer television or radio programme?
- b. Which is your favourite television programme?



- c. Which is your favourite radio programme?



B. Listen to the TV programme about The Function of Mass Media in the society and fill in the blanks with correct words.

- Television, radio and internet are of mass communication.
- Shankar Gandhi is invited on television studio as
- One of the objectives of the programme is to gain and understand about basic principles of
- Mass communication is categorised according to production, transmission and reception.
- Billboards, signs and placards are the examples of
- Internet is becoming of mass media.

C. Match the given mass media with their starting date.

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------------------------|
| a. Print media | i. about 1900 AD |
| b. Cinema | ii. 2000 AD |
| c. Television | iii. late 15 th century |
| d. Mobile phone | iv. 1950 AD |

D. Which is your favourite mass media? Why? Give your reasons.

Speaking

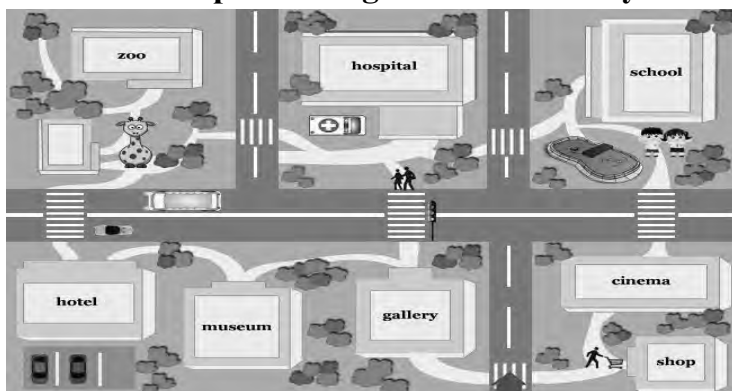
Giving directions

A. Study the following expressions about asking for and giving directions.

Asking for directions	Giving directions
How can I get to the office?	Go straight on till you see the hospital then turn left.
How do I get to the health post?	Go along here/Go along Green Street.
What's the best way to get to your house?	Go as far as the bus stop.
Can you please tell me how I can get to Pushpalal Chowk?	Turn left/right.
Excuse me, could you tell me how to get to the bus station?	Take the first/second/third turning on the left/right.

Excuse me, do you know where the post office is?	You are going the wrong way.
Excuse me, how do I get to the bus station?	I'm sorry I can't help you as I'm not from around here.
Is this the way to Durbar Square?	Yes, there is one right across the street next to the Library.
Is there a bank around/near here?	Take the second road on the left and you will see the hospital straight ahead.
How do I get to the mall?	You have to go straight along this road for about 200 metres. Turn right when you see Bhrikuti Street. Go on straight ahead till you see the Trinity supermarket. The mall is opposite to the supermarket.
Do you know the way to the Nepal Academy?	It's this way\It's that way.

B. How do we get to the zoo from the school as it is marked in the map? Work in pairs and give directions to your friend.



Giving instructions

A. Act out the following conversation.

Gopal: Excuse me, are you busy? I need your help.

Asta: Sure! What can I do for you?

Gopal: Can you tell me how to operate a washing machine?

Asta: First open and put clothes into the washing machine. Then put washing detergent into detergent compartment. (You can use liquid or powder)

Gopal: Just a moment, let me write this down.

Asta: Add bleach or fabric softener in its compartment. And then choose programme and select temperature according to the fabric type.

Gopal: Can you repeat it?

Asta: Add bleach or fabric softener in its compartment. And then choose programme and select temperature according to the fabric type.

Gopal: Ok, after that?

Asta: You just press START. But remember! Don't open the door while on function.

Gopal: Thank you, Asta.

Asta: Not at all.

B. Work in pairs and ask for and give instructions.

- a. How to open Facebook/Twitter/Gmail account
- b. How to book online air ticket

Project Work

Look at the status of Facebook of your Facebook friends in the last 24 hours or last two days. Do not write their names or any other identity. Categorize the information into various groups and critically discuss how you find them. Explain what kind of messages the users were trying to communicate, whether or not the messages have any ethical issues, how people might perceive the messages on the status.

“The greatest glory is not in never falling, but rising every time we fall.” – *Confucius*

Reading

Qin Dynasty

Before you read

Look at the picture and discuss.

- What do you see in the picture?
- When was this structure built?
- Who made it?



Read the following text about the contribution of the Qin Dynasty in Chinese history and culture.

The Qin Dynasty has a short duration (221-206 BCE), but very important in Chinese history. It followed the Zhou Dynasty (1046-256 BCE) and it ended when Liu Bang became the king of Han in 206 BCE (the formal beginning of the Han Dynasty). Despite its brevity, the Qin Dynasty left important marks on Chinese culture. In fact, the name "China" is derived from the name Qin (“Ch’in” in former Romanisation systems). Following the Zhou Dynasty, China became involved in a seemingly endless conflict



between the various regions for supreme control of the country. This period of conflict has come to be known as The Warring States Period (426-221 BCE). A series of victories by the state of Qin towards the end of the Warring States Period resulted in their complete conquest of China in 221 BCE when the Qin Empire unified China for the first time in its history.

Origins of the Qin Kingdom

During the Zhou Dynasty, China was never a unified kingdom. The Zhou government bore a strong resemblance to some of the forms of feudalism in medieval Europe, which is why the Zhou age is sometimes referred to as a feudal age. China was composed of a

network of city-states loyal to the Zhou king, from which military and political control spread over the surrounding farming villages.

About 771 BCE, a barbarian invasion drove the Zhou rulers eastwards. During this time, the state of Qin became responsible for guarding the western frontier and they gradually moved eastward and eventually occupied the original Zhou domains. Thus, the Qin became a close ally of the Zhou and they also had marriage relations with the Zhou ruling class. King Ping of Zhou (770-720 BCE) transferred titles of the nobility and huge estates to the chief of Qin. Many Chinese historians consider this event as pivotal for the state of Qin. The Qin was, at that time, very aware of the fact that they could be a great power. The elevation to nobility of the Qin meant that the Qin could become more ambitious and better fend off attacks from surrounding regions. As a consequence, these centuries spent fighting non-Chinese tribes helped the Qin gain invaluable experience in warfare and territorial expansion.

Of the many Chinese states, the Qin had the advantage of a favourable location: Its territory in modern Shaanxi Province is well guarded from the east by mountains and gorges and has easy access to the North China plain through the Yellow River passes. No major battle ever took place in the Qin's heartland.

During the Warring States period, all the states in China were trying to draw more power and prestige to themselves. The states of Qin and Chu were the strongest which was due, in part, to the locations of these two states being able to command vast resources. They were also able to expand their borders without fear of immediate conflict, unlike the other states, and so could obtain still further resources. This benefit, and others such as the size of the Qin army and their expert use of the chariot, contributed to their success in warfare. The Qin had all of the resources and advantages but what finally gave them victory over the other states was their ruthlessness in battle.



Qi Shi Huangdi

The Qin statesman Shang Yang (356-338 BCE) advocated total war and a disregard for the polite policies of battle which the Chinese Generals had always adhered to. His lessons were implemented by Ying Zheng, King of the Qin, who emerged victorious from the Warring States Period and proclaimed himself Shi Huangdi - 'first emperor' - of China in 221 BCE. About 230 BCE, when the final campaign to unify China began, it is estimated that the Qin controlled one-third of all the land under cultivation in China and one-third of China's total population.

Achievements in the Qin Dynasty

Early in the Qin Empire, the practice of Legalism reached its peak in Chinese history. This idea of state policy was devised by Shang Yang who came to Qin as a foreign advisor. Qin was lacking, early on, in skilled intellectuals and politicians and, therefore, had to look beyond its borders for talented people. Shang Yang was one of those foreign talented persons and he would have a lasting influence on the Qin Empire. During his time as a minister, Shang Yang radically renovated the policies of government but, in fact, he simply revived a practice which was already present for years: a form of government with a focus on greater efficiency and less adherence to tradition in which strict adherence to the letter of the law was made paramount. Emperor Shi Huangdi approved of Shang Yang's policies and implemented them across his realm.



Grand Canal

This form of government consisted of a collectivisation programme and the decimation of aristocratic power. Farmers were freed from serfdom and Shi Huangdi reduced the power of the aristocracy. The people throughout the empire were now supposed to bear collective responsibility for each other. If a person did not behave according to the rules, then others were required to report to him. If they did not do this, they were quartered or beheaded. Fear and control were the key features of this political system. In addition, one's personal importance to the empire was also a key element. If you, as a person, meant nothing to the state, you actually meant nothing objectively; your life was meaningless. Those who contributed the most to the state were highly rewarded while those whose lives were considered of no consequence were sent to work as slaves on Shi Huangdi's building projects such as the Great Wall of China, the Grand Canal, and the roads which increased ease of trade and travel.

Another result of the Legalism of Shi Huangdi was that scholarship was strongly suppressed and literacy denied to the majority of the populace. Shi Huangdi believed that uneducated people were easier to control and so the people should remain stupid so that they would never think to doubt who was in charge of the empire. This policy resulted in the burning of books on a large scale and, in 212 BCE, on the advice of his chief advisor Li Si, Shi Huangdi had scholars executed on a large scale. Books were banned throughout the empire, as was teaching, except for subjects touching upon the

re-written history of the Qin Dynasty, Legalism, or the personal glory of Shi Huangdi. It was not until the later Han Dynasty that books were recovered from hiding and repaired, and literacy was again available to the people of China.

Although Shi Huangdi and Shang Yang's Legalism (as well as Li Siu's policies) were hated by many at the time (and have been generally frowned upon by scholars of the period), later the Qin kings and emperors of China were well aware of the strong impact that Legalism had on the efficiency and strength of the state. Legalism helped to create a superior army, a disciplined bureaucracy, an obedient populace, and the unquestioned authority of a strong central government. This bureaucratic model became the standard for the Chinese government and is still maintained in some form today. Although Confucianism was preferred in later dynasties, Legalism continued to exert a strong influence in China. It was often the case that the harsh Legalism was glossed over with just a different name and, quite often, as 'Confucianism'.

The End of the Qin Empire

In the year 210 BCE emperor Shi Huangdi died on a journey through the realm. The people were told that these trips were designed for the inspection of the empire but later evidence suggests that the emperor was looking for an elixir of immortality. In his later years, Shi Huangdi became obsessed with death and the hope of eternal life. In constant fear of assassination, it is said, he never slept in the same room of his palace two nights consecutively and he ordered the construction of his elaborate tomb (including his Terracotta Army of 8,000 warriors) early on in his reign. The cause of his death is still unknown.

Li Siu (c. 280–208 BCE), the then prime minister of the recently deceased emperor, tried to hide the fact that Shi Huangdi was deceased in any possible way. He brought the emperor's body back to the capital along with carts of dead fish to mask the smell of the corpse. Along with Zhao Gao (died 208/207 BCE), Li Siu contrived to place Hu Hai on the throne. Hu Hai was the weak second son of Shi Huangdi. Due to the weakness of Hu Hai, the oppressed people of China grew bolder and soon began to revolt.

Through a series of uprisings and rebel alliances, the Qin authority was overthrown in the year 206 BCE in the capital of Xianyang. The Imperial House was massacred and the Qin Dynasty was thus at an end. A complicated series of battles followed for the honour of being the successor to the Qin Dynasty which resulted in the period known as the Chu-Han Contention in which Xiang-Yu of the state of Chu fought Liu Bang

of Han for supremacy. Liu Bang emerged victorious following Xiang-Yu's defeat at the Battle of Gaixia in 202 BCE. Liu Bang (247 BCE- 195 BCE) was applauded as a man of the people and, after his victory, founded the Han Dynasty.

Legacy of the Qin Dynasty

As mentioned previously, Legalism had a lasting effect on the entirety of Chinese history. The Qin Dynasty created the standard of bureaucratic government and the Legalistic policies first initiated by the Qin are still seen in China today. In addition, the dynasty left a wonder of ancient artwork: The Terracotta Army in Xi'an. This tomb reflects the character of the Chinese emperor and his unending desire to be immortal.



Terracotta Army

The Terracotta Army also exemplifies what Chinese society at that time was able to produce once it had been formed as a state. The most famous legacy left by the Qin is The Great Wall of China. Although the present structure does not date from the Qin Dynasty, it was begun under Shi Huangdi, as was the Grand Canal, and the roads which today link the cities of China and the countryside. The Qin did more than just found a dynasty in China: they brought a continent together.

Gabriel Peralta

NOTES

Feudalism: a socio-political system that existed in Europe during the Middle Ages in which people worked and fought for the nobles who gave them protection and the use of land in return

Legalism: an ancient Chinese philosophical belief that human beings are more inclined to do the wrong than the right because they are motivated entirely by self-interest. It was developed by the philosopher Han Feizi (c. 280-233 BCE).

Confucianism: the system of ethics, education, and statesmanship taught by the Chinese philosopher Confucius (551–479 BCE) and his disciples, stressing love for humanity, ancestor worship, reverence for the parents, and harmony in thought and conduct

Ways with words

A. Match the words with their meanings.

- | | |
|-----------------|---|
| a. brevity | i. the state of being alike |
| b. conquest | ii. a member of an uncivilised group of people or culture |
| c. resemblance | iii. state of being noble in character, quality, or rank |
| d. barbarian | iv. liquid that is believed to cure all ills |
| e. ally | v. lasting only for a short time |
| f. nobility | vi. cruel |
| g. ruthlessness | vii. victory over a place or people by use of military force |
| h. decimation | viii. the killing or destruction of a large number of a population |
| i. harsh | ix. character of having no pity or compassion |
| j. elixir | x. one state united to another by a treaty or a league for a military purpose |

B. Find the following words in the text and use them in sentences of your own.

invasion disregard paramount populace revolt assassination serfdom

C. Study the following homographs.

address (noun): the location of a house)

address (verb) to speak to a group of people)

DEcrease (n.): reduction in the amount of something)

deCREASE (v.): to become smaller in amount)

PREsent (n.): a gift)

preSENT (v.): to give something formally)

PROtest (n.): objection to something by an organised group of people)

proTEST (v.): to express an objection)

CONtest (n.): a game or event of completion)

conTEST (v.): to challenge or dispute)

RECord (n): a written account of information)

reCORD (v.): to keep or store information for future use)

Homographs are the words with different pronunciations and different meanings but same spellings. However, the words here have a change in the word stress often causing changes in the vowel sounds.

D. Consult a dictionary and prepare a list of ten homographs.

E. Read the limerick, the stressed words are in uppercase.

I KNEW a MAN whose NAME was SHAW.

He ATE a ROCK and BROKE his JAW.

WHAT do you THINK?

He SAID, with a WINK.

PerHAPS it's BAD to EAT them RAW.

A limerick is a funny rhyming verse of five lines with the rhyme pattern aabba. Remember, limericks emphasise English sentence stress.

F. Here is a very old limerick taken from a book 'A Book of Nonsense' by Edward Lear. Practise it with the help of your teacher and find the stressed words.

There once was a fly on the wall.

I wondered 'why didn't it fall'?

Were its feet stuck?

Or was it just luck?

Or does gravity miss so small?

Comprehension

A. Complete the table with the correct information from the text.

Qin Dynasty Period	
Zhou Dynasty Period	
Warring States Period	
Unification of China by Qin	
First Emperor of Qin Dynasty	
Death of Shi Huangdi	
Liu Bang Period	

B. Answer these questions.

- a. Why is the Zhou Age called a feudal age?
- b. What is the location advantage of the Qin?
- c. What contributed to the success in the warfare as described in the text?
- d. Why did the Qin invite the foreign advisor, Shang Yang?
- e. What were the key features of the Qin political system?
- f. How were the people treated during the Qin Period?
- g. Why did Shi Huangdi stop educating ordinary people?
- h. What did the Qin achieve by the legalism in practice?
- i. Why did Shi Huangdi never sleep in the same room for two consecutive nights?
- j. What are the everlasting marks of the Qin Dynasty?

Critical thinking

- a. The Great Wall and the Taj Mahal are the creation of the autocratic rulers. Present your view for or against this statement.
- b. How do you describe the pros and cons of feudalism?

Writing

- a. Write an email to your friend living abroad stating the contributions of *Prithvi Narayan Shah* in the unification of Nepal.
- b. The table shows the major political movements in Nepal after the end of the Rana Regime. Write a paragraph of each event with their key contributions in the political landscape of Nepal.

S. N.	Political Movement	Year (AD)
1	Establishment of Democracy	1951
2	First General Election	1959
3	Dismissal of Elected Government	1960
4	National Referendum	1980
5	People's Movement I	1990
6	People's Movement II	2006

Grammar

A. Read this paragraph and classify regular and irregular verbs in the bold face.

About 771 BCE, a barbarian invasion **drove** the Zhou rulers eastwards. During this time, the state of Qin **became** responsible for guarding the western frontier and they gradually **moved** eastward and eventually **occupied** the original Zhou domains. Thus, the Qin **became** a close ally of the Zhou and they also **had** marriage relations with the Zhou ruling class. King Ping of Zhou (r. 770-720 BCE) **transferred** titles of the nobility and huge estates to the chief of Qin.

Past simple is used to talk about a single action or series of actions that happened in the past.

B. Complete the texts below using the correct past forms of the verbs from the bracket.

- The Maya established a very advanced civilisation in the jungles of the Yucatan. However, their culture..... (disappear) by the time Europeans first (arrive) in the New World.
- When I(turn) on the radio yesterday, I(hear) a song that was popular when I(be) at the basic level of my study. It (take) me back to some old memories.
- I was looking for a job. I.....(apply) for a job last week. Fortunately, I..... (get) it and now I am a job holder.

C. Choose the correct words from the list and complete the sentences with the correct verb form.

teach	write	see	get up	throw	cost
-------	-------	-----	--------	-------	------

- Newton.....an apple falling from the tree.
- Ramesh Bikal.....many popular stories.
- My jacket is expensive. It.....me Rs 5000.
- She.....early in the morning yesterday.
- When I was small, my father.....me at home.
- Why did you.....the cap away?

D. Put the verb into the correct form and complete the sentences.

- a. I went to see the film, but I.....it. (not/enjoy)
- b. I.....Rojina in town in a few days ago. (meet)
- c. It was very warm, so I.....my coat. (take off)
- d. Though the bed was very comfortable, I.....very well. (not/sleep)
- e. I new job last week. (start)
- f. He too busy in the office yesterday. (be)
- g. Nita..... her to the party, but she didn't come. (invite)

Listening

A. Look at the picture and answers the questions.

- a. What do you see in the picture?
- b. What do you see on the forehead?
- c. What does it symbolise?



B. Listen to the audio and write True for true statements and False for false ones.

- a. The centre of the head is similar to the centre of the universe.
- b. The secret symbol is inconsistent in different cultures and religions.
- c. The third eye connects us to the great unknown force of the universe.
- d. We are indirectly connected to the extraterrestrial beings.

C. Listen to the audio again and answer the following questions.

- a. What is the shape of the centre in human beings?
- b. Where do we see the symbol of third eye in Buddhism?
- c. What is cosmic egg?
- d. What does the cosmic egg represent?

D. Collect other information about the third eye and share with friends.

Speaking

A. Read the following text loudly.

I'm Anupama. I travelled from Jumla to Surkhet by flight on June 5, 2019. It was my first flight experience. I reached the airport at 9:30 am. After some formal chit chat, I

went for the security check. The flight was scheduled to leave at 10:00 am. The flight was on time and I had the window seat. I was waiting for the take off. Before the takeoff, the pilot made an announcement. The air hostess informed us about safety rules. Now time came... Firstly the plane moved on the runway till the opposite end. But finally it took an about-turn and the speed increased. Within a few seconds I was in the sky. The view was breath-taking. The roads and buildings seemed like lines and toys. My ears were humming initially when the plane increased the height, but later on everything was fine. Finally, I reached Surkhet at 10:30 am. It was one of the most memorable experiences of my life!



B. Work in groups of five and narrate your memorable event with some exciting experiences that you had.

Project Work

Find the similarities and differences between the Qin Dynasty in China and the Rana Regime. You can search information on the internet and prepare a comparative chart. Once you complete your project, compare it with the charts from your friends.

“The best and most beautiful things in this world cannot be seen or even heard, but must be felt with the heart.” – *Helen Keller*

Reading

The Looking Glass

Before you read

- What do you think a looking glass is?
- Do you dream while you are asleep? Do dreams have meaning in real life?
- Do you believe in imagination or reality? Why?

Now read the following story about the dream of a young girl with the harsh realities in her life.

New Year's Eve. Nellie, the daughter of a landowner and general, a young and pretty girl, dreaming day and night of being married, was sitting in her room, gazing with exhausted, half-closed eyes into the looking-glass. She was pale, tense, and as motionless as the looking-glass.

The non-existent but apparent vista of a long, narrow corridor with endless rows of candles, the reflection of her face, her hands, of the frame - all this was already clouded in mist and merged into a boundless grey sea. The sea was undulating, gleaming and now and then flaring crimson.

Looking at Nellie's motionless eyes and parted lips, one could hardly say whether she was asleep or awake, but nevertheless she was seeing. At first, she saw only the smile and soft, charming expression of someone's eyes, then against the shifting grey background there gradually appeared the outlines of a head, a face, eyebrows, beard. It was he, the destined one, the object of long dreams and hopes. The destined one was for Nellie everything, the significance of life, personal happiness, career, fate. Outside him, as on the grey background of the looking-glass, all was dark, empty,



meaningless. And so it was not strange that, seeing before her a handsome, gently smiling face, she was conscious of bliss, of an unutterably sweet dream that could not be expressed in speech or on paper. Then she heard his voice, saw herself living under the same roof with him, her life merged into his. Months and years flew by against the grey background. And Nellie saw her future distinctly in all its details.

Picture followed picture against the grey background. Now Nellie saw herself one winter night knocking at the door of Stepan Lukitch, the district doctor. The old dog hoarsely and lazily barked behind the gate. The doctor's windows were in darkness. All was silence.

"For God's sake, for God's sake!" whispered Nellie. But at last the garden gate creaked and Nellie saw the doctor's cook. "Is the doctor at home?"

"His honour's asleep," whispered the cook into her sleeve, as though afraid of waking her master. "He's only just got home from his fever patients, and gave orders he was not to be woken."

But Nellie scarcely heard the cook. Thrusting her aside, she rushed headlong into the doctor's house. Running through some dark and stuffy rooms, upsetting two or three chairs, she at last reached the doctor's bedroom. Stepan Lukitch was lying on his bed, dressed, but without his coat, and with pouting lips was breathing into his open hand. A little night-light glimmered faintly beside him. Without uttering a word Nellie sat down and began to cry. She wept bitterly, shaking all over.

"My husband is ill!" she sobbed out. Stepan Lukitch was silent. He slowly sat up, propped his head on his hand, and looked at his visitor with fixed, sleepy eyes. "My husband is ill!" Nellie continued, restraining her sobs. "For mercy's sake come quickly. Make haste. . . . Make haste!"

"Eh?" growled the doctor, blowing into his hand. "Come! Come this very minute! Or . . . it's terrible to think! For mercy's sake!"

And pale, exhausted Nellie, gasping and swallowing her tears, began describing to the doctor her husband's illness, her unutterable terror. Her sufferings would have touched the heart of a stone, but the doctor looked at her, blew into his open hand, and - not a movement.

"I'll come to-morrow!" he muttered. "That's impossible!" cried Nellie. "I know my husband has typhus! At once . . . this very minute you are needed!"

"I . . . er . . . have only just come in," muttered the doctor. "For the last three days I've

been away, seeing typhus patients, and I'm exhausted and ill myself. . . . I simply can't! Absolutely! I've caught it myself! There!"

And the doctor thrust before her eyes a clinical thermometer. "My temperature is nearly forty. . . . I absolutely can't. I can scarcely sit up. Excuse me. I'll lie down. . . ." The doctor lay down.

"But I implore you, doctor," Nellie moaned in despair. "I beseech you! Help me, for mercy's sake! Make a great effort and come! I will repay you, doctor!" "Oh, dear! . . . Why, I have told you already. Ah!"

Nellie leapt up and walked nervously up and down the bedroom. She longed to explain to the doctor, to bring him to reason. . . . She thought if only he knew how dear her husband was to her and how unhappy she was, he would forget his exhaustion and his illness. But how could she be eloquent enough?

"Go to the Zemstvo doctor," she heard Stepan Lukitch's voice.

"That's impossible! He lives more than twenty miles from here, and time is precious. And the horses can't stand it. It is thirty miles from us to you, and as much from here to the Zemstvo doctor. No, it's impossible! Come along, Stepan Lukitch. I ask of you a heroic deed. Come, perform that heroic deed! Have pity on us!"

"It's beyond everything. . . . I'm in a fever . . . my head's in a whirl . . . and she won't understand! Leave me alone!"

"But you are in duty bound to come! You cannot refuse to come! It's egoism! A man is bound to sacrifice his life for his neighbour, and you . . . you refuse to come! I will summon you before the Court."

Nellie felt that she was uttering a false and undeserved insult, but for her husband's sake she was capable of forgetting logic, tact, sympathy for others. . . . In reply to her threats, the doctor greedily gulped a glass of cold water. Nellie fell to entreating and imploring like the very lowest beggar. . . . At last, the doctor gave way. He slowly got up, puffing and panting, looking for his coat.

"Here it is!" cried Nellie, helping him. "Let me put it on to you. Come along! I will repay you. . . . All my life I shall be grateful to you. . . ."

But what agony! After putting on his coat, the doctor lay down again. Nellie got him up and dragged him to the hall. Then there was an agonizing to-do over his galoshes, his overcoat. . . . His cap was lost. . . . But at last Nellie was in the carriage with the

doctor. Now they had only to drive thirty miles and her husband would have a doctor's help. The earth was wrapped in darkness. One could not see one's hand before one's face. . . . A cold winter wind was blowing. There were frozen lumps under their wheels. The coachman was continually stopping and wondering which road to take.

Nellie and the doctor sat silent all the way. It was fearfully jolting, but they felt neither the cold nor the jolts.

"Get on, get on!" Nellie implored the driver.

At five in the morning, the exhausted horses drove into the yard. Nellie saw the familiar gates, the well with the crane, the long row of stables and barns. At last, she was at home.

"Wait a moment, I will be back directly," she said to Stepan Lukitch, making him sit down on the sofa in the dining-room. "Sit still and wait a little, and I'll see how he is going on."

On her return from her husband, Nellie found the doctor lying down. He was lying on the sofa and muttering.

"Doctor, please! . . . doctor!"

"Eh? Ask Domna!" muttered Stepan Lukitch. "What?"

"They said at the meeting . . . Vlassov said . . . Who? . . . what?"

And to her horror Nellie saw that the doctor was as delirious as her husband. What was to be done? "I must go for the Zemstvo doctor," she decided.

Then again there followed darkness, a cutting cold wind, lumps of frozen earth. She was suffering in body and in soul, and delusive nature has no arts, no deceptions to compensate these sufferings. . .

Then she saw against the grey background how her husband every spring was in straits for money to pay the interest for the mortgage to the bank. He could not sleep, she could not sleep, and both racked their brains till their heads ached, thinking how to avoid being visited by the clerk of the Court.

She saw her children: the everlasting apprehension of colds, scarlet fever, diphtheria, bad marks at school, separation. Out of a brood of five or six, one was sure to die.

The grey background was not untouched by death. That might well be. A husband and wife cannot die simultaneously. Whatever happened one must bury the other. And

Nellie saw her husband dying. This terrible event presented itself to her in every detail. She saw the coffin, the candles, the deacon, and even the footmarks in the hall made by the undertaker.

"Why is it, what is it for?" she asked, looking blankly at her husband's face. And all the previous life with her husband seemed to her a stupid prelude to this.

Something fell from Nellie's hand and knocked on the floor. She started, jumped up, and opened her eyes wide. One looking-glass she saw lying at her feet. The other was standing as before on the table.

She looked into the looking-glass and saw a pale, tear-stained face. There was no grey background now. "I must have fallen asleep," she thought with a sigh of relief.

Anton Chekhov

Ways with words

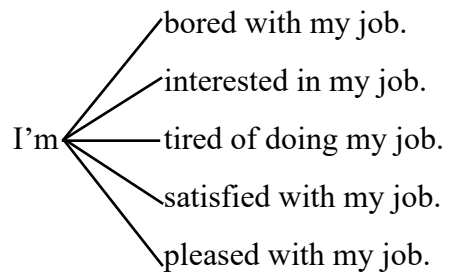
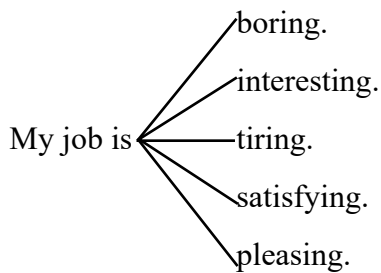
A. Match the words with their meanings.

- | | |
|---------------|-------------------------|
| a. exhausted | i. vision |
| b. apparent | ii. wavy |
| c. vista | iii. predetermined |
| d. undulating | iv. prevent, hinder |
| e. destined | v. suffocating, airless |
| f. stuffy | vi. tired |
| g. restrain | vii. clear |

B. Write the meaning and word class of the following words. Then use them in sentences of your own.

implore, despair, beseech, eloquent, whirl, egoism, agony, delirious, delusive, compensate, mortgage, brood, prelude

C. In the story, you saw the words like 'exhausted' and 'smiling'. They are used as adjectives. Adjectives ending in -ing describe what someone or something is like, whereas adjectives ending in -ed describe how someone feels. Compare:



D. Choose the correct word.

- a. Sarita was *shocking/shocked* to hear about earthquake.
- b. I think that rainy days in winter are *depressing/depressed*.
- c. The football match was very *exciting/excited*. I enjoyed it.
- d. The meals at Delight Café are *satisfying/satisfied*.
- e. I've got nothing to do. I'm *boring/bored*.
- f. Tanka is very good at telling funny stories. He can be very *amusing/amused*.
- g. The teacher's explanation was *confusing/confused*. Most of the students didn't understand it.
- h. He is such a *boring/bored* person. He never wants to go out.
- i. I will be *surprising/surprised* if she does well in her test.
- j. Are you *interesting/interested* in politics?

E. Write the correct form of the adjective in the blanks as in the example.

Example - Grammar rules frustrate me. They're not logical. They are so frustrating.

- a. They frustrate me but they don't bore me. I never get when I study grammar.
- b. If teachers want to interest the students, they must use materials.
- c. Certain stories interest almost everybody. For example, most students are in fairy tales.
- d. Certain things frighten me, but I never get when I speak English.
- e. If I get a good grade, that excites me. And if I get more than ninety percent, I am really

Comprehension

Answer these questions.

- a. Who was Nellie? What did she use to dream of?
- b. What was she doing with the looking glass?
- c. Why did she go to the doctor on one winter night?
- d. What was Stepan Lukitch doing when she reached his bedroom?
- e. Why was the doctor not ready to go to see her husband?
- f. Why did Stepan Lukitch suggest Nellie to go to the Zemstvo doctor?
- g. Nellie said, "Come, perform that heroic deed! Have pity on us!" What was that pity to be done?
- h. When Nellie said, "I must have fallen asleep." What does it mean?
- i. What is the main theme of the story?

Critical thinking

- a. "The looking glass (mirror)" is used as a symbol in the story. What does it symbolise?
- b. Chekhov employs the magic trick in the story, using a very elegant transition from reality to imagination to reality sequence. Discuss its relevance to life of young people.

Writing

Write a couple of paragraphs about an interesting dream that you have had.

Grammar

Will and be going to

A. Look at these examples.

A: Gita is in hospital.

B: Oh, really? I'll go and visit her.

A: Gita is in hospital.

B: Yes, I know. I'm going to visit her this evening.

B. Match the expressions in column A with their functions in column B.

- | A | B |
|--|-------------------------------|
| a. A: What do you want to take?
B: I'll have tea, please. | i. Promising |
| b. A: Are you free this evening?
B: No, I'm going to meet my uncle. | ii. Threatening |
| c. The day will be lovely tomorrow. | iii. Deciding |
| d. There is no cloud in the sky.
It's going to be a lovely day. | iv. Expressing a prior plan |
| e. Don't worry. I won't tell anyone. | v. Predicting a future action |
| f. I'll take you to the movies if you like. | vi. Offering |
| g. I'll tell your parents what you did. | vii. Predicting with evidence |

C. Choose the correct answer.

- a. A: Are you busy this evening?
B: Yes, I.....the movies. (will go/am going to)
- b. A: Where are you going for holiday this summer?
B: Not sure yet. Maybe I.....to Ilam. (will go/am going to)
- c. I think you.....like this movie. (will /are going to)
- d. I can't join you at the party, I.....be away for two weeks. (will /am going to)
- e. This exercise looks really hard. I.....help you. (will/am going to)
- f. A: Hello. Can I speak to Sima, please?
B: Just a minute. I.....get her. (will/am going to)
- g. Perhaps she.....pass the exam. (will/is going to)
- h. 'I haven't got my phone.' 'That's OK. I.....lend you mine.' (will/am going to)

D. Complete the sentences using will or be going to with the verbs.

- a. Hari: Did you call Bina?
Prem: Oh, I forgot. I.....her now. (call)

- b. Sunita: Have you got a ticket for the play?
Hema: Yes, I.....it on Saturday. (watch)
- c. 'The alarm is ringing. It's making an awful noise.' 'OK, I.....it off.'
(switch)
- d. Do you think they.....the presents we got for them? (like)
- e. 'Lok is starting university tomorrow.' 'What.....study?' (he/study)
- f. If I meet him, I.....him the news. (tell)
- g. The phone is ringing. I.....it. (answer)
- h. If you don't stop bullying her, I.....the teacher. (tell)

Listening

A. Look at the picture and answer these questions.

- a. What are people in the picture doing?
- b. Tell your partner a picnic experience.



B. Now listen to the recording and write what the girl is proposing to do on these days.

Days	They are going to
Monday	go down to the lake
Tuesday	
Wednesday	
Friday	
Saturday	

C. Work in pairs. Describe a vacation you took by yourself or with family and friends. Where did you go and what did you do? What did you enjoy most about the trip?

Speaking

Expressing decisions, intentions and plans

A. Read, discuss and act out the following conversation.

Sarita : Hello Alina, what are you going to do this weekend?

Alina : Hello, I'm going to visit my grandmother. How about you?

Sarita : Well, I still don't have any plan for the weekend.

Alina : Why don't you go to a museum?

Sarita : That's a good idea. But, I have to do my assignments first. Have you done all your assignments?

Alina : No, I haven't. I'd like to do them this evening.

Sarita : Well, can we do them together?

Alina : Yes, of course.

Sarita : Okay, great. I'll come to your house at 4 pm then.

Alina : I'll be waiting for you.



B. Study the examples.

- a. We're going to get a new car soon. (It's our decision)
- b. I'm going to wash my hair. (That's my intention)
- c. Will you come to my party? Sorry, I'm going to help Lola. (prior plan/arrangement)

C. Work in pairs. Talk about your decisions, intentions and plans on the following.

- a. making money
- b. next year
- c. after your exam
- d. coming Saturday
- e. further study

Project Work

Work in groups of four. Develop a series of pictures to reflect the lifestyle of Nepali people from different parts of the country and display it in class.

“Take care of your body. It's the only place you have to live.” - *Jim Rohn*

Reading

You May Scoff...

Before you read

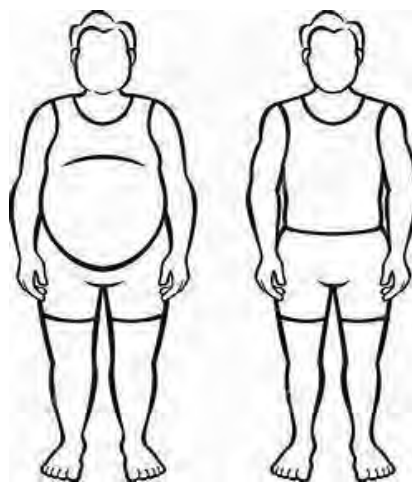
- a. Do you think that ‘eating less and moving more’ can be a good suggestion for health?

Now read the following article about staying slim.

Who needs diets and exercise? There are plenty of other ways to stay slim.

The holidays are a time of excess. Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we diet - or perhaps not! Unfortunately, we do not all have the self-discipline and **determination** it takes to cut back on cake and hit the gym. But fear not - there could be other ways to shift the fat and stay **trim**.

Just to get this straight, if you over-eat and under-exercise you will gain weight. However, growing evidence suggests that other factors also contribute to excess **adiposity**. Last year, David Allison at the University of Alabama in Birmingham, Ala., **highlighted** this when he discovered that humans are not alone in piling on the pounds. He looked at wild animals, lab animals, even animals kept on the same highly controlled diets for decades, and found that all were becoming heavier (*Proceedings of the Royal Society B*, vol. 279, p. 1626). Allison concludes that whatever factors are fattening up the animals that live around us might also help explain the human obesity epidemic.



That being the case, identifying these alternative factors should give us new ways to fight the **bulge**. The good news is that researchers worldwide are beginning to do just that. It is not yet known how much each factor contributes to obesity, but we can **nevertheless** suggest ways of avoiding them – and some are far less painful than dieting or pounding the tarmac.

Get vaccinated

If you catch a cold this holiday season, you may have to stock up on new clothes as well as tissues. That's because at least one common cold virus has been linked to obesity. Nikhil Dhurandhar of the Pennington Biomedical Research Centre in Louisiana discovered that adenovirus-36 (AD-36) **boosts** both the number of fat cells in the body and the amount of fat inside these cells. He also found that obese people are nearly three times as likely as those of healthy weight to test positive for AD-36 antibodies, indicating current or past infection (*Obesity*, vol. 14, p. 1905). Another study reported that children with AD-36 antibodies weighed an average of 23 kilograms more than children without them (*Paediatrics*, vol. 126, p. 721).

The "fat effect" of AD-36 might **persist** for several years in humans, although nobody knows for sure. Meanwhile, another 10 microbes have been reported to make animals fatter. While it sounds alarming, this could actually be good news in the fight against **flab**. "If indeed some infections contribute to obesity in people, we could have a potentially very simple and effective prevention strategy – vaccination," says Dhurandhar.

Chill!

While extreme stress tends to make people lose weight, the everyday kind can have the opposite effect. So, for the sake of your waistline, take a deep breath, and don't let the festive family **bickering** get to you.

Failing that, try giving the new-year diet a miss. One recent study found that moderate calorie **restriction** made mice much more sensitive to stress, and this effect persisted once the diet was over. The mice went on to choose more high-fat food than those that had never had their food restricted (*Journal of Neuroscience*, vol. 30, p. 16399).

Brain imaging studies by Rajita Sinha, director of the Yale Stress Centre at Yale University showed that stress increases activity in the ventral striatum, a region associated with reward and habits (*Neuropsychopharmacology*, vol. 36, p. 627). "So it increases craving for high calorie foods in those who have a habit of consuming them," she says. Instead of counting calories, she recommends mindfulness, stress reduction and meditation techniques to cultivate an awareness of how your thoughts and behaviour can undermine your health. "They can help with taking control over the **urges** and stress-related eating of high-calorie food".

Everybody say "om".

Over the past three decades, homes in the US and UK have become warmer. Fiona Johnson at University College London and colleagues think this may be making us fatter (*Obesity Review*, vol. 12, p.543). Simona Bo of the University of Turin, Italy, agrees. In a study of more than 1500 middle-aged adults, her team found that those whose home temperatures ranked in the top third were about twice as likely to become obese over the six-year period of the research (*International Journal of Obesity*, vol. 35, p.1442).

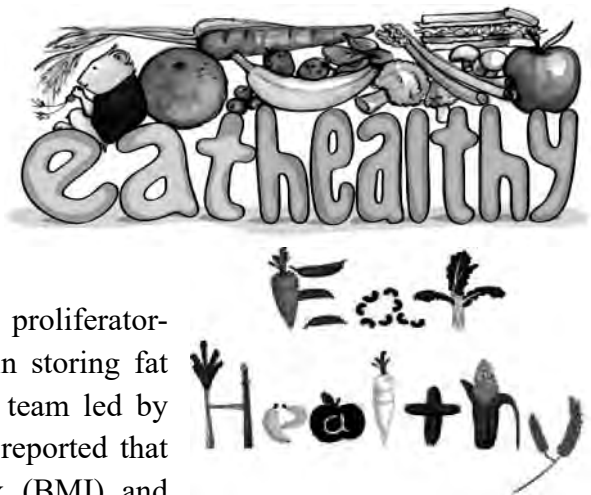
Shivering obviously burns energy, but you don't need to be freezing for your body to chew through extra calories. Most fat on our bodies is a type called white fat. But when temperatures get down to about 18°C, brown fat – which is abundant in babies and which adults mostly carry around their necks – starts burning energy to warm you up.

Unfortunately, if you were not regularly exposed to cold, your brown fat deposits shrink and so too does your capacity to burn off that extra holiday treat. Any change will help, though, says Johnson. You burn steadily less energy as environmental temperatures rise from 15°C to 28°C. “So turning down the thermostat by any amount is likely to have some small effect,” she says. Do try this at home.

Watch the packaging

As well as looking at the nutritional labeling, you might also want to watch the actual material your food comes wrapped in. Some plastic packaging and cans contain endocrine disrupter chemicals that can leach into food and drinks, and evidence is starting to link some of these to expanding waistlines.

Endocrine disrupters change the normal functioning of hormones. Many interfere with the functioning of the thyroid, which produces hormones that regulate metabolic rate. One group, known as phthalates, also seems to activate a receptor in the cell nucleus called PPAR (peroxisome proliferator-activated receptor)-gamma, involved in storing fat and metabolizing glucose. In 2010, a team led by Elizabeth Hatch at Boston University reported that men with a bigger body mass index (BMI) and waist circumference had higher blood concentrations of metabolites of phthalate



(*International Journal of Andrology*, vol. 33, p.324). Other research has linked obesity to exposure to bisphenol A, which is another endocrine disrupter.

Debate continues over whether these chemicals are harmful or not, and avoiding them is tricky. But look out for PVC packaging – labeled “Type 3” for recycling purpose – which can contain phthalates or bisphenol A. And be especially wary when buying fatty foods in which endocrine disrupters tend to accumulate, posing a potential double threat.

Turn down the lights

If your idea of a holiday workout is lifting glasses of beer late into the night, then it’s not just the extra calories you need to worry about. Randy Nelson and his team at Ohio State University in Columbus found that mice exposed to light at night weighed 10 per cent more at the end of the eight-week study than mice that had experienced a standard light/dark cycle, even though they ate the same total number of calories and did the same amount of exercise (*Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences*, vol. 107, p.18664). Several other studies have found that shift work makes people fatter.

Light at night might alter circadian clock genes, changing an individual’s metabolism, Nelson suggests, “It’s difficult to specify an appropriate light cycle for everyone,” he adds. But he recommends keeping a **consistent** pattern throughout the week and, if possible, avoiding blue wavelengths of light at night (*New Scientist*, 7 May, p.44). Produced by many LED bulbs, these are known to be especially disruptive to the circadian system.

Move to the country

A brisk walk or jog outdoors can only help in the battle against the bulge, unless you are doing it in a busy city. Breathing polluted air can cause extra fat to accumulate around your stomach and also make your cells less sensitive to insulin, increasing your risk of developing type 2 diabetes. “We believe that air pollution plays a very important role in the current obesity epidemic,” says Xiaohua Xu of Ohio State University.

Xu exposed young mice to air heavily polluted with fine particles for 6 hours a day, five days a week, and found that after 10 weeks they had about 50 per cent more abdominal fat than mice that were fed the same diet but inhaled filtered air. The fatter mice also had elevated blood levels of a protein involved in **inflammation** called tumour necrosis factor-alpha. Xu believes this may help explain the changes to their fat cells, as well as their decreased sensitivity to insulin.

Another study found a strong link between levels of fine particulate air pollution and the prevalence of type 2 diabetes in North Americans (*Diabetes Care*, vol. 33, p.2196). “We were shocked that the association held up as well as it did,” says John Pearson at Harvard University, who led the research. Fine particles can blow around the globe so you can never entirely escape them, even if you can afford to move out of the city. But if you have a choice, it still might be worth picking a rural ramble over an urban jog.

Have a lie-in

If you need an excuse for spending more time in bed during the holidays, this could be it: too little sleep can make you fat. Simona Bo of the University of Turin, Italy, found that the adults who became obese during her six-year study slept an average of about 6.3 hours a night, compared with about 7.2 hours for those who maintained a healthier body weight. The link between sleep and weight held even when her team took into account other important causes of obesity, such as low level of physical activity. Rachael Taylor at the University of Otago, New Zealand, has found that children aged between 3 and 5 who sleep less than the average of 11 hours a night are also more likely to be overweight or obese by the time they are 7 years old. (BMJ, vol. 342, p. 2712)

Sleep **deprivation** reduces the secretion of leptin, a hormone that suppresses appetite, and increases levels of ghrelin, a hormone that stimulates appetite. “Or it could be as simple as less sleep means more time to eat”, says Taylor. Either way, an extra hour in bed sure beats going to the gym.

Emma Young

Ways with words

A. Ten words in the bold face in the text correspond to the definitions below. Match the definitions with the corresponding words.

- a. in spite of what has just been said or referred to
- b. a strong desire or impulse
- c. the ability to continue trying to do something, although it is very difficult
- d. to attract attention to or emphasize something important
- e. arguing about things that are not important
- f. not having things or conditions that are usually considered necessary
- g. continue to exist

- h. soft loose flesh on a person's body
- i. to improve or increase something
- j. a limiting condition on something

Now, make sentences of your own using the same words in bold type.

B. The words 'restriction' and 'awareness' are nouns with the suffixes '-ion' and '-ness'. Make a list of as many words as you can which end in '-ion' and '-ness'.

C. Pronounce the words. The sound of the letter given on the left is silent.

- a. **b**: climb, dumb, doubt, comb, thumb, debt, lamb
- b. **d**: Wednesday, handsome, sandwich, handkerchief
- c. **h**: hour, honest, honour, heir, ghost, ghee, exhaust, exhibition
- d. **k**: know, knee, knowledge, knit, knife
- e. **n**: column, autumn, condemn, hymn, damn
- f. **p**: receipt, cupboard, pneumonia, psychology

Comprehension

A. Write whether the following statements are True, False or Not Given.

- a. During the holidays people eat and drink more than usual.
- b. Getting too little exercise and eating too much is the reason why people put on weight.
- c. David Allison's research involved studying rats under laboratory conditions.
- d. You may need to go shopping for clothes if you come down with a cold.
- e. Adenovirus-36 (AD-36) decreases the percentage of fat in the fat cells.
- f. Vaccination against infections could be used in the future to prevent obesity.
- g. People under severe stress can experience breathing difficulties.
- h. A study indicates that mice that have never been on a diet choose fatty food, when given a choice between high-calorie or low-calorie food products.
- i. Rajita Sinha has been studying the connection between brain activity and behaviour.
- j. Specific hormones regulate our appetite.

B. Answer the following questions.

- a. In what sense are the holidays a time of excess? When can a person gain weight?
- b. According to David Allison, which factor contributes to excess obesity?
- c. What, according to Dhurandhar, can be the way of preventing fatness?
- d. What is the relationship between chill and obesity? How can saying 'om' help reduce fatness?
- e. Why is it necessary to be careful while buying plastic packaged fatty foods?
- f. Why does Nelson suggest avoiding blue wavelengths of light at night?
- g. How does breathing polluted air affect one's fatness?
- h. What is the link between sleep and weight?

Critical thinking

- a. What do you do to keep yourself fit? What food do you avoid and why?
- b. Healthy citizens are the greatest asset of a country. What can a state do to keep her citizen healthy?

Writing

- a. Yoga can be good to stay physically and mentally healthy. Do you practise any yoga? Write an essay on the benefits of yoga.
- b. How can a person be mentally healthy? Provide about ten tips to a person to stay mentally fresh and healthy.

Grammar

Concord/subject-verb agreement

Subject-verb agreement is the correspondence of a verb with its subject in person (first, second, or third) and number (singular or plural).

A. Read this text and notice the subject-verb agreement.

The human body is like a machine. All machines need fuel to give them energy. The fuel for the human body is food. Most of the energy comes from two substances in our food: carbohydrates and fats. Carbohydrates are found in food like potatoes, bread, rice, wheat, corn, etc. and sugar. Fats come from food like meat, oil, cheese and butter. All junk food contains lots of carbohydrates and

fats. If you eat a lot of junk food, you will probably get fat and it may cause a lot of diseases.

B. Complete the sentences by choosing the correct verbs from the brackets.

- a. Everyone (has/have) problems in their life. Countries also (has/have) problems, and so (do/does) the world. One of the greatest problems (is/are) the growing population. The population in some countries (is/are) huge.
- b. A number of my friends (love/loves) riding bicycles, but neither my brother nor my sister (own/owns) a cycle. At 4 o'clock, either my mother or father (is/are) coming to pick me up in a car.
- c. The pair of shoes on the floor (is/are) mine. The shoes (was/were) made in China. The three thousand rupees I spent on them (was/were) worth it.

C. Are the following sentences correct? If not, correct them.

- a. Every one of the workers receive the same benefits.
- b. There is two gerbils in my bathroom.
- c. Both of my friends live in Kathmandu.
- d. Scissors is used to have our hair cut.
- e. You and your friends are welcome to join us
- f. Are the news on at five or six?
- g. The man with all his children live in the city.
- h. Mathematics are Prem's favourite subject, while Economics is Alina's favourite subject.

Listening

A. Look at the picture and guess the answers to these questions.

- a. Who are these people?
- b. What is the man doing?

B. Listen to the recording and complete these sentences.

- a. The man wants to try out for the company team.
- b. He was a player during high school.
- c. The woman suggested that her husband should cut back on the foods.
- d. She also suggests him trying to build up his cardiovascular system.
- e. She wants to be the man for a long time.

C. Find information on recommended exercises for different age groups and people with certain health risks and discuss your findings with a partner.

Speaking

Describing places

A. Work in pairs. Take turns to describe the village in the given picture.



B. Describe a place that you have recently visited.

Project Work

“Eat Healthy Stay Healthy” is the slogan to keep oneself healthy and active. Here are some sources of healthy food: BERRIES, FRUITS, VEGETABLES, GRAINS, LENTILS and NUTS. Research the benefits of these food items and present them in class.

“Sustainability is about ecology, economy and equity.” – *Ralph Bicknese*

Reading

Foresters without Diplomas

Before you read

- What are the children doing in the picture?
- Share a couple of things that you and your friends have done to preserve or protect the environment in your community?
- What does the title mean? Discuss with your friends.



Now read the following autobiographical essay about Maathai’s Green Belt Campaign in Kenya.

The Green Belt Movement started in my backyard. I was involved in a political campaign with a man I was married to; I was trying to see what I could do for the people who were helping us during our campaign, people who came from the poor communities. I decided to create jobs for them: cleaning their constituency, planting trees and shrubs, cleaning homes of the richer people in the communities, and getting paid for those services. That never worked, because poor people wanted support right away, and I didn’t have money to pay them before the people we were working for had paid me. So I dropped the project but stayed with the idea. Then, in 1976, two years after the first backyard idea, I was invited to join the National Council of Women of Kenya.

We were into the UN’s “women’ decade”, and I got exposed to many of the problems women were facing: problems of firewood, malnutrition, lack of food and adequate water, unemployment, soil erosion. Quite often what we see in the streets of our cities, in the rural areas, in the slums, are manifestations of mistakes we make as we pretend we are “developing”, as we pursue what we are now calling *maldevelopment*.

And so we decided to go to the women. Why? Well, I am a woman. I was in a women’s



organization. Women are the ones most affected by these problems. Women are concerned about children, about the future.

So we went to the women and talked about planting trees and overcoming, for example, such problems as the lack of firewood and building and fencing materials, stopping soil erosion, protecting water systems. The women agreed, although they didn't know how to do it.

The next few months we spent teaching them how to do it. We first called the foresters to come and show the women how you plant trees. The foresters proved to be very complicated because they have diplomas; they have complicated ways of dealing with a very simple thing like looking for seeds and planting trees. So eventually we taught the women to just do it using common sense and they did. They were able to look for seeds in the neighborhood, and learn to recognize seedlings as they germinate when seeds fall on the ground. Women do not have to wait for anybody to grow trees. They are really foresters without a diploma.

We started on World Environment Day, June 5, 1977; that's when we planted the first seven trees. Now, only two are still standing. They are beautiful Nandi flame trees. The rest died. But by 1988, when we counted according to the records women sent back to us, we had 10 million trees surviving. Many had already matured to be used by the women. But the most important thing is that the women were now independent; had acquired knowledge, techniques; had become empowered. They have been teaching each other. We started with one tree nursery in the backyard of the office of the National Council of Women. Today we have over 1,500 tree nurseries, 99 percent run by women.

The women get a very small payment for every seedling that survives. The few men who come are extremely poor, so poor that they don't mind working with women. Women do a lot of work that requires caring. And I don't believe that it is solely indoctrination. Women started the environmental movement, and now it has become a movement that even financial donors see they should put money in, because the efforts are providing results. But the minute money is in, the men come in. I would not be surprised that eventually the more successful the Green Belt movement becomes, the more infiltrated it will be by men, who will be there more for the economic benefit than the commitment.

Although men are not involved in the planting at the nursery, they are involved in the planting of trees on farms. These are small-scale farmers. In our part of Africa, men

own land; in some communities they own separate titles to the land; in others there is still communal ownership, which is the tradition in Africa. We are most successful in communities where women are involved in land farming.

In Kenya, as in so much of the African continent, 80 percent of the farmers and the fuel gatherers are women. Women also keep animals. A large population of Kenyans are nomadic communities: the Maasai, the Samburu, the Somalis, most of the northern communities. We have been unsuccessful there. Yet this is where trees are much needed. Areas that are green now will soon be a desert if not cared for.

We have been approached by other countries, and in 1987 - 88 we launched what we hoped would become an effort to initiate Green Belt like activities in other African countries. Unfortunately, we have not been able to follow up. We started having our own problems in Kenya because of our having criticized the government for wanting to put up a big building in a Nairobi public park. But we are encouraging an establishment of a Green Belt Centre in Nairobi, where people can come and experience development that is community oriented, with community decision-making, and with development appropriate to the region.

Funding is always a problem. We never received any financial support from the Kenyan government. They gave us an office which they took away as soon as we criticized them. (In a way, it is good they didn't give us money because they would have withdrawn that.) We receive much of our support from abroad, mostly from women all over this world, who send us small cheques. And the United Nations Development Fund for Women gave us a big boost, \$100,000 in 1981. We also received support from the Danish Voluntary Fund and the Norwegian Agency for International Development. In the US we are supported by the African Development Foundation, which helped us make a film about the Green Belt Movement in 1985. Information on the film can be obtained from the Public Affairs Officer of the African Development Foundation, 1400 I Street, N.W., Washington D.C. 20005.

In the field, we now have about 750 people who teach new groups and help with the compilation of the reports, which we monitor to have an idea of what is happening in the field. At the headquarters, we now have about 40 people. When we were kicked out of our office, the headquarters moved back to my house; a full-circle return to where we started.

But it's 10 million trees later – not quite where we started. For myself, now that my two boys and a girl are big - the last boy is still in high school when we have

trained enough women in leadership and fundraising, I would love to go back into an academic institution. I do miss it. My field is biology. But I was into microanatomy and developmental anatomy. I would love to be able to read more about community development and motivation and write about the experience that I have had in the field. And perhaps train people on grass-roots projects. But that will have to wait. I earn maybe a tenth of what I could earn on the international market if I sold my expertise and energy, and I'm sure many people would probably consider me a fool. At home the men don't believe that I don't make a fortune out of the Green Belt Movement. But all over the world we women do this sort of thing.

My greatest satisfaction is to look back and see how far we have come. Something so simple but meaning so much, something nobody can take away from the people, something that is changing the face of the landscape.

But my greatest disappointment has been since I returned to Kenya in 1966 after my education in the United States. When I was growing up and going through school, I believe that the sky is the limit. I realized when I went home that the sky is not the limit, that human beings can make the limit for you, stop you from pursuing your full potential. I have had to fight to make a contribution. We lose so much from people because we don't allow them to think freely and do what they can. So they lose their interest; their energy; the opportunity to be creative and positive. And developing countries need all the energy they can get.

I tell people that if they know how to read and write it is an advantage. But that all we really need is a desire to work and common sense. These are usually the last two things people are asked for. They are usually asked to use imposed knowledge they do not relate to, so they become followers rather than leaders.

For example, because I criticized the political leadership, I have been portrayed as subversive, so it's very difficult for me to not feel constrained. I have the energy; I want to do exactly what they spend hours in the UN talking about. But when you really want to do it you are not allowed, because the political system is not tolerant or encouraging enough.

But we must never lose hope. When any of us feels she has an idea or an opportunity, she should go ahead and do it. I never knew when I was working in my backyard that I was playing around with would one day become a whole movement. One person can make the difference.

Ways with words

A. Match the words with their meanings.

- | | |
|-----------------|---|
| a. constituency | i. seeking or intended to overthrow an established system or institution |
| b. pursue | ii. living the life of roaming |
| g. infiltrate | iii. to follow in an effort to overtake or capture |
| c. nomadic | iv. electoral district |
| d. anatomy | v. to enter or gain access to (an organization, place, etc.) secretly and gradually |
| e. subversive | vi. art of studying the different parts of any organized body |

B. Study the following words.

prefix	words	prefix	words
mal	maldevelopment, malpractice, malfunction	mis	misbehave, misplace, misfortune
un	unable, unhappy, unfair	in	inactive, incomplete, insufficient
pre	prepaid, predetermine, preview	il	illegal, illegible, illiterate
dis	disloyal, disobey, dishonest	im	impolite, immoral, impartial
re	remix, repay, reuse	ir	irregular, irresponsible, irrelevant
de	derail, depart, degrade	non	nonprofit, nonstop, nonsense

In the word '*maldevelopment*' from the essay, the prefix '*mal-*' makes its meaning negative which means '*faulty or imperfect development*'.

C. Make two other words by using each prefix given above and use them in sentences.

Comprehension

Answer these questions.

- What did Maathai decide to do for the community?
- Mention the problems faced by women in Kenya.
- Why did the speaker go to the women to talk about planting trees?
- What is the most important achievement of the movement described in the text?

- e. Why were the foresters' ways not helpful to the women for planting trees?
- f. When and how did she start The Green Belt Movement?
- g. Why do the donors want to provide money to the women?
- h. What happened when the speaker criticized the political leadership?
- i. Mention the agencies that supported her movement?

Critical thinking

- a. Do you think that the title "Foresters without Diplomas" is suitable to the essay? How?
- b. Can a person make a difference in a society? Discuss with an example from a person who has made a difference in your society.

Writing

Personal letters

- A. Study the given letter and underline sender's address, date, greeting and complimentary close.**

27 Barnes Avenue, London

March 1st, 2020

Dear Mrs. MacDonald,

As you know, we have been in the flat now for six months. We like it, but I'm afraid there are a few problems.

First, a good deal of the furniture is rather old. The armchairs, for example, are in bad condition and so is the big table where we eat. Could you please replace these items?

Secondly, the flat is extremely cold in winter. The central heating doesn't work very well and we have to use electric fires. And they are expensive, of course. Part of the problem is the windows. They don't fit very well, so they let the wind in.

Finally, there's the kitchen. It really does need painting. We are quite prepared to do the work ourselves if you pay for the paint.

Can you possibly come and look at the flat yourself? I'm sure you will agree with us. In any case, please let us know about these things as soon as possible.

Yours sincerely,

Sandra Shaw

- B. Suppose you are MacDonald. Write a reply to Sandra Shaw.**
- C. Write an essay on 'The Community Forest in Nepal'. Describe how these community forests have contributed to maintain ecology in our environment.**

Grammar

Transitive, intransitive and linking verbs

A. Study the examples.

A couple bought a couple of tickets for their honeymoon.

The car stopped suddenly.

All the children seem satisfied with their exam result.

Here *bought* is a transitive verb, *stopped* an intransitive verb and *seem* a linking verb.

B. What is the difference among transitive, intransitive and linking verbs? Give examples of each.

C. Underline the verb in each sentence and write whether it is transitive, intransitive or linking.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| a. His father looks handsome. | b. Bhawana drinks milk every day. |
| c. He became a watchman. | d. This bread smells good. |
| e. The dog barked loudly. | f. He chased the dog. |
| g. My sister swims fast. | h. He painted a picture. |
| i. Radhika always asks questions. | j. Anjana has a long hair. |

Listening

A. Look at the picture and answer these questions.

- What are they talking about?
- What types of television programmes you prefer?
- What do you know about the climate change?
- What are the reasons of the climate change?

B. Listen to an interview about environmental governance and state whether the following statements are true or false.

- a. Maria Ivanova is a professor of the University of Massachusetts.
- b. Environmental governance is the design and execution of the policy related to the environment.
- c. For Maria, the climate change is a separate issue.
- d. There is a nexus among the various organizations and institutions.
- e. The issues of climate change should be brought down to the classrooms.



C. Answer the following questions.

- a. What is Maria Ivanova's working field?
- b. What is the global problem for today, according to Maria?
- c. What is Maria's dissatisfaction about the efforts towards the environmental issues?
- d. What is the best way forward to address the governance and the climate change issues?

D. Maria Ivanova is advocating for the education of the environmental issues. Why is she doing this? Talk to your classmates.

Speaking

Asking about opinions/giving opinions

A. Read the expressions for asking about and giving opinions.

Asking about opinions	Giving opinions
What do you think?	I think/reckon...
<input type="checkbox"/> What's your view?	In my opinion/In my view...
<input type="checkbox"/> How do you see the situation?	I feel that...
<input type="checkbox"/> What's your opinion?	As far as I'm concerned...
Do you think (that)...?	From my point of view...
Would you agree with me that...?	Well, I reckon (that)...
Don't you think (that)...?	I believe (that)...
	Personally speaking, I believe/think...
	As for me, I reckon...

B. Work in pairs. Ask about and give opinions using different expressions on the following topics.

Example: A: What do you think about politics?

B: As for me, I think politics is the policy of the policies.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| a. educating girls | f. learning English |
| b. following foreign traditions | g. speaking several languages |
| c. worshipping god | h. engaging in corruption |
| d. depending on foreign aid | i. brain drain |
| e. cheating in exams | j. being drunkards |

Project Work

- a. Imagine that you are a chief guest of the programme organized by a local government on the occasion of The Environment Day. Write a 10-minute speech and deliver it to the class.
- b. Identify a person from your community who has worked on environmental protection. Write a story of that person incorporating the efforts s/he made to change things and attitudes of people.

“Remember, today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday.” - Dale Carnegie

Reading

A Few Kind Words for Superstition

Before you read

- What do you see in the picture? What's your quick response to this situation?
- What is superstition? Do you think luck has a role in your life?



Now read the following article about superstition.

In grave discussions of “the renaissance of the irrational” in our time, superstition does not figure largely as a serious challenge to reason or science. Parapsychology, UFOs, miracle cures, transcendental meditation, and all the paths to instant enlightenment are condemned, but superstition is merely deplored. Is it because it has an unacknowledged hold on so many of us?



Few people will admit to being superstitious; it implies naiveté or ignorance. But I live in the middle of a large university, and I see superstition in its four manifestations, alive and flourishing among people who are indisputably rational and learned.

You did not know that superstition takes four forms? Theologians assure us that it does. First is what they call Vain Observances, such as not walking under a ladder, and that kind of thing. Yet I saw a deeply learned professor of anthropology, who had spilled some salt, throwing a pinch of it over his left shoulder; when I asked him why, he replied, with a wink, that it was “to hit the Devil in the eye.” I did not question him further about his belief in the Devil: But I noticed that he did not smile until I asked him what he was doing.

The second form is Divination, or consulting oracles. Another learned professor I know, who would scorn to settle a problem by tossing a coin (which is a humble appeal to Fate to declare itself), told me quite seriously that he has resolved a matter related to university affairs by consulting the *I Ching*. And why not? There are thousands of people on this continent who appeal to the *I Ching*, and their general level of education seems to absolve them of superstition. Almost, but not quite. The *I Ching*, to the embarrassment of rationalists, often gives excellent advice.

The third form is Idolatry, and universities can show plenty of that. If you have ever supervised a large examination room, you know how many jujus, lucky coins, and other bringers of luck are placed on the desks of the candidates. Modest idolatry, but what else can you call it?

The fourth form is Improper Worship of the True God. A while ago, I learned that every day, for several days, a \$2 bill (in Canada we have \$2 bills, regarded by some people as unlucky) had been tucked under a candlestick on the altar of a college chapel. Investigation revealed that an engineering student, worried about a girl, thought that bribery of the Deity might help. When I talked with him, he did not think he was pricing God cheap because he could afford no more. A reasonable argument, but perhaps God was proud that week, for the scientific oracle went against him.

Superstition seems to run, a submerged river of crude religion, below the surface of human consciousness. It has done so for as long as we have any chronicle of human behaviour, and although I cannot prove it, I doubt if it is more prevalent today than it has always been. Superstition, the theologians tell us, comes from the Latin *supersisto*, meaning to stand in terror of the Deity. Most people keep their terror within bounds, but they cannot root it out, nor do they seem to want to do so.

The more the teaching of formal religion declines, or takes a sociological form, the less God appears to great numbers of people as a God of Love, resuming his older form of a watchful, minatory power, to be placated and cajoled. Superstition makes its appearance, apparently unbidden, very early in life, when children fear that stepping on cracks in the sidewalk will bring ill fortune. It may persist even among the greatly learned and devout, as in the case of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who felt it necessary to touch posts that he passed in the street. The psychoanalysts have their explanation, but calling a superstition a compulsion neurosis does not banish it.

Many superstitions are so widespread and so old that they must have risen from a depth of the human mind that is indifferent to race or creed. Orthodox Jews place a charm

on their doorposts; so do (or did) the Chinese. Some peoples of Middle Europe believe that when a man sneezes, his soul, for that moment, is absent from his body, and they hasten to bless him, lest the soul be seized by the Devil. How did the Melanesians come by the same idea? Superstition seems to have a link with some body of belief that far antedates the religions we know religions which have no place for such comforting little ceremonies and charities.

People who like disagreeable historical ceremonies recall that when Rome was in decline, superstition proliferated wildly, and that something of the same sort is happening in our Western world today. They point to the popularity of astrology, and it is true that sober newspapers that would scorn to deal in love philters carry astrology columns and the fashion magazines count them among their most popular features. But when has astrology not been popular? No use saying science discredits it. When has the heart of man given a damn for science?

Superstition in general is linked to man's yearning to know his fate, and to have some hand in deciding it. When my mother was a child, she innocently joined her Roman Catholic friends in killing spiders on July 11, until she learned that this was done to ensure heavy rain the day following, the anniversary of the Battle of Boyne, when the Orangemen would hold their parade. I knew an Italian, a good scientist, who watched every morning before leaving his house, so that the first person he met would not be a priest or a nun, as this would certainly bring bad luck.

I am not one to stand aloof from the rest of humanity in this matter, for when I was a university student, a gypsy woman with a child in her arms used to appear every year at examination time, and ask a shilling of anyone who touched the Lucky Baby; that swarthy infant cost me four shillings altogether, and I never failed an examination. Of course, I did it merely for the joke or so I thought then. Now, I am humbler.

Robertson Davies

NOTES

UFO (unidentified flying object): any unusual apparent object in the sky whose cause cannot be identified by the observer; it more loosely refers to alien spacecraft.

I Ching (known as Yi Jing): an ancient Chinese oracle based on a 3000-year-old manuscript of Chinese wisdom called The Book of Changes with interpretations inspired by the elements of nature

Gypsy: a member of a tribe with dark skin and hair speaking Romany and originally from

northern India who typically used to travel from place to place, and now live especially in Europe and North America

Ways with words

A. Match the following.

- | | |
|-------------------|--|
| a. transcendental | i. to feel or express strong disapproval of (something) |
| b. deplore | ii. a charm or fetish used by some West African peoples |
| c. absolve | iii. natural state |
| d. juju | iv. spiritual, nonphysical or mystical |
| e. crude | v. a written record of historical events |
| f. chronicle | vi. set free from blame, guilt, or responsibility; release |

B. Find the contextual meanings of the following words from the text and then use them in sentences of your own.

condemn, terror, unbidden, persist, devout, banish, creed, hasten, sober, scorn, yearning, aloof, swarthy, humbler

C. One of the ways to understand words and their meanings is to learn the origin of the word. For example, the word 'expand', which means 'to spread out or extend', comes from Middle English *expanden*, derived from the Latin word *expandere*: *ex-*(out)+ *pandere* (to spread). Trace the origins of each of the following words finding such explanations in a dictionary or the Internet. Then make sentences by using each word.

minatory, placated, cajoled, antedates, proliferated, philter

C. List any five words found in an English dictionary beginning with the prefix 'super-.' What common meaning do all of these words share? How do the words in your list change meaning if you eliminate the prefix?

Comprehension

Answer these questions.

- According to the author, what are the four types of superstition?
- Which language is the word 'superstition' derived from? What does it mean?

- c. How do psychologists understand superstition?
- d. How does superstition differ from religion?
- e. What is the belief of some people in the Middle Europe about sneezing?
- f. In the author's view, why are people so fascinated about superstition?

Critical thinking

- a. What is the key takeaway of this essay? Do you think that this essay is satirical? Why?
- b. Can education bring change in the belief of superstition? Present your arguments to support your answer.

Writing

- a. Write an essay on superstitions that exists in your community in about 250 words.
- b. "Superstition is prevalent in every walk of life." Argue for or against this statement.

Grammar

Present simple or present continuous/progressive

A. Study the following examples of present simple and present continuous.

Present simple	Present continuous
a. Water boils at 100° Celsius.	a. The water is boiling. Can you turn it off?
b. Jenisha lives in Jumla.	b. Jenisha is living in Tokyo for a few months.
c. I drink coffee every morning.	c. I am drinking too much coffee these days because I'm so busy at work.
d. He always tells lies.	d. You are always telling lies.
e. My plane leaves at six this evening.	e. I'm leaving for Pokhara tomorrow.
f. I know her very well.	f. I am reading a novel by Paulo Coelho.
g. At the end of the story, the protagonist catches the killer.	g. In this photo, my mother is wearing a blue sari.

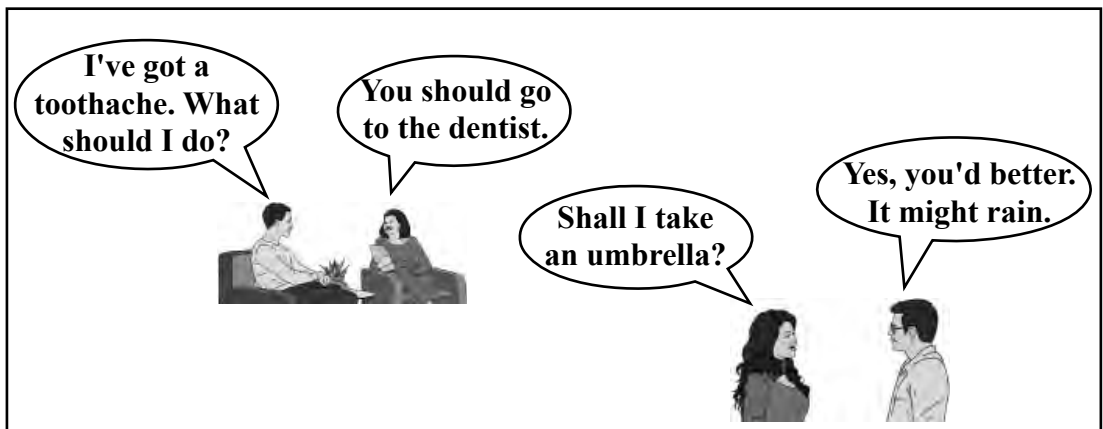
- b. Why do you need a water filter?
 - i. Bacteria in water can cause serious illness.
 - ii. Having a water filter helps you store your water.
 - iii. The source of water can be infested.
- c. What type of food does the man want to keep in the kits?
 - i. food that requires preparation ii. canned food
 - iii. light and handy food
- d. According to Lisa, what is her image of an emergency shelter?
 - i. A place that lacks adequate food and water
 - ii. Where people work together under difficult conditions
 - iii. A place that is very overcrowded and dirty
- e. How can we communicate with family members in an emergency?
 - i. Depend on cell phones. ii. Use fire. iii. Use two-way radios.
- f. What should the people with small children do?
 - i. Pack plenty of chocolates. ii. Carry their favourite toys.
 - iii. Be prepared with basic art supplies.

C. Did you find this recording useful for you? Present your logics for or against the topic.

Speaking

Suggesting and advising

A. Look at the following conversations and act out.



B. Study these expressions of giving advice.

- a. You should stay at home.
- b. Why don't you stay in bed?
- c. You ought to put on your glasses.
- d. You'd better invite her to your birthday party.
- e. If I were you, I'd ask her.
- f. It'd be a good idea to use a pencil.

C. What would you suggest to your friends in the following situations?

- a. Your friend lost his/her pen.
- b. Ramila is weak in Mathematics.
- c. Pardip has a headache.
- d. Your friend is getting fat.
- e. Mukesh wants to dance but he can't.

D. What would you advise to Muna in the following situations?

Example: Muna: I'm sleepy.

You : You *should/ought to drink* a cup of tea.

- a. I'm hungry.
- b. I'm cold.
- c. I can't control my temper.
- d. I have hiccups.
- e. I can't get to sleep at night.

Project Work

Interview some people in your locality. Ask them what kind of superstitions they grew up with. Ask everyone whether they believe in those superstitions at present or not. Prepare a news article including their responses.

"No one is born hating another person because of the colour of his skin or his background or his religion. People must learn to hate, and if they can learn to hate, they can be taught to love, for love comes more naturally to the human heart than its opposite." -*Nelson Mandela*

Reading

Inauguration Speech of Nelson Mandela

Before You Read

- Work in pairs. Look at the photos and share what you know about them.
- What do these individuals share in common?



Now, read a short biography of Nelson Mandela and his Inauguration Speech.

Nelson Mandela, in full **Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela**, byname **Madiba**, (born July 18, 1918 — died December 5, 2013), was a black nationalist and the first black president of South Africa (1994–99). He fought against apartheid, a policy that governed relations between South Africa's white minority and nonwhite majority and sanctioned racial segregation and political and economic discrimination against nonwhites.

He sacrificed his private life and his youth for his people. He spent 27 years in prison for his protests and became the world's most famous political prisoner. He continued to fight until peace, justice and stability was established in the country. Later, he became the first Black President of South Africa through the democratic election. Nelson Mandela was born in Transkei, South Africa. He was a member of the Thembu tribe, and his father was the chief of the Thembu people. He got a good modern education.

When he was sixteen, he was sent to a boarding school. He attended South African

Native College (later the University of Fort Hare) and studied law at the University of the Witwatersrand; he later passed the qualification exam to become a lawyer. In 1944, he joined the African National Congress (ANC) and continued to oppose the apartheid policies of the ruling National Party. Nelson and the other ANC leaders organized strikes and several other protests. Mandela was charged with organizing an armed wing of the ANC, and was arrested in 1962. As a result, he was sentenced to life imprisonment.

Nelson Mandela was the most famous prisoner in the world for his anti-apartheid movement. He refused to compromise his political position to obtain his personal freedom from the prison. He wanted all people of all races to have equal rights in South Africa. 'Free Mandela' became a rallying cry throughout the world.

After a long campaign of resistance within South Africa and the international pressure, President F.W. de Klerk released Mandela from prison in 1990, after 27 years. After his release, Mandela continued his campaign to end apartheid, and establish justice and peace in South Africa. As a result, Mandela was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1993.

One year later in April 1994, a national election was held, and that was open to all South Africans. Nelson Mandela, who represented the ANC, won the election and became the first Black President of South Africa. The inauguration of South Africa's first Black President was attended by politicians and dignitaries from more than 140 countries around the world.

Here is the Inaugural Speech delivered by Nelson Mandela in Pretoria, the capital of South Africa, on May 10, 1994:

Your Majesties, Your Royal Highnesses, Distinguished Guests, Comrades and Friends! Today, all of us do, by our presence here, and by our celebrations in other parts of our country and the world, confer glory and hope to newborn liberty.



Out of the experience of an extraordinary human disaster that lasted too long, must be born a society of which all humanity will be proud.

Our daily deeds as ordinary South Africans must produce an actual South African reality that will reinforce humanity's belief in justice, strengthen its confidence in the nobility of the human soul and sustain all our hopes for a glorious life for all.

All this we owe both to ourselves and to the people of the world who are so well represented here today.

To my compatriots, I have no hesitation in saying that each one of us is as intimately attached to the soil of this beautiful country as are the famous jacaranda trees of Pretoria and the mimosa trees of the bushveld.

Each time one of us touches the soil of this land, we feel a sense of personal renewal. The national mood changes as the seasons change.

We are moved by a sense of joy and exhilaration when the grass turns green and the flowers bloom.

That spiritual and physical oneness we all share with this common homeland explains the depth of the pain we all carried in our hearts as we saw our country tear itself apart in a terrible conflict, and as we saw it spurned, outlawed and isolated by the people of the world, precisely because it has become the universal base of the pernicious ideology and practice of racism and racial oppression.

We, the people of South Africa, feel fulfilled that humanity has taken us back into its bosom, that we, who were outlaws not so long ago, have today been given the rare privilege to be host to the nations of the world on our own soil.

We thank all our distinguished international guests for having come to take possession with the people of our country of what is, after all, a common victory for justice, for peace, for human dignity.

We trust that you will continue to stand by us as we tackle the challenges of building peace, prosperity, non-sexism, non-racialism and democracy.

We deeply appreciate the role that the masses of our people and their political mass democratic, religious, women, youth, business, traditional and other leaders have played to bring about this conclusion. Not least among them is my Second Deputy President, the Honourable F.W. de Klerk.

We would also like to pay tribute to our security forces, in all their ranks, for the distinguished role they have played in securing our first democratic elections and the transition to democracy, from blood-thirsty forces which still refuse to see the light.

The time for the healing of the wounds has come.

The moment to bridge the chasms that divide us has come.

The time to build is upon us.

We have, at last, achieved our political emancipation. We pledge ourselves to liberate all our people from the continuing bondage of poverty, deprivation, suffering, gender and other discrimination.

We succeeded to take our last steps to freedom in conditions of relative peace. We commit ourselves to the construction of a complete, just and lasting peace.

We have triumphed in the effort to implant hope in the breasts of the millions of our people. We enter into a covenant that we shall build the society in which all South Africans, both black and white, will be able to walk tall, without any fear in their hearts, assured of their inalienable right to human dignity - a rainbow nation at peace with itself and the world.

As a token of its commitment to the renewal of our country, the new Interim Government of National Unity will, as a matter of urgency, address the issue of amnesty for various categories of our people who are currently serving terms of imprisonment.

We dedicate this day to all the heroes and heroines in this country and the rest of the world who sacrificed in many ways and surrendered their lives so that we could be free.

Their dreams have become reality. Freedom is their reward.

We are both humbled and elevated by the honour and privilege that you, the people of South Africa, have bestowed on us, as the first President of a united, democratic, nonracial and non-sexist South Africa, to lead our country out of the valley of darkness.

We understand it still that there is no easy road to freedom.

We know it well that none of us acting alone can achieve success.

We must therefore act together as a united people, for national reconciliation, for nation building, for the birth of a new world.

Let there be justice for all.

Let there be peace for all.

Let there be work, bread, water and salt for all.

Let each know that for each the body, the mind and the soul have been freed to fulfill themselves.

Never, never and never again shall it be that this beautiful land will again experience the oppression of one by another and suffer the indignity of being the skunk of the world.

Let freedom reign.

The sun shall never set on so glorious a human achievement!

God bless Africa!

Thank you.

Ways with words

A. Find the words in the text that mean the same as the following. The first letters are given.

- a. the system that completely separated black people from white people (a.....)
- b. formal objection (p.....)
- c. an ethnical group of people (t.....)
- d. an act undertaken to achieve a set goal (c.....)
- e. the formal beginning of any movement (i.....)
- f. a strong feeling of excitement and happiness (e.....)
- g. being set free from legal, social, or political restrictions (e.....)

B. Find these words in a dictionary and write their meanings as they are used in the text.

liberty, conflict, ideology, oppression, privilege, dignity, surrender, reconciliation

C. The 'd' or 'ed' in the following verbs have different pronunciation. Put these verbs in the correct box.

asked killed missed ended decided washed visited
lasted watched picked smiled fixed walked blessed
brushed stopped wanted reached laughed enjoyed

/t/	/d/	/ɪd/

D. Put these nouns into the correct box according to the pronunciation of the plural suffix: *s/es*.

cats dogs horses houses books roofs boys rooms girls noises
shops trees pages babies benches classes

/s/	/z/	/ɪz/

Comprehension

Answer these questions.

- a. What were the restrictions imposed on the Blacks in South Africa?
- b. Why was Mandela arrested?
- c. How did he describe racism and racial oppression?
- d. Why did he thank all the international guests?
- e. Why did he think that people in his country had achieved political emancipation?
- f. What is the main point of Mandela's speech?

Critical thinking

- a. What does Mandela mean when he says - a rainbow nation at peace with itself and the world?
- b. Mandela should have avenged on those who imprisoned him for such a long period. Instead, he followed the path of reconciliation. Why do you think he did so?
- c. Why and how have societies struggled with segregation in the world? Do you find any evidence of segregation in your society? Discuss.

Writing

- a. Nepal has topsy-turvy political history. Many changes have been observed in different times. Write a short biography of any Nepali freedom fighter incorporating the changes brought under his/her leadership.
- b. Do you think there is racial/caste related discrimination in our country? Discuss with your friend; write a five-minute speech.

Grammar

Should and had better

A. Look at these examples.



It might rain. You'd better take an umbrella.



B. Complete the sentences with *should* or *shouldn't*. Use one of these verbs.

drink	visit	leave	roam	quit
-------	-------	-------	------	------

- You have really done a wonderful job. I recommend you it.
- That's a very dangerous area. Tourists there.
- I'm going to be late. Do you think I now?
- Children sugary drinks. It's not very healthy.
- I have lots of homework. I here and there today.

C. Put in *had better* or *should*.

- I think you learn English to enroll a university course.
- It's a great film. You go and see it.
- I have to meet my friend in ten minutes. I go now or I'll be late.
- These biscuits are delicious. You try one.
- We get to the airport by 2 pm or else we may miss the flight.
- When people are driving, they keep their eyes on the road.
- I get up early tomorrow. I've got a lot to do.

Listening

A. Look at the picture and answers these questions.

- Who are these people?
- What slogans are they chanting?
- Have you ever seen such rally at your surroundings?



B. Listen to the recording and fill in the blanks with the correct words.

- Richard Cookson is competing for the post of for National Congress Party.
 - The National Congress Party is going to spend more on education than the ruling party.
 - The NCP is going to to curb the issues of global warming.
 - The Social Democratic Party is going to the communities.
 - On average, tax will be added but the wealthier people will have to pay more.
 - The NCP is supposed to top the election by per cent.
- C. If you are supposed to vote in an election, how do you select a good candidate? List out some of the criteria.

Speaking

Persuading

A. Look at the following illustration.



B. Now, look at some common expressions used for persuasion.

Come on.....!	Just for me!
Give it a try!	Just this once!
Why don't you...?	Please!
Go ahead, Bina!	Do...
Try it!	Go on!

C. Read and act out the following dialogue.

Mother : Your sister's doing her homework. Why don't you help her?

Son : Ah, mom, I'm a little bit tired right now.

Mother : Go on. She may make mistakes.

Son : She's probably finished her homework by now.

Mother : No, she hasn't. She's just started. Go ahead. Help her.

Son : Oh, OK, mom.

D. What would you say in the following situations?

- a. You're with your friend in a shopping mall. Your friend wants to buy a new jacket. You see a nice one and want to persuade her/him to buy it.
- b. You're in a restaurant for lunch. You urge your friend to try some food of your choice.

Project Work

Develop a set of questionnaire to ask people what the community issues are and how they expect the local government to address them. Include about 15 questions in the questionnaire. Visit the people in the community, collect the response, assemble the information and prepare a brief report. Present a brief version of the report in your class.

“What can you do to promote world peace? Go home and love your family.” – *Mother Teresa*

Reading**The Tattered Blanket*****Before You Read***

Look at these pictures and discuss the questions with your friends.

Picture A



Picture B



- What is happening in the first picture? What does it indicate?
- What do you think is the elderly woman in the second picture doing? Does she look happy? Why/why not?

Now read the following story.

When he arrived unexpectedly at his home in the countryside in his office jeep and got down at the gate, his mother, who was lying in an armchair on the veranda, made a futile attempt to get up.

‘Kamalam, there is somebody at the gate,’ she said, ‘somebody in a car.’

Kamalam, her eldest daughter, a widow, who was sitting huddled up on the thinna on the veranda, her head and ears covered with a thin



bath towel, got up reluctantly, walked slowly to the gate and screwing up her eyes peered into the darkness.

She saw a bald, fat, middle-aged man walking in through the gate.

‘Oh, Gopi!’ She said in her grating voice. ‘Why this sudden unexpected visit?’

‘Kamalam, who is it?’ Her mother asked loudly from the veranda.

‘Gopi,’ the man said. ‘There was a meeting in Thiruvananthapuram. I just dropped in on my way back.’

‘Who? Kamalam, who is it?’ There was a note of alarm in Amma’s voice.

‘Amma, why are you so scared?’ Kamalam, Gopi’s eldest sister, asked her a little awkwardly. ‘As if you are seeing Gopi for the first time!’

‘Amma, it’s me, Gopi,’ he said again.

He bent down and brought his face close to her wrinkled cheeks. ‘Amma, it’s me.’

‘Gopi? Kamalam, I can’t believe it! Has his school closed for the vacation?’

‘Amma is often like this these days. She doesn’t recognise anybody.’ Gopi’s sister explained. ‘But sometimes her memory is quite sharp. Then she asks me if you have sent any letter. I tell her everything is fine with you, Vimala and the kids. What is the point of telling her that you haven’t written for a year? Poor thing! I wouldn’t dream of making her unhappy.’

‘I got a promotion last year. After that, I am always on my toes. And there are tours quite often. I don’t get any time to write letters.’

‘Why don’t you ask Vimala to write, or doesn’t she get any time, either?’

‘What are you mumbling over there?’ Amma said loudly. ‘I heard somebody coming in a car. Who is it?’

‘I told you, it’s Gopi.’

‘But Gopi is in Delhi, isn’t he?’

‘Yes, Amma, it’s me. I’ve come from Delhi.’

‘Who did Gopi marry?’ Amma said, suddenly lowering her voice. ‘I mean, what’s his wife’s name?’

‘Don’t say you’ve forgotten her name too. Don’t you remember, Vimala, District

Collector Nambiar's eldest daughter?' Gopi's sister said.

'Oh, I forgot the name. Was there a letter from Gopi today?'

'There was. He writes every day.'

'I'm terribly upset if I don't get a letter from him every day.'

'He knows it. That's why he writes every day.'

'Look at the way she talks.' Gopi's sister turned to him. 'Just as I told you. You know nothing about what's going on here, do you?'

'Who is that?' Amma said again. 'Who is that in a car?'

'It's me,' Gopi said. 'I had to come to Thiruvananthapuram. I thought I should drop in to see you, Amma.'

'Who is your Amma? What is her name? Where does she live? Is it far from here?'

'No, it is quite near.'

'I don't know how I can bring back her memory,' Gopi's sister said to him exasperatedly.

Gopi placed his briefcase on the thinna. He opened it and pulled out the contents. Clothes, files, a shaving set ...

'Do you know my son, Gopi?' Amma asked him. 'He is in Delhi... a Government Officer. He has well-settled He draws a salary of two thousand five hundred rupees. Do you know him?'

'Yes, I know him.'

'Tell him to send me a blanket. There is a cold mist in the mornings. If I catch a cold, it doesn't leave me for a long time. Tell him to send a blanket, won't you? A red one. I had a blanket, the one he bought for me when he was studying in Madras. It is all tattered now, just a ball of knotted yarn. Tell him to send me a red blanket, will you?'

'I'll tell him,' he nodded.

'Please don't forget to tell him. The mist is not good for me. I think I'll stretch myself out for a bit. I have been sitting too long in the armchair. I have a pain in the neck.'

Gopi's sister put Amma to bed and came back to the veranda.

'You didn't come to see Amma, did you?'

'Delhi is too expensive. You know I have four children to look after now. I can't make

ends meet with my salary. And one has to keep up one's status. It will be a great help if I can raise some money by selling my share of the family property. I came to talk it over with you.'

'You'll sell your land and go away with the money. I know you won't come here anymore after that.'

'Don't say that. I'll come when I get time.'

'Your time!'

He saw the irritation on his sister's face.

'It took you more than five years to find time to come here. Amma is eighty-three now. I don't think she will pull on much longer. It took you so long to visit her after the last time.'

'But Amma can't remember who I am,' he said smiling feebly.

'But do you remember your Amma?'

Kamala Das (Translated from Malayalam by K. M. Sherrif)

Ways with words

A. Fill in the blanks with an appropriate word from the box.

irritation huddled up awkwardly futile grating mumbling feebly

- All my efforts to convince her for the tour were
- The lost traveller under a shelter made of branches and leaves.
- Her rude behaviour was the main cause of for him.
- She moved in the room, thinking that I was watching.
- She is something, but I can't hear her.
- When I met my sister after a long time, she talked to me in a voice.

B. Tick (✓) the correct words that are similar in meaning to the underlined words.

- Rupa studied Science reluctantly due to her father's pressure.
i. eagerly ii. unwillingly iii. willingly iv. enthusiastically
- She moved her fingers exasperatedly through her hair.
i. pleasingly ii. calmingly iii. patiently iv. annoyingly

- c. My grandmother is over eighty. She lifted her hands feebly.
 i. strongly ii. robustly iii. weakly iv. firmly
- d. She is wearing a tattered shawl.
 i. old ii. torn ii. dirty iv. branded
- e. I have to work at two jobs to make ends meet in this expensive city.
 i. earn much money ii. spend much money
 iii. live on money iv. earn just enough money

C. Spell the following words correctly, adding the suffixes given against each root.

write + ing arrive + al army + es monkey + es fancy + ful
 stop + ed worry + ed recur + ing argue + ment create + ive

D. Syllable

a. The following words have only one sound-unit called a syllable. Pronounce them.

dawn board straight spring prompt twelfths strong small
 text learn

b. The following words have two syllables. Underline their syllables and pronounce them:

beauty sleepy survive current woman hotel

c. Consult an English dictionary and find the number of syllables in the following words. Underline and pronounce them.

bury development syllabic vowel education discipline
 examination children separately pronunciation

Comprehension

Answer the following questions.

- Why didn't the mother recognise her son Gopi?
- Why is the sister living with her mother?
- What is the sister's attitude towards her brother?
- Does the son love his mother very much? How do you know that?
- What does the mother actually need: a blanket or the warmth of her son's love?
- What does the phrase the 'tattered blanket' mean? Is it only the blanket that is

tattered?

- g. The son says, 'Amma can't remember who I am'. Do you think that he remembered his mother? Why didn't he answer when his sister asked, 'Do you remember your Amma?'

Critical thinking

- a. What can be the expectations of the parents from their offspring at the old age?
- b. Some children who live in a distance tend to be indifferent to the feelings of their parents. Why do you think they are like that? Discuss.
- c. A mother's love is everlasting and indispensable. Justify.

Writing

Writing a diary

What is a diary entry?

Diary Entry/Journal

A diary is a personal record of things that a person has experienced. It can also record the writer's thoughts or feelings.

Tips for writing a diary

- Write in the first person 'I'
- Date at the top
- Organize paragraphs with topic sentences
- Give a clear sense of the writer's personality and explain their feelings and changing emotions
- Focus on key moments or incidents in one's world
- Provide a sense of time and sequence (use time connectives like finally, afterwards, earlier, later that day ...)
- Varied punctuation
- Varied sentence types

- A. Our country is put on lockdown for nearly three months due to COVID-19 pandemic. Following is an example of a diary entry about the feelings and experiences of a person who is locked up at home.**

Saturday, March 28, 2020

Today is the 5th day that we have been put on lockdown. Almost all the countries in the world are forced on to implement this system. And, my country is not an exception too. It is called the travellers' disease which transmits from one person to another through physical contact. WHO has advised people to maintain physical distance, use masks and sanitizer. Washing hands with soap very carefully is a common phenomenon. No vehicles are in operation in the street and shops are closed. People are locked up in their own homes like caged animals in the zoo. What a situation that has enforced us to be locked up in our own home!

A very microorganism is threatening the human existence. Are human beings enemies to nature so that we are facing such a threat? Maybe we have done irreparable damage to nature in the name of development. We have encroached upon nature and destroyed the habitats of other living beings. Developed countries are in a race to test nuclear weapons and missiles to demonstrate their power and pelf. Now where's their power gone? Why cannot they get victory over corona virus? What's the use of their so-called devastating weapons? Now it seems that corona virus is taking the side of creatures to challenge the so-called superpower of the cosmos. This microorganism is affecting human lives very badly irrespective of class, caste, religion, race, geography and ideology.

Now I could imagine how caged birds and animals feel when they are behind the bar. We are in the cage! I am feeling as if I am locked up in the human zoo. Perhaps it is the demand of time to teach humans a serious lesson about their existence. I can feel how badly people might be suffering due to lock down. The world has stood still due to corona virus. The worst thing about this situation is that there is no vaccine or any medicine made for the cure of this pandemic virus. Just staying at home and maintaining physical distance is the only solution to COVID-19.

I hope we will soon be free from this pandemic. Let's stay at home safe and sound!

Makar

- B. Suppose a child who lived in a city with his/her parents accompanied his/her father to visit an elderly grandmother in the village. The grandmother was waiting for her son to come back to the village and look after her, but her son was not willing to do so. Write a diary on behalf of the elderly grandmother describing her feeling of not living with her children and grandchildren.**

Grammar

Connectives (but, however, although/even though, in spite of/despite)

A. Look at these examples to see how subordinating conjunctions are used.

Your mother always remembers you **but** you don't do so.

I was very weak at Mathematics. **However**, I could top the class.

Although/Even though it rained all day, we enjoyed the picnic very much.

Despite/In spite of the fact that it rained all day, we enjoyed the picnic very much.

Despite/In spite of the fact that I was late, my teacher let me enter the class.

Despite/In spite of being late, my teacher let me enter the class.

In spite of her old age, she is still very active.

B. Complete the following sentences with *however, although or in spite of*.

- a. the fact that he is an octogenarian; he still leads an active life.
- b. I still enjoyed the week the weather was bad.
- c. He has passed MA., he hasn't got a job.
- d. I had a headache, I enjoyed the movie.
- e. Ramila didn't get the job the fact that she had all the necessary qualifications.
- f. the fact that he had no money, he bought the car anyway.
- g. We can go to the park for lunch. , the weather report says it's going to rain.
- h. I speak English well, my first language is actually Maithili.

C. Combine the following sentences using the words given in brackets.

- a. He was annoyed. He didn't say anything. (although)
- b. Playing the stock market is exciting. It can be risky. (however)
- c. He works slowly. He never makes a mistake. (even though)
- d. It was raining. We still went to the park. (in spite of)
- e. Hark bought the watch. It was expensive. (despite)
- f. He is very poor. He wears expensive clothes. (but)

D. Rewrite the following sentences using (a) *although* and (b) *in spite of*.

- a. He had very little time, but he offered to help us.
- b. She is very poor, but she still wears expensive clothes.
- c. He's a millionaire, but he lives in a very small flat.
- d. They have a lot of money, but they are still not happy.
- e. The traffic was heavy, but we got there in time.

Listening

A. Look at the following picture, and guess answers to these questions.

- a. Who are these people?
- b. What are they talking about?
- c. What relation do they have?



B. Now, listen to the conversation and write whether these sentences are True or False.

- a. The boy has graduated in English and Psychology long back.
- b. He worked as a full time teacher in Japan initially.
- c. He had to teach only English to his students.
- d. It's not been long since he returned back to the USA.
- e. More than two dozen candidates have submitted their application for the post.
- f. The man is multilingual.

C. Listen to the conversation again and answer these questions.

- a. Which two subjects did the man teach when he was in Tokyo?
- b. What did his students want to do in the future?
- c. Why did he have to return back to his homeland?
- d. How many reasons did the interviewer ask the man to apply for the job?
- e. Name the language the man speaks fluently.

D. Have you ever got selected for a job? If yes, share your experience how you got that job.

- E. What makes a person suitable for a job? Discuss in groups and list down some of the important traits of a good prospective candidate. Collaboratively, make a common list of such traits.

Speaking

Expressing reactions

- A. Look at these expressions of expressing reactions.



- B. Now, look at some of the ways to react on sudden/unexpected events.

Positive reactions	Negative reactions
That's (so) good.	That's (so) sad.
That's great.	That's bad.
I'm glad to hear that.	I'm sorry to hear that.
That sounds good.	That sounds bad.
How wonderful/fantastic.	How awful/terrible.
What wonderful news!	What a pity!
Great/Superb/Brilliant!	Too bad!
Really? That's amazing!	Really? I find that hard to believe.

C. Work in a pair. Make dialogues between two friends using the situations below.

- a. A has won boys single badminton game.
- b. A has been engaged.
- c. Someone says his/her pet dog died yesterday.
- d. A spilt tea over his favourite novel.
- e. Somebody stole your precious watch.
- f. Your house was broken into.
- g. Your friend suggests you to go for a horror movie.

Project Work

Visit to the senior citizens who live alone in your community. Talk to them for about an hour. Ask them where their children and grandchildren are and how often they meet. Also, talk about how they feel being away from their children and what specific problems they face in this age. Write a newspaper article on how the senior citizens could be supported in their old age when they are living alone.

“Imagination is the beginning of creation. You imagine what you desire, you will what you imagine and at last you create what you will.” - *George Bernard Shaw*

Reading

Why Is the Renaissance Important?

Before you read

- Why is this painting famous for?
- Name any three famous writers/artists of Nepal. Also describe why they are famous for.



Now read the following article about the changes that occurred in the Renaissance period.

During the Middle Ages (from about 500 C.E. to the mid-1400s) there were no great changes in the way of life in Europe. People did what their forefathers did before them, and there were few new inventions or discoveries. Most people believed in what they were told and did not care about anything outside their lives. One reason for this may be because only a few people received an education, and books were scarce. Then, a change began. People became better educated, trade and industry developed, the arts flourished, and explorers discovered new lands. We call this great change the Renaissance, which in French means "rebirth". The Renaissance, which took place in Europe between the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries, was a new stage in the history of the world.

Some people think that the Renaissance got started when the Turks took over the Greek city Constantinople (now Istanbul) in 1453. Greek scholars left Constantinople and settled in other parts of Europe. In these new locations, they taught Greek and shared their precious books. The study of classical Greek and Roman writers and thinkers began again, and a new desire for learning spread throughout Europe.



People began to inquire into everything, and some began to question their beliefs and ways of thinking. In Germany, Martin Luther started a revolt against the conventions of the Roman Catholic Church. Soon, other Christians agreed that the Church needed

to change, and several new Christian religions were established.

Other people began to think about new types of government that were based on the democratic values of ancient Greece. Italy, the birthplace of the Renaissance, was organized into city-states that governed themselves. Though wealthy families and the Church held much of the power in these areas, the city-states were moving a step in the direction of government by the people. The most famous political thinker of the Renaissance was Niccolò Machiavelli. In his book on government entitled *The Prince*, he stated that a good leader could do bad and dishonest things in order to preserve his power and protect his government. Though people in his own time thought that Machiavelli was evil for saying these things, his book is now famous and modern political thinkers respect some of his ideas.

The "new learning" taught people to think in new ways, and it also encouraged gifted people to paint pictures, make statues and buildings, and write great literature. In fact, some of the best artists of the day did all of these things. As a result, when a person today is skilled in many areas, he or she is often called a "Renaissance man" or a "Renaissance woman".

The artistic developments of the Renaissance first happened in the Italian city of Florence, and then they spread to other Italian cities. As a result of trade and banking, cities like Florence, Venice, and Milan became very wealthy, and their rich citizens had both the time and money to enjoy music, art, and poetry. These cities produced great painters and sculptors, like Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Raphael. These artists created some of history's finest works of art. For example, Michelangelo spent four years painting thousands of feet of curved ceiling in the Vatican's Sistine Chapel. To do this, he had to learn a whole new style of painting. He also had to paint lying on his back beneath the ceiling as paint dripped down onto his face. Despite these obstacles, he created one of art's greatest masterpieces.

A new kind of architecture also began in the Renaissance. It blended the old, classical styles with new ideas. Again, it started in Florence. A cathedral had been started in 1296, but it remained unfinished for over 100 years because no one could figure out how to build the curved roof that it needed. Then architect Filippo Brunelleschi invented a new type of dome that was higher and grander than any from the classical era. The dome marks the beginning of Renaissance architecture.

From Italy, interest in the arts and new ways of thinking spread to other countries. The Netherlands became famous for great painters; England produced many writers, including William Shakespeare; and Spain had the literature of Cervantes. The new

passion for learning also led to amazing discoveries in science by Galileo, Kepler, and Newton. Some of these findings went against the most basic beliefs of the time. For example, Galileo's discovery that the sun, not the Earth, was the centre of the solar system got him into serious trouble with many religious people. They forced him to say that he had been wrong about his discovery, even though he knew he was right.

The development of the printing press in Germany by a man named Johannes Gutenberg helped more than anything to spread the new ideas of the Renaissance. Before that time, books were scarce and very expensive because they were written by hand. Gutenberg discovered how to use a moveable metal type, and his first book was published in 1455. Printing was a very important invention. With it, books were made more cheaply and quickly than ever. In addition, most books had been written in Latin before, as this was thought to be the language of study. However, with the Renaissance, the middle classes could now afford books, and they wanted books in their own languages. They also wanted a greater variety of things to read, such as books on travel, poetry, and romance. Printing helped make the works of the best writers and all kinds of knowledge available to all.

About the time printing was discovered, sailors were setting out on voyages of discovery. Now that the Turks were masters of the eastern Mediterranean, it was no longer possible to trade with India by the old land route. A new way had to be found, perhaps by sailing around the coast of Africa or perhaps by sailing around the world! There were many explorers around this time, including Columbus, Vasco de Gama, Cabot, Magellan, and Drake. Representing countries throughout Europe, these men sailed new waters and discovered new lands, including the Americas. With all this travel, tools for exploration and navigation improved, and better ships were made. As people traveled, they gained new ideas that helped to change their way of living. For example, Europeans now wanted goods—such as spices, silk, and gold—from far away countries.

The Renaissance didn't begin suddenly when Constantinople was taken over by the Turks or when the first book was printed in 1455. Forces that brought it about had been developing for many years as Europeans began to desire and gain new knowledge. From this new learning came the great changes that we call the Renaissance. These advancements—from the discovery of printing to a renewed interest in art and literature and the discovery of new lands—affected almost every area of European life. They also formed the basis for many parts of our modern life and beliefs. This is why some people think of the Renaissance as the beginning of modern history.

Broukal Milada

Ways with words

A. Circle the correct meanings of the underlined words.

- a. Martin Luther started a revolt against the conventions of the Roman Catholic Church.
i. styles ii. creations iii. customs iv. writings
- b. It blended classical styles with new ideas.
i. separated ii. corrected iii. put side by side iv. mixed together
- c. The dome marks the beginning of Renaissance architecture.
i. indicates ii. tells iii. serves as a sign of iv. makes
- d. The arts flourished during the Renaissance.
i. were almost forgotten ii. grew and improved
iii. discovered iv. stayed about the same
- e. The new passion for learning also led to amazing discoveries in science.
i. enthusiasm ii. emotion iii. logic iv. power

B. Study the examples of phrasal verbs and idioms.

Phrasal verbs

This is the form. Please can you **fill it in**?

Why are you **bringing** that argument **up** now?

Police are **looking into** connections between the two crimes.

We need to **come up with** a solution.

Idioms

I **lost my head completely**.

I can't believe the weather. **It's raining cats and dogs!**

They decided to **bury the hatchet** and try to be friends again.

Did you notice the difference between phrasal verbs and idioms?

C. What do the following idioms mean? Use them in sensible sentences.

- | | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------|----------------|
| a hot potato | once in a blue moon | a bed of roses |
| when pigs fly | miss the boat | zip your lip |
| fight tooth and nail | when life gives you lemon | goose egg |

D. Match the following phrasal verbs with their meanings.

- | | |
|--------------------|--|
| a. break down | i. to extinguish (fire) |
| b. check out | ii. to invent a story or lie |
| c. fed up | iii. to quit a habit |
| d. fill out | iv. to remove clothes or shoes from the body, to depart as in airplane |
| e. get away | v. to die |
| f. give away | vi. to wait anxiously for something or an event |
| g. give up | vii. tired of something or someone |
| h. look forward to | viii. to give something to someone for free |
| i. make up | ix. to leave a hotel |
| j. pass away | x. to escape |
| k. put out | xi. to stop functioning (vehicle, machine) |
| l. take off | xii. to complete a form |

Comprehension

A. Answer these questions.

- What does the word Renaissance mean? Which language is it derived from?
- What did the Greek scholars do in their new locations after leaving the Greek city?
- How did 'new learning' teach people to think in different ways?
- Describe the artistic developments of Renaissance in brief.
- Name the three Renaissance scientists who made great discoveries?
- Who developed the printing press? Which country was he from?
- Why is the development of the printing press considered as one of the gifts of Renaissance?
- Name the five famous explorers of the Renaissance?
- Why do some people think of the Renaissance as the beginning of modern history?

B. What do you infer from the reading? Tick (✓) the best answer.

- a. Before the Renaissance...
 - i. middle-class people did a lot of reading.
 - ii. education was limited to scholars and privileged people.
 - iii. people wanted to change their lives but couldn't.
 - iv. people were eager to learn new things.
- b. Which statement is true?
 - i. The Greeks had a strong influence on Renaissance thinking.
 - ii. France was the birthplace of the Renaissance.
 - iii. Turkish scholars spread their knowledge throughout Europe.
 - iv. German philosophers were responsible for starting the Renaissance.
- c. What did the Renaissance do?
 - i. It helped leaders maintain control over the middle class.
 - ii. It discouraged people to go against traditional beliefs.
 - iii. It caused people to make changes in their lives.
 - iv. It influenced people to fight against each other.
- d. What were the major causes of the Renaissance?
 - i. changes in government
 - ii. explorations of new lands
 - iii. new artists and writers who created great works
 - iv. printing, reading and learning

Critical thinking

- a. Do you agree with Machiavelli's view that a good leader can do bad and dishonest things in order to preserve his power and protect his government? Explain.
- b. Do you think that art and literature are important assets of a country? Give reasons.

Writing

- a. Write an essay on "Literature is the reflection of society."
- b. It is said that today's reader is tomorrow's leader. Do you agree with this statement? Explain.
- c. Write a short biography of a national literary, artistic or historical figure you appreciate most.

Relative clauses

A. Study these examples

The woman who lives next door works in a bank. (The woman lives next door. She works in a bank.)

That grey thing, which you can see on the roof there, isn't very traditional. (That grey thing isn't very traditional. You can see it on the roof there.)

The parts of the sentences in bold above are relative clauses. We use relative clauses to describe or give extra information about something we have already mentioned. We often use relative pronouns (e.g. who, where, that, which, whose) to introduce relative clauses.

In the first example 'who lives next door' is defining relative clause. Defining relative clauses give us essential information – information that tells us who or what we are talking about.

In the second example 'which you can see on the roof there'. Non-defining relative clauses give us extra information which isn't absolutely necessary. We use commas to separate them from the rest of the sentence, unless they come at the end of the sentence, when we use a comma and a full stop.

B. Complete the following sentences with correct relative pronouns and write whether the clauses are defining or non-defining.

- a. That's the house I was born.
- b. My aunt Nita, a journalist, is coming to visit next week.
- c. People like outdoor activities will love our holidays.
- d. The early 1960s, the Beatles first started, was a very exciting time in pop culture.
- e. My essay on Shakespeare, I found quite difficult, got a really good mark in the end.
- f. The Mayans, lived in Central America, built many stunning temples.
- g. That's the girl brother is in your class.
- h. The snake was in the garden last week belongs to our next-door neighbor.

C. Join the following pairs of sentences with appropriate relative clause.

- a. He is a musician. His albums have sold millions.
- b. Amelia speaks English and Chinese fluently. She is from Shanghai.
- c. That's the stadium. Real Madrid plays there.
- d. Dublin is my favourite city. It is the capital of Ireland.
- e. The person was really helpful. They spoke to him.
- f. This smartphone takes great photos. I bought it last week.

Listening

A. Look at the picture and answer these questions.

- a. What are the people in the picture doing?
- b. What are they talking about?
- c. What do you think is a 'renaissance man' like?



B. Listen to The Talk Show about Leonardo da Vinci and tick the correct alternatives.

- a. What is Leonardo da Vinci most popular for?
 - i. his imagination
 - ii. his paintings
 - iii. his engineering
 - iii. his invention
- b. Which of the following is not the skill of da Vinci?
 - i. sculpting
 - ii. stage designing
 - iii. teaching
 - iv. experimenting
- c. Why did he spend most of his time studying the nature?
 - i. to paint precisely
 - ii. to invent precisely
 - iii. to experiment precisely
 - iv. to study precisely

- d. Who is the host of The Talk Show?
 - i. Martin Kemp
 - ii. Bridget Kendall
 - iii. Carmen C. Bambach
 - iv. Marina Wallace
- e. What did da Vinci think about the nature, according to Martin Kemp?
 - i. It's a unified thing
 - ii. It's a separate thing
 - iii. It's a mysterious thing
 - iv. It's a diverse thing
- f. Why does Carmen Bambach accept da Vinci as a superhuman?
 - i. because of his lively paintings
 - ii. because of his ingenuity
 - iii. because of his curiosity and desire of questioning
 - iv. because of his dedication in invention
- g. According to Marina, what makes Leonardo a typical renaissance man?
 - i. his drawings
 - ii. his craftsmanship
 - iii. his sculpts
 - iv. his versatility

C. Listen to the audio again and match the following descriptions with appropriate people.

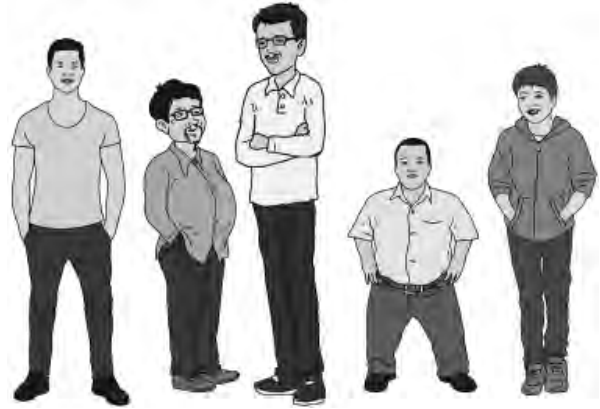
- a. an artist and a scientist and inventor, engineer, paleontologist, cartographers, stage designer and much
- b. interviewer and programme host at BBC Forum
- c. a British emeritus professor in the history of Art at Oxford University in the UK.
- d. is a curator in the Department of Drawings and Prints, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York
- e. Italian curator and art historian
- i. Marina Wallace
- ii. Martin Kemp
- iii. Leonardo da Vinci
- iv. Carmen C. Bambach
- v. Professor White
- vi. Marina Wallace

D. Leonardo da Vinci was a polymath. Do you agree? Give your reasons.

Speaking

Describing people

a. Look at the given pictures and describe people's hair, nose, eyes, chin, lips, etc. in terms of their length, shape, style and size.



b. Study the words given below which are used to describe people's body parts and talk to your friends.

shoulder, length, long, curly, wavy, short, round, pointed, wide, oval, almond-shaped, flat, bald, big, dark, pale, whitish, square, thick, thin

c. Now, present a short description of your head teacher. Include her/his age, physique, dress-up and special characteristics.

Project Work

Prepare a profile of a great artist of Nepal such as Araniko, Lain Singh Bangdel etc. and present to the class.

“Imagination is more important than knowledge. For knowledge is limited to all we now know and understand, while imagination embraces the entire world, and all there ever will be to know and understand.” - *Albert Einstein*

Reading**Down the Rabbit Hole*****Before you read***

- a. Why do people have dreams?
- b. Find any four other terms that refer to dreaming and explain their meanings.
- c. What does 'down the rabbit hole' mean?



Now read the following extract from a novel, where Alice, dozing off as her sister reads to her, jumps down the rabbit hole falling for quite a while and landing in a mysterious hall.

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book, her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, “and what is the use of a book,” thought Alice, “without pictures or conversations?”

So she was considering, in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so very remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so very much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself “Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be too late!” (when she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural); but, when the Rabbit actually took a watch out of its waistcoat-pocket, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat-pocket, or a watch to take out of it, and, burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge.

In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down what seemed to be a very deep well.

Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her, and to wonder what was going to happen next. First, she tried to look down and make out what she was coming to, but it was too dark to see anything: then she looked at the sides of the well, and noticed that they were filled with cupboards and book-shelves: here and there she saw maps and pictures hung upon pegs. She



took down a jar from one of the shelves as she passed: it was labeled “ORANGE MARMALADE,” but to her great disappointment it was empty: she did not like to drop the jar, for fear of killing somebody underneath, so managed to put it into one of the cupboards as she fell past it.

“Well!” thought Alice to herself. “After such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling down-stairs! How brave they’ll all think me at home! Why, I wouldn’t say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house!” (Which was very likely true.) Down, down, down. Would the fall never come to an end? “I wonder how many miles I’ve fallen by this time?” she said aloud. “I must be getting somewhere near the centre of the earth. Let me see: that would be four thousand miles down, I think.....” (for, you see, Alice had learnt several things of this sort in her lessons in the school-room, and though this was not a very good opportunity for showing off her knowledge, as there was no one to listen to her, still it was good practice to say it over) “...yes, that’s about the right distance but then I wonder what Latitude or Longitude I’ve got to?” (Alice had not the slightest idea what Latitude was, or Longitude either, but she thought they were nice grand words to say.)

Presently she began again. “I wonder if I shall fall right through the earth! How funny it’ll seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downwards! The antipathies, I think” (she was rather glad there was no one listening, this time, as it didn’t sound at all the right word) “...but I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know. Please, Ma’am, is this New Zealand? Or Australia?” (and she

tried to curtsy as she spoke fancy, curtsying as you're falling through the air! Do you think you could manage it?) "And what an ignorant little girl she'll think me for asking! No, it'll never do to ask: perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere."

Down, down, down. There was nothing else to do, so Alice soon began talking again. "Dinah'll miss me very much to-night, I should think!" (Dinah was the cat.) "I hope they'll remember her saucer of milk at tea-time. Dinah, my dear! I wish you were down here with me! There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid, but you might catch a bat, and that's very like a mouse, you know. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?" And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and went on saying to herself, in a dreamy sort of way, "Do cats eat bats? Do cats eat bats?" and sometimes "Do bats eat cats?", for, you see, as she couldn't answer either question, it didn't much matter which way she put it. She felt that she was dozing off, and had just begun to dream that she was walking hand in hand with Dinah, and was saying to her, very earnestly, "Now, Dinah, tell me the truth: did you ever eat a bat?", when suddenly, thump! thump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.

Alice was not a bit hurt, and she jumped up on to her feet in a moment: she looked up, but it was all dark overhead: before her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost: away went Alice like the wind, and was just in time to hear it say, as it turned a corner, "Oh my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!" She was close behind it when she turned the corner, but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen: she found herself in a long, low hall, which was lit up by a row of lamps hanging from the roof.

There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked; and when Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other, trying every door, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again.

Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass: there was nothing on it but a tiny golden key, and Alice's first idea was that this might belong to one of the doors of the hall; but, alas! Either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, but at any rate it would not open any of them. However, on the second time round, she came upon a low curtain she had not noticed before, and behind it was a little door about fifteen inches high: she tried the little golden key in the lock, and to her great delight it fitted!

Alice opened the door and found that it led into a small passage, not much larger than a rat-hole: she knelt down and looked along the passage into the loveliest garden

you ever saw. How she longed to get out of that dark hall, and wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains, but she could not even get her head through the doorway; “and even if my head would go through,” thought poor Alice, “it would be of very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only knew how to begin.” For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately, that Alice had begun to think that very few things indeed were really impossible.



There seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle on it (“which certainly was not here before,” said Alice), and tied round the neck of the bottle was a paper label, with the words “DRINK ME” beautifully printed on it in large letters.



It was all very well to say “Drink me,” but the wise little Alice was not going to do that in a hurry. “No, I’ll look first,” she said, “and see whether it’s marked ‘poison’ or not”; for she had read several nice little stories about children who had got burnt, and eaten up by wild beasts, and other unpleasant things, all because they would not remember the simple rules their friends had taught them: such as, that a red-hot poker will burn you if you hold it too long; and that, if you cut your finger very deeply with a knife, it usually bleeds; and she had never forgotten that, if you drink much from a bottle marked “poison,” it is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later.

However, this bottle was not marked “poison,” so Alice ventured to taste it, and, finding it very nice (it had, in fact, a sort of mixed flavour of cherry-tart, custard, pine-apple, roast turkey, toffee, and hot buttered toast), she very soon finished it off.

“What a curious feeling!” said Alice. “I must be shutting up like a telescope!”

And so it was indeed: she was now only ten inches high, and her face brightened up at the thought that she was now the right size for going through the little door into that lovely garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see if she was going to shrink any further: she felt a little nervous about this; “for it might end, you know,” said Alice to herself, “in my going out altogether, like a candle. I wonder what I should be like then?” And she tried to fancy what the flame of a candle looks like after the

candle is blown out, for she could not remember ever having seen such a thing.

After a while, finding that nothing more happened, she decided on going into the garden at once; but, alas for poor Alice! when she got to the door, she found she had forgotten the little golden key, and when she went back to the table for it, she found she could not possibly reach it: she could see it quite plainly through the glass, and she tried her best to climb up one of the legs of the table, but it was too slippery; and when she had tired herself out with trying, the poor little thing sat down and cried.

“Come, there’s no use in crying like that!” said Alice to herself rather sharply. “I advise you to leave off this minute!” She generally gave herself very good advice (though she very seldom followed it), and sometimes she scolded herself so severely as to bring tears into her eyes; and once she remembered trying to box her own ears for having cheated herself in a game of croquet she was playing against herself, for this curious child was very fond of pretending to be two people. “But it’s no use now,” thought poor Alice, “to pretend to be two people! Why, there’s hardly enough of me left to make one respectable person!”

Soon her eye fell on a little glass box that was lying under the table: she opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on which the words “EAT ME” were beautifully marked in currants. “Well, I’ll eat it,” said Alice, “and if it makes me grow larger, I can reach the key; and if it makes me grow smaller, I can creep under the door: so either way I’ll get into the garden, and I don’t care which happens!”

She ate a little bit, and said anxiously to herself “Which way? Which way?” holding her hand on the top of her head to feel which way it was growing; and she was quite surprised to find that she remained the same size. To be sure, this is what generally happens when one eats cake; but Alice had got so much into the way of expecting nothing but out-of-the-way things to happen, that it seemed quite dull and stupid for life to go on in the common way. So she set to work, and very soon finished off the cake.

Lewis Carroll

Ways with words

A. Find the meanings of the following words and phrases from a dictionary and make sentences by using them.

peep into pop down remarkable hedge wonder tumble
doze off earnestly tiny creep

B. Match the words below with their opposites.

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------|
| a. beginning | i. happiness |
| b. stupid | ii. calmly |
| c. natural | iii. educated |
| d. disappointment | iv. clever |
| e. ignorant | v. artificial |
| f. anxiously | vi. ending |

C. Pronouncing /s/ and /ʃ/, /s/ and /z/

a. Practise the pronunciation of the following pairs of words.

- | | | | |
|------------|------------|------------|------------|
| see/she | sip/ship | sort/short | save/shave |
| sock/shock | seat/sheet | so/show | sew/show |
| sit/shit | said/shed | sake/shake | seep/sheep |

b. Pronounce the following minimal pairs of words correctly.

- | | | | |
|-------------|------------|------------|---------------|
| price/prize | rice/rise | peace/peas | loose/lose |
| bus/buzz | face/phase | seal/zeal | device/devise |

Comprehension

A. Answer these questions.

- What did Alice do while her sister was reading a book?
- Why did Alice run across the field after the Rabbit?
- Why didn't she like to drop the jar? What did she do with it?
- What idea came to her mind when she saw a tiny golden key?
- What was written on the bottle that she found? Did she follow what it said?
- Alice was fond of pretending to be two people. Who were they?
- Why did she want to eat the cake that she found?

B. Put these sentences in the right order as they happen in the story.

- Alice ate a small cake, which said, 'EAT ME'.
- Alice found a small key and unlocked a very small door.
- Alice fell down a rabbit hole.
- Alice drank something from a bottle and got very small.

- e. Alice tried to climb a table leg to get the key again.
- f. Alice saw a White Rabbit and ran after him.

Critical thinking

- a. “Down the rabbit hole” is a sort of writing called fantasy. On the basis of your reading of the story point out some special elements of this kind of writing?
- b. Is it good to imagine of things which are not possible to achieve in reality? Explain.
- c. Do you talk to yourself when you are in a trouble? If yes, how does it help you?

Writing

- a. Narrate, in short, a folktale that you have read or heard.
- b. Describe a strange dream that you have seen recently.

Grammar

Wish

A. Study the given examples.

I wish I **had** a car.

I wish I **could speak** English fluently.

I wish he **would lend** me some money.

I wish I **lived** closer to my family.

I wish they **wouldn't park** their car in front of my house.

He wishes he **could afford** a holiday.

They wish they **hadn't eaten** so much chocolate.

B. Express your wishes in the following situations in three different ways.

Use *I wish/If only*.....

- a. You don't have a mobile phone (You need one).
- b. You don't know the answer of a question from the lesson.
- c. You can't play the guitar.
- d. It's cold.
- e. You are feeling sick.
- f. You live in a crowded city.
- g. You feel lonely.

C. Rewrite the following sentences making correction if necessary.

- a. I wish my father bought me a bike.
- b. I wish I would write poems.
- c. I wish I could remember her name.
- d. I wish I had a god job.
- e. I wish I would be rich.

Listening

A. Look at the given picture and guess answer to the questions.

- a. What is the man doing in the picture? Do you know him? How?
- b. Where did the incidence shown in the picture take place?



B. Listen to a piece of a historic public speech by Martin Luther King Jr. and answer the questions.

- a. When was the Emancipation Proclamation signed?
- b. How did the slaves feel about the proclamation?
- c. How was the condition of the Negro even after a hundred years?
- d. What three things did the American Constitution promise to its citizens?
- e. What does Dr. King compare the American discriminatory notes given to the black citizens?
- f. What, according to him, is the main purpose of their gathering in the capital of the nation?

C. Listen to the audio again and write 'True' for true statements and 'False' for false ones.

- a. 'A great American' in the speech refers to Abraham Lincoln.
- b. The black slaves couldn't have their freedom even after a century of Emancipation Proclamation.
- c. The blacks were treated like foreigners in their own country.
- d. According to King, American banks were refusing to cash the checks of black citizens.

e. King does not believe that America lacks the opportunity of justice.

D. Listen to the complete audio of “I have a Dream” and make a list of any three things that Martin Luther King dreams of.

Speaking

Expressing regrets

A. Susan has failed her exams. Now she feels sorry for not studying hard. Study the different ways of her expression of regret.

- a. I wish I had studied hard.
- b. I should have paid attention to the teachers in the class.
- c. If only I had been regular to my classes.
- d. I shouldn't have ignored my parents' advice.
- e. If only I hadn't missed my classes.

B. Express regrets using *I wish/If only* and *should have /had* with past participle based on the following situations.

- a. Your friend has betrayed you.
- b. You have got a cold.
- c. You are lost in a town.
- d. You have lost your phone.
- e. You couldn't attend your brother's wedding.



Project Work

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland is a children's novel by English author Lewis Carroll, published in 1865. It is a story of a young girl named Alice falling through a rabbit hole into a fantasy world populated by peculiar, anthropomorphic creatures. With its fantastical tales and riddles, it became one of the most popular works of English-language fiction.

Read the whole novel or a similar novel in a library or in the Internet, and write its short review.

“As we look ahead into the next century, leaders will be those who empower others.” –*Bill Gates*

Reading

Mahabir Pun: A Visionary Social Entrepreneur

Before you read

Name any four renowned social workers of Nepal and mention their contributions to the country.

S.N	Name of the social worker	Contribution
1.		
2.		
3.		

Mahabir Pun (22 January 1955), born and raised at Nangi in Myagdi District, Nepal, is a teacher, social entrepreneur, innovator and social activist. He is known for his extensive work in applying wireless technologies to develop remote areas of the Himalayas. He has designed income-generation initiatives that deliver new economic possibilities to villagers allowing them to be sustainable.



He is building self-sustainable, community-run schools that improve the quality of education, bring jobs and opportunities to villages, and curb migration to urban centers. His works have been recognized by the Ashoka Foundation, the Ramon Magsaysay Foundation, University of Nebraska, Global Ideas Bank and Nepal Government.

Now, read the following interview with Mr. Pun.

You got a scholarship to study in the USA. After your education, why did you come back to Nepal and what plans had you made for Nepal then?

I could have lived in the US if I had wanted to do so. I was a good student at the university and my professors liked me very much. It would not have been difficult for

me to find a job there. However, I had found that life in the US was not easy either as many people think. People in developed countries like the US also have to work hard in order to make money for comfortable living, for raising their family and for maintaining their lifestyle.

Therefore, I decided to come to Nepal to visit my family and friends as soon as I graduated from the university. However, I did not have any plan and idea as what I could do in Nepal. I also did not have money to do anything. The only thing I had decided before I came to Nepal was not to apply for any job for living. I did not start any business either because I did not have money and idea. Therefore, I decided to stay in my home village Nangi of Myagdi district and to help villagers start a high school as a volunteer teacher. That was the beginning of my lifelong journey in Nepal.

But those who go abroad for their higher education rarely return after their education? What made you think to come back and do something for the country?

Yes, many people rarely return after they get their education in the US and in other developed countries. It is their choice. The main reason they do not return is that they know there are almost no job opportunities in Nepal to make money for living. Therefore, they decide to stay abroad and find job. However, I wanted not to work for people or for a company in the US or in Nepal to have “so called” better living. To enjoy in my life, I wanted to work independently and do something on my own for the benefits of human beings. Therefore, I made my decision to come to Nepal and stay in mountain villages. I could not have done what I have been able to do in Nepal if I had decided to find a job either in the US or in Nepal. After I started living in the mountain village and working with the communities, I found that life in the mountain villages was more comfortable for me because I was free to do anything I wanted to try. Therefore, I decided to live in Nepal all my life. I am very glad that I decided to come and stay in Nepal rather than staying in the US.

What motivated you to involve in innovation?

The necessity to gain something in life makes people innovators. It was after I started living in the mountain villages, I found many problems in the communities, and my mind started to think about finding solution for those problems. As a result, I started doing lots of brainstorming by myself and with the communities to find ways to start and run viable projects for community development. My experience tells that you should be innovative especially when you want to find solution for a problem. For example, I had to be innovative to start income generating projects such as paper

making, jam making, cheese making, etc. which nobody in that area had tried before. I also had to be innovative to start wireless networking project to bring the Internet because I did not have ideas and money. The same thing is happening with National Innovation Centre that was started without any idea and money. To make it short, I can tell that it is the necessity of the communities to start different development projects and that it is the necessity to retain the most talented and innovative young people in Nepal for economic development that motivated me to be involved in innovation.

Where did you start doing such an entrepreneurship and what have you done up to now?

I started it from my village Nangi of Myagdi district. It took a few years for me to learn about the situation of other mountain communities and to get acquainted with them.

I started to work as a volunteer in my village and I really did not know how long I could stay in the village. Step by step, I got involved in the field of education to help improve the quality of education in rural schools by helping to build schools and introducing computers and the Internet. I helped to set up community clinics in the villages where there were no health posts in order to help people to get basic health services. Later I connected the clinics to hospital in Pokhara and Kathmandu through the Internet for telemedicine. I worked with the community leaders to start as many income generation programmes as possible to help people to make some money and create job opportunities. Some of the income generating programmes that I helped to start are Yak farming, camping ground for the trekkers, cheese making, jam making, paper making, bee keeping, vegetable farming, handicraft making, fish farming etc. I started community based wireless networking programme to bring computers and the Internet in the remote mountain villages. I helped to start community owned and managed ecotourism programmes by starting five day and twelve day trekking trails with lodges and other facilities for the trekkers. Those projects are running well. Now I am working for the establishment of *Rashtriya Awishkar Kendra* (National Innovation Centre), which has kept me very busy because many young people with innovative and creative ideas come to the centre to present their ideas and to do research and development work. Working with them has become my everyday routine now. Now I am travelling all over Nepal to give information about the innovation centre we have started and to encourage young people to be innovative.

When was National Innovation Centre established and what is its main goal?

National Innovation Centre (NIC) is a nonprofit-making organisation established on

9 December 2012, and started fundraising campaign and some research works from 2016. The centre was built at the premise of Research Centre for Applied Science and Technology, Tribhuvan University Kirtipur, Kathmandu and was formally inaugurated on 18 October 2019.

The main goal of the National Innovation Centre is to retain talented, innovative and creative young people and use their talents for the economic development of Nepal, specifically through research and innovation. I thought about starting the centre because after working for 25 years in the villages, I realized the most important step a country needs to take in order to become economically prosperous is to keep the talented and innovative human capitals in the country and help them become entrepreneurs. All the developed countries have always taken that step, which Nepal must take if we want to become prosperous. That is why I decided to establish innovation centre. Also the ultimate goal of NIC is to help reduce the trade deficit of Nepal by helping innovative people to create and develop products that are being imported from abroad. It is very necessary because we are importing more than 92% of goods and exporting less than 8% that has created a huge trade deficit.

Whose support are you getting to enhance your campaign?

I did not seek funding from the government and donors to start project. For doing all the works that I have done so far, the main support has been coming from people and communities. It is because people have found that the projects that I have started are very beneficial for the communities and for the nation. For example, most of the money for the wireless networking project came from communities because they found that Internet is very useful for them. For the eco-trekking and income generating programmes, the money is coming from communities. Even for the establishment of NIC, almost all of the support is coming from Nepalese people. Therefore, I can tell that my campaign is funded and managed by people for the benefit of people.

How do you think that it would help in developing our country?

Nobody should forget the fact that innovation is the engine to drive the economic development. Without giving topmost priority for research and innovation and without investing huge amount of money for nurturing its innovative citizen, no country in the world has become economically prosperous. The developed countries like the US, the UK, Germany, Japan, Israel and others have become prosperous because they have always given research and innovation the topmost priority for economic development and they are investing huge amount of money for that. However, Nepal, so far, is

not investing any money or too little money for research and innovation. Besides, we do not have culture of innovation that encourages young people to be innovative and creative. Keeping these facts in mind, innovation centre was established. The innovation centre is providing a well-equipped platform in its capacity and full support system to the innovators to do research and development. Our innovators are trying to develop different types of products or services that can be commercialized in the market. That way they would ultimately become entrepreneurs and help for the economic development of Nepal.

What do you want to suggest to youths who are going abroad and living there forgetting their country?

Going abroad in search of better education and job opportunities is something we can't stop or should not stop unless and until we create good opportunities and environment for the talented youths to stay and work in Nepal. Besides, it is human nature to explore for new opportunities in foreign soils. It is not entirely their fault to go abroad. It is our responsibility to create sound environment and support system to keep the most talented and innovative people and use them for the economic development of Nepal. My suggestion and request to those youths, who are going abroad, is not to forget our motherland and help Nepal by bringing back innovative ideas that can help to create the economy of our country and help Nepal become a prosperous nation.

Lastly, do you have to say anything about your plan and vision?

I would like to encourage young students to think about becoming innovators and entrepreneurs by coming up with innovative ideas and by being involved in research and innovation activities while they are still attending schools. They should not wait to become innovative and entrepreneurs until they graduate from the schools or colleges. Also I would like to tell that work of building innovation centres and nurturing our talented and innovative people is something we, the people of Nepal, can do by ourselves. I would like to request the federal government, state government, and local government of Nepal to set aside a small percentage of their development budget for setting up innovation centres in order to capture and utilize the innovative human capitals for the economic development of Nepal.

Thank you for your time and best of luck in the work you have begun.

As always, it is my pleasure to encourage young minds and work with them. With the support from the innovative young people, we will certainly be able to make Nepal a prosperous nation. There is no doubt in it.

Ways with words

A. Find the words from the text which mean the following. The first letter has been given.

- a. making you feel physically relaxed; pleasant to wear, sit on, etc. c.....
- b. having a degree from the university g.....
- c. without being connected with or influenced by something or by each other i.....
- d. the introduction of new things, ideas or ways of doing something i.....
- e. familiar with something, having read, seen or experienced it a.....
- f. a person who makes money by starting or running businesses, especially when this involves taking financial risks e.....
- g. an opportunity or a place for somebody to express their opinions publicly or make progress in a particular area p.....
- h. to use something, especially for a practical purpose u.....

B. The plural form of *bacterium* is *bacteria*. Irregular plural nouns are nouns that do not become plural by adding -s or -es, as most nouns in the English language do. Now, write the plural forms of the following nouns.

calf	basis	sheaf	cactus
louse	crisis	person	formula
ox	fungus	goose	oasis
analysis	curriculum	appendix	fungus

Comprehension

Answer these questions.

- a. How did Mahabir Pun begin his lifelong journey in Nepal after coming back to Nepal from the US?
- b. Why didn't he want to work for other companies in the US or in Nepal?
- c. Why did he involve in innovation?
- d. What are the income-generating programmes that he helped to start?
- e. Whose support is Pun getting to proceed with his campaign?
- f. How have the developed countries become prosperous?
- g. How can we keep the most talented and innovative people in Nepal?

Critical thinking

- Pun says, “We do not have culture of innovation that encourages young people to be innovative and creative”. Do you agree with him? Explain.
- What qualities does an individual need to become an entrepreneur?

Writing

A. Writing an informal email

Read the following email and write a reply to it.

Hi Samia,

Just a quick email to say that sounds like a great idea. Saturday is better for me because I'm meeting my parents on Sunday. So if that's still good for you, why don't you come here? Then you can see the new flat and all the work we've done on the kitchen since we moved in. We can eat at home and then go for a walk in the afternoon. It's going to be so good to catch up finally. I want to hear all about your new job!

Our address is 52 Charles Road, but it's a bit difficult to find because the house numbers are really strange here. If you turn left at the post office and keep going past the big white house on Charles Road, there's a small side street behind it with the houses 50–56 in. Don't ask me why the side street doesn't have a different name! But call me if you get lost and I'll come and get you.

Let me know if there's anything you do/don't like to eat. Really looking forward to seeing you!

See you soon!
Gregor

(Source: <https://learnenglish.britishcouncil.org>)

B. Communique (press release)

Communique is an official statement or communication, usually to the press or public. Press release is an example of communiqué.

Study the given press release about a telephone conversation between Honorable Mr. Pradeep Kumar Gyawali and His Excellency Mr. Michael R. Pompeo.



Government of Nepal
MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS
Kathmandu, Nepal

Press Release

Minister for Foreign Affairs, Honorable Mr. Pradeep Kumar Gyawali, had a telephone conversation with His Excellency Mr. Michael R. Pompeo, the United States Secretary of State, this afternoon.

During the conversation, the two sides shared experiences in the fight against the COVID-19 pandemic. They also offered sympathies and condolences on the loss of human lives due to the pandemic. The Foreign Minister and the Secretary of State appreciated each other's governments for the protection and care provided to their nationals.

The two sides discussed the importance of development partnership between the two countries, which has complemented Nepal's efforts for socioeconomic development. Minister Gyawali appreciated the support provided by the US government to Nepal's health sector, among others, through the projects related to the COVID-19 pandemic. Secretary of State Pompeo assured Nepal of continued US cooperation.

The two sides expressed confidence that cooperation will continue to grow in the post-COVID context with an enhanced level economic partnership.

Ministry of Foreign Affairs

Singh Durbar,

Kathmandu

24 June 2020

- C. Suppose you are the secretary of the National Innovation Centre (NIC), Nepal and an innovator from a foreign country had a talk with its chairperson, Mahabir Pun about bilateral cooperation. Write a press release statement.**

Present perfect and past simple

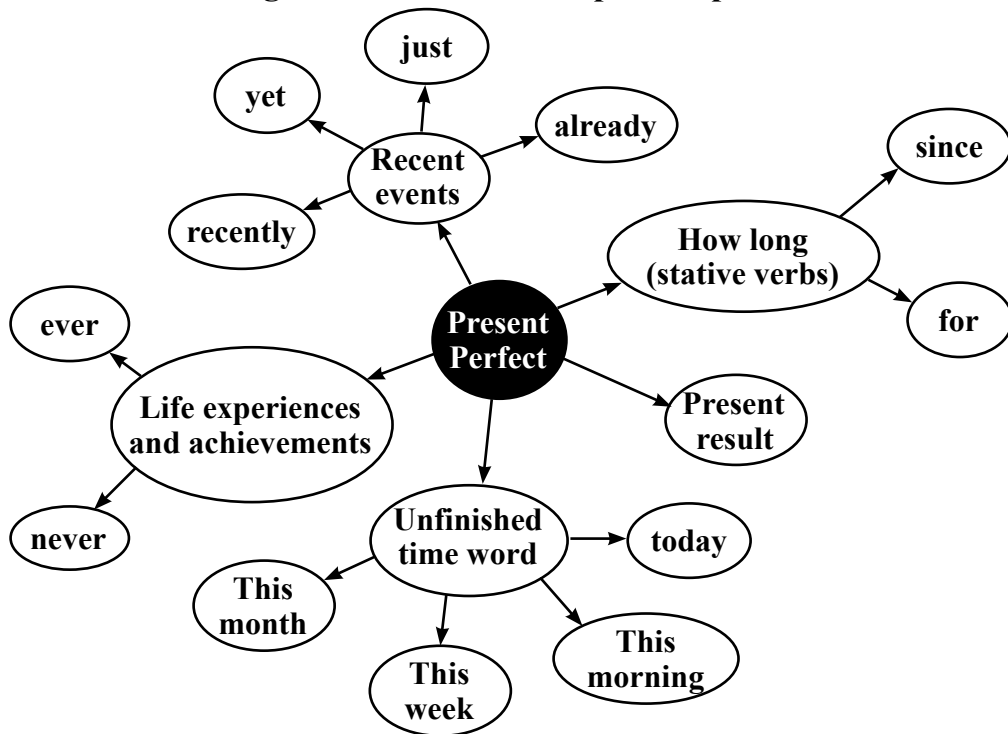
A. Notice the use of present perfect and past simple in the following text.

I think I have had a very interesting life. I'm 73 now and I don't work anymore. I was in the army for 31 years. I retired when I was 52. I have been to so many countries that I can't remember all of them. I've been to Australia six or seven times and to South Africa three times. I have also been once to Russia but I didn't like it at all: much too cold for me!

I've never been on television, but I've been on the radio once. It was a programme about life in the military about twenty years ago. I've met a lot of famous people: members of the royal family, famous politicians and also famous cinema and television personalities. I've never met the American President though which is a pity.

Because I've travelled a lot, I've seen a lot of wonderful things and have also eaten and drunk some strange foods and drinks. I ate cat and rat in India and drank something called Mirto on a little island in Italy many years ago.

B. Look at the diagram about the use of present perfect tense.



- C. We use the past simple for past events or actions which have no connection to the present and the present perfect to talk about completed actions which have impacts to the present.**

I **lost** my keys yesterday.

I've **lost** my key. I can't find it anywhere.

- D. We use both 'been (to)' and 'gone (to)' as the past participle of 'go', but with different meanings.**

I've **been** to Muktinath.

Prem is on holiday. He **has gone** to Ilam.

Sarika is back home now. She **has been** to Jumla.

- E. Use the correct tense of the verbs in brackets.**

- a. I don't know where Muna is. (you/see) her?
- b. Janak (not/be) very well last week.
- c. Last night I (lose) my keys. So I stayed in my friend's home.
- d. I (lose) my keys. Can you help me look for them?
- e. I (know) Jamuna for three years. We still meet once a month.
- f. She (live) in Sikkim when she was a child.
- g. A: What's wrong?
B: I (break) a glass.
- h. A: When (you/arrive)?
B: At 10 pm last night.
- i. How long (you/know) Sarmila for?
- j. This is the first time I (drive) a car.

- F. Use *been* or *gone*.**

- a. I've never to Japan.
- b. Kalpana has to Korea. She may come back next year.
- c. A: Where's Rachana?
B: She has to the shops.
- d. Harina was here earlier but I think she has now.
- e. Have you ever to London?

Listening

A. Look at the picture and answer the questions.

- What is special about the woman in the picture?
- Do you have such speciality?



B. Now listen to the recording and answer the following questions in no more than five words.

- When did the speaker get married?
- How did the car accident take place?
- Why did she want to paint in the hospital?
- Why couldn't she sit herself after she came home from hospital?
- Why does she believe that other people are fortunate?
- Note down two of the fears that she mentions.
- What was her biggest fear?
- How did the speaker overcome with the biggest fear?

C. There might be some people in your country who have inspired the world despite their physical disabilities. Find two people and write the following information about them.

S.N	Name	Type of disability	Inspirational work
1.			
2.			

Speaking

Narrating experiences and achievements

A. Study the following conversation.

Tenzing: Have you travelled a lot, Michael?

Michale: Yes, I've been to many places.

Tenzing: Really? Have you ever been to Darjeeling?

Michale: Yes, I've been to Darjeeling twice.

Tenzing: What about Rara?

Michale: No, I've never been to Rara.

B. Work in pairs. Take turns to ask and answer questions about experiences and/or achievements using *Have you ever...?* Give true answers about yourself.

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------|
| a. going fishing | b. doing yoga |
| c. winning a prize | d. riding a horse |
| e. meeting a celebrity | f. going to Switzerland |
| g. composing music | |

Project Work

Work in groups of five. Visit an entrepreneur in your locality and interview him/her. Then prepare a short biography of the entrepreneur and share with your friends.

“History is written by the winners.” -*Napoleon Bonaparte*

Reading

Napoleon Bonaparte

Before you read

Discuss these questions with your partner.

- Name some warriors who fought for your country.
- Mention the names of any five famous leaders in the world? Also describe their contributions to their countries.
- Guess the meaning of the words: statesman, leader, warrior, revolution, emperor, empire, guerilla

Now, read the following article about the power of Napoleon in politics.

Many portraits of Napoleon show him with his right hand placed inside his coat or shirt. In fact, there was nothing wrong with Napoleon's hand. At the time, portrait painters thought this pose made men look more dignified. Also, they had one less hand to draw and paint. Looking at his portraits, we can tell that Napoleon was an important person. But who was this man?



Napoleon Bonaparte was born in 1769 on the French island of Corsica, not far from the coast of Italy. He was one of fourteen children. As a boy, Napoleon loved to play soldiers with his brothers. When he was old enough, his parents sent him to military school to learn how to become a real soldier. After he completed his training at the military school, Napoleon became an officer in the French army.

Four years later, in 1789, there was a sudden and violent change in France. Tired of paying heavy taxes so the king and his nobles could live in luxury, poor and middle-class people started a revolution. They executed the king and queen and many of their royal friends and then declared France a republic where all people were to pay taxes according to their wealth.

When the rulers of other European countries heard what happened in France, they

thought they, too, would lose control over their countries. Austria and Britain went to war with the new republic of France. Napoleon was a brilliant officer and was only twenty-seven years old when he was made Commander-in-Chief of the French army in Italy. He won one victory after another, defeating the Austrians in eighteen battles. Then he moved his army to Egypt to stop the British trade route to India. He won a victory over the Egyptians in 1798 at the Battle of the Pyramids. In 1799, his troops in Egypt discovered the Rosetta Stone, an important object which helped people to understand ancient Egyptian writing for the first time. Napoleon had with him scholars from many fields who wanted to set up schools in Egypt. One group of scholars studied the pyramids and started the science of Egyptology. However, the British destroyed Napoleon's ships and he lost the Rosetta stone to them. Then Napoleon decided to return to France.

When Napoleon returned to France, he was appointed first consul. The French needed a strong ruler at this time, and Napoleon was one. He became consul for life in 1802, and in 1804, Napoleon declared himself emperor of France. The Pope came from Rome to perform the ceremony. Napoleon, richly dressed, listened to the service. Then Napoleon took the crown before the Pope could take it, and he put it on his own head. He did this to show that he got the crown because of his wisdom and military skill; he was not simply given the honour by the Pope.

Soon afterward, Napoleon made himself master of almost all of Europe. He conquered Austria in 1805 and Prussia in 1806. Then he formed an alliance with Russia, and he made one of his brothers the king of Spain and another brother king of Holland.

In France, he ruled wisely and well, and he restored law and order after the revolution. He reorganized the French government and the Bank of France. He built many fine roads and improved the old ones. He turned Paris into a beautiful city with wide streets, fine bridges, and beautiful buildings and monuments, such as the Arc de Triomphe. More important still, he improved the laws. To this day, his Napoleonic Code is the foundation of European law, as well as of laws in Central and South America and Quebec in Canada. Napoleon wrote the Code's original 2,281 articles himself, although he was completely self-taught in legal matters. The Code created a legal system in which all citizens were equal. It was so clearly written that it could be read and understood by ordinary people at a time when all laws were written in Latin and understood by only a few.

Napoleon was a genius as an army commander. He conquered the huge Austrian Empire and ruled Italy, Switzerland, and Germany. He had the largest empire seen in

Europe since the days of the ancient Romans. The only country he could not defeat was Britain, losing to the British in 1805 in the Battle of Trafalgar. Then, in 1812, Napoleon made his biggest mistake by invading Russia. He entered Moscow, but he found that nearly all the people had left. There were fires all over the city, and most of it was destroyed. With no place to house his soldiers and no food for them to eat in the bitter Russian winter, Napoleon had no choice but to retreat. Napoleon lost half a million men in Russia. When he was finally defeated, he was sent to the island of Elba in the Mediterranean. By 1814, one million Frenchmen were dead. Napoleon was humiliated.

After ten months in Elba, Napoleon escaped, went back to France, and declared himself emperor again. He ruled for 100 days. In the meantime, the Europeans gathered their armies to end his rule. The combined armies, led by the British Duke of Wellington, defeated Napoleon at Waterloo in 1815. After this, he was sent to the island of St. Helena in the Atlantic Ocean, where he died six years later at age fifty-two. We do not know what Napoleon died of exactly. Some doctors argued that he died of cancer; others say he was poisoned.

Napoleon was a military genius and had a brilliant mind. He fought many wars and thought there would not be peace in Europe until the continent was under one ruler – himself. Perhaps Napoleon would have an even greater ruler had he not been driven by his love of power.

Milada Broukal

Ways with words

A. Choose the correct meaning of the underlined word.

- a. Many portraits of Napoleon show him with his right hand placed inside his coat.
 - i. shape
 - ii. hairstyle
 - iii. sketch
 - iv. movement
- b. Napoleon won one victory after another, defeating the Austrians in eighteen battles.
 - i. beating
 - ii. joining
 - iii. fighting
 - iv. directing
- c. Portrait painters thought this pose made men look more dignified.
 - i. good-looking
 - ii. young
 - iii. intelligent
 - iv. energetic
- d. They announced France a republic.
 - i. officially declared
 - ii. informally decided

- ii. put into practice iv. voted into law
- e. Napoleon conquered Austria in 1805.
 - i. lost ii. tried to control
 - iii. triumphed over iv. attacked
- f. There was no place to house his soldiers in the bitter Russian winter.
 - i. difficult ii. cold iii. dark iv. empty
- g. Napoleon was humiliated when he was defeated.
 - i. tortured ii. punished iii. confused iv. shamed

B. Guess the meanings to these words from the text. Check in your dictionary and make sentences of your own.

violent execute ancient alliance brilliant genius consul invading

C. Look at the compound noun phrase *Commander-in-Chief* as used in this sentence from the text.

Napoleon was only twenty-seven years old when he was made Commander-in-Chief of the French army in Italy.

D. Find the meanings of the following noun phrases and use them in sentences.

Vice-President	Editor-in-chief	Deputy Editor-in-Chief	Deputy-Mayor
Joint-secretary	Under-secretary	Deputy-Prime Minister	Vice-Chancellor
Attorney-general	Ex-president	Sub-editor	co-author

Comprehension

Answer these questions.

- a. Where was Napoleon from?
- b. Why did poor and middle-class people declare France a republic?
- c. When did Napoleon declare himself emperor of France?
- d. What did he do when he ruled France?
- e. Which countries did he rule when he was the emperor?
- f. What was the main cause of his destruction?
- g. How did his rule as emperor end in Europe?
- h. How could Napoleon have been an even greater ruler?

Critical thinking

- a. What can be the qualities of a great leader? Can a great leader remain in power for long in a country? Discuss.
- b. The 16th president of the USA, Abraham Lincoln said democracy is government of the people for the people and by the people. Do you think it is perfectly applicable in the present context of Nepal? Explain.

Writing

- a. Write an essay on Power and Politics in about 500 words.
- b. Write a couple of paragraphs about a national hero who fought bravely in the Anglo-Nepal War.

Grammar

may, might, must, can't

A. Study the following sentences.

- a. She may/might be in France.
- b. You've had a long journey. You must be tired.
- c. Niraj can't be in Gorkha - I saw him this morning.

*We use **may** or **might** to talk about the possibility of something in the present or in the future.*

*We use **must** and **can't** to express certainty in the present.*

B. Fill in the blanks with **may, must or can't**.

- a. Matthew be at home. I can see his bike in front of his home.
- b. They be coming tomorrow.
- c. She speak French very well. She's only lived in Paris for two weeks.
- d. My key is not in my pocket or on my desk so it be in the drawer.
- e. I saw him yesterday. He be abroad.
- f. You got the job? That's great. You be very delighted.
- g. I finish it by tomorrow if I stay at work all night, but I'm not sure.
- h. Somebody is knocking on the door. It be Sabina – she promised to come today.

C. Rewrite the following sentences using *may/might, must or can't*.

Example: May be they went away.

They may/might have gone away.

- a. I'm sure he's not going to the cinema today.
- b. Perhaps she knows the answer.
- c. I'm sure he has a car.
- d. I doubt if it rains later on.
- e. Perhaps she wants to be alone.
- f. I'm sure Harina is in her office.

Listening

A. Look at the picture and answer these questions.

- a. Do you know the man in the picture?
- b. What is he famous for?



B. Now, listen to the audio and tick (✓) the correct answer.

- a. Who is the speaker addressing to?
 - i. working men
 - ii. women
 - iii. job holders
 - iv. American citizens
- b. Why did people vote the speaker?
 - i. to complete the task ahead
 - ii. to win the election
 - iii. to support him
 - iv. to help democracy
- c. Why do parents remain awake after their children fall asleep?
 - i. to take care of their children
 - ii. to manage money for family
 - iii. thinking about family matters
 - iv. to find new jobs
- d. How long will it take them in the process of remaking America?
 - i. one year
 - ii. many years
 - iii. one term
 - iv. in short time
- e. At what point will the speaker be more serious to respond to people's voice?
 - i. when he becomes president
 - ii. when he is honest
 - iii. when people agree him
 - iv. when there are differences in opinions
- f. Which of the following ideals doesn't the Republican Party have?
 - i. national unity
 - ii. maturity
 - iii. individual liberty
 - iv. self-reliance

C. Find more about Barack Obama and write any five things about his life.

Speaking

Expressing certainty and probability

A. Study the following conversation

A: What are you going to do after grade 12?

B: I will study English literature at the university.

A: Are you sure about that?

B: I'm absolutely sure.

A: Which university will you join?

B: Maybe Tribhuvan University.

A: So, you're not quite certain, are you?

B: No, I'm not sure yet.

B. Work in pairs. Answer each question with *may*, *might* or *maybe*. Add one or two more sentences.

Example: A: What are you going to do tonight?

B: I don't know. I may go out with friends. Or I might stay at home.

- a. What are you going to do after your lesson?
- b. What are you going to have for dinner?
- c. What are you going to do next weekend?
- d. When are you going to finish your homework?
- e. How are you going to get home?
- f. Where are you going to celebrate your holiday?

Project Work

Collect information about one of the following brave Nepalese warriors. Write a short description of the person based on the information you have collected and present to the class.

Kalu Pandey, Bhakti Thapa, Bhimsen Thapa, Balbhadra Kunwar, Amar Singh Thapa

“If everyone fought for their own convictions, there would be no war.” - *Leo Tolstoy*

Reading**Shall there be Peace?*****Before you read***

- What is war?
- What happens if there is war in country? Describe its consequences.
- Describe a devastating war in the world history.

Now read the following essay about war in the hope of peace.

Only recently, Wilson and Lloyd George proclaimed their unswerving will to fight on till final victory. In the Italian Chamber the Socialist Mergari was treated like a madman because he had spoken a few natural, human words. And today, with what wooden self-righteousness a Wolff dispatch denies the rumour of a new German peace proposal: “Germany and its allies have not the slightest reason for repeating their magnanimous offer of peace.”



In other words, everything goes on as before, and if anywhere a peaceful blade of grass tries to pierce the ground, a military boot is quick to trample it.

Yet at the same time, we read that peace negotiations have begun in Brest-Litovsk, that Herr Kühlmann has opened the session with a reference to the significance of Christmas and has spoken, in the words of the Gospel, of peace on earth. If he means what he says, if he has even the faintest understanding of those tremendous words, peace is inevitable. Unfortunately, our experience of Bible quotations in the mouths of statesmen has not thus far been encouraging.

For many days now, the eyes of the world have been focused upon two places. In those two places, it is widely felt, the destinies of nations are coming to a head, the future beckoning, and disaster threatening. With bated breath the world is looking eastward, to the peace negotiations in Brest-Litovsk. And at the same time it is watching the western front in dire anguish, for everyone feels, everyone knows that, short of a

miracle, the most dreadful disaster that has ever befallen men is there impending: the bitterest, bloodiest, most ruthless and appalling battle of all time.

Everyone knows it and everyone, with the exception of a few sanguine political orators and war profiteers, is trembling at the thought. Concerning the outcome of this mass slaughter, opinions and hopes vary. In both camps, there is a minority who seriously believe in a decisive victory. But one thing that no one endowed with a vestige of good sense can believe is that the ideal, humanitarian aims, which figure so prominently in the speeches of all our statesmen, will be achieved. The bigger, the bloodier, the more destructive these final battles of the World War prove to be, the less will be accomplished for the future, the less hope there will be of appeasing hatreds and rivalries, or of doing away with the idea that political aims can be attained by the criminal instrumentality of war. If one camp should indeed achieve final victory (and this purpose is the one justification offered by the leaders in their incendiary speeches), then what we abhor as “militarism” will have won out. If in their secret heart the partisans of war mean so much as a single word of what they have been saying about war aims, the absurdity, the utter futility of all their arguments staggers the imagination.

Can a new massacre of inconceivable scope be justified by such a jumble of hopeless fallacies, of mutually contradictory hopes and plans? While all people with even the slightest experience of war and its suffering are awaiting the outcome of the Russian peace negotiations in prayer and expectation, while all of us are moved to love and gratitude for the Russians because they, first among nations, have attacked the war at its root and resolved to end it, while half the world is going hungry and useful human effort has been halved where it has not ceased altogether—at such a time, preparations are being made in France for what we shudder even to name, a mass slaughter which is expected to decide, but will not decide, the outcome of the war, for the final senseless mustering of heroism and patience, the final hideous triumph of dynamite and machines over human life and the human spirit!

In view of this situation, it is our duty, the one sacred duty of every man of good will on earth, not to sheathe ourselves in indifference and let things take their course, but to do our utmost to prevent this final catastrophe.

Yes, you say, but what can we do? If we were statesmen and ministers, we would do our bit, but, as it is, we have no power!

This is the easy reaction to all responsibility—until it becomes too pressing. If we turn to the politicians and leaders, they too shake their heads and invoke their helplessness.

We cannot sit back and put the blame on them.

To blame are the inertia and cowardice of each one of us, our obstinacy and reluctance to think. In response to the excellent Mergari, Sonnino refused to say “anything that might give aid and comfort to the enemy”; the Wolff dispatch I have just mentioned declares that Germany has “not the slightest reason” to make another move in behalf of peace. But every day we ourselves give evidence of the same attitude. We accept things as they come, we rejoice in victories, we deplore the losses in our own camp, we tacitly accept war as an instrument of politics.

Alas, every nation and every family, every single individual in all Europe and far beyond it, has more than enough “reason” to give his utmost in behalf of the peace for which we all yearn. Only a vanishing minority of men truly want the war to go on—and beyond a doubt they deserve our contempt and sincerest hatred. No one else, only a very few morbid fanatics or unscrupulous criminals are in favour of this war, and yet—inconceivable as it seems—it goes on and on, with both sides arming indefatigably for the allegedly final holocaust in the West!

This is possible only because we are all too lazy, too easygoing, too cowardly. It is possible only because somewhere in our secret hearts we approve or tolerate the war, because we throw all the resources of our minds and souls to the winds and let the misguided machines roll on! That is what the political leaders do, and what the armies do, but we ourselves, the onlookers, are no better. We all know that we can stop the war if we want to in earnest. We know that whenever men have felt an action to be truly necessary they have performed it against all resistance. We have looked on with admiration and beating hearts as the Russians laid down their arms and manifested their will to make peace. There is no person on earth that has not been profoundly moved in its heart and conscience by this marvelous drama. But at the same moment we reject the obligations such feelings imply. Every politician in the world is all in favour of revolution, reason, and the laying down of arms—but only in the enemy camp, not in his own! If we are in earnest, we can stop the war. Once again the Russians have exemplified the ancient and holy doctrine that the weak can be mightiest. Why does no one follow them? Why do parliaments and cabinets everywhere content themselves with the same dreary drivel, the same day-to-day trivialities, why do they nowhere rise up to champion a great idea, the only idea that matters today? Why do they favour the self determination of nations only when they themselves hope to profit? Why are people still taken in by the false idealism of official phrasemongers? It has been said that every nation has the

rulers it wants and deserves. May be so. We Europeans at all events have the bloodiest and most ruthless of all rulers: war. Is that what we want and deserve?

No, we don't want it. We all want the opposite. Apart from a small number of profiteers, no one wants this shameful and dismal state of affairs. What then can we do? We can bestir ourselves! We can take every opportunity to manifest our readiness for peace. We can desist from such useless provocations as the above-mentioned Wolff dispatch, and stop talking like Sonnino. At the present juncture a slight humiliation, a concession, a humane impulse can do us no harm! How, when we have befouled ourselves so thoroughly with blood, can we worry about petty national vanities?

Now is the time to oust those statesmen who conceive foreign policy in terms of self-seeking national programmes, who ignore the cry of mankind! Why wait until their stupidity has shed the blood of more millions?

All of us—great and small, belligerents and neutrals—we must not close our ears to the dire warning of this hour, the threat of such unthinkable horrors. Peace is at hand! As a thought, a desire, a suggestion, as a power working in silence, it is everywhere, in every heart. If each one of us opens his heart to it, if each one of us firmly resolves to serve the cause of peace, to communicate his thoughts and intimations of peace—if every man of good will decides to devote himself exclusively for a little while to clearing away the obstacles, the barriers to peace, then we shall have peace.

If that is done we shall all have helped to bring it about, we shall all feel worthy of the great tasks it will impose—whereas hitherto we have all been possessed by a feeling of shared guilt.

Hermann Hesse

NOTES

Wilson and Lloyd George: Woodrow Wilson, the President of America, and David Lloyd George, the Prime Minister of Britain wanted to stop a war ever happening again to establish peace after the World War I, but they did not get on well

Brest-Litovsk: The Treaty of Brest-Litovsk was a peace treaty signed in 1918 between Russia and Germany that ended Russia's participation in World War I

Herr Kühlmann: Herr Kühlmann (1873-1948) was a German diplomat and industrialist. From 6 August 1917 to 9 July 1918, he served as Germany's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Ways with words

A. Match the words on the left side with their meanings on the right.

- | | |
|----------------|--------------------------|
| a. proclaim | i. generous or forgiving |
| b. unswerving | ii. distress |
| c. magnanimous | iii. dreadful |
| d. trample | iv. steady or constant |
| e. tremendous | v. declare |
| f. inevitable | vi. upcoming |
| g. dire | vii. huge |
| h. anguish | viii. pitiless |
| i. impending | ix. unavoidable |
| j. ruthless | x. crush |

B. Fill in the blanks with the suitable word from the list given.

appalling sanguine slaughter absurdity futility reluctance bestir

- The soldiers suffer injuries during the attack.
- She is about prospects for the economic development of the country.
- Innocent people get unexpected in the war.
- The crowd laughed at the of the singer's behaviour.
- The intellectuals should be worried about the horror and of war.
- He sensed her to continue the work.
- They themselves at the first light of morning.

Comprehension

Answer these questions.

- Why was the Italian Socialist Mergari treated like a madman?
- Can political aims be attained by the criminal instrumentality of war? If yes, how?
- Which hopes and plans were said to be mutually contradictory?
- What can be the sacred duty of every man of good will on earth?

- e. Is it good to tacitly accept war as an instrument of politics? If not, what else should be done?
- f. How can we stop war in the world?
- g. What is the main message of this essay?

Critical thinking

- a. Are warmongers the greatest enemies for peace? What do you want to suggest to them?
- b. The Nobel Prize Winner American novelist John Steinbeck (1902-1968) once said, "All war is a symptom of man's failure as a thinking animal." Do you agree with the novelist? Why?
- c. Does any war end all wars and bring lasting peace to the world? Discuss.
- d. Why do you think countries go in wars even though they have their own boundaries?

Writing

Write essays in about 500 words on the following topics.

- a. War and peace
- b. Responsive youths for peace and prosperity

Grammar

Sentence functions

A. Do you know the parts of a sentence? If not, look at this sentence.

The fat man painted the door green last week.

In this sentence, *the fat man* → Subject (S)

painted → Verb (V)

the door → Object (O)

green → Complement (C)

last week → Adverbial (A)

B. Divide the following sentences into different parts.

Example: The man will buy a pen next week.

The man – will buy – a pen – next week.

Subject + Verb + Object + Adverbial

- a. The children are playing now.
- b. Srijana will be reading a story.
- c. Bimala is a very beautiful girl.
- d. She usually wears glasses.
- e. They elected him President.
- f. Rabin is laughing.
- g. He has a big house in Butwal.
- h. The man who lives next door is a professor.
- i. Her uncle has been living in Kathmandu for fifteen years.
- j. The girl with long hair asked me a question last week.

Listening

A. Look at the picture and answer these questions.

- a. Who are these people?
- b. Why do you think they are gathered?



B. Listen to the recording and mark True or False.

- a. Chris is a reporter.
- b. It is the first day of protest.
- c. The people want a big new road coming through the area.
- d. The police confirmed some arrests of people.
- e. The construction work has already begun in the area.

C. Listen to the recording again and answer these questions.

- a. Where is the reporter reporting from?
- b. What is the plan that people refuse?
- c. Why did they prefer the railroad to highway?
- d. In what condition will the people stop that protest?

D. Have you seen or experienced any event of protest? Discuss.

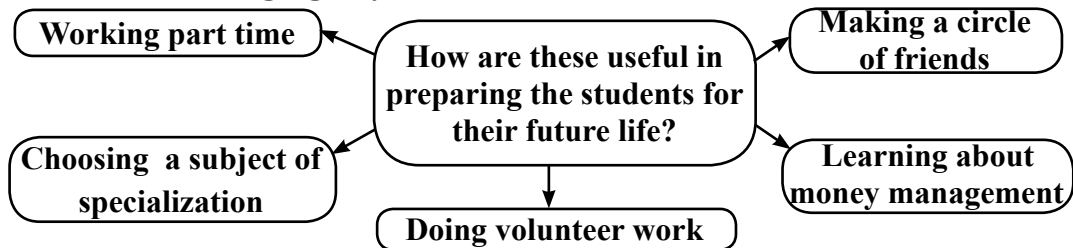
Speaking

Encouraging/discouraging

A. Study these expressions of encouraging and discouraging.

Encouraging	Discouraging
Come on!	Give up!
Go on!	Don't bother with it.
Keep it up!	Don't waste your time.
You can do it!	It's not worth the effort.
Well done!/Great!	Why do you want to do that?
You're doing great/fine!	It's not a good idea.
That's fine/good/all right.	
You're doing very well!	
It's a good idea.	

B. Talk to each other how useful these experiences might be in preparing school student for their future life. Use the expressions of encouraging and discouraging in your conversation.



C. Role-play the following situations. Use the expression of encouraging and discouraging.

- Your best friend feels bad because he/she recently did poorly on a test.
- You are teaching your sister how to play tennis.
- You are in a café with your friend who is thinking of taking driving lessons.

Project Work

Search the photos from different sources that show devastating effects of war. Also search the photos that show the effects of peace. Now make a picture story book with captions about the bad effects of war and good effects of peace.

“What is a friend? A single soul dwelling in two bodies.” -*Aristotle*

Reading**What Is the Soul?*****Before you read***

- a. Which one do you think is primary: body or soul? Why?
- b. “A circle has no beginning”? Do you agree or disagree with the statement? Explain.

Now read the following essay about the existence of the soul in the materialist world.

One of the most painful circumstances of recent advances in science is that each one makes us know less than we thought we did. When I was young we all knew, or thought we knew, that a man consists of a soul and a body; that the body is in time and space, but the soul is in time only. Whether the soul survives death was a matter as to which opinions might differ, but that there is a soul was thought to be indubitable. As for the body, the plain man of course considered its existence self-evident, and so did the man of science, but the philosopher was apt to analyse it away after one fashion or another, reducing it usually to ideas in the mind of the man who had the body and anybody else who happened to notice him. The philosopher, however, was not taken seriously, and science remained comfortably materialistic, even in the hands of quite orthodox scientists.

Nowadays these fine old simplicities are lost: physicists assure us that there is no such thing as matter, and psychologists assure us that there is no such thing as mind. This is an unprecedented occurrence. Who ever heard of a cobbler saying that there was no such thing as boots, or a tailor maintaining that all men are really naked? Yet that would have been no odder than what physicists and certain psychologists have been doing. To begin with the latter, some of them attempt to reduce everything that seems to be mental activity to an activity of the body. There are, however, various difficulties in the way of reducing mental activity to physical activity. I do not think we can yet say with any assurance whether these difficulties are or are not insuperable. What we can say, on the basis of physics itself, is that what we have hitherto called our body is really an elaborate scientific construction not corresponding to any physical reality.

The modern would-be materialist thus finds himself in a curious position, for, while he may with a certain degree of success reduce the activities of the mind to those of the body, he cannot explain away the fact that the body itself is merely a convenient concept invented by the mind. We find ourselves thus going round and round in a circle: mind is an emanation of body, and body is an invention of mind. Evidently this cannot be quite right, and we have to look for something that is neither mind nor body, out of which both can spring.

Let us begin with the body. The plain man thinks that material objects must certainly exist, since they are evident to the senses. Whatever else may be doubted, it is certain that anything you can bump into must be real; this is the plain man's metaphysic. This is all very well, but the physicist comes along and shows that you never bump into anything: even when you run your hand along a stone wall, you do not really touch it. When you think you touch a thing, there are certain electrons and protons, forming part of your body, which are attracted and repelled by certain electrons and protons in the thing you think you are touching, but there is no actual contact. The electrons and protons in your body, becoming agitated by nearness to the other electrons and protons are disturbed, and transmit a disturbance along your nerves to the brain; the effect in the brain is what is necessary to your sensation of contact, and by suitable experiments this sensation can be made quite deceptive. The electrons and protons themselves, however, are only crude first approximations, a way of collecting into a bundle either trains of waves or the statistical probabilities of various different kinds of events. Thus matter has become altogether too ghostly to be used as an adequate stick with which to beat the mind. Matter in motion, which used to seem so unquestionable, turns out to be a concept quite inadequate for the needs of physics.

Nevertheless modern science gives no indication whatever of the existence of the soul or mind as an entity; indeed the reasons for disbelieving in it are very much of the same kind as the reasons for disbelieving in matter. Mind and matter were something like the lion and the unicorn fighting for the crown; the end of the battle is not the victory of one or the other, but the discovery that both are only heraldic inventions. The world consists of events, not of things that endure for a long time and have changing properties. Events can be collected into groups by their causal relations. If the causal relations are of one sort, the resulting group of events may be called a physical object, and if the causal relations are of another sort, the resulting group may be called a mind. Any event that occurs inside a man's head will belong to groups of both kinds; considered as belonging to a group of one kind, it is a constituent of his brain, and

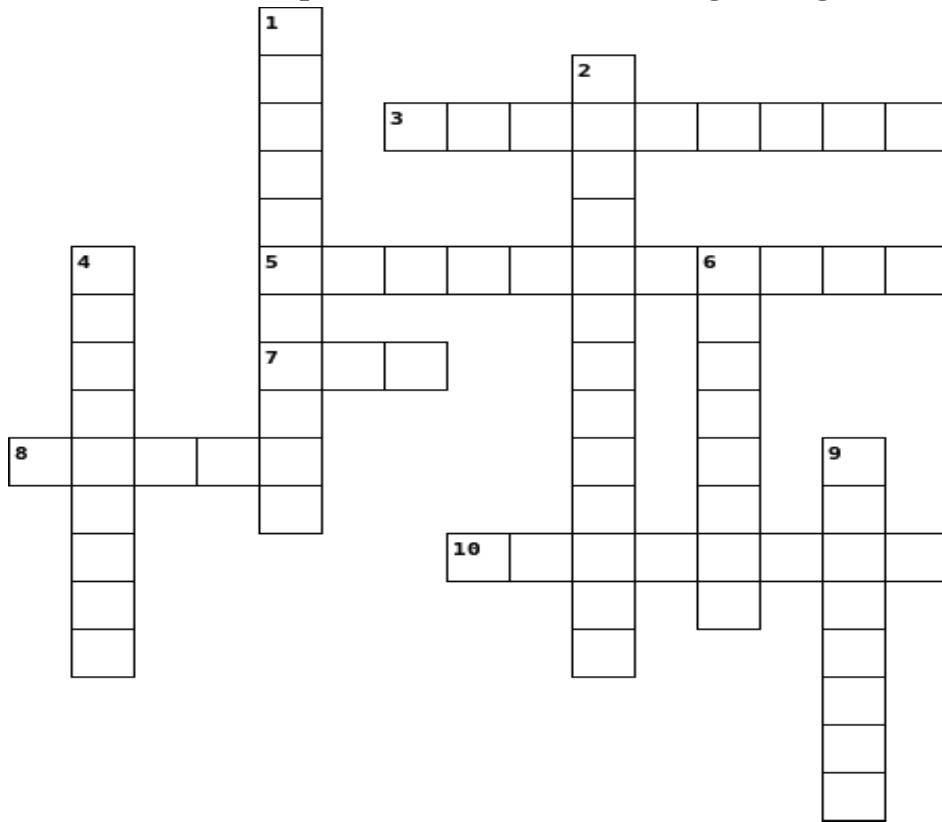
considered as belonging to a group of the other kind, it is a constituent of his mind.

Thus, both mind and matter are merely convenient ways of organizing events. There can be no reason for supposing that either a piece of mind or a piece of matter is immortal. The sun is supposed to be losing matter at the rate of millions of tons a minute. The most essential characteristic of mind is memory, and there is no reason whatever to suppose that the memory associated with a given person survives that person's death. Indeed there is every reason to think the opposite, for memory is clearly connected with a certain kind of brain structure, and since this structure decays at death, there is every reason to suppose that memory also must cease. Although metaphysical materialism cannot be considered true, yet emotionally the world is pretty much the same as I would be if the materialists were in the right. I think the opponents of materialism have always been actuated by two main desires: the first to prove that the mind is immortal, and the second to prove that the ultimate power in the universe is mental rather than physical. In both these respects, I think the materialists were in the right. Our desires, it is true, have considerable power on the earth's surface; the greater part of the land on this planet has a quite different aspect from that which it would have if men had not utilized it to extract food and wealth. But our power is very strictly limited. We cannot at present do anything whatever to the sun or moon or even to the interior of the earth, and there is not the faintest reason to suppose that what happens in regions to which our power does not extend has any mental causes. That is to say, to put the matter in a nutshell, there is no reason to think that except on the earth's surface anything happens because somebody wishes it to happen. And since our power on the earth's surface is entirely dependent upon the sun, we could hardly realize any of our wishes if the sun grew cold. It is of course rash to dogmatize as to what science may achieve in the future. We may learn to prolong human existence longer than now seems possible, but if there is any truth in modern physics, more particularly in the second law of thermodynamics, we cannot hope that the human race will continue forever. Some people may find this conclusion gloomy, but if we are honest with ourselves, we shall have to admit that what is going to happen many millions of years hence has no very great emotional interest for us here and now. And science, while it diminishes our cosmic pretensions, enormously increases our terrestrial comfort. That is why, in spite of the horror of the theologians, science has on the whole been tolerated.

Bertrand Russell

Ways with words

A. The words in the crossword puzzle are from the text. Find them from the text to solve the puzzle based on the meaning clues given below.



Across

- 3. emergence or origination
- 5. impossible to achieve or overcome
- 7. appropriate or suitable
- 8. force back
- 10. up to now

Down

- 1. unquestionable, impossible to doubt
- 2. never done or known before
- 4. obviously or clearly
- 6. moved with a violent, irregular action
- 9. conservative

B. Find the words from the text that mean the following. The first letter is given.

- a. misleading or illusionary (d.....)
- b. in a natural state; not yet processed or refined (c.....)

- c. a mystical horse like animal with a single straight horn projecting from its forehead (u.....)
- d. never dying or decaying (i.....)
- e. come to an end; stop (c.....)
- f. to activate or put into motion (a.....)

Comprehension

Answer these questions.

- a. What's the difference between the body and the soul?
- b. What do you understand by the psychologists' saying that there is no such thing as mind?
- c. How can a mental activity be reduced to a physical activity?
- d. How are mind and body related?
- e. What is the relation between mind and memory? Does memory survive a person's death?
- f. How is our power on the earth's surface entirely dependent upon the sun?

Critical thinking

- a. Do you believe that soul really exists? Write your arguments in support of your answer.
- b. If you want to change your body, you first have to change your mind. Discuss.

Writing

Write critically on the given topics.

- a. The existence of God
- b. Religion influences ethics and morality

Grammar

A. Notice the use of *used to* in the following text.

I was a young girl in the 1960s. My friends and I used to do a lot of things which shocked our parents. We used to do things our mothers never did. We used to cut our hair, we used to wear short skirts. We used to sing songs but did not use to dance.

Now, rewrite the following sentences using '*used to*'. You can make an affirmative/negative statement or a question.

- a. I/live in a flat when I was a child.
- b. She/love eating chocolate but now she hates it.
- c. He/go to fishing in the summer?
- d. My sister/play tennis when she was at school.
- e. He/play football every weekend?
- f. My grandfather/speak five languages.
- g. I/not hate school from the beginning.
- h. You/live in Kathmandu?
- i. He/play Dandibiyo when he was a small child.
- j. She/wear a frock when she was small but nowadays she wears jeans.

B. Write a short paragraph describing your past habits.

Listening

A. Look at the picture and answer these questions.

- a. What are these people doing?
- b. What things do you like around the sea?



B. Listen to the recording and circle the best answer.

- a. Jessica is speaking about
 - i. her mother
 - ii. her father
 - iii. movie director
- b. She has her first memory of her father when she was
 - i. 3-4 years old
 - ii. 5-6 years old
 - iii. 10 years old
- c. Her father used to love
 - i. reading scripts
 - ii. taking phone calls
 - iii. painting
- d. Her father used to work
 - i. on a boat
 - ii. in Hollywood
 - iii. in a painting shop

C. Listen to the recording again and mark True or False.

- a. Her mother spoke before Jessica.
- b. Jessica doesn't like oceans.
- c. Her father would be happy on the big sails of the boat.
- d. They are publishing a picture book this year.

D. Do you have any special hobbies and interests? Discuss.

Speaking

Comparing past and present habits

A. Study the following.

A: Did you use to watch cartoons when you were a small child?

B: Yes, I used to watch Tom and Jerry, but nowadays I watch TV serials.

B. Work in pairs. Ask and answer about your past and present habits based on the following actions.

swimming

playing the guitar

visiting relatives

going fishing

playing Kapardi

drawing pictures

listening to music

having long hair

going to the cinema

sleeping earlier

C. Work in pairs. Talk about past and present lifestyles of people in your society.

Project Work

Find the essay *Is the soul immortal?* by Swami Vivekananda from the online sources. Critically review the essay and write its summary and present it to the class.

“Globalisation is a strategy of liberalisation that becomes an economic nightmare for the poor.” - *Anonymous*

Reading

What Lost Identity? The Diaspora and Globalisation

Before you read

- Why do you think people leave their home countries?
- Do they have their cultural identity in other countries?
- What happens when one's identity is lost?
- How is culture globalised?

Now read the following article about identity loss for the immigrants.

Most of the 5 million Palestinians are refugees. More than two million live in Western Europe and North America. They left Palestine and the refugee camps where they were denied basic human rights to find a better life and better economic opportunities. Most North African Arabs (Egyptians, Moroccans, Tunisians, and



Algerians) left their home countries to look for a better economic life. However, Syrian and Lebanese nationals left their countries not only to improve their economic situation but also to escape from the ravages of the ongoing conflicts there.

There are those who fear the loss of cultural identity when confronted with the process of cultural assimilation. Personally, I believe that no institution, government, group or people can clinically separate the young generations from the huge waves of technological advancement that shape and form this global culture, which is, after all, part of our new global identity. We are living in the 21st century where social media, street journalism and global trans-national corporations participate in providing a catalyst for the new dynamics of global culture formation, quite apart from the issue of

identity which can be defined in terms of religion, culture or language. This signifies that we should not confuse cultural identity with global culture.

However, moving from one side of the world to the other can be an economic challenge for newcomers and host nations alike in places like Western Europe and North America. When the immigrants arrive, the host country needs to integrate them into the labour market, with the prospect of achieving a better life for them and facilitating their contribution to the economy. This cannot happen in a one-step or one-shop integration programme; it needs time, starting from learning the language, integrating culturally with finally, integration into the labour market. Although in the short-term this strategy may prove costly for the government, in the long run, it will make a positive contribution to the economy. Immigrants, however, may find themselves ignored or isolated by society, even though society may see itself as open and immigrant-friendly. This can be seen in the housing situation where immigrants can rent only from housing agencies and in specific areas. Small enclaves in cities where immigrants are concentrated begin to spring up. Take Rosengard in Malmo, Sweden, for instance, where most immigrants can be found and the crime rate is among the highest in the country. Or Lavapiés, a central historic neighbourhood in Madrid, Spain now home to a high concentration of immigrants from China, Bangladesh and the Middle East. Enclaves such as these can be costly to the government and to the immigrants themselves as life in these neighbourhoods often runs parallel to official society and its culture, and integration is not truly achieved.

Many immigrants have started their own businesses in their new homes. Twenty years ago, you could hardly find Palestinian hummus or falafel in any European markets. Today, there are small entrepreneurs who have set up shops to sell Arabic, Hindi, African, Latin American foods and other products, and there is an increasing amount of trade between these countries. Spice exports from India to Saudi Arabia has increased the total sum of economic trade to 80 billion Saudi Riyals. This is not because of the sheer quality of Indian spices, but because of the numbers of Indians who live in Saudi Arabia- naturally for economic reasons. Trade between Turkey and Germany has reached the 25-billion-euro mark and the number of German tourists to Turkey is an estimated 4 million. This illustrates how the existence of immigrants can foster economics at different magnitudes of scale.

Personally, I had the chance to meet many immigrants who were all willing to integrate in the Swedish and Spanish societies where they live. Admittedly, there are many constraints at play, but these constraints are not related to any loss of identity. In fact,

Western societies' creation of immigrant enclaves enables neighbours to share similar identities, cultures, language and perhaps even religion. This, however, has a negative effect in the long run, and it will be the second generation and the government who in the end will pay dearly. Integration programmes do not fail because immigrants are unwilling to be part of the new society, but because society does not open its doors fully to allow them to integrate. Full integration could be costly at first, but at the end of the day, it is an investment in the future. Currently, many schools in Sweden are teaching Arabic as a second language for immigrants and provide students with *halal* food. Any argument about loss of identity in the West does not have a solid foundation.

Countless benefits come from integrating into society. It means that people will focus more on economic opportunities rather than concentrating their efforts on lamenting a so-called identity crisis. And it means they will become sensitised to the norms and standards of the new society – its garbage collection, its traffic lights, its highway code etc. – and start to adopt new ways of thinking. The new generation will have the opportunity of boarding the ship of civilisation and development that Arabs have lost a long time ago. They will have equal opportunities in learning, engagement and self-esteem. Afterwards, they can be a solid bridge between the two cultures or religions – of course, with mutual understanding. On the other hand, the receiving countries will enhance their economic opportunities where immigrants come from. The number of multinational corporations and businesses are increasing because of the increasing number of immigrants in the receiving countries. This will boost an economic, political and cultural interaction between the two sides. Governments of Europe and North America should start their integration programmes by encouraging newcomers to establish their own businesses that link them to their homeland. This will make it easier to understand, smoothly integrate and contribute to the economy.

Finally, we must admit that if we do not run in concordance with global culture, it will eventually usurp us without our even knowing it. The cost of isolation and non-convergence is higher and more damaging than integration. The fear of losing identity must be faced with positive interaction between newcomers and their hosting societies. In the end, most newcomers are guests and must leave a positive impression when they leave, or they are part of this society and they must adapt with it and build their future in conjunction with their new surroundings.

Abdalhadi Alijla

Ways with words

A. Choose the words from the box for the following meanings.

confront	refugee	ravage	assimilation	enclave	usurp
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- the severely damaging or destructive effects of something
- someone forced to leave their country in order to escape war, persecution, or natural disaster
- to face a difficult situation
- take a position of power or importance illegally or by force
- the process of becoming a part of a group, country, society, etc.
- an area within a larger territory whose inhabitants are culturally or ethnically distinct

B. Collocation refers to words that are found together in spoken and written language. Collocations can be either fixed, where it is difficult to replace one of the words with an alternative, or freer, allowing for more choice of words. The most common types of collocation are:

Verb + noun	accept responsibility
Adjective + noun	firm determination
Verb + adjective + noun	make steady progress
Adverb + verb	strongly recommend
Adverb + adjective	completely useless
Adverb + adjective + noun	totally unacceptable behaviour
Adjective + preposition	accused of
Noun + noun	window frame

C. Fill in the gaps with the correct word from the brackets.

- I asked him if he was attending the ceremony and he his head 'no'.
(shook/moved/ nodded)
- They made a horrible decision which caused damage to our company.
(hopeless/ inflexible/irreparable)

- c. The leaders need to break down so as to create favorable environment in the nation. (barriers/obstacles/hindrances)
- d. You ought to talk to the manager tothe dispute. (solve/settle/clear up)
- e. Perhaps this issue will not get much media (security/examination/coverage)
- f. This week is the first week of Joan as an in-charge. Everything is running (smoothly/calmly/easily)
- g. I haven't read the text thoroughly, but given a ... glance. (fast/quick/rapid)

Comprehension

Answer the following questions.

- a. Why did millions of Palestinians leave their country?
- b. How is the global culture formed? Is cultural identity possible even in the global culture? Justify.
- c. Why can moving from one side of the world to the other be an economic challenge for newcomers?
- d. How can immigrants foster economy at different magnitudes of scale in their new homes?
- e. Can immigrants fully integrate in the new societies? Give reasons.
- f. Mention any two benefits of integrating into a new society for the immigrants.
- g. Why should the immigrants run in concordance with global culture?

Critical thinking

- a. Do you think that the local is globalised and the global is localised? Can there be the global culture as well? Give examples.
- b. What is globalisation? Discuss the effects of globalization on traditional cultures.
- c. Discuss the impacts of globalization on the process and progress of education in Nepal.

A. Look at the following news story.**PM Oli, Indian PM Modi Jointly Inaugurate
Cross-Border Petroleum Pipeline****RSS**

Kathmandu, Sept 10 : The much awaited interstate petroleum pipeline project has been inaugurated today. Prime Minister KP Sharma Oli and Indian Prime Minister Narendra Modi jointly inaugurated the project from the respective countries.

A programme was organized at Singha Durbar for the PM Oli and at Hyderabad House for Indian PM Modi to switch on the project together as the inauguration via the video conference. With the inauguration, petroleum product has arrived in Amlekhgunj, Nepal from India's Motihari. The pipeline is the first cross border project in South Asia.

For the first phase, diesel is brought and petrol and kerosene later. The Amlekhgunj-Motihari stretch is 69.2 km long.

The pipeline supplies nearly 4,000 kl petroleum product every day, the project said. With the cross border project in place, more than Rs 2 billion is saved which was earlier spent on its transportation.

Similarly, as the import cost declined, the price of the petroleum products has been slashed by Nepal Oil Corporation.

The NOC cut the price of diesel, petrol and kerosene by Rs 2 per litre. Of the total diesel consumed in the country, 70 percent is supplied from Amlekhgunj.

A high level technical team including NOC Executive Director is at Amlekhgunj in course of the project inauguration. The NOC and Indian Oil Corporation had agreed in 2004 to construct the interstate pipeline project. It was however stalled for a decade on various reasons.

In August 2015, then Minister for Commerce and Supply, Sunil Bahadur Thapa, and his Indian counterpart Dharmendra Pradhan had signed for the construction of the project. Both Nepal and India had special interest on completion of the project.

Similarly, PM Oli and the Indian PM Modi had jointly laid the foundation stone to the pipeline in New Delhi during Oli's visit to India.

The project cost is 2.75 billion Indian currencies.

The programme organized to inaugurate the project at Singha Durbar was attended by Cabinet members, secretaries of various ministries and high level officials of the government.

(The Rising Nepal, 10 September 2019)

B. Have you identified the following parts in the above news story?

- Headline:** title of the news report
- Byline:** who wrote the news article
- Dateline:** where and when the report is written
- Lead paragraph:** expansion of the headline in one or two sentences, usually answering the questions: who? what? where? when? why? how?
- Body paragraphs:** greater detail of the event in chronological order, often in one, two or three paragraphs

C. Write a news story to be published in a newspaper about a local festival/fair you have witnessed.

Grammar

Infinitive and gerund

A. Study the following examples.

It didn't stop raining all day yesterday.

She promised to take me there.

It started raining. or It started to rain.

She stopped smoking three years ago.

It was hot, so we stopped to have a drink.

Verbs usually followed by -ing	verbs that are usually followed by the infinitive.	Verbs followed by either form
stop, finish, imagine, suggest, recommend, avoid, mind, miss, risk, enjoy	decide, hope, offer, fail, agree, forget, manage, learn, afford, arrange, ask, expect, plan, promise, want, invite	start, begin, continue, bother

B. Complete each sentence using *what/how/where/whether* + one of these verbs:

apply get do ride use go

- a. Do you know to Rama's house?
- b. I don't know for the job or not.

- c. Have you decided for your picnic?
- d. Can you show me this camera?
- e. Ask Hari. He'll tell you a bicycle.
- f. I was really astonished. I didn't know on the horse.

C. Paraphrase the following sentences using the verb in brackets as in the example.

Example: She has lost her weight. (seem)
She seems to have lost her weight.

- a. Mahesh forgets closing the windows. (tend)
- b. Your car has broken down. (appear)
- c. Ashika is worried about her exam. (seem)
- d. They have developed the theory. (claim)
- e. He's enjoying his new job. (pretend)

Listening

A. Look at the picture and guess answers to these questions.

- a. Where are the people going? Why?
- b. Why do people go abroad?
- c. What are the effects of globalization?



B. Listen to the recording and complete the following text with correct words.

Globalisation is not an topic to talk about. Development in have made transport and communication easier. This way people and countries can exchange things with each other in a way that is less When two companies produce the same things, they have with each other. Globalisation has contributed to enable a company to sell its products at a because the products were produced for less. There is not only the exchange of products but also the exchange of services, knowledge, cultural goods and too. One of the disadvantages of globalization is that people and the suffer due to the intense exchange of goods. At the same time, globalization helps to create job opportunities to people from countries when a company

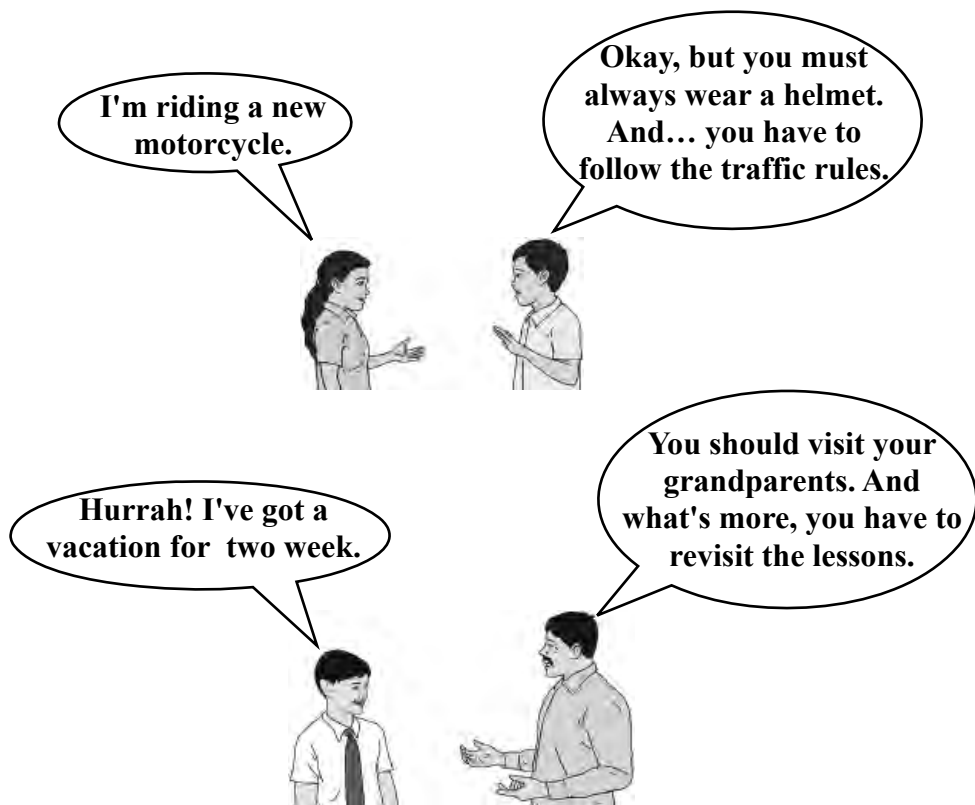
moves there. Another disadvantage is, the , one of the two ecological problems. Globalisation itself is neither good nor bad. It depends on how people deal with new in the future.

C. How has globalization impacted the climate change in Nepal? Have a discussion with your friends.

Speaking

Expressing obligations

A. Look at the pictures below to see what the speakers are saying.



B. Now study these expressions. What function do they serve?

- I have to wear glasses for reading.
- Do you have to wear a uniform at your school?
- You must do more exercise.
- We ought to obey our parents.

- e. I'll have to pay my bills next week.
- f. It is necessary that you follow this guideline.
- g. You are supposed to finish the work by tomorrow.

C. What would you say in the following situations?

- a. You are a pillion rider on your friend's bike and s/he is driving very fast.
- b. You go to visit your friend and find he/she is suffering from fever.
- c. You are in a taxi. You see that the driver is not wearing the seatbelt.
- d. One of your friends is always careless and blames others for his/her failure.

Project Work

You might have heard about the Non-Resident Nepali Association (NRNA). Collect some information about it. How far has it been able to meet its expectations? Discussing with your friends, write a newspaper article on 'The role of NRNA in Nation Building'.

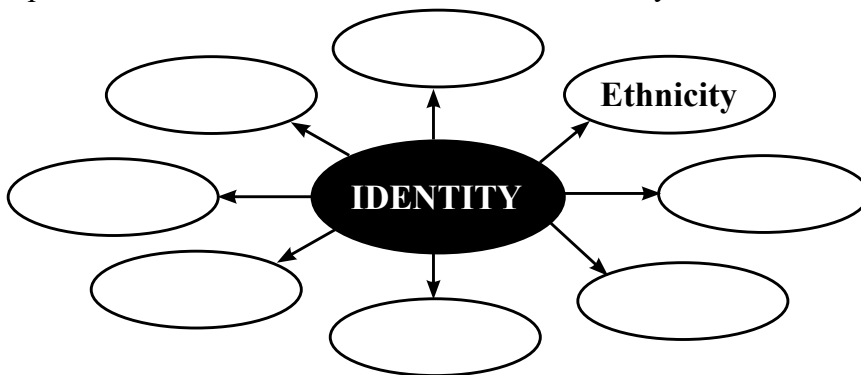
“We are all immigrants. Some people have forgotten that.” - *Moises Rodrigues*

Reading

Identity Crisis in Immigrants

Before you read

- Who are immigrants? Do you think that people living in foreign countries have no identity?
- Complete the bubbles with the terms related to identity.



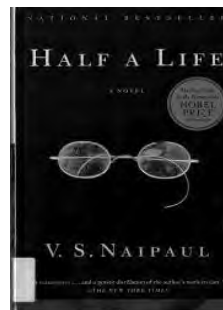
Now read the following book review of the novel *Half A Life*.

HALF A LIFE

V.S. Naipaul

Knopf, 2001, 211 pp.

V.S. Naipaul marks his rise to Nobel laureate, however accidentally, with a strange new novel that is at once of a piece with and apart from most of his previous work. On the one hand it is a continuation of his preoccupation with the innumerable questions raised by cultural and racial identity; on the other hand its spare, melancholy, elusive, somewhat heavily ironic tone contrasts with the more animated quality of his best fiction (*A House for Mr. Biswas*, for example), and the graphic sex with which its final sections are filled is a stark departure from his almost priggish treatment of the subject previously.



The heart of the novel can be found in a brief scene three-quarter of the way through. At a rough restaurant on the coast of the African nation where he is living, Willie Chandran

encounters a "big light-eyed man" man who is being abused by his Portuguese boss as he goes about his work as a tiler. Afterward Willie's lover, Ana, herself part Portuguese and part African, tells him that the tiler is illegitimate, with an African mother and an important Portuguese landowner for a father. "The rich Portuguese put their illegitimate mulatto children to learning certain trades," she tells him: "Electrician, mechanic, metal-worker, carpenter, tiler," to which Willie responds: "I said nothing more to Ana. But whenever I remembered the big sweating man with the abused light eyes, carrying the shame of his birth on his face like a brand, I would think, 'Who will rescue that man? Who will avenge him?' "

It is a question of the utmost urgency to Willie, and the central motif of *Half a Life*, Naipaul's 13th novel. It is about a man -- the phrase is used to describe someone else, but it clearly is meant to describe Willie as well -- "who appeared to have no proper place in the world." He is spending this, what we are to take to be the first half of his life, trying to find such a place, "just letting the days go by," trusting "that one day something would happen, an illumination would come to him, and he would be taken by a set of events to the place he should go."

Willie was born in India 40-some years ago. His father was a "man of high caste, high in the maharaja's revenue service," who heard the call of Mahatma Gandhi in the early 1930s and decided to make a sacrifice of himself, a "lasting kind of sacrifice, something the mahatma would have approved of." Rather than marry in his own caste he would choose "the lowest person I could find." He settled upon a fellow college student, who was "small and coarse featured, almost tribal in appearance, noticeably black, with two big top teeth that showed very white," clearly a woman of "a backward caste."

This man of sacrifice is noticed by the eminent British writer Somerset Maugham, who comes to India (in a cameo role) to research a book. Eventually he emerges in Maugham's portrait as someone of great spirituality and self-sacrifice, a role he knows is far from accurate but into which he finds himself slipping easily and comfortably. But those of whom the greatest sacrifice is exacted are the two children of this strange and unhappy relationship, Willie and his sister. Bitterly unhappy in India, loving his mother and despising his father, Willie manages to get a scholarship to a second-rate college in London and flees there.

In college and in London itself, Willie "thought he was swimming in ignorance, had lived without a knowledge of time." Yet in and out of school, his education proceeds apace. Thousands of miles from home, he begins to sense the condescension and indifference

with which the British had treated his father, and disdain gradually metamorphoses into empathy. He also begins to understand that "the old rules [of India] no longer bound him," that "freedom . . . was his for the asking." It is a revelation: "No one he met, in the college or outside it, knew the rules of Willie's own place, and Willie began to understand that he was free to present himself as he wished. He could, as it were, write his own revolution. The possibilities were dizzying. He could, within reason, remake himself and his past and his ancestry."

This is exactly what he does. He fabricates a past for himself that denies his divided identity and presents himself as whole. For a while he participates in "the special, passing bohemian-immigrant life of London of the late 1950s," though eventually he realizes that "the lost, the unbalanced, the alcoholic, the truly bohemian -- those parties in shabby Notting Hill flats no longer seemed metropolitan and dazzling." By this point he has created a minor career for himself as part-time author of scripts for the BBC, which gives him courage to try his hand at writing stories. He takes scenes and plots from movies with Jimmy Cagney and Humphrey Bogart and reworks them to his own purposes, finding that "it was easier, with these borrowed stories far outside his own experience, and with these characters far outside himself, to be truer to his feelings than it had been with his cautious, half-hidden parables at school."

For a time it works: "Whenever Willie felt he was running out of material, running out of cinematic moments, he went to see old movies or foreign movies." It doesn't last. In time -- inevitably -- his writing "began to lead him to difficult things, things he couldn't face, and he stopped." He cobbles together a little book of stories that is published and almost universally neglected, save by a young woman of mixed African background who tells him in a letter that "in your stories for the first time I find moments that are like moments in my own life." This is Ana. They meet, though he is apprehensive: "But as soon as he saw her all his anxieties fell away, and he was conquered. She behaved as though she had always known him, and had always liked him. She was young and small and thin, and quite pretty. She had a wonderfully easy manner. And what was most intoxicating for Willie was that for the first time in his life he felt himself in the presence of someone who accepted him completely. At home his life had been ruled by his mixed inheritance. [But with Ana] there was, so to speak, nothing to push against, no misgiving to overcome, no feeling of distance."

So when she decides to go back home to her Portuguese African country, he accompanies her. In "that regulated colonial world" in which "to be even a second-rank Portuguese was to have a kind of high status," he finds "a complete acceptance." Though this does

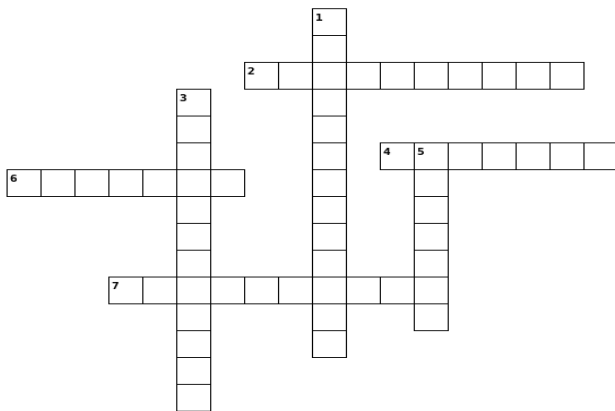
not change, he "began to understand -- and was helped in this understanding by my own background -- that the world I had entered was only a half-and-half world, that many of the people who were our friends considered themselves, deep down, people of the second rank." Wherever he turns, he finds people whose place in the world is no more certain or secure than his own, though at the end of his African sojourn he is still so caught up in his own fears, resentments and anxieties that he fails to grasp that this is, in truth, a universal condition.

It is for Naipaul, not Willie Chandran, to make this central point. He does so with subtlety and nuance. The novel is told by an omniscient narrator -- perhaps to distance Naipaul and his own experience from Willie and his story -- but the point of view is self-evidently Willie's. He is a man of intelligence and character who is blind to the full truth about himself, at once worldly and self-deceiving. It is a state of mind that is, or should be, familiar to all too many of us.

Jonathan Yardley
The Washington Post

Ways with words

A. Find the words from the text to solve the crossword puzzle below. The meanings of the words are given in the clues.



Across

- 2. as is certain to happen
- 4. famous and respected
- 6. a temporary stay
- 7. knowing everything

Down

- 1. the state of being preoccupied
- 3. anxious or fearful that something bad will happen
- 5. a person of mixed white and black ancestry

B. Find the meanings of the following words in a dictionary as they are used in the text.

melancholy, elusive, motif, disdain, fabricate, intoxicate, resentment

C. Do the bold words in the following sentences have the same pronunciation but different meanings?

Dear **Board** of Education,

I am also **board** of education!

Homophones are words with the same pronunciation but having different meanings and spellings. For example, board and bored, meet and meat are homophonous.

D. Choose the right word to fill in the blanks.

- a. Can you the box in the back garden? (bury/berry)
- b. Alex could not the branch off the tree. (break/brake)
- c. pencil is on the floor? (Who's/Whose)
- d. We have got very (pew/few) tasks left.
- e. Some tribes worship their gods before they (prey/pray)
- f. it. Everything is messed up.(Dam /Damn)
- g. What a wonderful the professor presented. (lesson/lessen)

Comprehension

Answer these questions.

- a. How is Willie Chandran different from the rest of his family?
- b. Who is the main character of *Half A Life*? How is he described?
- c. Why does Willie leave India?
- d. What is the revelation that Willie begin to feel in college and in London?
- e. Why does Willie accompany Ana?
- f. What is the central issue Naipal has raised in the novel?

Critical thinking

- a. What kind of divided identity is depicted in the novel *Half A Life*? How do characters in the novel try to create new identities for themselves? Explain.
- b. Discuss the similarities between the author and the protagonist in the novel?

Writing

A. Study the general format of a book review and film review.

A book review is a scholarly review in which a book is analyzed in terms of its content, style, and merit. Similarly, a film review is a review that provides a short description of a film including the reviewer's opinion about it. A scholarly review should use formal language. The format of a book and film review is presented below.

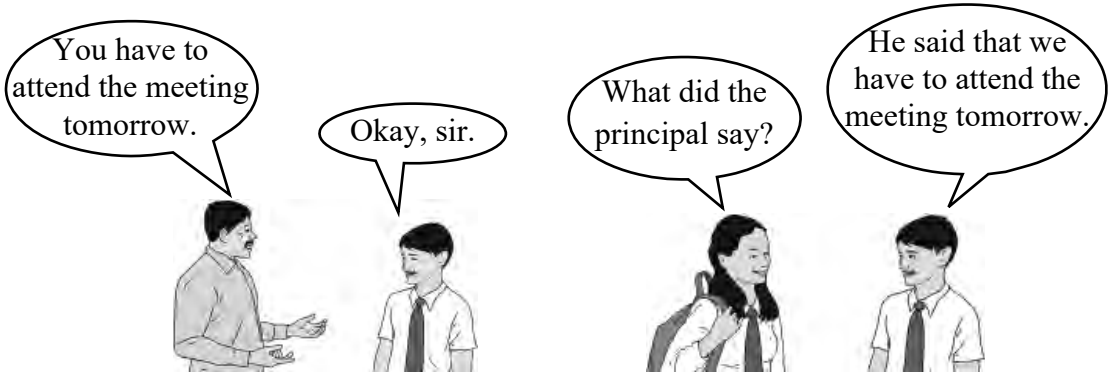
Book review	Film review
<ul style="list-style-type: none">● Introduction (title, author, place of publication: publisher, date of publication, number of pages, type of book-fiction, nonfiction etc)● Author's background (who the author is and where s/he stands in the genre or field of inquiry adding his/her contribution in literature)● Summary and plot● Theme and writing style● Writer's impression and evaluation of it/critique's opinion	<ul style="list-style-type: none">● Introduction (with title, release date, background information, genre, starring)● Summary of the story● Analysis of the plot elements (rising action/ climax)● Creative elements (dialogues, characters, use of colors, camera techniques, mood, tone, symbols, costumes or anything that contributes or takes away from the overall plot)● Opinion (supported with examples and facts from the story)● Critique's opinion/Conclusion (announcing whether the filmmaker was successful in his/her purpose, re-statement of the evidence, explanation of how the motion picture was helpful for providing a deeper understand of course)

B. Write a review of a book/film you have recently read or watched.

Grammar

Reported speech (statements)

A. Look at the pictures and read the expressions.



B. Study the following.

Direct speech	Indirect speech
'I love the Toy Story films,' she said.	She said she loved the Toy Story films.
'I worked as a waiter before becoming a chef,' he said.	He said he'd worked as a waiter before becoming a chef.
'I'll phone you tomorrow,' he said.	He said he'd phone me the next day.
She asked, "What do you want?"	She asked (me) what I wanted.
He said to me, "Do you live near here?"	He asked me if/whether I lived near there.
"Don't be late," I said to Joe.	I told Joe not to be late.
She said, "Don't the children like ice-cream?"	She was surprised that the children didn't like ice-cream.

In indirect speech, we often use a tense which is 'further back' in the past (e.g. worked) than the tense originally used (e.g. work). This is called 'backshift'. We may also need to change other words that were used, for example pronouns.

Change the following into indirect speech.

- She said, "While I was having dinner, the phone rang."
- My friend said, "Where are they staying?"
- Jamila said, "I travel a lot in my job."

- d. She said to me, "We lived in China for five years."
- e. He said to me, "Do you like ice-cream?"
- f. They said, "Hurray! We've won the match."
- g. He said, "I'd tried everything without success, but this new medicine is great."
- h. Sony said, "I go to the gym next to your house."
- i. He said, "Be quiet after 10 o'clock."
- j. He said, "I don't want to go to the party unless he invites me."
- k. He said to me, "I will see you tomorrow if you meet me."
- l. She said, "If I were you, I would give up the work."

Listening

A. Look at the picture and guess answers to these questions.

- a. What do you see in the picture?
- b. Do you watch movies? Why?
- c. What types of movies do you like to watch?



C. Listen to a film review and choose the best answer.

- a. The speaker finds the movie 'Fun in the City' really
 - i. awesome ii. terrible iii. awful
- b. Through this critique, the speaker
 - i. wants to save our money being wasted
 - ii. urges us to watch the movie
 - iii. recommends a new taste movie
- c. Amidst the film, characters go to which is completely unjustifiable.
 - i. Japan ii. India iii. New York
- d. The characters in the film
 - i. have fun, travel and explore
 - ii. gossip, cry and shop
 - iii. have a row, quarrel and fight

- e. The speaker suggests us to go and watch the movie, instead.
 - i. Twilight Mirror ii. Twilight Saga iii. Twilight More
- f. How long have the audiences been waiting for the movie?
 - i. 5 years ii. A decade iii. A score of years
- g. The speaker most admires about the film is
 - i. the place ii. the music iii. the story
- h. The speaker is emotionally attached with
 - i. the characters
 - ii. the story and characters
 - iii. their cultural representation

C. List out the words the speaker used which people use to talk about the films.

Speaking

Reporting

A. Yesterday you met your friend. You hadn't seen him/her for a long time. Here are some of the things he/she said to you. Work in pairs. Take turns to report to your partner what he/she said to you.

- a. I like this song.
- b. Where is your sister?
- c. I don't speak Italian.
- d. Say hello to Jim.
- e. The film began at seven o'clock.
- f. Don't play on the grass, boys.
- g. Where have you spent your money?
- h. I never make mistakes.
- i. Does she know Robert?
- j. Don't try this at home.

B. Work in pairs. Ask your partner these questions and take notes. After you have finished this, find a new partner and report what you have learnt about your first partner.

- a. What is your favourite sport?
- b. What are your plans for your next vacation?
- c. Who is your best friend? How long have you known him/her?

- d. What kind of music do you like?
- e. What did you do yesterday evening?
- f. How do you want to improve English?
- g. What do you want to be in the future?

C. Report the following using the verbs from the list. The subject of the reporting clause has been given at the end.

admit explain assure deny point out
insist accuse claim warn

- a. There will be no delay. (He)
- b. Don't mention it again. (She)
- c. I've taken the money. (My brother)
- d. You took my money. (Neha)
- e. You should have the dinner with me. (She)
- f. No, I haven't stolen anyone's bag. (He)
- g. I have closed the door. I can remember it. (She)
- h. The doctor is out to lunch. (The receptionist)
- i. This van has been in the car park all day. (The guard)

Project Work

Meet a person who is living far away from the family for a long time. Ask questions about her/his feelings about homesickness. Then, write a report and present it in the class.

“Two roads diverged in a wood and I – I took the one less travelled by.” - *Robert Frost*

Reading**Discovering West Nepal - The Wild Frontier*****Before you read***

Discuss these questions with your partner.

- Have you ever visited western Nepal? Describe your experience.
- Do you like travelling? Why do people travel?
- Do you know the name of this temple? Where is it located?



Now read the following travelogue by the Philippine freelance writer, Megan Leung about her five-week adventurous experiences of visiting western Nepal.

What do you do when you get lost along your travels?

Along my five-week walk in the western Himalayas of Nepal, a colourful rooster heavy on pink feathers fluffed its roseate plumes at me as though to say, ‘Yes, bideshi, it’s all real’. The flightless bird and I stared at each other for a brief moment/(momentum) and I could have sworn it winked at me. By this point, my sanity had already gone hazy, unlike the clear blue skies above the high passes of Dolpa.

Further along the trail, patches of pink grass and purple flora sprinkled the ground. Sun-dried shrubs filled the crisp Himalayan air with the familiar sweetness of chamomile. Stone houses held themselves together under a rock, above a river, looking too crumbly to live in, but the inhabitants didn’t seem to mind. I wondered how much more oddity hides and flourishes in West Nepal. I wasn’t supposed to be in this region. But, as with any good story, a happy accident would see me walking through the country’s unknown trails.

Having been living on the road as a traveller for four years now and visiting Nepal for the third time, I wanted to push the envelope and experience places where few tourists go. I chose the Dhaulagiri Circuit. The day I started my walk I asked bus drivers in Beni to point me towards the direction of Tatopani. As it were, there are two Tatopani

— one on the east along the Annapurna Circuit, one on the west along the Dhaulagiri Circuit. I would end up in the east and I would learn too late that I was on the other side of where I wanted to be. My options would be to turn back or to swim in the pickle I was in. I took my map out and decided to walk up to Mukhtinath.

In a guest house in Lower Mustang I met an Englishman walking the Great Himalayan Trail. We exchanged stories over cups of hot raksi to warm our cold selves and after looking at his map I decided to make a pilgrimage to Rara Lake.

In Darbang I stopped to resupply food and walked towards a village named Sibang, 15 kilometres further as the crow flies but we are talking about the largest mountains of this planet. It was a long day. From one lush green hill to another, I went mathi and tala, mathi and tala, through warm temperate forests, under giant spider webs, over rapids, beside glassy waterholes too tempting to swim in, if not for their stinging coldness.

In a scenic village named Lamsung, a young couple welcomed me in their home where I stayed the night. In the morning, someone offered to give me a ride on his horse (for a fee) but I decided to keep using my own legs.

In Bhujekhung I washed my clothes and myself by the river. The didi who hosted me for the night called ‘sutne’ (bedtime; literally, to sleep) at seven in the evening. There was no electricity but there was a hole in the ceiling and the bright stars lit the cold dark room up so beautifully that I didn’t mind.

The next day, a 10-hour walk to Dorpatan had me marching until past sunset. I had to take my shoes off to make a river crossing. I knew that the slippery rocks and angry glacial water were going to be a painful adventure. A bahini crossed the river and took my pack, made me wear her flipflops, held me by the hand, instructed me where exactly to place my feet, and got me across. Her girl friends were all cheering, I said my tourist classic Namaste, hugged them all, and moved on.

When finally, I found a base for the night, I was soon joined by local politicians from Kathmandu who were on an official trip. The evening stretched as we all danced in the dining room, Nepali music on full blast.

A village named Thankur had only two houses. On the way there, I had a mild heart attack as three large birds suddenly took flight from a tree next to the footpath. It was an arid region with not much life visible in the periphery but these birds were large, shiny, and rainbow-coloured. They were the national bird of Nepal, the Himalayan

monal. That wasn't the last surprise for the day — the stars in Thankur that evening were blinding, the most brilliant I have ever seen this side of the globe.

In Pelma, I met a Welshman who has been to Nepal nine times. I met him again in Dule and we walked towards the Jang La pass and to Dunai. The distance between the two villages was so long that we decided to camp halfway through the trail. I squeezed into the Welshman's tiny summer tent and attempted to sleep on 4,500-metre altitude. We laughed at the fact that no one else was insane enough to be on that mountain on a cold November night.

Further west into remoter regions, school children led me to a village that sounded like 'Orta', just after Sarmi. The village is built on brown rocks, houses stacked together with open, free-fall decks. A family fed me, sheltered me, and walked with me the day after to show me a shortcut — a snowy pass towards Jumla. I walked for five hours in the snow and a further three hours in cold winds, through ancient alpine forests and exposed mountain ridges.



Jang La pass

By the time I reached Jumla, I was ill with an unknown virus and a bad tummy. An American I met at a hotel gave me medicine. The *pani puri* at a local eatery also helped in my recovery.

Once I felt well enough to carry on, I started walking towards Rara, through Khali Lagna and then Bulbule. In Khali Lagna I was welcomed by a *didi* who was picking the brains out of a sheep skull. She said if I wanted to wash myself there is a bucket of water in the outhouse. I checked it out and the water surface on the bucket was frozen. Cracking it felt strangely satisfying and the *pani* underneath was surprisingly lukewarm.

"One more day," I whispered to myself. I was excited for the last push, thinking it would be an easy final walk. Of course it wasn't.

To get to Rara Lake I decided to take a shortcut and cross another pass. On the map, the trail to this pass was barely visible. The suggested route is a 25-kilometre walk. My chosen route was less than half of that. Oh boy.

I walked through foot-deep snow for hours, my shoes and feet became wet but the sky was blue and the sun was bright and the views were otherworldly, giving me enough

to be cheerful about. Once I had reached the pass I was in for a shock: the skinny cliff path was snowed-in. There was a steep drop of 300 metres and I was on top of a 4,000-metre mountain. There was nothing to hold on to but loose metamorphic rocks; grabbing the wrong one could be fatal. But turning back meant walking more hours, and in the dark.



Rara Tal from a snowed-in pass

Without tent and food, that option was only slightly more dangerous than crossing an icy cliff edge without ice axe and crampons.

I dug my heels and hands in the snow, one frozen movement at a time, until I was on the other side. It was cold but my adrenaline ran so high that I was sweating from the suspense. Imagine my relief once I've made it across all four cliff crossings!

And so I arrived at Rara Lake alive and well. The biggest freshwater lake in Nepal. Himalaya was there, glistening in its dark blue glory, waiting for my arrival. The magnificent sky-scraping pine trees decorated the ground with giant pine cones. Coos glided over the crystal clear water, occasionally diving under to disappear and resurface again. White peaks said hello from a distance. There were only two hotels in the national park, at least on the lake side. It's strange to think that Fewa Lake in Pokhara was once this quiet.

Through a five-week long walk, I have covered a distance that totals up to 25 percent of the Nepal Himalaya via the lower Great Himalayan Trail, along with some funky detours. If I ever thought I knew Nepal and its cultures, the west shook that knowing.

By and large, I would describe what I witnessed and experienced as medieval and raw. The wild western region is a step or two back in time, when we knew how to survive with our primal instincts, human intuition, and oneness with nature.

Megan Leung

Ways with words

- A. Find the words from the text which mean the following.**
- became fuller and softer by shaking
 - sound mental health
 - consisting of or easily breaking into small pieces
 - neither very hot nor very cold
 - land that does not have enough water to support the growth of plants
 - only slightly warm
- B. Find the meanings of the following words in an English dictionary, write their word classes and use them in your own sentences.**
- hazy frontier lush flipflops altitude fatal magnificent
- C. Make a list of the Nepali words used in the text and write their English equivalents. For example: *didi* (Nepali) – *elder sister* (English).**
- D. Practise saying these words with consonant clusters /sk/, /sp/ and /st/ aloud with your friends.**

skin	scare	spot	speak	star	stone
school	scarf	speed	space	stupid	step
skill	skull	sport	spend	steal	stand
scale	skip	spark	special	stock	stain
skirt	ski	speech	spoon	staff	study

Comprehension

Answer these questions.

- How did the author feel when she saw a colourful rooster in the western Himalayas?
- How does she describe the houses on the trails of western Nepal?
- What does she mean when she says "I walked towards a village 15 kilometres further as the crow flies?"
- Describe the village Thankur in brief.
- What happened when she reached Jumla and how was she relieved?
- How does the author describe the bucket water in Khali Lagna?
- How was Rara Lake on the day she reached there?

Critical thinking

- a. It is said that travelling a place equals to reading three books. Do you agree? Why?
- b. The author spent five-week long walk along the western Himalayas. Do you think it was adventurous? Why?

Writing

- A. Write a travelogue of your recent visit to a natural/religious place in about 300 words. Use the following clues.**

Local costumes and traditions Cuisine ... Depiction of places of interest, local history and culture Your adventures Prices and transportation ... Entertainment

- B. Write an essay in about 500 words on 'Importance of Tourism in Nepal'.**

Grammar

- A. Study the following table.**

Active sentences	Passive sentences
They destroyed the building.	The building was destroyed.
Are they meeting him at the station?	Is he being met at the station?
She handed me the plate.	I was handed the plate. The plate was handed to me.
I enjoyed taking the children to the park.	The children enjoyed being taken to the park.
They agreed to postpone the meeting.	It was agreed to postpone the meeting.
I don't like people laughing at me.	I don't like being laughed at.
She likes people taking her photograph.	She likes having her photograph taken.
Who built the Taj Mahal?	Who was the Taj Mahal built by?

We use the passive voice to change the focus of the sentence.

My bike was stolen. (passive – focus on *my bike*)

Someone stole my bike. (active – focus on *someone*)

B. Complete these sentences using the verbs given in the brackets.

- a. Letters by the postman every day. (*deliver*)
- b. This bag in the bus yesterday. (*find*)
- c. The gate at 7:00 pm every evening. (*lock*)
- d. I to the party last week. (*invite*)
- e. The telephone by Graham Bell. (*invent*)
- f. Muna Madan by Devkota. (*write*)
- g. How much money in the robbery? (*steal*)
- h. Do you know cheese from milk? (*make*)
- i. I was born in Kathmandu, but in Dhangadhi. (*grow*)

C. Change the following sentences into passive.

- a. I didn't fix the problem.
- b. Police protect the town.
- c. John's mother raised him in a small town.
- d. Someone painted the building last year.
- e. Alexander Fleming discovered penicillin in 1928.
- f. Some students study grammar on the Internet.
- g. Someone had broken the window by 3:00 p.m.
- h. A strange man was watching us.
- i. Tokyo will hold the Olympics in 2020.
- j. We are working on the report right now.
- k. My manager has told him to arrive earlier.
- l. They could not have made the mistake.
- m. I hope they are going to hire me soon.
- n. I don't like people staring at me.
- o. She likes people waving at her.
- p. Who told you the story?
- q. Is he repairing the bicycle?

Listening

- A. Look at the picture and guess answers to these questions.**
- Have you ever been to the place as shown in the picture?
 - What should we do if we happen to go there?

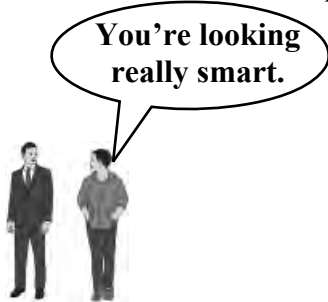


- B. Listen to the audio and answer these questions.**
- What are the agents of carving sandstone layers?
 - How can these arches be reached?
 - Why should one leave words wherever s/he goes?
 - What preparation should the visitor do in case s/he gets injured?
 - How can one find the right destination?
- C. Listen to the audio and write 'True' or 'False' against the statements.**
- Thousands of arches are found in the Arches National Park.
 - Visitors can go there only during specified time of the year.
 - The writer generally goes hiking with his kith and kins.
 - Water resources are available in abundance around the national park.
 - You are forbidden to take photos there.
- D. Suppose you are the in-charge of a national park. Make a list of 'Dos' and 'Don'ts' for the visitors.**

Speaking

Expressing compliments

A. Look at these descriptions.



B. Now look at some ways of expressing compliments and responding to them.

Expressing compliments	Responding to compliments
- You're looking good.	- Thank you.
- What a nice shirt!	- Do you think so?
- How beautiful you look today!	- Thank you for the compliment.
- I like your new hairdo.	- It's nice of you to say so.
- What a nice garden!	- Oh, thanks.
- You have a beautiful home!	- How kind of you to say so.
- What a cute baby!	- I'm glad you think so.
- You have a beautiful hair.	- Don't flatter me.

C. Work in pairs. Your friend complements you in the following situations and you respond to them.

- You are at a party. A friend performed a classical dance very well.
- You compliment your friend on his/her appearance.
- Your mother has cooked tasty food.
- Your friend served you banana custard at lunch time at his home.
- You are having dinner at your friend's home.
- You want to tell your friend you like his/her new shoes.
- Your friend has given you a birthday gift.

Project Work

Visit one of the interesting cultural/historical site in your surrounding and collect detailed information about the place. And, prepare an artistic brochure of the place.

“One machine can do the work of fifty ordinary men. No machine can do the work of one extraordinary man.” –*Elbert Hubbard*

Reading

Taking my Son to College, Where Technology has Replaced Serendipity

Before you read

Discuss the following questions with your partner.

- What modern gadgets do you have?
- Do they make your school life easier and better? How?
- In what ways does the use of technology affect our education system?
- Look at these two pictures. Is there anything interesting? Discuss.



Now read the following essay about Kline’s reflection of her college experience, in comparison to her son’s college experience.

My son Hayden started college last week. Like many parents of freshmen, my husband and I drove him to school together, the back of the car filled with essentials like extra-long twin sheets, a clip-on light for his bunk bed and a random mix of extension cords.

The milk crates, shower caddy and three-ring binders we helped him carry up the stairs flashed me back to my own first days of college - but they weren’t the only reason this experience felt so familiar.

Three decades ago, I was a freshman at the same university. Unlike Hayden, who grew up outside of New York and attended a competitive suburban high school, I was the

only student from my small town in Maine to go to Yale, one of the few to even venture out of state. And I had no idea what I was getting into.

I was lucky, in a way, to be so naive; I didn't know what I didn't know. I floated through my first year obliviously unaware of the social currencies being exchanged around me, only dimly perceiving markers of wealth and status.

When a fellow student bragged about his Alfa Romeo, I thought he meant a Camaro, the fanciest car I'd ever seen. When a classmate casually mentioned that she was meeting her parents in Gstaad for the long weekend, I assumed it was a town in Connecticut. Imagine my surprise when I realized that actual Vanderbilts lived in Vanderbilt Hall.

But it wasn't just my relative lack of sophistication that made my experience so vastly different from my son's. Typewriters and carbon paper, telephones with curly cords, TVs with a few channels and no remotes, cassette tapes; compared with the tools Hayden has at his disposal, I went to college in the Stone Age.

Without even thinking about it, my son uses technology in almost everything he does, large and small. He installed Yale-specific apps on his phone that provide information about when the washers and dryers in the basement of his dorm are available, the daily menus of each dining hall, ratings of local restaurants, student contact information, the entire list of classes, and an interactive campus map that shows you where you are and where you're going.

Within minutes of learning his three suitemates' names this summer, he knew an incredible amount about them: They friended and followed each other on Facebook and Twitter and Instagram and immediately had access to each other's prom pictures, family vacation shots, performance videos, philosophical musings. They established an ongoing group text, exchanging information such as who was bringing an Xbox and who had a coffeemaker. Soon after arriving on campus, Hayden made a spreadsheet of potential classes, vetting them in advance by using teacher rating sites and watching videos of potential professors on YouTube.

There's no question that my son is better prepared for college than I was. He manages his time better, is more efficient and more directed, and spends less time in lines and more time doing exactly what he sets out to do.

But I wonder what may be lost. I suspect it's unlikely that he will ever, as I did, trek all the way across campus on a snowy day to a friend's dorm room, only to find that person gone but another roommate available, and making a new friend in the process.

He won't have to type and retype his papers — using Write-Out, no less! — to make revisions, finding in that process new insights into what he's written. I doubt that he'll make his way to a common room at 9 p.m. every Sunday to watch a specific TV show (*L.A. Law*, I'm thinking of you), bonding with a hearty group of loyalists.



Technological tree

I think fondly of the rabbit holes I disappeared down when I researched papers for history and English because I couldn't find quite what I was looking for, or because I had to

go through so much material to find examples for my thesis. When you can type a few words into a search engine and land on your topic — or when you can scan a Shakespeare play for specific words or symbols — what opportunities might you miss to expand your thinking in unexpected ways?

I worry that students today are more connected and more fragmented, learning more about one another from afar but watching programmes on their iPads in their rooms. The knowledge they have at their fingertips may make them more productive, but it may also blunt the thrill of unanticipated discovery.

Sometime in my first week on that long-ago campus, I found myself hopelessly lost, scrutinizing an indecipherable map, when a freshman boy came up to me. “Can I help you with that?” He asked, and though he didn't know his way around any better than I did, we figured it out together. Twenty-three years of marriage later, we're still figuring it out.

As Hayden navigates his own journey, I wish for him the satisfaction of productivity and the joy of tapping his potential. But I also hope for him at least some of the wide-eyed wonder I felt as a freshman, the delight of discovering a world that was as remote and unknown to me as a foreign country.

And I hope he'll experience the unexpected pleasures of getting lost, of chance encounters, and the incalculable benefits of time wasted for no good reason at all.

Christina Baker Kline

Ways with words

A. Match the words with their correct definitions.

- | | |
|-----------------|---|
| a. freshman | i. say something in a boastful manner |
| b. naive | ii. action of throwing away something |
| c. obliviously | iii. not able to be calculated or estimated |
| d. brag | iv. a first-year student at a university, college, or high school |
| e. disposal | v. having a lack of experience or knowledge |
| f. dorm | vi. someone who shares your bathroom/living room/kitchen in college |
| g. suitemate | vii. dormitory, student residence hall or building |
| h. incalculable | viii. without conscious awareness |

B. Replace the bold words in (a–h) selecting synonyms from the box.

delight	incredible	potential	unanticipated	fragmented	scrutinizing
navigate	indecipherable				

- Her story is **unbelievable** in the literal sense of the word.
- We often read the novels of the **reputed** writers in the world.
- The Facebook users are **scattered** but connected to each other through the Internet.
- Sometimes **unexpected** events happen in our life.
- He paused, **examining** the faces of Anjana and Manju with his glittering eyes.
- I am sorry to say your handwriting is **unreadable**.
- He is matured. He can **direct** his own journey to make his career better.
- Gita's heart swelled with **pleasure**, translating her confidence into power.

C. Complete the sentences by choosing the correct word given in brackets.

- Does television children? (*affect/effect*)
- Does television have an on children? (*affect/effect*)
- Could you me your book, please? (*borrow/lend*)
- Can I your pen? (*borrow/lend*)
- Prices seem to every year. (*raise/rise*)
- You can your hand if you want to ask a question. (*raise/rise*)
- What did he to you? (*say/tell*)

- h. I can't Hindi. (*speak/talk*)
- i. I will to you on the phone. (*speak/talk*)
- j. I think that's a very idea. (*sensible/sensitive*)
- k. My teeth are very to cold. (*sensible/sensitive*)
- l. Our is a popular person. (*principal/principle*)
- m. I couldn't understand the of gravity. (*principal/principle*)
- n. All friends, Nabina, came to the party. (*accept/except*)
- o. Will you my request? (*accept/except*)
- p. They were making too much (*noise/sound*)
- q. All she could hear was the of the waves. (*noise/sound*)
- r. Did you give him any..... for his career? (*advice/advise*)
- s. My parents me to be a teacher. (*advice/advise*)

Comprehension

Answer these questions.

- a. Why did the author feel that she was lucky to be so naïve of her freshman year at college?
- b. Why did she say that she went to college in the Stone Age?
- c. What kinds of technological tools can Hayden use at his college life unlike at his mother's time?
- d. How has the internet and social sites affected the lifestyle of the youths?
- e. What things about college life will Hayden really miss unlike his mother?
- f. The writer says, "I worry that students today are more connected and more fragmented". Isn't this paradoxical? How?

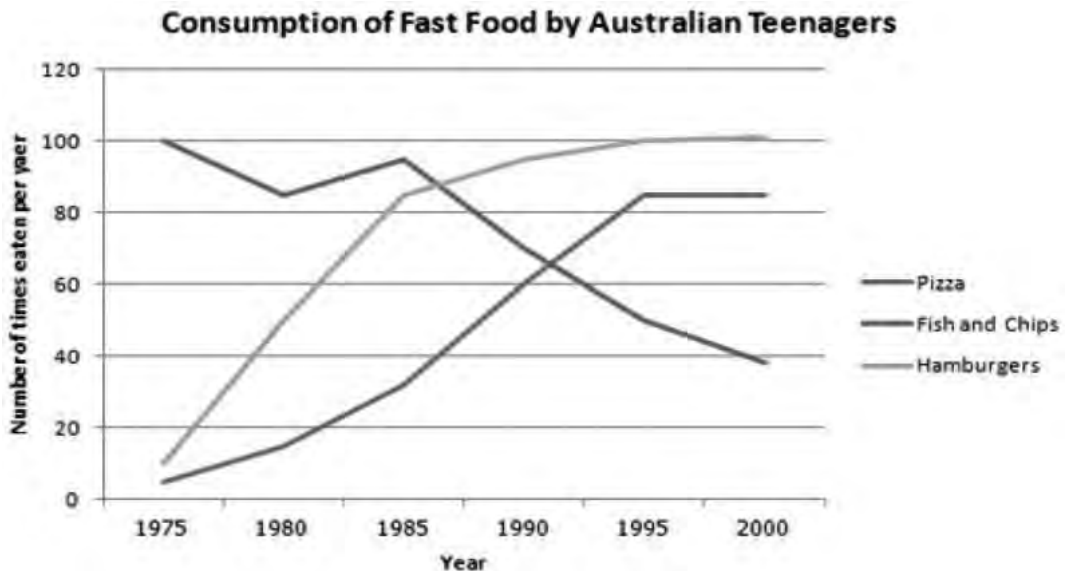
Critical thinking

- a. Do you think that advancements of technology can hinder the exposure students receive in school, and block them from gaining some of life's most memorable moments? Give reasons in support of your answer.
- b. Kline's essay focuses on the contrast between her son's freshman college experience and her own, but she also establishes what they have in common. Explain.
- c. Has internet aided to broadening or narrowing the critical thinking capacity of youths or readers? How?

Writing

Interpreting graphs and charts.

A. Read the model interpretation of a line graph. Focus your attention on **bolded words**.



The line graph compares the fast food consumption of teenagers in Australia between 1975 and 2000, a period of 25 years. **Overall**, the consumption of fish and chips declined over the period, **whereas** the amount of pizza and hamburgers that were eaten increased.

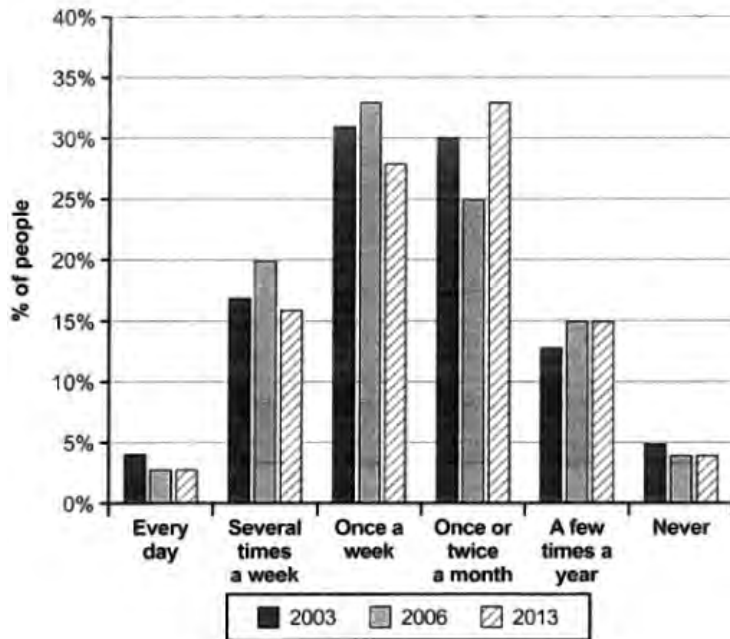
In 1975, the most popular fast food with Australian teenagers was fish and chips, being eaten 100 times a year. This was **far higher than** Pizza and hamburgers, which were consumed approximately 5 times a year. However, apart from a brief rise again from 1980 to 1985, the consumption of fish and chips **gradually declined** over the 25-year timescale to finish at just under 40.

In **sharp contrast** to this, teenagers ate the other two fast foods at much higher levels. Pizza consumption **increased gradually** until it overtook the consumption of fish and chips in 1990. It then levelled off from 1995 to 2000. The **biggest rise was** seen in hamburgers as the occasions they were eaten **increased sharply** throughout the 1970's and 1980's, exceeding that of fish and chips in 1985. It finished at the same level that fish and chips began, with consumption at 100 times a year.

(Source: <https://www.ieltsbuddy.com/ielts-academic-writing-task-1.html>)

B. Interpret the information given in the following chart.

Frequency of eating at fast food restaurants among people in the USA (2003–2013)



C. What gadgets do your friends in the class have? Ask them. Collect data and present it in the pie chart.

Grammar

A. Fill in the gaps with suitable *articles* where necessary.

- Is he working as university professor?
- My younger sister watches television a lot.
- A: What did you get for your birthday?
B: I got lot of good presents.
- I'm going to Dominican Republic for my winter vacation.
- I have to go to bank today to deposit some money.
- Durga was injured in the accident and was taken to nearest hospital.
- Every parent should visit school to meet the teachers.
- Who is woman in this photograph?
- There is piano in the corner of the room.
- A: Do you think he is lying?
B: No, he's the kind of guy that always tells the truth.

B. Put *alan* or *the* in the spaces.

BOB COLLINS: A PROFILE

Bob Collins has recently become minister in the new government, being appointed Minister for Industry. Mr. Collins has had a varied career. He was professional footballer in the 1960s, some people considering him to be most skillful player of his generation. After a serious injury, he became manager of oldest pub in Edinburgh. Five years later, he was offered the position of executive director of Arcon, one of biggest supermarket chains in the country. He became Member of Parliament in 1990.

Listening

A. Look at the picture and guess answers to these questions.

- a. Who are these people?
- b. Where are they?
- c. Have you ever been hospitalized? Why? Share your experiences with your friends.



B. Now, listen to the audio and tick (✓) the correct answer.

- a. The reconstructive surgery is used when
 - i. a child gets injured
 - ii. a man wants his nose changed
 - iii. a woman needs her stomach reshaped
- b. People with severe physical deformity may
 - i. lack educational opportunities
 - ii. lack job opportunities
 - iii. even lack self esteem
- c. Reconstructive surgeries have been widely done these days with the aid of
 - i. affluent people
 - ii. volunteer organizations
 - iii. INGOs

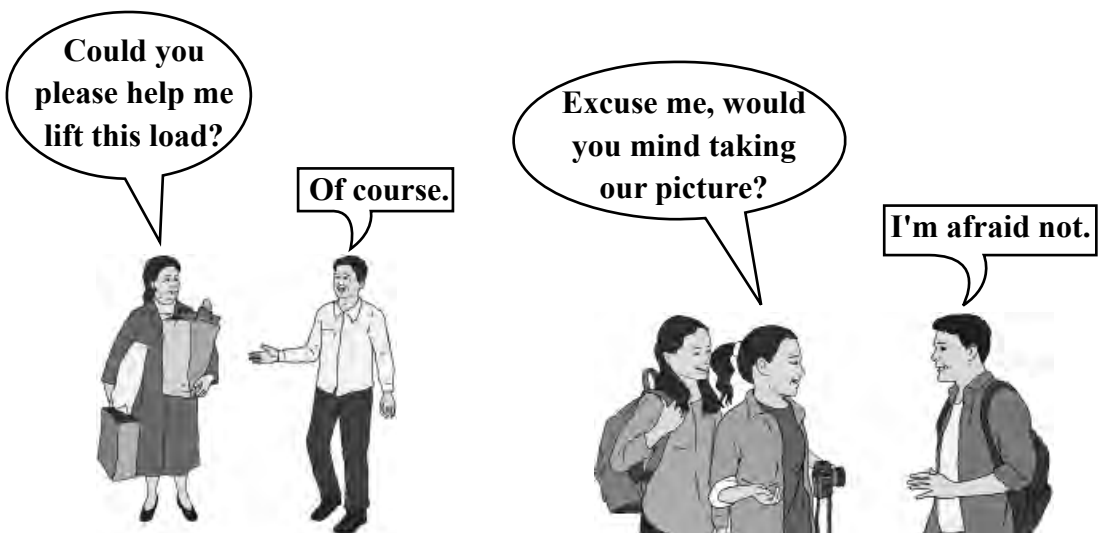
- d. In addition to providing services to the patients, the specialists also
 - i. give health workers valuable in-field training
 - ii. get impetus for future research
 - iii. develop deeper understanding of the patients
- e. After such activities, the patients
 - i. can live with full dignity
 - ii. can live with some normalcy
 - iii. still fear of being severely criticized
- f. The interested and benevolent people can help by
 - i. adopting unwanted/discarded children
 - ii. making financial contributions
 - iii. educating themselves

C. You can find many people with severe physical deformity because of illness or other reasons. How are your feelings towards them? How have they been treated? Discuss.

Speaking

Requesting

A. Study how people make requests.



B. Look at some of the ways of making requests and their responses.

Making request	Accepting	Denying
Can you open the door please?	Yes, sure.	Oh sorry, I can't.
Could you turn on the radio, please?	Sure.	I just can't,
Could you possibly hold my drink?	Yes, of course.	I am sorry.
Would you mind closing the door, please?	Certainly yes.	I am afraid, I can't.
I wonder if you could lend me Rs. 500.	With pleasure.	No, certainly not.
Would it be possible to lend me your bike?	Sure, don't worry.	
I wonder if you could help me?	Sure, no problem.	
You wouldn't take me to the airport, would you?		
I would be grateful if you could send me your price list.		

C. Work in pairs. Make requests and respond using the following prompts. Use different structures.

Example: Ritu: Would you mind opening the window, please?

Bina: Sure. That's no problem at all.

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------------|
| a. turn down the radio | b. do homework |
| c. stop smoking | d. pass the salt |
| e. help to cook food | f. do the washing up |
| g. switch the light on | |

Offering

A. Study how people make offers.



B. Look at the following table and see how requests are made and how they can be accepted or denied.

Offering	Accepting offers	Rejecting offers
Can I help you?	Yes, please. I'd like to.	No, thanks.
Shall I bring you a cake?	That would be very kind of you.	It's Ok. I can do it myself.
Would you like some coffee?	Yes please, that would be lovely.	Thank you for your kindness but I can do it myself.
I'll do the cleaning, if you like.	Yes please, I'd love to.	Don't worry. I can do it.
How about eating some pizza?	If you wouldn't mind.	I appreciate that but I can do it myself.
Do you want me to switch on the TV for you?	If you could.	
Let me help you.	Thank you, that would be great	
I'd be happy to take you to the airport.		

C. What would you say in each of the situations below?

- A tourist in your town looks lost. Offer to help her.
- You see an old lady trying to lift a heavy bag.
- Your teacher says that it's hot in the classroom. You are closer to the window.
- You are a guest at somebody's house. The phone is ringing, but your host is busy in the kitchen.
- Your friend is feeling bored.

D. Work in pairs. Make offers and accept or decline the offers, using the prompts below.

Example: A: Shall I carry some of your bags for you?

B: Thanks. That's very kind of you. /No thanks.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------|
| a. turn on the TV | b. clean the room |
| c. polish the shoes | d. get something to drink |
| e. drop you at the bus station | f. get you some water |
| g. make tea | |

Project Work

In the presence of the English teacher, organize an oratory contest in the class on 'The impacts of science and technology on human life'.

Part Two

Literary Studies

Short Stories

Poem

Essay

One-Act Play

Oscar Wilde

Before Reading

Answer these questions.

- Look at this picture. Is it a real man or mythical human?
- Is it good to be selfish?
- How do selfish people behave?



Oscar Wilde (1854-1900) was an Irish wit, poet, novelist, and playwright. Wilde was born of professional and literary parents. His father, Sir William Wilde, was an ear and eye surgeon, who also published books. His mother was a revolutionary poet and an authority on Celtic myth and folklore. He published a book of poems, lectured in the United States and Canada on the new "English Renaissance in Art" and interior decoration, and then returned to London where he worked prolifically as a journalist.



Known for his biting wit, Wilde became one of the best-known personalities of his day. He is best known for his only novel, *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (1891), and his comic masterpieces *Lady Windermere's Fan* (1892) and *The Importance of Being Earnest* (1895). He was a spokesperson for the late 19th-century Aesthetic movement in England, which advocated art for art's sake.

'**The Selfish Giant**' is a short story for children written by Oscar Wilde. It was first published in the anthology *The Happy Prince and Other Tales* in 1888. This story is about a giant who learned an important lesson about love and sharing, and holds different meanings for people of different age.

Reading

Every afternoon, as they were coming from school, the children used to go and play in the Giant's garden.

It was a large lovely garden, with soft green grass. Here and there over the grass stood beautiful flowers like stars, and there were twelve peach-trees that in the spring-time broke out into delicate blossoms of pink and pearl, and in the autumn bore rich fruit. The birds sat on the trees and sang so sweetly that the children used to stop their games in order to listen to them. 'How happy we are here!' they cried to each other.

One day the Giant came back. He had been to visit his friend the Cornish ogre, and had stayed with him for seven years. After the seven years were over he had said all that he had to say, for his conversation was limited, and he determined to return to his own castle. When he arrived he saw the children playing in the garden.

'What are you doing here?' he cried in a very gruff voice, and the children ran away.

'My own garden is my own garden,' said the Giant; 'any one can understand that, and I will allow nobody to play in it but myself.' So he built a high wall all round it, and put up a notice-board.



He was a very selfish Giant. The poor children had now nowhere to play. They tried to play on the road, but the road was very dusty and full of hard stones, and they did not like it. They used to wander round the high wall when their lessons were over, and talk about the beautiful garden inside. 'How happy we were there,' they said to each other.

Then the Spring came, and all over the country there were little blossoms and little birds. Only in the garden of the Selfish Giant it was still Winter. The birds did not care to sing in it as there were no children, and the trees forgot to blossom. Once a beautiful flower put its head out from the grass, but when it saw the notice-board it was so sorry for the children that it slipped back into the ground again, and went off to sleep. The only people who were pleased were the Snow and the Frost. 'Spring has forgotten this garden,' they cried, 'so we will live here all the year round.' The Snow

covered up the grass with her great white cloak, and the Frost painted all the trees silver. Then they invited the North Wind to stay with them, and he came. He was wrapped in furs, and he roared all day about the garden, and blew the chimney-pots down. ‘This is a delightful spot,’ he said, ‘we must ask the Hail on a visit.’ So the Hail came. Every day for three hours he rattled on the roof of the castle till he broke most of the slates, and then he ran round and round the garden as fast as he could go. He was dressed in grey, and his breath was like ice.



‘I cannot understand why the Spring is so late in coming,’ said the Selfish Giant, as he sat at the window and looked out at his cold white garden; ‘I hope there will be a change in the weather.’

But the Spring never came, nor the Summer. The Autumn gave golden fruit to every garden, but to the Giant’s garden she gave none. ‘He is too selfish,’ she said. So it was always Winter there, and the North Wind, and the Hail, and the Frost, and the Snow danced about through the trees.

One morning the Giant was lying awake in bed when he heard some lovely music. It sounded so sweet to his ears that he thought it must be the King’s musicians passing by. It was really only a little linnet singing outside his window, but it was so long since he had heard a bird sing in his garden that it seemed to him to be the most beautiful music in the world. Then the Hail stopped dancing over his head, and the North Wind ceased roaring, and a delicious perfume came to him through the open casement. ‘I believe the Spring has come at last,’ said the Giant; and he jumped out of bed and looked out.

What did he see?

He saw a most wonderful sight. Through a little hole in the wall the children had crept in, and they were sitting in the branches of the trees. In every tree that he could see there was a little child. And the trees were so glad to have the children back again that they had covered themselves with blossoms, and were waving their arms gently above the children’s heads. The birds were flying about and twittering with delight, and the flowers were looking up through the green grass and laughing. It was a lovely scene, only in one corner it was still Winter. It was the farthest corner of the garden, and in it

was standing a little boy. He was so small that he could not reach up to the branches of the tree, and he was wandering all round it, crying bitterly. The poor tree was still quite covered with Frost and Snow, and the North Wind was blowing and roaring above it. ‘Climb up! little boy,’ said the Tree, and it bent its branches down as low as it could; but the little boy was too tiny.

And the Giant’s heart melted as he looked out. ‘How selfish I have been!’ he said; ‘now I know why the Spring would not come here. I will put that poor little boy on the top of the tree, and then I will knock down the wall, and my garden shall be the children’s playground forever and ever.’ He was really very sorry for what he had done.

So he crept downstairs and opened the front door quite softly, and went out into the garden. But when the children saw him they were so frightened that they all ran away, and the garden became Winter again. Only the little boy did not run, for his eyes were so full of tears that he did not see the Giant coming. And the Giant stole up behind him and took him gently in his hand, and put him up into the tree. And the tree broke at once into blossom, and the birds came and sang on it, and the little boy stretched out his two arms and flung them round the Giant’s neck, and kissed him. And the other children, when they saw that the Giant was not wicked any longer, came running back, and with them came the Spring. ‘It is your garden now, little children,’ said the Giant, and he took a great axe and knocked down the wall. And when the people were going to market at twelve o’clock, they found the Giant playing with the children in the most beautiful garden they had ever seen.

All day long they played, and in the evening they came to the Giant to bid him good-bye. ‘But where is your little companion?’ he said: ‘the boy I put into the tree.’ The Giant loved him the best because he had kissed him.

‘We don’t know,’ answered the children; ‘he has gone away.’

‘You must tell him to be sure and come here tomorrow,’ said the Giant. But the children said that they did not know where he lived, and had never seen him before; and the Giant felt very sad.

Every afternoon, when school was over, the children came and played with the Giant. But the little boy whom the Giant loved was never seen again. The Giant was very kind to all the children, yet he longed for his first little friend, and often spoke of him. ‘How I would like to see him!’ he used to say.

Years passed, and the Giant grew very old and feeble. He could not play about any

more, so he sat in a huge armchair, and watched the children at their games, and admired his garden. ‘I have many beautiful flowers,’ he said; ‘but the children are the most beautiful flowers of all.’

One winter morning he looked out of his window as he was dressing. He did not hate the Winter now, for he knew that it was merely the Spring asleep, and that the flowers were resting.

Suddenly he rubbed his eyes in wonder, and looked and looked. It certainly was a marvellous sight. In the farthest corner of the garden was a tree quite covered with lovely white blossoms. Its branches were all golden, and silver fruit hung down from them, and underneath it stood the little boy he had loved.

Downstairs ran the Giant in great joy, and out into the garden. He hastened across the grass, and came near to the child. And when he came quite close his face grew red with anger, and he said, ‘Who hath dared to wound thee?’ For on the palms of the child’s hands were the prints of two nails, and the prints of two nails were on the little feet.

‘Who hath dared to wound thee?’ cried the Giant; ‘tell me, that I may take my big sword and slay him.’

‘Nay!’ answered the child; ‘but these are the wounds of Love.’

‘Who art thou?’ said the Giant, and a strange awe fell on him, and he knelt before the little child.

And the child smiled on the Giant, and said to him, ‘You let me play once in your garden, today you shall come with me to my garden, which is Paradise.’

And when the children ran in that afternoon, they found the Giant lying dead under the tree, all covered with white blossoms.

Glossary

awe (n.): feeling of respect and slight fear

blossoms (n.): mass of flowers

cease(v.): stop happening or existing

cloak (n.): a thing that covers something

crept (v.): crawled

feeble (adj.): very weak

gruff (adj.): unfriendly, hoarse-voiced

hastened (v.): acted without delay

hath (old English word): has

linnet (n.): a small brown and grey bird

marvellous (adj.): wonderful

ogre (n.): a brutish giant

rattled (v.): made a series of short loud sounds that of hailstones

slay (v.): kill

thee (old English word): you (object)

thou (old English word): you (subject)

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

- a. Where did the children use to play?
- b. What did the Snow and the Frost do to the garden?
- c. What did the giant hear when he was lying awake in bed?
- d. Why do you think spring season never came to the giant's garden?
- e. How did the giant realise his mistake?

Reference to the context

A. Read the extracts given below and answer the questions that follow.

- a. "How happy we were there!" they said to each other.
 - i. Where does 'there' refer to?
 - ii. What does 'they' refer to?
 - iii. Why are they saying so?
- b. "I have many beautiful flowers," he said; "but the children are the most beautiful flowers of all."
 - i. Who is the speaker?
 - ii. Who is he speaking to?
 - iii. Who are 'the children' that the speaker is referring to?
 - iv. Why is the speaker saying that 'the children are the most beautiful flowers of all'?
- c. When the little child smiled at the Giant, and said to him, "You let me play once

in your garden, today you shall come with me to my garden, which is Paradise," shortly afterwards, the happy giant dies. What is the coincidence of this event? Describe it in relation to this fairy tale.

- B. The story makes use of personification as one of the main figures of speech. Cite three examples of personification from the story. What is the significance of the seasons personified in the story?**
- C. This story can be read as a fairytale, where the children, the seasons, the tree, the corner of the garden, the snow, the wind and the frost are all used as symbolism. Interpret those symbols.**
- D. Which figure of speech is used for ‘winter, frost, snow, north wind, hail and little child’? Who is the little child compared to?**

Reference beyond the text

- a. What is the main theme of this story?
- b. Does God punish those who are cruel to children and very selfish?

Edgar Allan Poe

Before Reading

- a. Which of the following emotions do you anticipate experiencing while you are reading *The Oval Portrait*? Tick the relevant boxes and write the corresponding adjectives next to the nouns.

<input type="checkbox"/> joy	<input type="checkbox"/> happiness
<input type="checkbox"/> fear	<input type="checkbox"/> annoyance
<input type="checkbox"/> compassion	<input type="checkbox"/> sadness
<input type="checkbox"/> pity	<input type="checkbox"/> terror
<input type="checkbox"/> enthusiasm	<input type="checkbox"/> surprise

- b. Portraits have the power to connect us with other humans through the face. Whose face do you expect the portrait of this story to be of? Tick (✓) the box you expect from the following list.

Poe himself

his wife

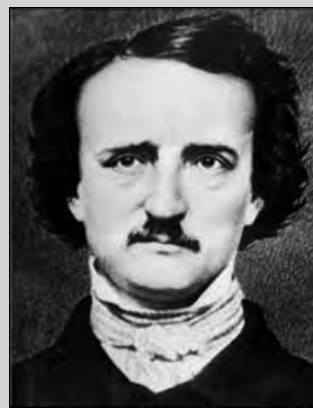
a beautiful woman

a well-known person in Poe's time

an unknown man or a woman

a saint or a martyr

Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849) was an American writer, poet, literary critic and editor. Poe is best known for his poetry and short stories. He is widely regarded as a central figure of Romanticism in the United States and of the American literature as a whole. He is generally considered the inventor of the detective fiction and is further credited with contributing to the emerging genre of science fiction. He is famous for his dark, mysterious poems and stories, including *The Raven*, *The Black Cat*, *The Fall of the House of Usher*, and



Heart. His tale *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* (1841) initiated the modern detective story, and the atmosphere in his tales of horror is unrivaled in American fiction. His *The Raven* (1845) is among the best-known poems in the national literature.

'*The Oval Portrait*' was first published as a longer version titled '*Life in Death*' in *Graham's Magazine* in 1842. The shorter version, renamed '*The Oval Portrait*' was published in the April 26, 1845 edition of the *Broadway Journal*. This is the story of an artist who wants to make a painting of his young wife, but becomes so obsessed with it that he doesn't realize his wife is dying meanwhile. This is a short horror story about the relationship between art and life, through the narrator's encounter with the oval portrait of a young woman in a chateau in the Appennines.

Reading

The chateau into which my valet had ventured to make forcible entrance, rather than permit me, in my desperately wounded condition, to pass a night in the open air, was one of those piles of commingled gloom and grandeur which have so long frowned among the Appennines, not less in fact than in the fancy of Mrs. Radcliffe. To all appearance, it had been temporarily and very lately abandoned. We established ourselves in one of the smallest and least sumptuously furnished apartments. It lay in a remote turret of the building. Its decorations were rich, yet tattered and antique. Its walls were hung with tapestry and bedecked with manifold and multiform armorial trophies, together with an unusually great number of very spirited modern paintings in frames of rich golden arabesque. In these paintings, which depended from the walls not only in their main surfaces, but in very many nooks which the bizarre architecture of the chateau rendered necessary - in these paintings my incipient delirium, perhaps, had caused me to take deep interest; so that I bade Pedro to close the heavy shutters of the room - since it was already night - to light the tongues of a tall candelabrum which stood by the head of my bed - and to throw open far and wide the fringed curtains of black velvet which enveloped the bed itself. I wished all this done that I might resign myself, if not to sleep, at least alternately to the contemplation of these pictures, and the perusal of a small volume which had been found upon the pillow, and which purported to criticise and describe them. Long - long I read - and devoutly, devotedly I gazed. Rapidly and gloriously the hours flew by and the deep midnight came. The position of the candelabrum displeased me, and outreaching my hand with difficulty, rather than disturb my slumbering valet, I placed it so as to throw its rays more fully upon the book. But the action produced an effect altogether unanticipated. The rays of the numerous candles (for there were many) now fell within a niche of the room which had hitherto

been thrown into deep shade by one of the bed-posts. I thus saw in vivid light a picture all unnoticed before. It was the portrait of a young girl just ripening into womanhood. I glanced at the painting hurriedly, and then closed my eyes. Why I did this was not at first apparent even to my own perception. But while my lids remained thus shut, I ran over in my mind my reason for so shutting them. It was an impulsive movement to gain time for thought - to make sure that my vision had not deceived me - to calm and subdue my fancy for a more sober and more certain gaze. In a very few moments I again looked fixedly at the painting.

That I now saw aright I could not and would not doubt; for the first flashing of the candles upon that canvas had seemed to dissipate the dreamy stupor which was stealing over my senses, and to startle me at once into waking life. The portrait, I have already said, was that of a young girl. It was a mere head and shoulders, done in what is technically termed a vignette manner; much in the style of the favourite heads of Sully. The arms, the bosom, and even the ends of the radiant hair melted imperceptibly into the vague yet deep shadow which formed the



background of the whole. The frame was oval, richly gilded and filigreed in Moresque. As a thing of art nothing could be more admirable than the painting itself. But it could have been neither the execution of the work, nor the immortal beauty of the countenance, which had so suddenly and so vehemently moved me. Least of all, could it have been that my fancy, shaken from its half slumber, had mistaken the head for that of a living person. I saw at once that the peculiarities of the design, of the vignetting, and of the frame, must have instantly dispelled such idea - must have prevented even its momentary entertainment. Thinking earnestly upon these points, I remained, for an hour perhaps, half sitting, half reclining, with my vision riveted upon the portrait. At length, satisfied with the true secret of its effect, I fell back within the bed. I had found the spell of the picture in an absolute life-likeness of expression, which, at first startling, finally confounded, subdued, and appalled me. With deep and reverent awe, I replaced the candelabrum in its former position. The

cause of my deep agitation being thus shut from view, I sought eagerly the volume which discussed the paintings and their histories. Turning to the number which designated the oval portrait, I there read the vague and quaint words which follow: "She was a maiden of rarest beauty, and not more lovely than full of glee. And evil was the hour when she saw, and loved, and wedded the painter. He, passionate, studious, austere, and having already a bride in his Art; she a maiden of rarest beauty, and not more lovely than full of glee; all light and smiles, and frolicsome as the young fawn; loving and cherishing all things; hating only the Art which was her rival; dreading only the pallet and brushes and other untoward instruments which deprived her of the countenance of her lover. It was thus a terrible thing for this lady to hear the painter speak of his desire to portray even his young bride. But she was humble and obedient, and sat meekly for many weeks in the dark, high turret-chamber where the light dripped upon the pale canvas only from overhead. But he, the painter, took glory in his work, which went on from hour to hour, and from day to day. And he was a passionate, and wild, and moody man, who became lost in reveries; so that he would not see that the light which fell so ghastly in that lone turret withered the health and the spirits of his bride, who pined visibly to all but him. Yet she smiled on and still on, uncomplainingly, because she saw that the painter (who had high renown) took a fervid and burning pleasure in his task, and wrought day and night to depict her who so loved him, yet who grew daily more dispirited and weak. And in sooth some who beheld the portrait spoke of its resemblance in low words, as of a mighty marvel, and a proof not less of the power of the painter than of his deep love for her whom he depicted so surpassingly well. But at length, as the labour drew nearer to its conclusion, there were admitted none into the turret; for the painter had grown wild with the ardour of his work, and turned his eyes from canvas merely, even to regard the countenance of his wife. And he would not see that the tints which he spread upon the canvas were drawn from the cheeks of her who sat beside him. And when many weeks had passed, and but little remained to do, save one brush upon the mouth and one tint upon the eye, the spirit of the lady again flickered up as the flame within the socket of the lamp. And then the brush was given, and then the tint was placed; and, for one moment, the painter stood entranced before the work which he had wrought; but in the next, while he yet gazed, he grew tremulous and very pallid, and aghast, and crying with a loud voice, 'This is indeed Life itself!' turned suddenly to regard his beloved: She was dead!

NOTES

Mrs. Radcliffe : Ann Radcliffe (1764-1823) was an English author and pioneer of Gothic fiction. Gothic fiction is a style of writing that is characterized by elements of fear, horror, death, and gloom, as well as romance, revolved around a large, ancient house such as castles or monasteries.

Appennines : Apennine Mountains - a mountain range in Italy

Glossary

ardour (n.): enthusiasm or passion

chateau (n.): a large French country house or castle

contemplation (n.): the action of looking thoughtfully at something for a long time

countenance (n.): face, look or appearance

frolicsome (adj.): lively and playful

ghastly (adj.): causing great horror or fear; frightful

glee (n.): a strong feeling of happiness; great pleasure or satisfaction

gloom (n.): partial or total darkness; a state of hopelessness

niche (n.): suitable position

reverent (adj.): feeling or showing deep respect

stupor (n.): a state of reduced consciousness or sensibility

sumptuously (adv.): in a way that is impressive and seems expensive

tapestry (n.): a piece of thick handwoven textile fabric with pictures used for hangings

tremulous (adj.): shaking or quivering slightly

valet (n.): a man's male servant

vehemently (adv.): in a forceful, passionate or intense manner

vignette (n.): a small portrait photograph fading into its background

Understanding the text

Answer these questions.

- Where did the narrator and his servant make forcible entrance?
- Which special picture did the narrator notice in the room?
- Describe the portrait that the narrator saw in the room.
- What is the relationship between the portrait painter and its subject?

Reference to the context

- a. What is the central theme of the story? Who is the woman depicted in the oval portrait?
- b. "The Oval Portrait" is a short horror story by Edgar Allan Poe involving the disturbing circumstances surrounding a portrait in a chateau. Elaborate.
- c. "The Oval Portrait" suggests that the woman's beauty condemns her to death. Discuss.
- d. Discuss the story as a frame narrative (a story within a story).
- e. The story is told in a descriptive style, with plenty of imagery and symbolism. Which images and symbols do you find in the story?
- f. What does the expression "She was dead!" mean?

Reference beyond the text

- a. Do you think there is life in art?
- b. As a thing of art nothing could be more admirable than the painting itself. Explain.
- c. A more intense look at the painting reveals the illusion. Have you noticed any such painting?

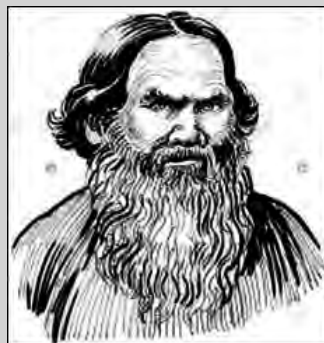
Leo Tolstoy

Before Reading

Answer these questions.

- What does the title of the story mean?
- Is it fair to punish the innocent people in the name of justice?
- Do you believe dreams might predict the terrible fate of a person?

Leo Tolstoy (1828-1910) was a Russian writer and a master of realistic fiction. He was born in a wealthy family in Russia. His parents died when he was a child. He was brought up by his elder brothers and relatives. He studied languages and law at Kazan University for three years. He was dissatisfied with the school and left Kazan without a degree. Then he returned to his estate and educated himself independently.



In 1848, he moved to the capital, St. Petersburg, where he passed two tests for a law degree. He took military training and became an Army officer. He wrote his first novel *Childhood* (1852), which became a success. With writing *Boyhood* (1854) and *Youth* (1857), he concluded the autobiographical trilogy. He also wrote *Sevastopol Sketches* (1855), based upon his experiences in the Crimean War. He primarily wrote novels and short stories. Later in his life, he also wrote plays and essays. He is best known for the novels *War and Peace* (1869) and *Anna Karenina* (1877). His fiction includes dozens of short stories and several novellas such as *The Death of Ivan Ilyich* (1886), *Family Happiness* (1859), and *Hadji Murad* (1912). During his last three decades, Tolstoy also achieved world renown as a moral and religious teacher.

Tolstoy's short story '*God Sees the Truth, but Waits*' first published in 1872 is about the false conviction and imprisonment of a man for a murder he did not commit, and it takes the form of a parable for forgiveness.

Reading

In the town of Vladimir lived a young merchant named Ivan Dmitrich Aksionov. He had two shops and a house of his own.

Aksionov was a handsome, fair-haired, curly-headed fellow, full of fun, and very fond of singing. When quite a young man he had been given to drink, and was riotous when he had had too much; but after he married he gave up drinking, except now and then.

One summer Aksionov was going to the Nizhny Fair, and as he bade good-bye to his family, his wife said to him, "Ivan Dmitrich, do not start today; I have had a bad dream about you."

Aksionov laughed, and said, "You are afraid that when I get to the fair I shall go on a spree."

His wife replied: "I do not know what I am afraid of; all I know is that I had a bad dream. I dreamt you returned from the town, and when you took off your cap I saw that your hair was quite grey."

Aksionov laughed. "That's a lucky sign," said he. "See if I don't sell out all my goods, and bring you some presents from the fair."

So he said good-bye to his family, and drove away.

When he had travelled half-way, he met a merchant whom he knew, and they put up at the same inn for the night. They had some tea together, and then went to bed in adjoining rooms.

It was not Aksionov's habit to sleep late, and, wishing to travel while it was still cool, he aroused his driver before dawn, and told him to put in the horses.

Then he made his way across to the landlord of the inn (who lived in a cottage at the back), paid his bill, and continued his journey.

When he had gone about twenty-five miles, he stopped for the horses to be fed. Aksionov rested awhile in the passage of the inn, then he stepped out into the porch, and, ordering a samovar to be heated, got out his guitar and began to play.

Suddenly a troika drove up with tinkling bells and an official alighted, followed by two soldiers. He came to Aksionov and began to question him, asking him who he was and whence he came. Aksionov answered him fully, and said, "Won't you have some tea with me?" But the official went on cross-questioning him and asking him. "Where did you spend last night? Were you alone, or with a fellow-merchant? Did you see the other merchant this morning? Why did you leave the inn before dawn?"

Aksionov wondered why he was asked all these questions, but he described all that had happened, and then added, "Why do you cross-question me as if I were a thief or

a robber? I am travelling on business of my own, and there is no need to question me."

Then the official, calling the soldiers, said, "I am the police-officer of this district, and I question you because the merchant with whom you spent last night has been found with his throat cut. We must search your things."

They entered the house. The soldiers and the police-officer unstrapped Aksionov's luggage and searched it. Suddenly the officer drew a knife out of a bag, crying, "Whose knife is this?"

Aksionov looked, and seeing a blood-stained knife taken from his bag, he was frightened.

"How is it there is blood on this knife?"

Aksionov tried to answer, but could hardly utter a word, and only stammered: "I--don't know--not mine." Then the police-officer said: "This morning the merchant was found in bed with his throat cut. You are the only person who could have done it. The house was locked from inside, and no one else was there. Here is this blood-stained knife in your bag and your face and manner betray you! Tell me how you killed him, and how much money you stole?"

Aksionov swore he had not done it; that he had not seen the merchant after they had had tea together; that he had no money except eight thousand rubles of his own, and that the knife was not his. But his voice was broken, his face pale, and he trembled with fear as though he went guilty.

The police-officer ordered the soldiers to bind Aksionov and to put him in the cart. As they tied his feet together and flung him into the cart, Aksionov crossed himself and wept. His money and goods were taken from him, and he was sent to the nearest town and imprisoned there. Enquiries as to his character were made in Vladimir. The merchants and other inhabitants of that town said that in former days he used to drink and waste his time, but that he was a good man. Then the trial came on: he was charged with murdering a merchant from Ryazan, and robbing him of twenty thousand rubles.

His wife was in despair, and did not know what to believe. Her children were all quite small; one was a baby at her breast. Taking them all with her, she went to the town where her husband was in jail. At first she was not allowed to see him; but after much begging, she obtained permission from the officials, and was taken to him. When she saw her husband in prison-dress and in chains, shut up with thieves and criminals, she fell down, and did not come to her senses for a long time. Then she drew her children

to her, and sat down near him. She told him of things at home, and asked about what had happened to him. He told her all, and she asked, "What can we do now?"

"We must petition the Czar not to let an innocent man perish."

His wife told him that she had sent a petition to the Czar, but it had not been accepted.

Aksionov did not reply, but only looked downcast.

Then his wife said, "It was not for nothing I dreamt your hair had turned grey. You remember? You should not have started that day." And passing her fingers through his hair, she said: "Vanya dearest, tell your wife the truth; was it not you who did it?"

"So you, too, suspect me!" said Aksionov, and, hiding his face in his hands, he began to weep. Then a soldier came to say that the wife and children must go away; and Aksionov said good-bye to his family for the last time.

When they were gone, Aksionov recalled what had been said, and when he remembered that his wife also had suspected him, he said to himself, "It seems that only God can know the truth; it is to Him alone we must appeal, and from Him alone expect mercy."

And Aksionov wrote no more petitions; gave up all hope, and only prayed to God.

Aksionov was condemned to be flogged and sent to the mines. So he was flogged with a knot, and when the wounds made by the knot were healed, he was driven to Siberia with other convicts.

For twenty-six years Aksionov lived as a convict in Siberia. His hair turned white as snow, and his beard grew long, thin, and grey. All his mirth went; he stooped; he walked slowly, spoke little, and never laughed, but he often prayed.

In prison, Aksionov learnt to make boots, and earned a little money, with which he bought *The Lives of the Saints*. He read this book when there was light enough in the prison; and on Sundays in the prison-church he read the lessons and sang in the choir; for his voice was still good.

The prison authorities liked Aksionov for his meekness, and his fellow-prisoners respected him: they called him "Grandfather," and "The Saint." When they wanted to petition the prison authorities about anything, they always made Aksionov their spokesman, and when there were quarrels among the prisoners they came to him to put things right, and to judge the matter.

No news reached Aksionov from his home, and he did not even know if his wife and children were still alive.

One day a fresh gang of convicts came to the prison. In the evening the old prisoners collected round the new ones and asked them what towns or villages they came from, and what they were sentenced for. Among the rest Aksionov sat down near the newcomers, and listened with downcast air to what was said.

One of the new convicts, a tall, strong man of sixty, with a closely-cropped grey beard, was telling the others what he had been arrested for.

"Well, friends," he said, "I only took a horse that was tied to a sledge, and I was arrested and accused of stealing. I said I had only taken it to get home quicker, and had then let it go; besides, the driver was a personal friend of mine. So I said, 'It's all right.' 'No,' said they, 'you stole it.' But how or where I stole it they could not say. I once really did something wrong, and ought by rights to have come here long ago, but that time I was not found out. Now I have been sent here for nothing at all... Eh, but it's lies I'm telling you; I've been to Siberia before, but I did not stay long."

"Where are you from?" asked some one.

"From Vladimir. My family are of that town. My name is Makar, and they also call me Semyonich."

Aksionov raised his head and said: "Tell me, Semyonich, do you know anything of the merchants Aksionov of Vladimir? Are they still alive?"

"Know them? Of course I do. The Aksionovs are rich, though their father is in Siberia: a sinner like ourselves, it seems! As for you, Gran'dad, how did you come here?"

Aksionov did not like to speak of his misfortune. He only sighed, and said, "For my sins I have been in prison these twenty-six years."

"What sins?" asked Makar Semyonich.

But Aksionov only said, "Well, well--I must have deserved it!" He would have said no more, but his companions told the newcomers how Aksionov came to be in Siberia; how someone had killed a merchant, and had put the knife among Aksionov's things, and Aksionov had been unjustly condemned.

When Makar Semyonich heard this, he looked at Aksionov, slapped his own knee, and exclaimed, "Well, this is wonderful! Really wonderful! But how old you've grown, Gran'dad!"

The others asked him why he was so surprised, and where he had seen Aksionov before; but Makar Semyonich did not reply. He only said: "It's wonderful that we

should meet here, lads!"

These words made Aksionov wonder whether this man knew who had killed the merchant; so he said, "Perhaps, Semyonich, you have heard of that affair, or maybe you've seen me before?"

"How could I help hearing? The world's full of rumours. But it's a long time ago, and I've forgotten what I heard."

"Perhaps you heard who killed the merchant?" asked Aksionov.

Makar Semyonich laughed, and replied: "It must have been him in whose bag the knife was found! If someone else hid the knife there, 'He's not a thief till he's caught,' as the saying is. How could anyone put a knife into your bag while it was under your head? It would surely have woken you up."

When Aksionov heard these words, he felt sure this was the man who had killed the merchant. He rose and went away. All that night Aksionov lay awake. He felt terribly unhappy, and all sorts of images rose in his mind. There was the image of his wife as she was when he parted from her to go to the fair. He saw her as if she were present; her face and her eyes rose before him; he heard her speak and laugh. Then he saw his children, quite little, as they were at that time: one with a little cloak on, another at his mother's breast. And then he remembered himself as he used to be-young and merry. He remembered how he sat playing the guitar in the porch of the inn where he was arrested, and how free from care he had been. He saw, in his mind, the place where he was flogged, the executioner, and the people standing around; the chains, the convicts, all the twenty-six years of his prison life, and his premature old age. The thought of it all made him so wretched that he was ready to kill himself.

"And it's all that villain's doing!" thought Aksionov. And his anger was so great against Makar Semyonich that he longed for vengeance, even if he himself should perish for it. He kept repeating prayers all night, but could get no peace. During the day he did not go near Makar Semyonich, nor even look at him.

A fortnight passed in this way. Aksionov could not sleep at night, and was so miserable that he did not know what to do.

One night as he was walking about the prison, he noticed some earth that came rolling out from under one of the shelves on which the prisoners slept. He stopped to see what it was. Suddenly Makar Semyonich crept out from under the shelf, and looked up at Aksionov with frightened face. Aksionov tried to pass without looking at him, but

Makar seized his hand and told him that he had dug a hole under the wall, getting rid of the earth by putting it into his high-boots, and emptying it out every day on the road when the prisoners were driven to their work.

"Just you keep quiet, old man, and you shall get out too. If you blab, they'll flog the life out of me, but I will kill you first."

Aksionov trembled with anger as he looked at his enemy. He drew his hand away, saying, "I have no wish to escape, and you have no need to kill me; you killed me long ago! As to telling of you--I may do so or not, as God shall direct."

Next day, when the convicts were led out to work, the convoy soldiers noticed that one or other of the prisoners emptied some earth out of his boots. The prison was searched and the tunnel found. The Governor came and questioned all the prisoners to find out who had dug the hole. They all denied any knowledge of it. Those who knew would not betray Makar Semyonich, knowing he would be flogged almost to death. At last the Governor turned to Aksionov whom he knew to be a just man, and said:

"You are a truthful old man; tell me, before God, who dug the hole?"

Makar Semyonich stood as if he were quite unconcerned, looking at the Governor and not so much as glancing at Aksionov. Aksionov's lips and hands trembled, and for a long time he could not utter a word. He thought, "Why should I screen him who ruined my life? Let him pay for what I have suffered. But if I tell, they will probably flog the life out of him, and maybe I suspect him wrongly. And, after all, what good would it be to me?"

"Well, old man," repeated the Governor, "tell me the truth: who has been digging under the wall?"

Aksionov glanced at Makar Semyonich, and said, "I cannot say, your honour. It is not God's will that I should tell! Do what you like with me; I am your hands."

However much the Governor tried, Aksionov would say no more, and so the matter had to be left.

That night, when Aksionov was lying on his bed and just beginning to doze, someone came quietly and sat down on his bed. He peered through the darkness and recognised Makar.

"What more do you want of me?" asked Aksionov. "Why have you come here?"

Makar Semyonich was silent. So Aksionov sat up and said, "What do you want? Go

away, or I will call the guard!"

Makar Semyonich bent close over Aksionov, and whispered, "Ivan Dmitrich, forgive me!"

"What for?" asked Aksionov.

"It was I who killed the merchant and hid the knife among your things. I meant to kill you too, but I heard a noise outside, so I hid the knife in your bag and escaped out of the window."

Aksionov was silent, and did not know what to say. Makar Semyonich slid off the bedshelf and knelt upon the ground. "Ivan Dmitrich," said he, "forgive me! For the love of God, forgive me! I will confess that it was I who killed the merchant, and you will be released and can go to your home."

"It is easy for you to talk," said Aksionov, "but I have suffered for you these twenty-six years. Where could I go to now?... My wife is dead, and my children have forgotten me. I have nowhere to go..."

Makar Semyonich did not rise, but beat his head on the floor. "Ivan Dmitrich, forgive me!" he cried. "When they flogged me with the knot it was not so hard to bear as it is to see you now ... yet you had pity on me, and did not tell. For God's sake forgive me, wretch that I am!" And he began to sob.

When Aksionov heard him sobbing he, too, began to weep. "God will forgive you!" said he. "Maybe I am a hundred times worse than you." And at these words his heart grew light, and the longing for home left him. He no longer had any desire to leave the prison, but only hoped for his last hour to come.

In spite of what Aksionov had said, Makar Semyonich confessed, his guilt. But when the order for his release came, Aksionov was already dead.

Glossary

alight (v.): come down from a horse or vehicle

confess (v.): admit or state that one has committed a crime

convict (n.): a person found guilty of a criminal offense and serving a sentence of prison

Czar (n.): emperor, specifically the ruler of Russia until the 1917 revolution

despair (n.): absence of hope

flog (v.): beat (someone) with a whip or stick as punishment or torture

inn (n.): an establishment for the lodging and entertaining of travellers

knot (n.): a fastening made by tying a piece of string, rope, or something similar

mercy (n.): pity, compassion or forgiveness shown toward someone

mirth (n.): fun and enjoyment as shown by laughter

perish (v.): suffer death, typically in a violent, sudden, or untimely way

petition (v.): make a formal request to (an authority) with respect to a particular cause

riotous (adj.): involving public disorder; out of control; unruly

spree (n.): unrestrained activity of drinking alcohol

tinkle (v.): make or cause to make a light, clear ringing sound

troika (n.): a Russian vehicle drawn by three horses abreast

Understanding the text

Answer these questions.

- a. What bad habits did Aksionov have before his marriage?
- b. What can be the meaning of his wife's dream?
- c. Why did Aksionov think of killing himself?
- d. Why did Makar disclose that he had killed the merchant?
- e. Why doesn't Aksionov wish to return to his family at the end of the story?

Reference to the context

- a. "Well, old man," repeated the Governor, "tell me the truth: who has been digging under the wall?"
 - i. Who is that old man?
 - ii. Which truth is the speaker asking about?
 - iii. Which wall does the speaker mean?
- b. Describe Aksionov's character.
- c. What is the theme of the story?
- d. Which symbols are used in the story and what do they indicate?

Reference beyond the text

- a. What role does religion play in Aksionov's life? How does he undergo a spiritual transformation in the story?
- b. What does the story tell us about the existence of unfair system of justice?

Roald Dahl

Before Reading**Answer these questions.**

- What frightens you? Snakes, spiders, or any other things?
- What do you do about frightening things: face them or avoid them?
- Do you have any frightening event in your childhood? Share it with the class.

Roald Dahl (1916-1990) was a British novelist, short story writer and screenwriter. He was born in Wales of Norwegian immigrant parents. He spent his childhood in England and, at the age of eighteen, went to work for the Shell Oil Company in Africa. When the World War II broke out, he joined the Royal Air Force and became a fighter pilot.



At the age of twenty-six he moved to Washington, D.C., and began to write. After establishing himself as a writer for adults, he began writing children's stories in 1960 while living in England with his family. He is now considered one of the most beloved storytellers of our time. His fantastic novels include *James and the Giant Peach*, *Matilda*, and *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, and many more classics for children, along with short stories for adults.

The story *The Wish* is about a young boy's fantasy in which his carpet is alive with snakes and fire. Using imagery and metaphor, Dahl uses the character of a curiously imaginative young boy to help us reflect on the delicacy of our childhood innocence. This story goes inside the mind of a young child to explore his imagination. This is about a young boy who had a frightening event in his childhood.

Reading

Under the palm of one hand, the child became aware of the scab of an old cut on his kneecap. He bent forward to examine it closely. A scab was always a fascinating thing; it presented a special challenge he was never able to resist.

Yes, he thought, I will pick it off, even if it isn't ready, even if the middle of it sticks,

even if it hurts like anything.

With a fingernail, he began to explore cautiously around the edges of the scab. He got a nail underneath it, and when he raised it, but ever so slightly, it suddenly came off, the whole hard brown scab came off beautifully, leaving an interesting little circle of smooth red skin.

Nice. Very nice indeed. He rubbed the circle and it didn't hurt. He picked up the scab, put it on his thigh and flipped it with a finger so that it flew away and landed on the edge of the carpet, the enormous red and black and yellow carpet that stretched the whole length of the hall from the stairs on which he sat to the front door in the distance. A tremendous carpet. Bigger than the tennis lawn. Much bigger than that. He regarded it gravely, setting his eyes upon it with mild pleasure. He had never really noticed it before, but now, all of a sudden the colours seemed to brighten mysteriously and spring out at him in a most dazzling way.

You see, he told himself, I know how it is. The red parts of the carpet are red-hot lumps of coal. What I must do is this: I must walk all the way along it to the front door without touching them. If I touch the red, I will be burnt. As a matter of fact, I will be burnt up completely. And the black parts of the carpet... yes, the black parts are snakes, poisonous snakes, adders mostly, and cobras, thick like tree-trunks round the middle, and if I touch one of them, I'll be bitten and I'll die before tea time. And if I get across safely, without being burnt and without being bitten, I will be given a puppy for my birthday tomorrow.

He got to his feet and climbed higher up the stairs to obtain a better view of this vast tapestry of colour and death. Was it possible? Was there enough yellow? Yellow was the only colour he was allowed to walk on. Could it be done? This was not a journey to be undertaken lightly; the risks were far too great for that. The child's face—a fringe of white-gold hair, two large blue eyes, a small pointed chin peered down anxiously over the banisters. The yellow was a bit thin in places and there were one or two widish gaps, but it did seem to go all the way along to the other end. For someone who had only yesterday triumphantly travelled the whole length of the brick path from the stables to the summer-house without touching the cracks, this carpet thing should not be too difficult. Except for the snakes. The mere thought of snakes sent a fine electricity of fear running like pins down the backs of his legs and under the soles of his feet.

He came slowly down the stairs and advanced to the edge of the carpet. He extended one small sandalled foot and placed it cautiously upon a patch of yellow. Then he

brought the other foot up, and there was just enough room for him to stand with the two feet together. There! He had started! His bright oval face was curiously intent, a shade whiter perhaps than before, and he was holding his arms out sideways to assist his balance. He took another step, lifting his foot high over a patch of black, aiming carefully with his toe for a narrow channel of yellow on the other side. When he had completed the second step he paused to rest, standing very stiff and still. The narrow channel of yellow ran forward unbroken for at least five yards and he advanced gingerly along it, bit by bit, as though walking a tightrope. Where it finally curled off sideways, he had to take another long stride, this time over a vicious-looking mixture of black and red. Halfway across he began to wobble. He waved his arms around wildly, windmill fashion, to keep his balance, and he got across safely and rested again on the other side. He was quite breathless now, and so tense he stood high on his toes all the time, arms out sideways, fists clenched. He was on a big safe island of yellow. There was lots of room on it, he couldn't possibly fall off, and he stood there resting, hesitating, waiting, wishing he could stay for ever on this big safe yellow island. But the fear of not getting the puppy compelled him to go on.

Step by step, he edged further ahead, and between each one he paused to decide exactly where he should put his foot. Once, he had a choice of ways, either to left or right, and he chose the left because although it seemed the more difficult, there was not so much black in that direction. The black was what had made him nervous. He glanced quickly over his shoulder to see how far he had come. Nearly halfway. There could be no turning back now. He was in the middle and he couldn't turn back and he couldn't jump off sideways either because it was too far, and when he looked at all the red and all the black that lay ahead of him, he felt that old sudden sickening surge of panic in his chest - like last Easter time, that afternoon when he got lost all alone in the darkest part of Piper's Wood.

He took another step, placing his foot carefully upon the only little piece of yellow within reach, and this time the point of the foot came within a centimetre of some black. It wasn't touching the black, he could see it wasn't touching, he could see the small line of yellow separating the toe of his sandal from the black; but the snake stirred as though sensing his nearness, and raised its head and gazed at the foot with bright beady eyes, watching to see if it was going to touch.

"I'm not touching you! You mustn't bite me! You know I'm not touching you!"

Another snake slid up noiselessly beside the first, raised its head, two heads now, two

pairs of eyes staring at the foot, gazing at a little naked place just below the sandal strap where the skin showed through. The child went high up on his toes and stayed there, frozen stiff with terror. It was minutes before he dared to move again.

The next step would have to be a really long one. There was this deep curling river of black that ran clear across the width of the carpet, and he was forced by his position to cross it at its widest part. He thought first of trying to jump it, but decided he couldn't be sure of landing accurately on the narrow band of yellow on the other side. He took a deep breath, lifted one foot, and inch by inch he pushed it out in front of him, far far out, then down and down until at last the tip of his sandal was across and resting safely on the edge of the yellow. He leaned forward, transferring his weight to his front foot. Then he tried to bring the back foot up as well. He strained and pulled and jerked his body, but the legs were too wide apart and he couldn't make it. He tried to get back again. He couldn't do that either. He was doing the splits and he was properly stuck. He glanced down and saw this deep curling river of black underneath him. Parts of it were stirring now, and uncoiling and beginning to shine with a dreadfully oily glister. He wobbled, waved his arms frantically to keep his balance, but that seemed to make it worse. He was starting to go over. He was going over to the right, quite slowly he was going over, then faster and faster, and at the last moment, instinctively he put out a hand to break the fall and the next thing he saw was this bare hand of his going right into the middle of a great glistening mass of black and he gave one piercing cry as it touched.

Outside in the sunshine, far away behind the house, the mother was looking for her son.

Glossary

adder (n.): a type of poisonous snake

beady (adj.): bright and penetrating

doing the splits (idm.): spreading legs widely apart

frantically (adv.): in a panic and frightening way

fringe (n.): the front part of the hair which covers the forehead

gingerly (adv.): carefully

gravely (adv.): seriously

instinctively (adv.): unconsciously, by instinct

jerked (v.): made a sudden sharp movement

scab (n.): a piece of hard skin which covers a wound or cut

tapestry (n.): heavy woven cloth

triumphantly (adv.): successfully

Understanding the text

Answer the following the questions.

- a. What did the child do to the scab on his knee?
- b. What kind of effect did the carpet have on the child?
- c. What was he afraid of while walking across the carpet?
- d. What motivated and encouraged the child to start and continue on his journey?
- e. What did the child see as he looked down on the black patterns of the carpet?

Reference to the context

- a. The writer creates two voices in the story. Who are they?
- b. Read the extracts given below and answer the questions that follow.
“...the black parts are snakes, poisonous snakes, adders mostly, and cobras, thick like tree-trunks round the middle, and if I touch one of them, I'll be bitten and I'll die before tea time. And if I get across safely, without being burnt and without being bitten, I will be given a puppy for my birthday tomorrow.”
 - i. What does ‘the black part’ mean?
 - ii. Who is the speaker?
 - iii. Why doesn't the speaker want to be burnt?
- c. Which images and metaphors are used in the story?
- d. Summarise the short story “The Wish” in about 200 words.
- e. The story shows the events through the eyes of the narrator and the child. Comparing the two styles, who presents more interesting or effective view for the readers? Why?
- f. Is “The Wish” a story about self-confidence overcoming fear or about greed? Give your arguments.

Reference beyond the text

- a. Do you think our wish can be fulfilled? Why or why not?
- b. Why do you think some people might have a frightening nature? What would you suggest to them to overcome it?
- c. Write a folktale that you have heard or read.

Chinua Achebe

Before Reading

Answer these questions.

- Do you think there would be complete peace after the war?
- If a disaster occurred, what would you save to ensure your “happy survival”?
- If someone stole something from you out of very few possessions, how would you feel? Would you accept the loss or get angry?

Chinua Achebe /tʃɪnwɑː ətʃeɪbeɪ/ (1930 -2013) was a Nigerian novelist, poet, professor, and critic. He studied English, history, and theology at University college, the University of Ibadan. His first novel *Things Fall Apart* (1958) is the most widely read book in modern African literature.



His later novels include *No Longer at Ease* (1960), *Arrow of God* (1964), *A Man of the People* (1966), *Anthills of the Savannah* (1987), and his last novel *There Was a Country* was published in 2012. He also published a large number of short stories, children's books, and essay collections. Since he was born in the Igbo village of Ogidi in south-eastern Nigeria, his novels focus on the traditions of Igbo society. He wrote about the cultural and political turmoil of Nigeria, from colony to postcolony, and through civil war and beyond.

The story '*Civil Peace*' (1971) is set in the aftermath of the Nigerian Civil War. It is about the effects of the Nigerian Civil War on the people, and the “civil peace” that followed. Nigeria became an independent nation from the British colony in 1960. The Nigerian Civil War began in 1967 when the Igbo tried to separate from Nigeria to form the independent Republic of Biafra. After enduring three years of bloody battles, the Ibo were forced to surrender in 1970, ending the war. Biafrans suffered a severe famine due to the effect of war. Nearly a million people died of starvation.

Reading

Jonathan Iwegbu counted himself extra-ordinarily lucky. 'Happy survival!' meant so much more to him than just a current fashion of greeting old friends in the first

hazy days of peace. It went deep to his heart. He had come out of the war with five inestimable blessings - his head, his wife Maria's head and the heads of three out of their four children. As a bonus he also had his old bicycle - a miracle too but naturally not to be compared to the safety of five human heads.

The bicycle had a little history of its own. One day at the height of the war it was commandeered 'for urgent military action'. Hard as its loss would have been to him he would still have let it go without a thought had he not had some doubts about the genuineness of the officer. It wasn't his disreputable rags, nor the toes peeping out of one blue and one brown canvas shoe, nor yet the two stars of his rank done obviously in a hurry in biro, that troubled Jonathan; many good and heroic soldiers looked the same or worse. It was rather a certain lack of grip and firmness in his manner. So Jonathan, suspecting he might be amenable to influence, rummaged in his raffia bag and produced the two pounds with which he had been going to buy firewood which his wife, Maria, retailed to camp officials for extra stock-fish and corn meal, and got his bicycle back. That night he buried it in the little clearing in the bush where the dead of the camp, including his own youngest son, were buried. When he dug it up again a year later after the surrender all it needed was a little palm-oil greasing. 'Nothing puzzles God,' he said in wonder.

He put it to immediate use as a taxi and accumulated a small pile of Biafran money ferrying camp officials and their families across the four-mile stretch to the nearest tarred road. His standard charge per trip was six pounds and those who had the money were only glad to be rid of some of it in this way. At the end of a fortnight he had made a small fortune of one hundred and fifteen pounds.

Then he made the journey to Enugu and found another miracle waiting for him. It was unbelievable. He rubbed his eyes and looked again and it was still standing there before him. But, needless to say, even that monumental blessing must be accounted also totally inferior to the five heads in the family. This newest miracle was his little house in Ogui Overside. Indeed, nothing puzzles God! Only two houses away a huge concrete edifice some wealthy contractor had put up just before the war was a mountain of rubble. And here was Jonathan's little zinc house of no regrets built with mud blocks quite intact! Of course the doors and windows were missing and five sheets off the roof.

But what was that? And anyhow he had returned to Enugu early enough to pick up bits of old zinc and wood and soggy sheets of cardboard lying around the neighbourhood before thousands more came out of their forest holes looking for the same things.

He got a destitute carpenter with one old hammer, a blunt plane and a few bent and rusty nails in his tool bag to turn this assortment of wood, paper and metal into door and window shutters for five Nigerian shillings or fifty Biafran pounds. He paid the pounds, and moved in with his overjoyed family carrying five heads on their shoulders. His children picked mangoes near the military cemetery and sold them to soldiers' wives for a few pennies - real pennies this time - and his wife started making breakfast akara balls for neighbours in a hurry to start life again. With his family earnings he took his bicycle to the villages around and bought fresh palm-wine which he mixed generously in his rooms with the water which had recently started running again in the public tap down the road, and opened up a bar for soldiers and other lucky people with good money.

At first he went daily, then every other day and finally once a week, to the offices of the Coal Corporation where he used to be a miner, to find out what was what. The only thing he did find out in the end was that that little house of his was even a greater blessing than he had thought. Some of his fellow ex-miners who had nowhere to return at the end of the day's waiting just' slept outside the doors of the offices and cooked what meal they could scrounge together in Bournvita tins. As the weeks lengthened and still nobody could say what was what Jonathan discontinued his weekly visits altogether and faced his palm-wine bar.

But nothing puzzles God. Came the day of the windfall when after five days of endless scuffles in queues and counter-queues in the sun outside the Treasury he had twenty pounds counted into his palms as ex-gratia award for the rebel money he had turned in. It was like Christmas for him and for many others like him when the payments began. They called it (since few could manage its proper official name) egg-rasher.

As soon as the pound notes were placed in his palm Jonathan simply closed it tight over them and buried fist and money inside his trouser pocket. He had to be extra careful because he had seen a man a couple of days earlier collapse into near-madness in an instant before that oceanic crowd because no sooner had he got his twenty pounds than some heartless ruffian picked it off him. Though it was not right that a man in such an extremity of agony should be blamed yet many in the queues that day were able to remark quietly at the victim's carelessness, especially after he pulled out the innards of his pocket and revealed a hole in it big enough to pass a thief's head. But of course he had insisted that the money had been in the other pocket, pulling it out too to show its comparative wholeness. So one had to be careful.

Jonathan soon transferred the money to his left hand and pocket so as to leave his

right free for shaking hands should the need arise, though by fixing his gaze at such an elevation as to miss all approaching human faces he made sure that the need did not arise, until he got home.

He was normally a heavy sleeper but that night he heard all the neighbourhood noises die down one after another. Even the night watchman who knocked the hour on some metal somewhere in the distance had fallen silent after knocking one o'clock'. That must have been the last thought in Jonathan's mind before he was finally carried away himself. He couldn't have been gone for long, though, when he was violently awakened again.

'Who is knocking?' whispered his wife lying beside him on the floor.

'I don't know,' he whispered back breathlessly.

The second time the knocking came it was so loud and imperious that the rickety old door could have fallen down.

'Who is knocking?' he asked them, his voice parched and trembling.

'Na tief-man and him people,' came the cool reply. 'Make you hopen de door.' This was followed by the heaviest knocking of all.

Maria was the first to raise the alarm, then he followed and all their children.

'Police-o! Thieves-o! Neighbours-o! Police-o! We are lost! We are dead! Neighbours, are you asleep? Wake up! Police-o!'

This went on for a long time and then stopped suddenly. Perhaps they had scared the thief away. There was total silence. But only for a short while.

'You done finish?' asked the voice outside. 'Make we help you small. Oya, everybody!'

'Police-o! Tief-man-so! Neighbours-o! we done loss-o! Police- o!...'

There were at least five other voices besides the leader's.

Jonathan and his family were now completely paralysed by terror. Maria and the children sobbed inaudibly like lost souls. Jonathan groaned continuously.

The silence that followed the thieves' alarm vibrated horribly. Jonathan all but begged their leader to speak again and be done with it.

'My frien,' said he at long last, 'we don try our best for call dem but I think say dem all done sleep-o ... So wetin we go do now? Sometaim you wan call soja? Or you wan make we call dem for you? Soja better pass police. No be so?'

'Na so!' replied his men. Jonathan thought he heard even more voices now than before and groaned heavily. His legs were sagging under him and his throat felt like sandpaper.

'My friend, why you no de talk again. I de ask you say you wan make we call soja?'
'No'.

'Awrighto. Now make we talk business. We no be bad fief. We no like for make trouble. Trouble done finish. War done finish and all the katakata wey de for inside. No Civil War again. This time na Civil Peace. No be so?'

'Na so!' answered the horrible chorus.

'What do you want from me? I am a poor man. Everything I had went with this war. Why do you come to me? You know people who have money. We. ..'

'Awright! We know say you no get plenty money. But we sef no get even anini. So derefore make you open dis window and give us one hundred pound and we go commot. Orderwise we de come for inside now to show you guitar-boy like dis ...'

A volley of automatic fire rang through the sky. Maria and the children began to weep aloud again.

'Ah, missisi de cry again. No need for dat. We done talk say we na good tief. We just take our small money and go nwayor- ly. No molest. Abi we de molest?'

'At all!' sang the chorus.

'My friends,' began Jonathan hoarsely. 'I hear what you say and I thank you. If I had one hundred pounds ...'

'Lookia my frien, no be play we come play for your house. If we make mistake and step for inside you no go like am-o. So derefore . . .

'To God who made me; if you come inside and find one hundred pounds, take it and shoot me and shoot my wife and children. I swear to God. The only money I have in this life is this twenty-pounds egg-rasher they gave me today ...'

'Ok. Time de go. Make you open dis window and bring the twenty pound. We go manage am like dat.'

There were now loud murmurs of dissent among the chor- us: 'Na lie de man de lie; e get plenty money ... Make we go inside and search properly well ... Wetin be twenty pound? ...'

'Shurrup!' rang the leader's voice like a lone shot in the sky and silenced the murmuring at once. 'Are you dere? Bring the money quick!'

'I am coming,' said Jonathan fumbling in the darkness with the key of the small wooden box he kept by his side on the mat.

At the first sign of light as neighbours and others assembled to commiserate with him

he was already strapping his five-gallon demijohn to his bicycle carrier and his wife, sweating in the open fire, was turning over akara balls in a wide clay bowl of boiling oil. In the corner his eldest son was rinsing out dregs of yesterday's palm-wine from old beer bottles.

'I count it as nothing,' he told his sympathizers, his eyes on the rope he was tying. 'What is egg-rasher? Did I depend on it last week? Or is it greater than other things that went with the war? I say, let egg-rasher perish in the flames! Let it go where everything else has gone. Nothing puzzles God.'

Glossary

akara balls (n.): deep fried balls of ground beans

amenable (adj.): responsive, open

anini (n.): a small Nigerian coin worth less than one cent

Biafran (n.): of the rebellious southeastern region of Nigeria, which declared itself the independent Republic of Biafra in the Civil War of 1967

biro (n.): British expression for 'ballpoint pen'

commandeer (v.): to seize for military use

commiserate (v.): sympathize with or show sorrow for

demijohn (n.): a large bottle with a short neck

destitute (adj.): lacking the basic necessities of life' poverty-stricken

disreputable (adj.): not respectable; having or deserving a bad reputation

dissent (n.): disagreement; refusal to accept a common opinion

edifice (n.): a building, especially a large, important-looking one

Enugu (n.): a city in southeastern Nigeria

fortnight (n.): British English for 'two weeks'

katakata (n.): (Nigerian English dialect) confusion, trouble

Na tief-man... hopen de door (dialect): I am a thief of my accomplices. Open the door.

raffia bag (n.): a bag woven from the fibers of the raffia palm tree

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

a. Why did Jonathan think of himself as 'extraordinarily lucky'?

- b. What are the ‘five blessings’ for which Jonathan is grateful?
- c. Why did Jonathan mistrust the officer who wanted to take his bicycle? What does this tell you about the situation in Nigeria?
- d. What visitors might be at the door? Are Jonathan and his wife completely surprised? Explain.
- e. Why does no one in the neighbourhood respond when the thieves pound on Jonathan’s door? Why do the thieves call for the police?

Reference to the context

- a. What does Jonathan mean by his expression “Nothing puzzles God”? What does this expression reveal about his character? Explain by citing details from the story.
- b. How does Jonathan change as he experiences the conflicts in his life? Explain.
- c. Read the extract and answer the questions below.
 “To God who made me; if you come inside and find one hundred pounds, take it and shoot me and shoot my wife and children. I swear to God. The only money I have in this life is this twenty pounds egg-rasher they gave me today ...”
 - i. Who is the speaker?
 - ii. Who is the speaker talking to?
 - iii. Who does “they” refer to?
- d. Nigerian English has words like soja 'soldier' and katakata 'confusion', 'trouble' derived apparently from English words but transformed by native languages' phonologies. What does the author’s use of dialect here add to the story?
- e. Why do you think the thieves who come to rob Jonathan speak English with a heavier African accent than Jonathan does?
- f. The title of the story "Civil Peace" itself is ironical as there is little to differentiate ‘civil peace’ from ‘civil war’. Do you think that the title of this story is appropriate, or would “Civil War” have been a better title? Explain.

Reference beyond the text

- a. How would you describe the civil peace in Nigeria?
- b. What kind of attitude towards life do you think you would have if your situation was similar to that of Jonathan’s?
- c. Draw the character sketch of Jonathan Iwegbu.

Guy de Maupassant

Before Reading

Answer these questions.

- Can there be conflict in love?
- Is it good to betray a friend?
- Have you ever read a tragic story or watched a tragic movie? What happens in tragedy?

Guy de Maupassant (1850-1893) was a popular 19th-century French writer. His short stories are characterized by their economy of style and their efficient effortless dénouement. His stories are linked by irony and the frailty of human nature. He was an author of the realist and naturalist schools of writing. He wrote novels, poetry and newspapers articles, but he is best known for his short stories in the field of literature.



The story *'Two Little Soldiers'* is about a triangular love with a completely unexpected twist at the end. This story shows the compatibility of friendship and romantic love with change, discontent, conflict, betrayal and jealousy.

Reading

Every Sunday, as soon as they were free, the little soldiers would go for a walk. They turned to the right on leaving the barracks, crossed Courbevoie with rapid strides, as though on a forced march; then, as the houses grew scarcer, they slowed down and followed the dusty road which leads to Bezons.

They were small and thin, lost in their ill-fitting capes, too large and too long, whose sleeves covered their hands; their ample red trousers fell in folds around their ankles. Under the high, stiff shako one could just barely perceive two thin, hollow-cheeked Breton faces, with their calm, naïve blue eyes. They never spoke during their journey, going straight before them, the same idea in each one's mind taking the place of conversation. For at the entrance of the little forest of Champioux they had found a spot which reminded them of home, and they did not feel happy anywhere else.

At the crossing of the Colombes and Chatou roads, when they arrived under the trees, they would take off their heavy, oppressive headgear and wipe their foreheads.

They always stopped for a while on the bridge at Bezons, and looked at the Seine. They stood there several minutes, bending over the railing, watching the white sails, which perhaps reminded them of their home, and of the fishing smacks leaving for the open.

As soon as they had crossed the Seine, they would purchase provisions at the delicatessen, the baker's, and the wine merchant's. A piece of bologna, four cents' worth of bread, and a quart of wine, made up the luncheon which they carried away, wrapped up in their handkerchiefs. But as soon as they were out of the village their gait would slacken and they would begin to talk.

Before them was a plain with a few clumps of trees, which led to the woods, a little forest which seemed to remind them of that other forest at Kermarivan. The wheat and oat fields bordered on the narrow path, and Jean Kerderen said each time to Luc Le Ganidec:

"It's just like home, just like Plounivon."

"Yes, it's just like home."

And they went on, side by side, their minds full of dim memories of home. They saw the fields, the hedges, the forests, and beaches.

Each time they stopped near a large stone on the edge of the private estate, because it reminded them of the dolmen of Locneuveu.

As soon as they reached the first clump of trees, Luc Le Ganidec would cut off a small stick, and, whittling it slowly, would walk on, thinking of the folks at home.

Jean Kerderen carried the provisions.

From time to time Luc would mention a name, or allude to some boyish prank which would give them food for plenty of thought. And the home country, so dear and so distant, would little by little gain possession of their minds, sending them back through space, to the well-known forms and noises, to the familiar scenery, with the fragrance of its green fields and sea air. They no longer noticed the smells of the city. And in their dreams they saw their friends leaving, perhaps forever, for the dangerous fishing grounds.

They were walking slowly, Luc Le Ganidec and Jean Kerderen, contented and sad, haunted by a sweet sorrow, the slow and penetrating sorrow of a captive animal which

remembers the days of its freedom.

And when Luc had finished whittling his stick, they came to a little nook, where every Sunday they took their meal. They found the two bricks, which they had hidden in a hedge, and they made a little fire of dry branches and roasted their sausages on the ends of their knives.

When their last crumb of bread had been eaten and the last drop of wine had been drunk, they stretched themselves out on the grass side by side, without speaking, their half-closed eyes looking away in the distance, their hands clasped as in prayer, their red-trousered legs mingling with the bright colours of the wild flowers.

Towards noon they glanced, from time to time, towards the village of Bezons, for the dairy maid would soon be coming. Every Sunday she would pass in front of them on the way to milk her cow, the only cow in the neighbourhood which was sent out to pasture.

Soon they would see the girl, coming through the fields, and it pleased them to watch the sparkling sunbeams reflected from her shining pail. They never spoke of her. They were just glad to see her, without understanding why.

She was a tall, strapping girl, freckled and tanned by the open air - a girl typical of the Parisian suburbs.

Once, on noticing that they were always sitting in the same place, she said to them:

"Do you always come here?"

Luc Le Ganidec, more daring than his friend, stammered:

"Yes, we come here for our rest."

That was all. But the following Sunday, on seeing them, she smiled with the kindly smile of a woman who understood their shyness, and she asked:

"What are you doing here? Are you watching the grass grow?"

Luc, cheered up, smiled: "P'raps."

She continued: "It's not growing fast, is it?"

He answered, still laughing: "Not exactly."

She went on. But when she came back with her pail full of milk, she stopped before them and said:

"Want some? It will remind you of home."

She had, perhaps instinctively, guessed and touched the right spot.

Both were moved. Then not without difficulty, she poured some milk into the bottle in which they had brought their wine. Luc started to drink, carefully watching lest he should take more than his share. Then he passed the bottle to Jean. She stood before them, her hands on her hips, her pail at her feet, enjoying the pleasure that she was giving them. Then she went on, saying: "Well, bye-bye until next Sunday!"

For a long time, they watched her tall form as it receded in the distance, blending with the background, and finally disappeared.

The following week as they left the barracks, Jean said to Luc:

"Don't you think we ought to buy her something good?"

They were sorely perplexed by the problem of choosing something to bring to the dairy maid. Luc was in favour of bringing her some chitterlings; but Jean, who had a sweet tooth, thought that candy would be the best thing. He won, and so they went to a grocery to buy two sous' worth, of red and white candies.

This time they ate more quickly than usual, excited by anticipation.

Jean was the first one to notice her. "There she is," he said; and Luc answered: "Yes, there she is."

She smiled when she saw them, and cried:

"Well, how are you today?"

They both answered together:

"All right! How's everything with you?"

Then she started to talk of simple things which might interest them; of the weather, of the crops, of her masters.

They didn't dare to offer their candies, which were slowly melting in Jean's pocket. Finally, Luc, growing bolder, murmured:

"We have brought you something."

She asked: "Let's see it."

Then Jean, blushing to the tips of his ears, reached in his pocket, and drawing out the little paper bag, handed it to her.

She began to eat the little sweet dainties. The two soldiers sat in front of her, moved and delighted.

At last she went to do her milking, and when she came back she again gave them some milk.

They thought of her all through the week and often spoke of her: The following Sunday she sat beside them for a longer time.

The three of them sat there, side by side, their eyes looking far away in the distance, their hands clasped over their knees, and they told each other little incidents and little details of the villages where they were born, while the cow, waiting to be milked, stretched her heavy head toward the girl and moored.

Soon the girl consented to eat with them and to take a sip of wine. Often she brought them plums pocket for plums were now ripe. Her presence enlivened the little Breton soldiers, who chattered away like two birds.

One Tuesday something unusual happened to Luc Le Ganidec; he asked for leave and did not return until ten o'clock at night.

Jean, worried and racked his brain to account for his friend's having obtained leave.

The following Friday, Luc borrowed ten cents from one of his friends, and once more asked and obtained leave for several hours.

When he started out with Jean on Sunday he seemed queer, disturbed, changed. Kerderen did not understand; he vaguely suspected something, but he could not guess what it might be.

They went straight to the usual place, and lunched slowly. Neither was hungry.

Soon the girl appeared. They watched her approach as they always did. When she was near, Luc arose and went towards her. She placed her pail on the ground and kissed him. She kissed him passionately, throwing her arms around his neck, without paying attention to Jean, without even noticing that he was there.

Poor Jean was dazed, so dazed that he could not understand. His mind was upset and his heart broken, without his even realizing why.

Then the girl sat down beside Luc, and they started to chat.

Jean was not looking at them. He understood now why his friend had gone out twice during the week. He felt the pain and the sting which treachery and deceit leave in their

wake.

Luc and the girl went together to attend to the cow.

Jean followed them with his eyes. He saw them disappear side by side, the red trousers of his friend making a scarlet spot against the white road. It was Luc who sank the stake to which the cow was tethered. The girl stooped down to milk the cow, while he absent-mindedly stroked the animal's glossy neck. Then they left the pail in the grass and disappeared in the woods.

Jean could no longer see anything but the wall of leaves through which they had passed. He was unmanned so that he did not have strength to stand. He stayed there, motionless, bewildered and grieving-simple, passionate grief. He wanted to weep, to run away, to hide somewhere, never to see anyone again.

Then he saw them coming back again. They were walking slowly, hand in hand, as village lovers do. Luc was carrying the pail.

After kissing him again, the girl went on, nodding carelessly to Jean. She did not offer him any milk that day.

The two little soldiers sat side by side, motionless as always, silent and quiet, their calm faces in no way betraying the trouble in their hearts. The sun shone down on them. From time to time they could hear the plaintive lowing of the cow. At the usual time they arose to return.

Luc was whittling a stick. Jean carried the empty bottle. He left it at the wine merchant's in Bezons. Then they stopped on the bridge, as they did every Sunday, and watched the water flowing by.

Jean leaned over the railing, farther and farther, as though he had seen something in the stream which hypnotized him. Luc said to him:

"What's the matter? Do you want a drink?"

He had hardly said the last word when Jean's head carried away the rest of his body, and the little blue and red soldier fell like a shot and disappeared in the water.

Luc, paralyzed with horror, tried vainly to shout for help. In the distance he saw something move; then his friend's head bobbed up out of the water only to disappear again.

Farther down he again noticed a hand, just one hand, which appeared and again went out of sight. That was all.

The boatmen who had rushed to the scene found the body that day.

Luc ran back to the barracks, crazed, and with eyes and voice full of tears, he related the accident: "He leaned--he--he was leaning--so far over--that his head carried him away--and--he--fell--he fell----"

Emotion choked him so that he could say no more. If he had only known.

Glossary

gait (n.): a manner of walking or moving on foot

slacken (v.): to reduce or decrease in speed

whittle (v.): to cut, trim, or shape (a stick, piece of wood, etc.) by carving off bits with a knife

allude (v.): to mention it in an indirect way

nook (n.): a small sheltered place or recess

instinctively (adv.): without conscious thought

recede (v.): to go or move further away into the distance, or to become less clear

perplexed (adj.): completely baffled; very puzzled

enliven (v.): to make more entertaining, interesting, or cheerful

Understanding the text

Answer these questions.

- a. Why do the two soldiers spend their free time on Sundays away from the barracks out in the countryside?
- b. Why does the girl become the topic of conversation for these soldiers?
- c. Why does deception enter into their friendship?
- d. Do you think that Luc is a betrayer of friendship?
- e. What is the cause of suicide of Jean? Do you think that it was the only release of his love?

Reference to the context

- a. What is the central theme of the story?
- b. "What are you doing here? Are you watching the grass grow?"
 - i. Who is the speaker?
 - ii. What does the word "here" indicate?
 - iii. Who does "you" refer to?

- c. "He leaned--he--he was leaning--so far over--that his head carried him away--and--he--fell--he fell----"
 - i. Who is the speaker?
 - ii. Why is the speaker speaking with interruption?
 - iii. What does he mean when he says "he--fell--he fell---"?
- d. *Two Little Soldiers* can be viewed as a series of dramatic scenes. Describe the story as tragedy.
- e. What is the setting and style of the story?
- f. How would you describe the conflict between the friends?

Reference beyond the text

- a. Is it good to have conflict between friendship and love? Is it morally good that a person and his best friend can love the same person?
- b. How would you describe the triangular love?

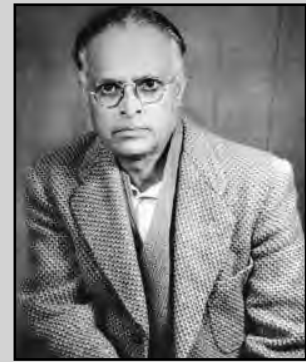
Before Reading

Answer these questions.

- Have you ever shown your palm to a fortune teller? Do you believe in fortune telling?
- Why do you think people want to know their futures?
- Look at this picture. Can you name each of the zodiac signs? What is your zodiac sign?



R. K. Narayan (1906-2001) was an Indian writer known for his works set in the fictional South Indian town of Malgudi. He was born in Madras, South India. He wrote many novels including *Swami and Friends*, *The Bachelor of Arts* and *The English Teacher*, along with short stories and other works. He was among the best known and most widely read Indian novelists who wrote in English. He highlighted the social context and everyday life of his characters.



Astrology is a form of fortune telling, originated in ancient Babylonia. It has been practised in many cultures, including ancient Rome, Greece, India, and China. *'An Astrologer's Day'* is a thriller, suspense story describing a day in the life of an astrologer who makes his living by selling cosmic insights to gullible villagers, though he has no knowledge of the cosmos or actual spiritual insight.

Reading

Punctually at midday he opened his bag and spread out his professional equipment, which consisted of a dozen cowrie shells, a square piece of cloth with obscure mystic charts on it, a notebook and a bundle of palmyra writing. His forehead was resplendent with sacred ash and vermilion, and his eyes sparkled with a sharp abnormal gleam which was really an outcome of a continual searching look for customers, but which his simple clients took to be a prophetic light and felt comforted. The power of his eyes was considerably enhanced by their position—placed as they were between the painted

forehead and the dark whiskers which streamed down his cheeks: even a half-wit's eyes would sparkle in such a setting. To crown the effect, he wound a saffron-coloured turban around his head. This colour scheme never failed. People were attracted to him as bees are attracted to cosmos or dahlia stalks. He sat under the boughs of a spreading tamarind tree which flanked a path running through the Town Hall Park. It was a remarkable place in many ways: a surging crowd was always moving up and down this narrow road morning till night. A variety of trades and occupations was represented all along its way: medicine-sellers, sellers of stolen hardware and junk, magicians and, above all, an auctioneer of cheap cloth, who created enough din all day to attract the whole town. Next to him in vociferousness came a vendor of fried groundnuts, who gave his ware a fancy name each day, calling it Bombay Ice-Cream one day, and on the next Delhi Almond, and on the third Raja's Delicacy, and so on and so forth, and people flocked to him. A considerable portion of this crowd dallied before the astrologer too. The astrologer transacted his business by the light of a flare which crackled and smoked up above the groundnut heap nearby. Half the enchantment of the place was due to the fact that it did not have the benefit of municipal lighting. The place was lit up by shop lights. One or two had hissing gaslights, some had naked flares stuck on poles, some were lit up by old cycle lamps and one or two, like the astrologer's, managed without lights of their own. It was a bewildering crisscross of light rays and moving shadows. This suited the astrologer very well, for the simple reason that he had not in the least intended to be an astrologer when he began life; and he knew no more of what was going to happen to others than he knew what was going to happen to himself next minute. He was as much a stranger to the stars as were his innocent customers. Yet he said things which pleased and astonished everyone: that was more a matter of study, practice and shrewd guesswork. All the same, it was as much an honest man's labour as any other, and he deserved the wages he carried home at the end of a day.

He had left his village without any previous thought or plan. If he had continued there he would have carried on the work of his forefathers—namely, tilling the land, living, marrying and ripening in his cornfield and ancestral home. But that was not to be. He had to leave home without telling anyone, and he could not rest till he left it behind a couple of hundred miles. To a villager it is a great deal, as if an ocean flowed between.

He had a working analysis of mankind's troubles: marriage, money and the tangles of human ties. Long practice had sharpened his perception. Within five minutes he understood what was wrong. He charged three pies per question and never opened his

mouth till the other had spoken for at least ten minutes, which provided him enough stuff for a dozen answers and advices. When he told the person before him, gazing at his palm, ‘In many ways you are not getting the fullest results for your efforts,’ nine out of ten were disposed to agree with him. Or he questioned: ‘Is there any woman in your family, maybe even a distant relative, who is not well disposed towards you?’ Or he gave an analysis of character: ‘Most of your troubles are due to your nature. How can you be otherwise with Saturn where he is? You have an impetuous nature and a rough exterior.’ This endeared him to their hearts immediately, for even the mildest of us loves to think that he has a forbidding exterior.

The nuts-vendor blew out his flare and rose to go home. This was a signal for the astrologer to bundle up too, since it left him in darkness except for a little shaft of green light which strayed in from somewhere and touched the ground before him. He picked up his cowrie shells and paraphernalia and was putting them back into his bag when the green shaft of light was blotted out; he looked up and saw a man standing before him. He sensed a possible client and said: ‘You look so careworn. It will do you good to sit down for a while and chat with me.’ The other grumbled some vague reply. The astrologer pressed his invitation; whereupon the other thrust his palm under his nose, saying: ‘You call yourself an astrologer?’ The astrologer felt challenged and said, tilting the other’s palm towards the green shaft of light: ‘Yours is a nature . . .’ ‘Oh, stop that,’ the other said. ‘Tell me something worthwhile . . .’

Our friend felt piqued. ‘I charge only three pies per question, and what you get ought to be good enough for your money . . .’ At this the other withdrew his arm, took out an anna and flung it out to him, saying, ‘I have some questions to ask. If I prove you are bluffing, you must return that anna to me with interest.’

‘If you find my answers satisfactory, will you give me five rupees?’ ‘No.’ ‘Or will you give me eight annas?’

‘All right, provided you give me twice as much if you are wrong,’ said the stranger. This pact was accepted after a little further argument. The astrologer sent up a prayer to heaven as the other lit a cheroot. The astrologer caught a glimpse of his face by the match-light. There was a pause as cars hooted on the road, jutka-drivers swore at their horses and the babble of the crowd agitated the semi-darkness of the park. The other sat down, sucking his cheroot, puffing out, sat there ruthlessly. The astrologer felt very uncomfortable. ‘Here, take your anna back. I am not used to such challenges. It is late for me today . . .’ He made preparations to bundle up. The other held his wrist and said,

‘You can’t get out of it now. You dragged me in while I was passing.’ The astrologer shivered in his grip; and his voice shook and became faint. ‘Leave me today. I will speak to you tomorrow.’ The other thrust his palm in his face and said, ‘Challenge is challenge. Go on.’ The astrologer proceeded with his throat drying up. ‘There is a woman . . .’

‘Stop,’ said the other. ‘I don’t want all that. Shall I succeed in my present search or not? Answer this and go. Otherwise I will not let you go till you disgorge all your coins.’ The astrologer muttered a few incantations and replied, ‘All right. I will speak. But will you give me a rupee if what I say is convincing? Otherwise I will not open my mouth, and you may do what you like.’ After a good deal of haggling the other agreed. The astrologer said, ‘You were left for dead. Am I right?’

‘Ah, tell me more.’ ‘A knife has passed through you once?’ said the astrologer. ‘Good fellow!’ He bared his chest to show the scar. ‘What else?’ ‘And then you were pushed into a well nearby in the field. You were left for dead.’ ‘I should have been dead if some passer-by had not chanced to peep into the well,’ exclaimed the other, overwhelmed by enthusiasm. ‘When shall I get at him?’ he asked, clenching his fist.

‘In the next world,’ answered the astrologer. ‘He died four months ago in a far-off town. You will never see any more of him.’ The other groaned on hearing it. The astrologer proceeded. ‘Guru Nayak—’ ‘You know my name!’ the other said, taken aback.

‘As I know all other things. Guru Nayak, listen carefully to what I have to say. Your village is two days’ journey due north of this town. Take the next train and be gone. I see once again great danger to your life if you go from home.’ He took out a pinch of sacred ash and held it out to him. ‘Rub it on your forehead and go home. Never travel southward again, and you will live to be a hundred.’

‘Why should I leave home again?’ the other said reflectively. ‘I was only going away now and then to look for him and to choke out his life if I met him.’ He shook his head regretfully. ‘He has escaped my hands. I hope at least he died as he deserved.’ ‘Yes,’ said the astrologer. ‘He was crushed under a lorry.’ The other looked gratified to hear it.

The place was deserted by the time the astrologer picked up his articles and put them into his bag. The green shaft was also gone, leaving the place in darkness and silence. The stranger had gone off into the night, after giving the astrologer a handful of coins.

It was nearly midnight when the astrologer reached home. His wife was waiting for him at the door and demanded an explanation. He flung the coins at her and said, ‘Count them. One man gave all that.’

‘Twelve and a half annas,’ she said, counting. She was overjoyed. ‘I can buy some jaggery and coconut tomorrow. The child has been asking for sweets for so many days now. I will prepare some nice stuff for her.’

‘The swine has cheated me! He promised me a rupee,’ said the astrologer. She looked up at him. ‘You look worried. What is wrong?’ ‘Nothing.’

After dinner, sitting on the pyol, he told her, ‘Do you know a great load is gone from me today? I thought I had the blood of a man on my hands all these years. That was the reason why I ran away from home, settled here and married you. He is alive.’ She gasped. ‘You tried to kill!’

‘Yes, in our village, when I was a silly youngster. We drank, gambled and quarrelled badly one day—why think of it now? Time to sleep,’ he said, yawning, and stretched himself on the pyol.

Glossary

cheroot (n.): a cigar cut square at both ends

jutka (n.): a two-wheeled, horse-drawn vehicle

disgorge (v.): to give up or hand over

cowrie (n.): a small snail commonly found in warm, shallow waters of the Pacific and Indian Oceans

impetuous (adj.): done quickly without thought; hasty

incantation (n.): words spoken in a magic spell or charm

jaggery (n.): solid dark brown sugar made from sugarcane

pyol (n.): a low bench

palmyra (n.): paper made from the leaves of the palmyra tree

paraphernalia (n.): things used in a particular activity; equipment

piqued (adj.): aroused in anger or resentment; offended

saffron (n.): an orange-yellow colour

vociferousness (n.): noisy outcrying

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

- a. How does the astrologer's appearance help him attract customers? How does he help the customers satisfy their needs?
- b. How do you characterise the astrologer's attitude toward the stranger?
- c. What details does the astrologer give the stranger about his past?
- d. Why does he advise the stranger to go home immediately?
- e. What is your reaction to the conversation between the astrologer and his wife?

Reference to the context

- a. Suspense is the feeling of anticipation you may have as you read. In this story, what details contributed to your feelings of suspense and surprise? Explain.
- b. Analyze the conflicts in "An Astrologer's Day." Explain how the conflicts are resolved and what they reveal about the characters involved in the story.
- c. "All right. I will speak. But will you give me a rupee if what I say is convincing? Otherwise I will not open my mouth, and you may do what you like."
 - i. Who is the speaker?
 - ii. Who is he speaking to?
 - iii. What does the expression 'open my mouth' mean?
- d. Description helps readers visualize what is happening in a story. What details and techniques does the author use to describe the astrologer?
- e. Irony is a contrast between appearances and reality. What is ironic about Guru Nayak's meeting with the astrologer?
- f. How does the astrologer's manner of dress suit his character?

Reference beyond the text

- a. The astrologer attracts many customers in the street who are pleased and astonished by what he tells them. What does this tell you about the people of the town walking in the street?
- b. Why do most people want to know their future? Do you think astrologers can really help them know their future?
- c. Is astrology a good practice of fortune telling or is it just a blind faith? Give reasons.

Vishnu S. Rai

Before Reading

Answer these questions.

- What is pandemic? Describe a pandemic that you have heard about in the history.
- Is Corona Virus a pandemic? How?
- Do you think that human behaviour is responsible for the pandemic?

Vishnu S Rai (1951-) was educated in India, Nepal, and the UK. He taught English at Tribhuvan University for three decades and retired as Professor of English Language Education. Rai writes both in English and Nepali. He has written stories *Martyrs & Other Stories* (English), play *Realities* (English), travelogues *Nau Dandapari* (Nepali), and a novel *Paheli* (Nepali).



But above all he is a poet and he has published *Sudama* (a semi epic in Nepali), *Jeevan* (a collection of poems in Nepali), *Vagabond Verses* (a collection of poems in English), and *Tritiyaki joon* (a collection of songs and gazals in Nepali, and his English poems are taught in Nepal and abroad. Rai is known as a poet of human emotions.

The poem, *Corona Says*, written on the theme of the present world crisis Corona and its devastating impact on human life, is a subtle satire on man's conduct and attitude. It views Covid 19 as the byproduct of man's treatment to nature.

Reading

Stop crying,

Oh man,

Stop cursing me

And listen.

I didn't come here

of my own free will.

I was invited.
Believe me,
I had no choice
but to visit you.
How many lives were lost
Because of me?
You count.
But have you ever counted
How many have died so far
Because of you and your wars?



You call yourself
'the crown of creation'.
What about the others,
Those who fly in the sky,
Those who live in the ocean,
Those who crawl on the earth,
And those, the sources of your oxygen?
You think they all are your slaves
Who you can sell or kill
At your will.

Don't blame me.
I just wanted to show you
How clean the blue sky looks
Without dust and smoke.
I wanted you to realise
How caged animals feel
In a zoo.

I came

Not to give you a test.
I came
So that mother Earth
Could have a little rest.

You claim that you know everything.
I just wanted you to know yourself
The earth is not your property alone -
It's as much ours as yours.

Sure,
I will depart one day.
But remember
There're many others like me.
They'll come too.
If you don't get rid of your inflated ego,
You'll be back to your cave time
That you endured
Long, l o n g, l o n g ago ...

Glossary

cursing (v.): uttering offensive words in anger

crown (n.): authority

slaves (n.): people who are legal property of another and is forced to obey them

ego (n.): a person's sense of self importance

endured (v.): went through

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

- a. Who is the speaker in the poem?
- b. Who claim that they are superior to all?

- c. Why has the speaker come to the Earth?
- d. What positive changes have occurred on Earth after the speaker's visit?

Reference to the context

- a. What does the speaker mean when he says:

But have you ever counted

How many have died so far

Because of you and your wars?

- b. Explain the following:

I will depart one day.

But remember

There're many others like me.

They'll come too.

If you don't get rid of your inflated ego,

You'll be back to your cave time

That you endured

Long, l o n g, l o n g ago ...

- c. What does the speaker mean in the following lines? Explain.

The earth is not your property alone -

It's as much ours as yours.

Reference beyond the text

- a. What human behaviours are responsible for the suffering in people's lives?
- b. How does an epidemic differ from pandemic? Briefly explain the impact of Corona Virus on human life and environment.

Robert Burns

Before Reading

Answer these questions.

- How do people express love?
- What is the symbolic meaning of 'rose'?
- What images in nature would you use to express love?

Robert Burns (1759-1796) was a Scottish poet and lyricist. He is considered the national poet of Scotland and a central figure in Scottish literature. His father was a tenant farmer, and Burns worked as a plowboy. He grew up poor but well-read and began writing poetry in Scottish dialect. As an adult, he was as unsuccessful as his father in making a living at farming.



In 1791, however, he quit farming for good and moved his family to the nearby town of Dumfries. Never in good health, on the morning of July 21, 1796, he died in Dumfries at the age of 37. He is best known as a pioneer of the Romantic Movement for his lyrical poetry.

The poem '*A Red, Red Rose*' is a lyrical ballad that describes the speaker's deep love for his beloved and promises that this love will last longer than human life. The beloved of the speaker is as beautiful as the red rose and as sweet as the music. With the help of the literary devices, the poet has sketched a very vivid and realistic picture of his profound love.

Reading

O, my love is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June.
O, my love is like the melody,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonny lass,
So deep in love am I,
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun!
And I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only love,
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!



Glossary

a'(det.): short form of the word 'all'

art (v.): an older form of the word 'are'

bonny (adj.): attractive, beautiful

gang (v.): 'go' in Scottish

lass (n.): a girl or young woman

o' (prep.): short form of the word 'of'

weel (adj.): an older form of the word 'well'

thee (pro.): an older form of the word 'you'

tho' (conj.): though

thou (pro.): an older form of the word 'you'

wi' (prep.): short form of the word 'with'

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

- To which two things does the speaker compare his love in the first stanza?
- What does the speaker promise in the second and third stanzas?

- c. What imagery does he use in his promise, and why do you think he uses such language?
- d. In the last stanza, what event is about to happen by mentioning the number of miles?
- e. Which image in the poem do you find the most memorable or surprising and why?

Reference to the context

- a. What can you infer about the speaker's devotion to his beloved from the following lines?

*And I will come again, my love,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!*

- b. What is the theme of the poem?
- c. Paraphrase the whole poem into simple prose form.
- d. Literary devices are tools that enable the writers to present their ideas, emotions, and feelings and also help the readers understand those more profound meanings. Analyse the poem in terms of the literary devices such as simile, symbolism, imagery, alliteration, and assonance.
- e. What is hyperbole? Explain its purpose citing examples of hyperbole used in the poem.
- f. What is refrain? Why is it used in the poem? Explain citing an example from the poem.

Reference beyond the text

- a. What kind of love is expressed in "A Red, Red Rose"?
- b. Do you think that love has power? Why do the poets compose poems addressing their beloved?
- c. Poetry is the expression of feeling and emotions. Explain.

William Shakespeare

Before Reading

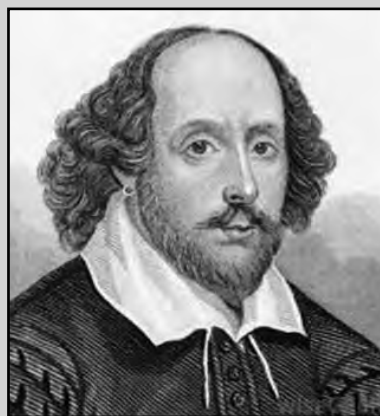
Answer these questions.

- How does life begin?
- Do you think that the whole world is a stage?
- Are we the actors in the world? What roles can a person play in his/her life?

William Shakespeare (1564-1616) was an English poet, dramatist and actor of the Renaissance era. He is widely regarded as the greatest writer in English language and the world's greatest dramatist. His most famous works include *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, *Romeo and Juliet* and *Macbeth*.

This poem is taken from William Shakespeare's play *As You Like It*. With these words “*all the world's a stage*” begins the monologue by the character Melancholy Jaques in Act II Scene VI of the play.

In this poem, Shakespeare has compared life with a stage. The seven stages of a person's life are infant, school going boy, lover/husband, soldier/fighter, justice/ability to understand the right and wrong, Pantalone (greediness and high in status) and old-age., which can come into your mind when you go through this poem with the theme that a person is the ultimate loser in the game of life.

**Reading**

All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players;
 They have their exits and their entrances,
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
 Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail

Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.



Glossary

furnace (n.): a device for heating

hose (n.): tights, thin trousers that men wore in Shakespeare's time

mewling (v.): crying weakly with a soft, high-pitched sound

oaths (n.): promises

oblivion (n.): a state of nothingness

pard (n.): a leopard

puking (v.): vomiting

sans (prep.): without, lacking

satchel (n.): a shoulder bag for school

treble (adj.): high-pitched

whining (v.): uttering a high-pitched cry

woeful (adj.): sorrowful; distressed with grief

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

- a. Why does the poet compare the world with a stage?
- b. What is the first stage in a human's life? In what sense can it be a troubling stage?
- c. Describe the second stage of life based on the poem.
- d. Why is the last stage called second childhood?
- e. In what sense are we the players in the world stage?

Reference to the context

- a. Explain the following lines:
All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players
- b. Explain the following lines briefly with reference to the context.
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
- c. Read the given lines and answer the questions that follow.
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.
 - i. Which stage of life is being referred to here by the poet?
 - ii. Which figure of speech has been employed in the second line?
 - iii. Who is compared to the snail?
 - iv. Does the boy go to the school willingly?
- d. Simile and metaphor are the two major poetic devices used in this poem. Explain citing examples of each.
- e. Which style does the poet use to express his emotions about how he thinks that the world is a stage and all the people living in it are mere players?
- f. What is the theme of this poem?

Reference beyond the text

- a. Describe the various stages of a human's life picturised in the poem "All the World's a Stage."
- b. Is Shakespeare's comparison of human's life with a drama stage apt? How?

E. E. Cummings

Before Reading**Answer these questions.**

- Have you ever looked out through a window and taken pleasure in what you saw? If so, what did you look at?
- Which beautiful scenes do you think would make you want to look out through the window?
- Do you write the pronoun 'I' capital or small in writing?

E(dward) E(stlin) Cummings (1894-1962), often styled as e e cummings, was an American poet, painter, essayist, novelist, and playwright. He wrote approximately 2,900 poems, two autobiographical novels, four plays, and several essays, as well as numerous drawings and paintings.



He developed the style of poetry writing for which he became renowned, with its unconventional use of capitalization, punctuation, spacing, and structure. He is regarded as an eminent voice of the 20th century English literature.

Cummings' poem '*who are you, little i*' describes a child looking out a window at the end of the day. It is about nature and the effect it has on the speaker. The speaker of the poem is the person "voicing" the words, recalling a childhood moment closely connected with nature. Perhaps the speaker is Cummings.

Reading

who are you, little i
 (five or six years old)
 peering from some high
 window; at the gold
 of November sunset
 (and feeling: that if day
 has to become night

this is a beautiful way)

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

- a. Who can be the speaker of this poem?
- b. What is “little i” doing?
- c. What can be the relationship between “little i” and the speaker of the poem?
- d. What is the speaker remembering from his childhood days in the poem?
- e. What attitude does the speaker seem to have toward the child in the poem?

Reference to the context

- a. Why do you think Cummings has placed a semicolon between the words window and at?
- b. If the speaker is the child grown up, why does he ask, “who are you”?
- c. In this poem, an adult reflects on the childhood experience. Based on that, what might be the theme of the lines: “(and feeling: that if day / has to become night / this is a beautiful way)”?
- d. What is the rhyme scheme used in the poem?
- e. Explain the pun in “little i” that is related to what he is doing.
- f. How does Cummings’s use of lowercase letters affect your understanding of the poem? Explain.

Reference beyond the text

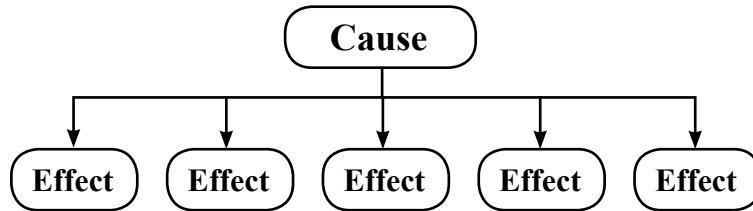
- a. How does nature inspire the speaker in “who are you, little i”? Explain.
- b. Recall a childhood moment when you felt closely connected with nature. Describe the time and place as well as your feelings and thoughts about it.
- c. Interpret the poem in any way you like.

Tran Mong Tu (translated by Vann Phan)

Before Reading

Answer these questions.

- Have you ever experienced the death of someone close to you? If yes, how did you feel?
- Is war always destructive?
- Using a cause-and-effect chart like the one given here, describe the immediate effects that person's death had on you and others.



Tran Mong Tu was born and grown up in Hai Dong, North Vietnam in 1943. She worked for Associated Press in South Vietnam in the 1960s. She moved to the US in 1975 after South Vietnam fall. Tran had wanted to be a writer since elementary school, but her poetry was not published until she reached the United States.



Today, she frequently contributes poems and short stories to Vietnamese literary publications in the US and other countries. “*War is a terrible thing,*” says Tran, who has first-hand experience of the Vietnam War (1954-1975). According to Tran, “The Vietnam War is a shameful experience, for both Vietnamese and Americans.” Many people in both countries felt the terrible tragedy of the war. Losses in the war were heavy; more than two million Vietnamese and 57,000 Americans died.

In the poem ‘*The Gift in Wartime*’, Tran addresses an absent person. For example, as she says, “I offer you roses,” the person to whom she is speaking is not present and can neither hear nor understand what she is saying.

Reading

I offer you roses
Buried in your new grave
I offer you my wedding gown
To cover your tomb still green with grass.

You give me medals
Together with silver stars
And the yellow pips on your badge
Unused and still shining.

I offer you my youth
The days we were still in love
My youth died away
When they told me the bad news.

You give me the smell of blood
From your war dress
Your blood and your enemy's
So that I may be moved.

I offer you clouds
That linger on my eyes on summer days
I offer you cold winters
Amid my springtime of life.

You give me your lips with no smile
You give me your arms without tenderness
You give me your eyes with no sight
And your motionless body.

Seriously, I apologize to you
I promise to meet you in our next life
I will hold this shrapnel as a token
By which we will recognize each other.



Glossary

pips (n.): military badges of rank worn on the shoulder

shrapnel (n.): fragments scattered from exploding bombs

tenderness (n.): a feeling of concern, gentle affection or warmth

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

- a. Who is the speaker addressing and why can that person not hear or understand what she is saying?
- b. What can you infer about the speaker's feelings for the person addressed as "you"?
- c. What is the speaker's attitude toward war?
- d. In what ways do you think this person's fate has affected the speaker?
- e. What does the speaker promise at the end of the poem? Why do you think the speaker does this?

Reference to the context

- a. What is the theme of the poem?
- b. What imagery from the poem made the greatest impression on you? Why?
- c. Which figurative language is used in the poem? Explain with examples.
- d. What does the speaker "offer" in this poem? What does the person addressed as "you" give in return?
- e. An apostrophe is a literary device in which a writer or speaker addresses an absent person or an abstract idea in such a way as if it were present and can understand. Discuss the poem in relation to apostrophe.

Reference beyond the text

- a. One way to get relief from grief is to write or talk about it. In your opinion, how might the speaker in this poem have benefitted from saying what she did? Explain.
- b. Write an essay on the effects of war.

*Frank LaPena***Before Reading**

Answer these questions.

- Do you share your cultural traditions with your friends?
- Did your parents tell you stories when you were a child? If yes, did they have anything to do with your culture or values?
- Should we preserve our cultural values and traditions? Why?

Frank LaPena (1937-2019) was born in San Francisco, California. He attended federal Indian boarding school in Stewart, Nevada. He received his Bachelor of Arts degree from Chico State in 1965 and a Master of Arts in Anthropology at Sac State in 1978. He lectured widely on American Indian traditional and cultural issues, emphasizing California traditions.



He was a professor of art and former director of Native American Studies at California State University, Sacramento. His paintings, sculpture, and poetry reflect a deep understanding and love of his native heritage. He was a founding member of the Maidu Dancers and Traditionalists, dedicated to the revival and preservation of Native arts. He also published several volumes of poetry and wrote a report on contemporary California art activities for *News from Native California*. He was quite interested in the arts and traditions of Native Americans. He coedited *Legends of Yosemite Miwok* (1992) with Craig D. Bates and wrote *Dream Songs and Ceremony: Reflections on Traditional California Indian Dance* (2004). The essay 'Sharing Tradition' is about passing on culture and values from generation to generation through oral tradition. For this, we must listen to our elders' stories.

Reading

I was thinking one day about recent deaths of some of the traditional people and how

difficult it is to maintain tradition. I was also thinking how important oral tradition is in helping maintain the values of culture, and how in a sense oral tradition is also an art form. As the elders pass on, the young people fill their places. Even though we know no one lives forever, no one dies if what they have gained by living is carried forward by those who follow—if we as individuals assume the responsibilities. This is easy to talk and write about, but it is hard to practise.

Not everyone is capable of fulfilling the roles of the elders. On one hand, everyone who lives long enough automatically becomes an elder—it is something that just happens. Yet some elders have enhanced their lives by creating a special “niche,” and once they have passed on, that niche is hard to fill. Religious obligations for the ceremonies and dance, for example, were reflected in their knowledge and in how those elders lived and how they affected people around them in common everyday activities as well. In fact, after the elders passed away, their knowledge of the culture and the responsibilities they had in their community had to be assumed by several individuals.

Because longevity is the guarantor of becoming an elder, the young don’t pay too much attention to something that will happen some years down the road, but they regret it later. I have talked to individuals who were seventy years old or older, and even those forty and fifty years old, and they all expressed the feeling that they wished they had listened more, remembered more, or asked more about the things that the elders were willing to share with them.

The separation that exists between generations will always be with us. Each generation is faced with new technologies which replace the old; ever-growing populations make necessary new developments that replace fertile land with housing and impact on the natural resources of air and water. Part of tradition is tied to a natural world which is being destroyed. If we are not worried about the apocalypse, getting killed in the streets, or having the drug culture undercut our lives, we might wonder what kind of world it will be in the future. It is hard to live with all the stress, worry, and change that modern technology imposes on people. It is hard to maintain traditions in such circumstances. Our world is not the world of our great-grandparents.

So we have to remind ourselves that there are things that transcend generations, and the living force of that truth is carried by the person-to-person confidentiality of oral tradition. A lot depends upon the transmission of information from one person to another. Oral tradition is the educational tool of understanding the natural world.

Oral tradition is not, however, the way many people in modern society learn things. The

educational process of getting degrees to show how educated we are forces people to do things out of necessity and not necessarily out of interest, passion for the true story, or because it is good for the community. Sometimes modern researchers gathering what they think is “oral” material “in the field” are not always told the truth. I can still see the smile of my friend who used to tell people “whatever they wanted to hear. I let them figure it out later,” he said. Or a person doesn’t understand what has been told, so he/she corrects it by modifying the material so it makes sense. The result is that erroneous information is published and falsely validates one’s research. With the printed word there is a tendency to place the author as “someone who knows” what’s going on. As “experts,” writers and lecturers may be put into a position where they think they must have an answer, so they answer by making something up. We need to learn to say we don’t know the answer, and direct the question to someone who might know. We need to learn from the elders who sometimes say “I’ll sleep on it,” or who approach a problem by having everybody’s input come up with an answer—which can be changed. Logistically, it is harder to correct errors in a book if it is already published.

A living oral tradition, as opposed to a literary tradition, accommodates corrections, because the stories are “known” by the listeners—although today a story could be someone’s fantasy and it might be harder to validate. The source of one’s information and how it was given affects how correct it is. Only if one is patient and gains information over a long period of time is it possible to get a proper understanding of one’s information. If a person is one of the groups (an insider), usually the information is given correctly, because it relates to something the speaker and listener have a vested interest in or participate in. It is their life. It is worth doing right.

For an artist, the oral tradition has an impact on how one visualizes the stories, the characters, the designs and colour for art, the atmosphere, and other information which can be useful to an artist. If I think of these elders whom I respect and love and who were my teachers, I sometimes wonder—as I extend and alter the traditions—if I am somehow not doing right by them. If an artist’s work is abstract, is it true to the stories? At what time of doing one’s art does the artist begin to relate conceptually instead of representationally to his source, and is that good or bad? Ultimately being good or bad can refer to how we do our art—what’s included or left out, and how true the artwork is to the “real” Native American thing. Do our modern life and new things function independently of or holistically with the old ways and symbols? Each of us has choices in the outcome of our lives.

As an artist, I won't try to answer these questions because the answers will be reflected in artists' works, and how they explain their work and how they understand their work. Each of us makes choices in how we work and how we live. If one knows tradition and modifies how he/she presents it, I hope it is not only for one's ego but that more independently we are also paying attention to the source of our inspiration. And if it is tradition, I hope that we honour the elders and think of the responsibility they entrusted to us by sharing the traditions with us.

Glossary

alter (v.): change

apocalypse (n.): a very serious event resulting in great destruction and change

confidentiality (n.): the state of keeping or being kept secret or private

entrust (v.): give responsibility for

erroneous (adj.): wrong; incorrect

holistically (adv.): relating to or concerned with wholes or with complete systems

logistically (adv.): something done in logical or practical way

longevity (n.): long life

niche (n.): ideal position; slot

obligation (n.): responsibility, compulsion

transcend (v.): rise above or go beyond the limits of something

validate (v.): check or prove the validity or accuracy of something

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

- a. According to LaPena, what is the importance of the oral tradition? To what extent do you agree with his opinions and why?
- b. Who preserve and pass on the oral tradition?
- c. What is the danger of not passing on information from generation to generation?
- d. What is the difference between oral tradition and literary tradition?
- e. How does LaPena establish a relationship between art and the oral tradition?

Reference the context

- a. LaPena states that the oral tradition helps maintain the values of a culture. If you believe that the oral tradition is important, how would you maintain it?

- b. “Not everyone is capable of fulfilling the roles of the elders.” Explain this statement with reference to the essay.
- c. What is the controlling idea or thesis of this essay?
- d. How do topic sentences guide the reader through the essay? What would be lost without them?
- e. What are the four major problems developed by LaPena with regard to maintaining the oral tradition. How are they used to structure the essay?

Reference beyond the text

- a. Write a paragraph or two explaining your attitude toward the oral tradition of passing along information.
- b. Our culture is our identity. Write a few paragraphs explaining how you intend to preserve your culture, values and norms.

Before Reading

Answer these questions.

- What do you know about Steve Jobs' family and economic background?
- Steve Jobs was a very successful man. What makes a person successful in your view?
- Steve Jobs had many doubts on how he wanted to lead his life. Do you have the same problem?

Steven Jobs (1955-2011) was an American business magnate, industrial designer, investor, and media proprietor. He was the chairperson, chief executive officer (CEO), and co-founder of Apple Inc. and one of the pioneers of microcomputer technology. He was named the most powerful person in business by Fortune magazine in 2007.



The then CEO of Apple Computer, Steve Jobs' speech '*How to Live Before You Die*' adopts a tripartite structure and uses autobiographical anecdotes to communicate a message of resilience and personal integrity. This inspiring speech was delivered at Stanford University 2005 commencement address.

Reading

Now read the following transcript of Steve Jobs' full speech.

I am honoured to be with you today at your commencement from one of the finest universities in the world.

Truth be told, I never graduated from college, and this is the closest I've ever gotten to a college graduation.

Today I want to tell you three stories from my life. That's it. No big deal. Just three stories.

The first story is about connecting the dots.

I dropped out of Reed College after the first six months, but then stayed around as a

drop-in for another 18 months or so before I really quit. So why did I drop out?

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

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

It wasn’t all romantic. I didn’t have a dorm room, so I slept on the floor in friends’ rooms, I returned Coke bottles for the 5¢ deposits to buy food with, and I would walk the 7 miles across town every Sunday night to get one good meal a week at the Hare Krishna temple. I loved it. And much of what I stumbled into by following my curiosity and intuition turned out to be priceless later on. Let me give you one example:

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

None of this had even a hope of any practical application in my life. But ten years later, when we were designing the first Macintosh computer, it all came back to me. And we

designed it all into the Mac. It was the first computer with beautiful typography. If I had never dropped in on that single course in college, the Mac would have never had multiple typefaces or proportionally spaced fonts. And since Windows just copied the Mac, it's likely that no personal computer would have them. If I had never dropped out, I would have never dropped in on this calligraphy class, and personal computers might not have the wonderful typography that they do. Of course, it was impossible to connect the dots looking forward when I was in college. But it was very, very clear looking backward ten years later.

Again, you can't connect the dots looking forward; you can only connect them looking backward. So you have to trust that the dots will somehow connect in your future. You have to trust in something — your gut, destiny, life, karma, whatever. This approach has never let me down, and it has made all the difference in my life.

My second story is about love and loss.

I was lucky — I found what I loved to do early in life. Woz and I started Apple in my parents' garage when I was 20. We worked hard, and in 10 years Apple had grown from just the two of us in a garage into a \$2 billion company with over 4,000 employees. We had just released our finest creation — the Macintosh — a year earlier, and I had just turned 30. And then I got fired. How can you get fired from a company you started? Well, as Apple grew we hired someone who I thought was very talented to run the company with me, and for the first year or so things went well. But then our visions of the future began to diverge and eventually we had a falling out. When we did, our Board of Directors sided with him. So at 30 I was out. And very publicly out. What had been the focus of my entire adult life was gone, and it was devastating.

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

I didn't see it then, but it turned out that getting fired from Apple was the best thing that could have ever happened to me. The heaviness of being successful was replaced by the lightness of being a beginner again, less sure about everything. It freed me to enter one of the most creative periods of my life.

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

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

My third story is about death.

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

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

About a year ago I was diagnosed with cancer. I had a scan at 7:30 in the morning, and it clearly showed a tumour on my pancreas. I didn't even know what a pancreas was. The doctors told me this was almost certainly a type of cancer that is incurable, and that I should expect to live no longer than three to six months. My doctor advised me to

go home and get my affairs in order, which is doctor's code for prepare to die. It means to try to tell your kids everything you thought you'd have the next 10 years to tell them in just a few months. It means to make sure everything is buttoned up so that it will be as easy as possible for your family. It means to say your goodbyes.

I lived with that diagnosis all day. Later that evening I had a biopsy, where they stuck an endoscope down my throat, through my stomach and into my intestines, put a needle into my pancreas and got a few cells from the tumour. I was sedated, but my wife, who was there, told me that when they viewed the cells under a microscope the doctors started crying because it turned out to be a very rare form of pancreatic cancer that is curable with surgery. I had the surgery and I'm fine now.

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

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

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

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

Stewart and his team put out several issues of *The Whole Earth Catalog*, and then when it had run its course, they put out a final issue. It was the mid-1970s, and I was your age. On the back cover of their final issue was a photograph of an early

morning country road, the kind you might find yourself hitchhiking on if you were so adventurous. Beneath it were the words: “Stay Hungry. Stay Foolish.” It was their farewell message as they signed off. Stay Hungry. Stay Foolish. And I have always wished that for myself. And now, as you graduate to begin anew, I wish that for you.

Stay Hungry. Stay Foolish.

Thank you all very much.

NOTES

David Packard (1912-1996): an American electrical engineer and the co-founder of Hewlett-Packard Company, manufacturer of electronic measuring devices, calculators, and computers

Bob Noyce (1927-1990): an American engineer and co-inventor of the integrated circuit

Stewart Brand (born in 1938): an American writer, best known as editor of the Whole Earth Catalog

Glossary

calligraphy (n.): decorative handwriting or handwritten lettering

commencement (n.): a ceremony in which degrees or diplomas are conferred on graduating students

dogma (n.): a principle or belief accepted as true

generation (n.): all of the people born and living at about the same time

intuition (n.): an ability to understand or know something immediately based on your feelings

naively (adv.): in a way that shows a lack of experience, wisdom, or judgment

relent (v.): to change one’s mind; agree to something

sedated (adj.): being in a calm, relaxed state

serif (n.): a short line at the end of the main strokes of a letter

unwed (adj.): not married

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

a. What is the story about Steve Jobs’ birth?

- b. What does he mean when he says, “you can’t connect the dots looking forward; you can only connect them looking backwards”?
- c. What happened when Steve Jobs turned 30?
- d. Jobs contends that you need to love to do what you do in order to be great at it. Do you agree or disagree? Why?
- e. Is death really life’s greatest invention?

Reference to the context

- a. Read the extract given below and answer the questions that follow:
“We have an unexpected baby boy; do you want him?” They said: “Of course.”
 - i. Who was the baby boy?
 - ii. What does ‘do you want him?’ mean?
 - iii. Who does ‘they’ refer to?
- b. Explain the following lines:
 - i. “You have to trust in something — your gut, destiny, life, karma, whatever.”
 - ii. “Your time is limited, so don’t waste it living someone else’s life.”
- c. What does he mean by “don’t settle”?
- d. Which style of speech is used by the speaker to persuade the audience?
- e. It is not easy to motivate others. How do you think Steve Jobs’ speech is so inspiring?
- f. Why do you think Steve Jobs used the personal narrative story telling technique in his speech? What influence does it have on the audiences?

Reference beyond the text

- a. One of Steve Jobs mottos was: 'Think differently'. Can this make a person succeed in life? What challenges are there in thinking differently?
- b. What does the slogan “Stay hungry; stay foolish” mean to you?
- c. What does it mean to be a visionary? What makes Steve Jobs different from a fortune teller?

J.B.S. Haldane

Before Reading

Answer these questions.

- What do you want to be in your life?
- Do you see equality in your society or any discrimination?
- What are the basic needs of human beings?

John Burdon Sanderson Haldane (1892-1964) was a British-Indian scientist known for his work in the study of physiology, genetics, evolutionary biology, and mathematics. His formal schooling was done at Eton College and New College at Oxford. He obtained his M.A. in 1914. Soon after, Haldane enlisted in the British Army and served during World War I. After returning from the war, Haldane began his teaching career at University.



Haldane's first paper in 1915 demonstrated genetic linkage in mammals. Haldane was a professed socialist, Marxist, atheist and humanist. His political dissent led him to renounce his British citizenship in 1956 and live in India, becoming a naturalised Indian citizen. His major works include *Daedalus* (1924), *Animal Biology* (with British evolutionist Julian Huxley, 1927), *The Inequality of Man* (1932), *The Causes of Evolution* (1932), *The Marxist Philosophy and the Sciences* (1938), *Keeping Cool and Other Essays* (1940), *Science Advances* (1947), and *The Biochemistry of Genetics* (1954).

The essay '*What I Require from Life*' (1940), first published in *The Daily Worker*, reflects socialistic convictions demanding democratic activities in work places. This essay is written in simple and lucid language.

Reading

I have got to accept the universe as it is. I must not require the impossible, and I shall do harm rather than good if I try to imagine perfect beings in a perfect world. But given the world as it is, I can say what I may reasonably hope both for myself and for others.

I was born in a peaceful age, and in my youth I looked forward to a life of peace. Since 1914 I have been living in a heroic age, and I see no prospect of surviving into another epoch of peace and quiet. So I must try to make the best of the time in which I live. What do I ask for myself? I assume that I have food, water, clothes, and shelter.

First, work, and a decent wage for my work. Aristotle defined happiness, not as a sum of pleasures, but as unimpeded activity. I want work which is hard but interesting, work of which I can see the fruits. I am exceptionally lucky because I can choose my own work to a large extent. If I want a respite from science I can go and be a war correspondent, or write children's stories, or make political speeches.

So I enjoy a good deal of my second requirement, freedom, in fact vastly more than most people. But I want still more, particularly more freedom of speech. I should like to say and write what I think about Lord Blank's newspapers, Mr Dash's pills, and Sir John Asterisk's beer, all of which are poisonous. The law of libel prevents me from doing so.

I require health. I don't mind an occasional toothache or headache, or even an acute illness every seven years or so. But I want to be fit for work and enjoyment in the intervals, and to die when I can work no longer.

I require friendship. Particularly I require the friendship of my colleagues and comrades in scientific and political work. I want the society of equals who will criticize me, and whom I can criticize. I cannot be friends with a person whose orders I have to obey without criticism before or after, or with one who has to obey my orders in a similar way. And I find friendship with people much richer or poorer than myself very difficult.

These four things are general human needs. For myself I also demand adventure. Since my life is useful it would be wrong to risk it for the mere sake of risk, as by mountaineering or motor racing. As a physiologist I can try experiments on myself, and I can also participate in wars and revolutions of which I approve. By the way, love of adventure does not mean love of thrills. I spent six weeks in Madrid during the recent siege. The only thrill that I got there was from reading Rimbaud's poetry. The satisfaction of adventure is something much more solid than a thrill.

There are other things which I desire, but do not demand. I like to have a room of my own with some books, a motor-car, and a daily bath. I should like to have a garden, a bathing-pool, a beach, or a river within easy reach. But I have not, and I bear up quite happily.

I am an exceptionally lucky person because I get a good deal of what I want, and can work actively for the rest. But most of my fellows do not enjoy what I regard as essential requirements. And I cannot be completely happy while they are unhappy.

I want to see every healthy man and woman on the planet at work. But everywhere outside the Soviet Union there is unemployment, though very little in Sweden. I am a socialist because unemployment, at least during times of depression, is an essential feature of capitalism. I want the workers to see the fruit of their own work not in profits for others, but in their own and their friends' well-being. My main personal complaint is that my work is not applied. I discover new biological facts, but no use is made of them, because although the community would benefit, no individuals would make profits from their application.

I want to see the workers controlling their conditions of work as I control my own to a considerable extent. Most work is dull, much of it is unhealthy and exhausting. This need not be the case, and I believe will not be after a few generations of democracy in industry. How pleasant work can be shown by a simple fact. When we have time and money to spare, two of our favourite occupations are hunting and gardening, the work of our paleolithic and neolithic ancestors respectively. I am a socialist because I want industry to be controlled by the workers. Freedom should begin in the workshop.

I want to see every man and woman as healthy as possible. This implies food, housing, and medical attendance of the quantity and quality which human biology demands and modern technique can supply.

I want to see the end of class subjection and sex subjection. Only so will the equality which is the condition for fraternity be achieved. Since the main barriers between classes and the main reasons for the subjection of women are economic, I look to a revolution in the economic field for their end.

I am a socialist because I want to see my fellow men and women enjoying the advantages which I enjoy myself. I know that socialism will not confer all these advantages in an instant, but if I live to see capitalism overthrown and the workers in power through most of Europe I shall die happy.

Certain things are lacking in my list of requirements, notably peace and security. It is futile to require things which one is most unlikely to obtain. Fascism is a living reality, and fascism, as Hitler and Mussolini explicitly state, and prove by their actions, implies war. War is spreading at present. I sincerely hope that it will not spread over the world, as it spread from 1914 to 1917; but I do not look forward to perfect peace

till fascism is dead.

I fully realize that peace and security are rightful aims, and that my own desire for violent adventure is probably merely an adaptation to the age in which I live. I am a child of my age, and all the worse for being one. I therefore demand security rather than adventure for others.

I have said nothing about many things which I desire to see, such as a spread of education, and an increasing application of scientific methods in all branches of life. From what I have seen in Russia and in Spain I do not doubt that these and other good things would follow almost automatically if our class distinctions were abolished.

To sum up, for myself I require food, warmth, work, liberty, health, and friendship. For the society in which I live I require socialism.

Supplementary to my requirements of life are my requirements of death. Of all men whose deaths are recorded, I consider that Socrates' was the most enviable. He died for his convictions, when he could easily have survived by betraying them. He died at the age of about seventy, still in full possession of his faculties, but having completed all the work which he could reasonably hope to do. And he died laughing. His last words were a joke.

I do not require of death that I shall be as fortunate as Socrates. A death which fulfils all the three conditions of his is very rare. But if I can achieve even two of them I shall have done well, and though my friends may lament me, I trust that they will not pity me.

NOTES

Aristotle (384-322 B.C.): an ancient Greek philosopher, student of Plato and founder of Western philosophy

Lord Blank, Mr Dash, Sir John Asterisk: names invented for humorous effect

Madrid: the Spanish capital

Rimbaud: Jean Nicolas Arthur Rimbaud (1854-1891) was a French poet and the Symbolist.

Fascism: a political system of government led by a dictator having complete power

Hitler: Adolf Hitler (1889-1945) was the leader of the Nazi Party who rose to become dictator of Germany (1933-45) whose fascist agenda led to World War II.

Mussolini: Benito Mussolini (1883-1945) was an Italian political leader who became the fascist dictator of Italy (1925-1945).

Socrates (470-399 B.C.): an ancient Greek philosopher

Glossary

ancestors (n.): forefathers, predecessors

confer (v.): grant or bestow (a title, degree, benefit, or right)

decent (adj.): satisfactory, reasonable, fair

enviable (adj.): arousing or likely to arouse envy

epoch (n.): a period of time in history or a person's life

fraternity (n.): brotherhood, friendship

futile (adj.): incapable of producing any useful result; pointless

lament (v.): to express deep regret, grief, or sorrow

libel (n.): a published false statement that is damaging to a person's reputation

neolithic (adj.): relating to or denoting the later part of the Stone Age

paleolithic (adj.): relating to or denoting the early phase of the Stone Age

prospect (n.): possibility, likelihood

respite (n.): a short period of rest or relief from something difficult or unpleasant

siege (n.): a military blockade of a city or fortified place to compel it to surrender

thrill (n.): a sudden feeling of excitement and pleasure

unimpeded (adj.): not obstructed or hindered

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

- How does the writer distinguish between a peaceful age and a heroic age?
- Why does the writer want more freedom of speech than most people?
- According to the writer, what are the four general human needs?
- What is the difference between desire and demand according to the writer?
- Why does the writer demand security?

Reference to the context

Explain the following lines with reference to the context:

- a. “The satisfaction of adventure is something much more solid than a thrill.”
- b. “I want the workers to see the fruit of their own work not in profits for others, but in their own and their friends’ well-being.”
- c. Why do you think the essayist has taken reference from the ancient philosophers?
- d. Discuss the essay in terms of its language, purpose, subject, point of view and mode of writing.

Reference beyond the text

- a. What do you require from your life to be happy and satisfied?
- b. What is socialism? How is it different from capitalism?
- c. Write an essay about your dream house.

Jo Goodwin Parker

Before Reading

Answer these questions.

- What do you consider poverty to be? Do you have a definitive explanation of it or do you consider it an abstract circumstance?
- Look at this picture. What do you see? Where do you see such people? Who are the poor? Why are they poor? Where do the poor usually live?



Jo Goodwin Parker was an anonymous person from West Virginia, the Southern United States. Parker mailed her essay to George Henderson, preferring that the editor present no byline. George Henderson, a professor at the University of Oklahoma, received it while he was writing his 1971 book, *America's Other Children: Public Schools Outside Suburbia*.



It was signed “*Jo Goodwin Parker*”. No further information was ever discovered about the essay or its source. Whether the author of this essay was in reality a woman describing her own painful experiences or a sympathetic writer who had adopted her persona, Jo Goodwin Parker remains a mystery. So in keeping with the spirit of its initial publication, Parker’s essay is kept here without any biographical data about its author.

Jo Goodwin Parker’s essay ‘*What is Poverty?*’ is about Parker who has personally experienced rural poverty. She explains her story from childhood to adulthood. Her struggles are overwhelming. Using examples drawn from personal experience, she explains the meaning of poverty in this essay. Her use of connotative language creates many harsh images of her experiences in a life of poverty illustrating the difficulties and challenges her impoverished family experiences. The essay is a personal account, addressed directly to the reader, about living in poverty.

Reading

You ask me what is poverty? Listen to me. Here I am, dirty, smelly, and with no “proper” underwear on and with the stench of my rotting teeth near you. I will tell you. Listen to me. Listen without pity. I cannot use your pity. Listen with understanding. Put yourself in my dirty, worn out, ill-fitting shoes, and hear me.

Poverty is getting up every morning from a dirt- and illness-stained mattress. The sheets have long since been used for diapers. Poverty is living in a smell that never leaves. This is a smell of urine, sour milk, and spoiling food sometimes joined with the strong smell of long-cooked onions. Onions are cheap. If you have smelled this smell, you did not know how it came. It is the smell of the outdoor privy. It is the smell of young children who cannot walk the long dark way in the night. It is the smell of the mattress where years of “accidents” have happened. It is the smell of the milk which has gone sour because the refrigerator long has not worked, and it costs money to get it fixed. It is the smell of rotting garbage. I could bury it, but where is the shovel? Shovels cost money.

Poverty is being tired. I have always been tired. They told me at the hospital when the last baby came that I had chronic anemia caused from poor diet, a bad case of worms, and that I needed a corrective operation. I listened politely—the poor are always polite. The poor always listen. They don’t say that there is no money for iron pills, or better food, or worm medicine. The idea of an operation is frightening and costs so much that, if I had dared, I would have laughed. Who takes care of my children? Recovery from an operation takes a long time. I have three children. When I left them with “Granny” the last time I had a job, I came home to find the baby covered with fly specks, and a diaper that had not been changed since I left. When the dried diaper came off, bits of my baby’s flesh came with it. My other child was playing with a sharp bit of broken glass, and my oldest was playing alone at the edge of a lake. I made twenty-two dollars a week, and a good nursery school costs twenty dollars a week for three children. I quit my job.

Poverty is dirt. You can say in your clean clothes coming from your clean house, “Anybody can be clean.” Let me explain about housekeeping with no money. For breakfast, I give my children grits with no oleo or cornbread without eggs and oleo. This does not use up many dishes. What dishes there are, I wash in cold water and with no soap. Even the cheapest soap has to be saved for the baby’s diapers. Look at my hands, so cracked and red. Once I saved for two months to buy a jar of Vaseline for my

hands and the baby's diaper rash. When I had saved enough, I went to buy it and the price had gone up two cents. The baby and I suffered on. I have to decide every day if I can bear to put my cracked sore hands into the cold water and strong soap. But you ask, why not hot water? Fuel costs money. If you have a wood fire, it costs money. If you burn electricity, it costs money. Hot water is a luxury. I do not have luxuries. I know you will be surprised when I tell you how young I am. I look so much older. My back has been bent over the wash tubs every day for so long, I cannot remember when I ever did anything else. Every night I wash every stitch my school age child has on and just hope her clothes will be dry by morning.

Poverty is staying up all night on cold nights to watch the fire knowing one spark on the newspaper covering the walls means your sleeping child dies in flames. In summer, poverty is watching gnats and flies devour your baby's tears when he cries. The screens are torn and you pay so little rent you know they will never be fixed. Poverty means insects in your food, in your nose, in your eyes, and crawling over you when you sleep. Poverty is hoping it never rains because diapers won't dry when it rains and soon you are using newspapers. Poverty is seeing your children forever with runny noses. Paper handkerchiefs cost money and all your rags you need for other things. Even more costly are antihistamines. Poverty is cooking without food and cleaning without soap.

Poverty is asking for help. Have you ever had to ask for help, knowing your children will suffer unless you get it? Think about asking for a loan from a relative, if this is the only way you can imagine asking for help. I will tell you how it feels. You find out where the office is that you are supposed to visit. You circle that block four or five times. Thinking of your children, you go in. Everyone is very busy. Finally, someone comes out and you tell her that you need help. That never is the person you need to see. You go see another person, and after spilling the whole shame of your poverty all over the desk between you, you find that this isn't the right office after all—you must repeat the whole process, and it never is any easier at the next place.

You have asked for help, and after all it has a cost. You are again told to wait. You are told why, but you don't really hear because of the red cloud of shame and the rising cloud of despair.

Poverty is remembering. It is remembering quitting school in junior high because "nice" children had been so cruel about my clothes and my smell. The attendance officer came. My mother told him I was pregnant. I wasn't, but she thought that I could

get a job and help out. I had jobs off and on, but never long enough to learn anything. Mostly I remember being married. I was so young then. I am still young. For a time, we had all the things you have. There was a little house in another town, with hot water and everything. Then my husband lost his job. There was unemployment insurance for a while and what few jobs I could get. Soon, all our nice things were repossessed and we moved back here. I was pregnant then. This house didn't look so bad when we first moved in. Every week it gets worse. Nothing is ever fixed. We now had no money. There were a few odd jobs for my husband, but everything went for food then, as it does now. I don't know how we lived through three years and three babies, but we did. I'll tell you something, after the last baby I destroyed my marriage. It had been a good one, but could you keep on bringing children in this dirt? Did you ever think how much it costs for any kind of birth control? I knew my husband was leaving the day he left, but there were no good-byes between us. I hope he has been able to climb out of this mess somewhere. He never could hope with us to drag him down.

That's when I asked for help. When I got it, you know how much it was? It was, and is, seventy-eight dollars a month for the four of us; that is all I ever can get. Now you know why there is no soap, no needles and thread, no hot water, no aspirin, no worm medicine, no hand cream, no shampoo. None of these things forever and ever and ever. So that you can see clearly, I pay twenty dollars a month rent, and most of the rest goes for food. For grits and cornmeal, and rice and milk and beans. I try my best to use only the minimum electricity. If I use more, there is that much less for food.

Poverty is looking into a black future. Your children won't play with my boys. They will turn to other boys who steal to get what they want. I can already see them behind the bars of their prison instead of behind the bars of my poverty. Or they will turn to the freedom of alcohol or drugs, and find themselves enslaved. And my daughter? At best, there is for her a life like mine.

But you say to me, there are schools. Yes, there are schools. My children have no extra books, no magazines, no extra pencils, or crayons, or paper and most important of all, they do not have health. They have worms, they have infections, they have pink-eye all summer. They do not sleep well on the floor, or with me in my one bed. They do not suffer from hunger, my seventy-eight dollars keep us alive, but they do suffer from malnutrition. Oh yes, I do remember what I was taught about health in school. It doesn't do much good. In some places there is a surplus commodities program. Not here. The country said it cost too much. There is a school lunch program. But I have two children who will already be damaged by the time they get to school.

But, you say to me, there are health clinics. Yes, there are health clinics and they are in the towns. I live out here eight miles from town. I can walk that far (even if it is sixteen miles both ways), but can my little children? My neighbour will take me when he goes; but he expects to get paid, one way or another. I bet you know my neighbour. He is that large man who spends his time at the gas station, the barbershop, and the corner store complaining about the government spending money on the immoral mothers of illegitimate children.

Poverty is an acid that drips on pride until all pride is worn away. Poverty is a chisel that chips on honour until honour is worn away. Some of you say that you would do something in my situation, and maybe you would, for the first week or the first month, but for year after year after year?

Even the poor can dream. A dream of a time when there is money. Money for the right kinds of food, for worm medicine, for iron pills, for toothbrushes, for hand cream, for a hammer and nails and a bit of screening, for a shovel, for a bit of paint, for some sheeting, for needles and thread. Money to pay in money for a trip to town. And, oh, money for hot water and money for soap. A dream of when asking for help does not eat away the last bit of pride. When the office you visit is as nice as the offices of other governmental agencies, when there are enough workers to help you quickly, when workers do not quit in defeat and despair. When you have to tell your story to only one person, and that person can send you for other help and you don't have to prove your poverty over and over and over again.

I have come out of my despair to tell you this. Remember I did not come from another place or another time. Others like me are all around you. Look at us with an angry heart, anger that will help you help me. Anger that will let you tell of me. The poor are always silent. Can you be silent too?

Glossary

antihistamines (n.): a drug used to treat allergies

chronic (adj.): long-standing, long-term

diapers (n.): thick soft paper or cloth wrapped around a baby's bottom and between its legs to absorb and retain urine

enslave (v.): make a slave

illegitimate (adj.): illegal, unlawful

immoral (adj.): not having morality

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

- a. What is poverty according to Parker?
- b. How is poverty difficult for Parker’s children? List some specific examples.
- c. How does Parker try to obtain help, and what problems does she encounter?
- d. Why are people’s opinions and prejudices her greatest obstacles?
- e. How does Parker defend her inability to get help? How does she discount the usual solutions society has for poverty (e.g., welfare, education, and health clinics)?

Reference to the context

- a. Explain the following:
Poverty is looking into a black future.
- b. What does Parker mean by “The poor are always silent”?
- c. What writing strategy does the author use at the beginning of most of the paragraphs? Do you notice a recurring pattern? What is it?
- d. How does Parker develop each paragraph? What details make each paragraph memorable?
- e. In the final paragraph, how does the author use questions to involve the reader in the issue of poverty?

Reference beyond the text

- a. Define a social problem (homelessness, unemployment, racism) imitating Parker’s style.
- b. Using adjectives to highlight the futility of the situation, write a short definition essay on Growing up in Poverty.

Scientific Research is a Token of Humankind's Survival

Vladimir Keilis-Borok

Before Reading

Answer these questions.

- What is science? What do the scientists do?
- We are all scientists. The nature of science can be captured to our ordinary experiences. Share your scientific experiences that you have got in your everyday life.
- Work in pairs and then complete the following table.

Professionals	Writer	Lawyer	Teacher	Scientist
Vocation		arguing		
Field	Literature			
Reward				freedom

Vladimir Keilis-Borok (1921-2013) was a Russian mathematical geophysicist and seismologist. He taught at the University of California, Los Angeles. He was the research group leader of the International Institute for Earthquake Prediction Theory and Mathematical Geophysics, Russian Academy of Science.



He was also Co-director (and Founder) of the Research Programme on non-linear dynamics and earthquake prediction of the Abdus Salam International Centre for Theoretical Physics, Trieste.

In the essay '*Scientific Research is a Token of Humankind's Survival*', Keilis-Borok says about his profession as a scientist, and views that science is the humankind's indispensable guardian and caretaker.

Reading

If you are so clever, why are you so poor? (Popular expression) Why is it that some of us still decide to become scientists, despite the fact that businessmen, lawyers, and doctors enjoy a much higher income? A famous Russian writer L. Tolstoy once wrote that a writer is not merely a person who writes; a writer is a person who cannot live without writing. The same, I believe, is true for a scientist. Science is an exciting

adventure where major reward comes from the discovery itself. What you get instead of big money is freedom, camaraderie, independence. The honours and promotions will depend on yourself more than in the other occupations. And you will have the overwhelming feeling of uncovering yet another one of nature's mysteries.

An instant understanding, the efficiency of thought and action, and a good feeling that comes when the like-minded people work together. (F. Press)

It was 1960, the height of the cold war. I was in Moscow doing research on the theory of seismic waves—tremors in the earth generated by an earthquake. I was absorbed in my problem; I enjoyed the mathematical challenge. I did not give much thought to how it connects with the real life.

The summons came from the President of the Russian (then Soviet) Academy of Sciences. He had received a message from the Palace of Nations in Geneva, where technical experts from the Soviet Union, United States, and United Kingdom—three powers possessing nuclear weapons—met behind closed doors. The President showed me a letter from Geneva: an American scientist, Frank Press, quoted my work while arguing with Moscow experts. And, to my great surprise, I found myself in Geneva.

At that time every man, woman, and child on the Earth lived under the threat of annihilation by nuclear weapon. Each superpower had more than enough nuclear bombs to destroy the others in the first strike. But in the 20 minutes it took for the rockets to reach their targets, the other side had plenty of time to launch retaliation strikes ensuring the destruction of their enemies only a few minutes later. This threat of 'Mutually Assured Destruction,' with ominous acronym 'MAD,' was for some years the only thin thread protecting all of us from the common fatal fate. Continuing nuclear tests meant development of even stronger bombs, introducing even more imbalance into the global nuclear standoff. The three nuclear powers were willing to come to an agreement, putting a ban on the nuclear weapon test. And hence, the technical experts were summoned to solve the problem that arose.

In formal terms, the problem was the following. Suppose that:(i) the nuclear powers had signed agreement to stop the test of the new nuclear weapons, and (ii) one of the participants had violated this agreement and secretly made an underground nuclear explosion. The problem is: how can the other powers detect the violation?

It turned out that this problem had a direct connection with the theory of seismic waves. Underground nuclear explosions produced earth tremors very similar to those generated by earthquakes. How could one distinguish the natural tremors from the

ones produced by the explosion? Suddenly, my theoretical knowledge had a direct application in the area of survival of the humankind.

In the atmosphere of the ongoing Cold War, with political tensions hanging over our heads, scientists and engineers from the opposite sides of the Iron Curtain had to find a solution, which outwardly seemed impossible, given all our differences in cultural background. What saved us was a clear and obvious distinction. We were all scientists. We were able to work out a common language, based on respect to hard evidence, undisputable ranking by expertise only, and persistent self-criticism. We were able to work out a solution that eventually allowed politicians to reach one of the most important decisions of their times: nuclear test ban.

This episode taught me that as a scientist I have people all over the world who think and interact the way I do. It taught me never to feel lonely abroad. And, above all, it taught me that while there is science, there is hope of survival and well-being for all of us.

A common lore is that immersion in science does not go with practical sense. It is true that on occasions a greatest mathematician of our time was so involved in a current problem that he could leave home wearing shoes from two different pairs. However, if you look carefully, you will find another side to this, which makes scientists the most practical people in the world. All new technologies, all new brands of industry from defence to entertainment stem from fundamental research. Among past examples are antibiotics, electronics, biotechnology, synthetic fibres, the green revolution, and genetic forensic diagnosis, to name just a few. And now only the basic research could give us new sources of energy; new mineral deposits; efficient defence from terrorism; cure from cancer; new forms of transportation. People trained in theoretical physics are headhunted by financial institutions; those trained in frontiers of biological research become founders and directors in the pharmaceutical industry. So, knowledge of basic science will give you a head start in whatever career you choose.

It is commonly recognised, that the very survival of our civilisation is threatened by natural and man-made disasters. Among them are earthquakes, self-inflicted destruction of megacities, environmental catastrophes, economic and social crises. Today, a massive release of radioactivity from a nuclear waste disposal, an earthquake in the middle of a megalopolis, an outburst of mass violence, or any other global disaster, can cause up to a million of casualties, render large part of our world inhabitable, trigger global economic depression, or a war in a “hot” region. Such dangers keep growing, although trillions dollars a year are spent to contain them by all known techniques.

The hope and the responsibility for breaking the stalemate rest not on the money but on intellectual resources, though the money is more popular, according to the French proverb: “Nobody is satisfied with his wealth, everybody is satisfied with his wisdom.” Only the basic research can create a springboard for developing new disaster preparedness industry.

Ours is the time of contest over issues not completely understood. (Mc George Bundy)
Scientific research is an exciting venture into the great unknown and the token of humankind’s survival. It is the scientists with their tools that are up to the challenge and can ensure that we all safely move with the time.

Finally, I have to remind you that the science is not the beginning and the end. More important for the humankind and for each individual are the human qualities. However, if humanly used, science is their indispensable guardian and caretaker.

NOTES

Iron Curtain: the name for the socio-political border that was believed to exist between Western Europe and the communist countries of Central and Eastern Europe

L. Tolstoy: (Leo Tolstoy) a Russian writer, author of the novel War and Peace

Mc George Bundy: He was United States National Security Advisor to presidents John F. Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson.

Glossary

acronym (n.): a word made from the first letters of the name of any organisation, e.g. MAD (Mutually Assured Destruction)

annihilation (n.): complete destruction

camaraderie (n.): a feeling of close friendship in a team overwhelming (adj.): a great effect on you that you feel very happy; overpowering

cold war: intense economic, political, military, and ideological conflict between nations

forensic (adj.): of scientific method of finding out about a crime

indisputable (adj.): known to be true

lore (n.): information about a subject

ominous (adj.): making you feel that something bad is going to happen

retaliation (n.): counterattack, revenge

self-inflict (v.): to cause pain or problem for oneself

stalemate (n.): a situation without an agreement or disagreement

standoff (n.): a situation in which one side counterbalances the other a standstill

venture (n.): anew risky activity

war mystery (n.): something that people do not know anything about it; an unknown

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

- a. What does a scientist get instead of big money?
- b. What was the problem that the nuclear powers had faced?
- c. In which area did Keilis Borok's theoretical knowledge have a direct application?
- d. What was the important decision that the politicians took before Geneva Summit?
- e. What are the natural and man-made disasters as mentioned by the author?

Reference to the context

- a. The professional addressed as 'you' in the sentence "If you are clever, why are you so poor?" refers to a...
i. lawyer ii. doctor iii. scientist iv. businessman.
Justify your choice.
- b. The writer says, "I found myself in Geneva." What does it express?
- c. Are the following statements true? Why or why not? Discuss with your partner.
 - i. Money is more powerful than intellectual resources.
 - ii. Intellectual resources help survival of the mankind.
 - iii. Basic research is a way of stalling disasters.
- d. How does the essayist justify that scientific research is the humankind's survival?
- e. What can be the purpose of the essayist of using quotations in the essay?
- f. Discuss and illustrate the writer's stand that scientists are the most practical people in the world.

Reference beyond the text

- a. Everyone lives under the fear of annihilation by nuclear weapons. Explain this statement.
- b. The essayist says 'While there is science, there is hope of survival and well-being for all of us.' Explain it.
- c. Is science a blessing or a curse? Write an essay on it.

Susan Glaspell

Before Reading**Answer these questions.**

- a. In what ways do societal norms affect you?
- b. Are women dominated by men in your society?
- c. Are there differences between men and women in how they think, act, communicate, behave and relate to others?

Susan Glaspell (1876-1948) was an American playwright, novelist, journalist and actress. First known for her short stories (fifty were published), Glaspell is known also to have written nine novels, fifteen plays, and a biography. Her works typically explore contemporary social issues, such as gender, ethics, and dissent, while featuring deep, sympathetic characters. Her first novel *The Glory of the Conquered* was published in 1909. She wrote three best-selling novels *Brook Evans* (1928), *Fugitive's Return* (1929), and *Ambrose Holt and Family* (1931).



Her first play *Trifles* (1916) was based on the murder trial she had covered as a young reporter in Des Moines. Her play *Alison's House* (1930) earned the Pulitzer Prize for drama in 1931. Glaspell is today recognized as a pioneering feminist writer and America's first important modern female playwright.

The play *Trifles* revolves around murder investigation providing a perspective about the status of women in contemporary American society reflecting the male mentality as the dominant gender.

Trifles chronicles the day after Mrs. Wright is arrested on suspicion of murdering her husband. Though the play is about the Wrights and the circumstances of Mr. Wright's death, Mrs. Wright never appears onstage. The audience learns about her from the perspective of her neighbours and their reactions to items they find inside the Wrights' home.

Now read the following one act play about murder investigation.

Casting Characters

GEORGE HENDERSON, County Attorney

HENRY PETERS, Sheriff and husband of Mrs. Peters

LEWIS HALE, a neighbouring farmer of the Wrights

MRS. PETERS, Wife of the sheriff

MRS. HALE, Neighbour to the Wrights and wife of Lewis Hale

(The kitchen in the now abandoned farmhouse of John Wright, a gloomy kitchen, and left without having been put in order—unwashed pans under the sink, a loaf of bread outside the bread-box, a dish-towel on the table—other signs of incomplete work. At the rear the outer door opens and the Sheriff comes in followed by the County Attorney and Hale. The Sheriff and Hale are men in middle life, the County Attorney is a young man; all are much bundled up and go at once to the stove. They are followed by the two women—the Sheriff’s wife first; she is a slight wiry woman, a thin nervous face. Mrs. Hale is larger and would ordinarily be called more comfortable looking, but she is disturbed now and looks fearfully about as she enters. The women have come in slowly, and stand close together near the door.)

COUNTY ATTORNEY: (at stove rubbing his hands) This feels good. Come up to the fire, ladies.

MRS. PETERS: (*after taking a step forward*). I’m not—cold.

SHERIFF: (*unbuttoning his overcoat and stepping away from the stove to right of table as if to mark the beginning of official business*). Now, Mr. Hale, before we move things about, you explain to Mr. Henderson just what you saw when you came here yesterday morning.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: (*crossing down to left of the table*) By the way, has anything been moved? Are things just as you left them yesterday?

SHERIFF: (*looking about*) It’s just the same. When it dropped below zero last night, I thought I’d better send Frank out this morning to make a fire for us— (*sits right of centre table*) no use getting pneumonia with a big case on, but I told him not to touch anything except the stove—and you know Frank.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: Somebody should have been left here yesterday.

SHERIFF: Oh—yesterday. When I had to send Frank to Morris Centre for that man who went crazy—I want you to know I had my hands full yesterday. I knew you could get back from Omaha by today and as long as I went over everything here myself—

COUNTY ATTORNEY: Well, Mr. Hale, tell just what happened when you came here yesterday morning.

HALE: (*crossing down to above table*) Harry and I had started to town with a load of potatoes. We came along the road from my place and as I got here I said, “I’m going to see if I can’t get John Wright to go in with me on a party telephone.” I spoke to Wright about it once before and he put me off, saying folks talked too much anyway, and all he asked was peace and quiet— I guess you know about how much he talked himself; but I thought maybe if I went to the house and talked about it before his wife, though I said to Harry that I didn’t know as what his wife wanted made much difference to John—

COUNTY ATTORNEY: Let’s talk about that later, Mr. Hale. I do want to talk about that, but tell now just what happened when you got to the house.

HALE: I didn’t hear or see anything; I knocked at the door, and still it was all quiet inside. I knew they must be up, it was past eight o’clock. So I knocked again, and I thought I heard somebody say, “Come in.” I wasn’t sure, I’m not sure yet, but I opened the door—this door (*indicating the door by which the two women are still standing*) and there in that rocker—(*pointing to it*) sat Mrs. Wright. (*They all look at the rocker downstage left.*)

COUNTY ATTORNEY: What—was she doing?

HALE: She was rock in’ back and forth. She had her apron in her hand and was kind of—pleating it.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: And how did she—look?

HALE: Well, she looked queer.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: How do you mean—queer?

HALE: Well, as if she didn’t know what she was going to do next. And kind of done up.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: (*takes out notebook and pencil and sits left of center table*) How did she seem to feel about your coming?

HALE: Why, I don’t think she minded—one way or other. She didn’t pay much attention. I said, “How do, Mrs. Wright, it’s cold, ain’t it?” And she said, “Is it?”—and went on

kind of pleating at her apron. Well, I was surprised; she didn't ask me to come up to the stove, or to set down, but just sat there, not even looking at me, so I said, "I want to see John." And then she—laughed. I guess you would call it a laugh. I thought of Harry and the team outside, so I said a little sharp: "Can't I see John?" "No," she says, kind o' dull like. "Ain't he home?" says I. "Yes," says she, "he's home." "Then why can't I see him?" I asked her, out of patience. "Cause he's dead," says she. "Dead?" says I. She just nodded her head, not getting a bit excited, but rockin' back and forth. "Why—where is he?" says I, not knowing what to say. She just pointed upstairs—like that (*himself pointing to the room above*). I started for the stairs, with the idea of going up there. I walked from there to here—then I says "Why, what did he die of?" "He died of a rope round his neck," says she, and just went on pleatin' at her apron. Well, I went out and called Harry. I thought I might—need help. We went upstairs and there he was lyin'—

COUNTY ATTORNEY: I think I'd rather have you go into that upstairs, where you can point it all out. Just go on now with the rest of the story.

HALE: Well, my first thought was to get that rope off. It looked . . . (*Stops. His facetwitches.*) . . . but Harry, he went up to him, and he said, "No, he's dead all right, and we'd better not touch anything." So we went back downstairs. She was still sitting that same way. "Has anybody been notified?" I asked. "No," says she, unconcerned. "Who did this, Mrs. Wright?" said Harry. He said it business like—and she stopped pleatin' of her apron. "I don't know," she says. "You don't know?" says Harry. "No," says she. "Weren't you sleepin' in the bed with him?" says Harry. "Yes," says she, "but I was on the inside." "Somebody slipped a rope round his neck and strangled him and you didn't wake up?" says Harry. "I didn't wake up," she said after him. We must 'a' looked as if we didn't see how that could be, for after a minute she said, "I sleep sound." Harry was going to ask her more questions but I said maybe we ought to let her tell her story first to the coroner, or the sheriff, so Harry went fast as he could to Rivers' place, where there's a telephone.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: And what did Mrs. Wright do when she knew that you had gone for the coroner?

HALE: She moved from the rocker to that chair over there (*pointing to a small chair in the downstage right corner*) and just sat there with her hands held together and looking down. I got a feeling that I ought to make some conversation, so I said I had come in to see if John wanted to put in a telephone, and at that she started to laugh, and then she stopped and looked at me—scared. (*The County Attorney, who has had his*

notebook out, makes a note.) I dunno, maybe it wasn't scared. I wouldn't like to say it was. Soon Harry got back, and then Dr. Lloyd came, and you, Mr. Peters, and so I guess that's all I know that you don't.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: (*rising and looking around*) I guess we'll go upstairs first—and then out to the barn and around there. (*To the Sheriff*) You're convinced that there was nothing important here—nothing that would point to any motive?

SHERIFF: Nothing here but kitchen things. (*The County Attorney, after again looking around the kitchen, opens the door of a cupboard closet in right wall. He brings a small chair from right—gets up on it and looks on a shelf. Pulls his hand away, sticky.*)

COUNTY ATTORNEY: Here's a nice mess. (*The women draw nearer upstage center.*)

MRS. PETERS: (*to the other woman*) Oh, her fruit; it did freeze. (*To the Lawyer*) She worried about that when it turned so cold. She said the fire'd go out and her jars would break.

SHERIFF: (*rises*) Well, can you beat the women! Held for murder and worryin' about her preserves.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: (*getting down from chair*) I guess before we're through she may have something more serious than preserves to worry about. (*crosses down right center*)

HALE: Well, women are used to worrying over trifles. (*The two women move a little closer together.*)

COUNTY ATTORNEY: (*with the gallantry of a young politician*) And yet, for all their worries, what would we do without the ladies? (*The women do not unbend. He goes below the center table to the sink, takes a dipper full of water from the pail and, pouring it into a basin, washes his hands. While he is doing this, the Sheriff and Hale cross to cupboard, which they inspect. The County Attorney starts to wipe his hands on the roller towel, turns it for a cleaner place.*) Dirty towels! (*Kicks his foot against the pans under the sink.*) Not much of a housekeeper, would you say, ladies?

MRS. HALE: (*stiffly*) There's a great deal of work to be done on a farm.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: To be sure. And yet (*with a little bow to her*) I know there are some Dickson County farmhouses which do not have such roller towels. (*He gives it a pull to expose its full length again.*)

MRS. HALE: Those towels get dirty awful quick. Men's hands aren't always as clean

as they might be.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: Ah, loyal to your sex, I see. But you and Mrs. Wright were neighbours. I suppose you were friends, too.

MRS. HALE: (*shaking her head*) I've not seen much of her of late years. I've not been in this house—it's more than a year.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: (*crossing to women upstage centre*) And why was that? You didn't like her?

MRS. HALE: I liked her all well enough. Farmers' wives have their hands full, Mr. Henderson. And then—

COUNTY ATTORNEY: Yes—?

MRS. HALE: (*looking about*) It never seemed a very cheerful place.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: No—it's not cheerful. I shouldn't say she had the homemaking instinct.

MRS. HALE: Well, I don't know as Wright had, either.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: You mean that they didn't get on very well?

MRS. HALE: No, I don't mean anything. But I don't think a place'd be any cheerfuller for John Wright's being in it.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: I'd like to talk more of that a little later. I want to get the lay of things upstairs now. (*He goes past the women to upstage right where steps lead to a stair door.*)

SHERIFF: I suppose anything Mrs. Peters does will be all right. She was to take in some clothes for her, you know, and a few little things. We left in such a hurry yesterday.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: Yes, but I would like to see what you take, Mrs. Peters, and keep an eye out for anything that might be of use to us.

MRS. PETERS: Yes, Mr. Henderson. (*The men leave by upstage right door to stairs. The women listen to the men's steps on the stairs, then look about the kitchen.*)

MRS. HALE: (*crossing left to sink*) I'd hate to have men coming into my kitchen, snooping around and criticizing. (*She arranges the pans under sink which the lawyer had shoved out of place.*)

MRS. PETERS: Of course it's no more than their duty. (*crosses to cupboard upstage right*)

MRS. HALE: Duty's all right, but I guess that deputy sheriff that came out to make the fire might have got a little of this on. (*Gives the roller towel a pull.*) Wish I'd thought of that sooner. Seems mean to talk about her for not having things slicked up when she had to come away in such a hurry. (*Crosses right to Mrs. Peters at cupboard.*)

MRS. PETERS: (*who has been looking through cupboard, lifts one end of a towel that covers a pan*) She had bread set. (*Stands still.*)

MRS. HALE: (*eyes fixed on a loaf of bread beside the breadbox, which is on a low shelf of the cupboard*) She was going to put this in there. (*Picks up loaf, then abruptly drops it. In a manner of returning to familiar things.*) It's a shame about her fruit. I wonder if it's all gone. (*Gets up on the chair and looks.*) I think there's some here that's all right, Mrs. Peters. Yes—here; (*holding it toward the window*) this is cherries, too. (*looking again*) I declare I believe that's the only one. (*Gets down, jar in her hand. Goes to the sink and wipes it off on the outside.*) She'll feel awful bad after all her hard work in the hot weather. I remember the afternoon I put up my cherries last summer. (*She puts the jar on the big kitchen table, centre of the room. With a sigh, is about to sit down in the rocking chair. Before she is seated realizes what chair it is; with a slow look at it, steps back. The chair which she has touched rocks back and forth. Mrs. Peters moves to centre table and they both watch the chair rock for a moment or two.*)

MRS. PETERS: (*shaking off the mood which the empty rocking chair has evoked; now in a business-like manner she speaks*). Well, I must get those things from the front room closet. (*She goes to the door at the right, but, after looking into the other room, steps back.*) You coming with me, Mrs. Hale? You could help me carry them. (*They go in the other room; reappear, Mrs. Peters carrying a dress, petticoat and skirt, Mrs. Hale following with a pair of shoes.*) My, it's cold in there. (*She puts the clothes on the big table, and hurries to the stove.*)

MRS. HALE: (*right of centre table examining the skirt*). Wright was close. I think maybe that's why she kept so much to herself. She didn't even belong to the Ladies' Aid. I suppose she felt she couldn't do her part, and then you don't enjoy things when you feel shabby. I heard she used to wear pretty clothes and be lively, when she was Minnie Foster, one of the town girls singing in the choir. But that— oh, that was thirty years ago. This all you was to take in?

MRS. PETERS: She said she wanted an apron. Funny thing to want, for there isn't

much to get you dirty in jail, goodness knows. But I suppose just to make her feel more natural. (*crosses to cupboard*) She said they was in the top drawer in this cupboard. Yes, here. And then her little shawl that always hung behind the door. (*Opens stair door and looks.*) Yes, here it is. (*Quickly shuts door leading upstairs.*)

MRS. HALE: (*abruptly moving toward her*). Mrs. Peters?

MRS. PETERS: Yes, Mrs. Hale? (*At up stage right door.*)

MRS. HALE: Do you think she did it?

MRS. PETERS: (*in a frightened voice*). Oh, I don't know.

MRS. HALE: Well, I don't think she did. Asking for an apron and her little shawl. Worrying about her fruit.

MRS. PETERS: (*Starts to speak, glances up, where footsteps are heard in the room above. In a low voice*). Mr. Peters says it looks bad for her. Mr. Henderson is awful sarcastic in a speech and he'll make fun of her sayin' she didn't wake up.

MRS. HALE: Well, I guess John Wright didn't wake when they was slipping that rope under his neck.

MRS. PETERS: (*crossing slowly to table and placing shawl and apron on table with other clothing*). No, it's strange. It must have been done awful crafty and still. They say it was such a—funny way to kill a man, rigging it all up like that.

MRS. HALE: (*crossing to left of Mrs. Peters table*). That's just what Mr. Hale said. There was a gun in the house. He says that's what he can't understand.

MRS. PETERS: Mr. Henderson said coming out that what was needed for the case was a motive; something to show anger, or— sudden feeling.

MRS. HALE: (*who is standing by the table*). Well, I don't see any signs of anger around here. (*She puts her hand on the dish towel which lies on the table, stands looking down at table, one half of which is clean, the other half messy.*) It's wiped to here. (*Makes a move as if to finish work, then turns and looks at loaf of bread outside the breadbox. Drops towel. In that voice of coming back to familiar things.*) Wonder how they are finding things upstairs. (*crossing below table to downstage right*) I hope she had it a little more readied-up up there. You know, it seems kind of sneaking. Locking her up in town and then coming out here and trying to get her own house to turn against her!

MRS. PETERS: But, Mrs. Hale, the law is the law.

MRS. HALE: I s'pose' tis. (unbuttoning her coat) Better loosen up your things, Mrs. Peters. You won't feel them when you go out. (*MRS. PETERS takes off her fur tippet, goes to hang it on chair back left of table, stands looking at the work basket on floor near downstage left window.*)

MRS. PETERS: She was piecing a quilt. (*She brings the large sewing basket to the centre table and they look at the bright pieces, Mrs. Hale above the table and Mrs. Peters left of it.*)

MRS. HALE: It's a log cabin pattern. Pretty, isn't it? I wonder if she was goin' to quilt it or just knot it? (*Footsteps have been heard coming down the stairs. The Sheriff enters followed by Hale and the County Attorney.*)

SHERIFF: They wonder if she was going to quilt it or just knot it! (*The men laugh, the women look abashed.*)

COUNTY ATTORNEY: (*rubbing his hands over the stove*). Frank's fire didn't do much up there, did it? Well, let's go out to the barn and get that cleared up. (*The men go outside by upstage left door.*)

MRS. HALE: (*resentfully*). I don't know as there's anything so strange, our takin' up our time with little things while we're waiting for them to get the evidence. (*She sits in chair right of table smoothing out a block with decision.*) I don't see as it's anything to laugh about.

MRS. PETERS: (apologetically). Of course they've got awful important things on their minds. (*Pulls up a chair and joins Mrs. Hale at the left of the table.*)

MRS. HALE: (*examining another block*). Mrs. Peters, look at this one. Here, this is the one she was working on, and look at the sewing! All the rest of it has been so nice and even. And look at this! It's all over the place! Why, it looks as if she didn't know what she was about! (*After she has said this they look at each other, then start to glance back at the door. After an instant Mrs. Hale has pulled at a knot and ripped the sewing.*)

MRS. PETERS: Oh, what are you doing, Mrs. Hale?

MRS. HALE: (*mildly*). Just pulling out a stitch or two that's not sewed very good. (*threading a needle*) Bad sewing always made me fidgety.

MRS. PETERS: (*with a glance at door, nervously*). I don't think we ought to touch things.

MRS. HALE: I'll just finish up this end. (*suddenly stopping and leaning forward*) Mrs. Peters?

MRS. PETERS: Yes, Mrs. Hale?

MRS. HALE: What do you suppose she was so nervous about?

MRS. PETERS: Oh—I don't know, I don't know as she was nervous. I sometimes sew awful queer when I'm just tired. (*Mrs. Hale starts to say something, looks at Mrs. Peters, then goes on sewing.*) Well, I must get these things wrapped up. They may be through sooner than we think. (*putting apron and other things together*) I wonder where I can find a piece of paper, and string. (*Rises.*)

MRS. HALE: In that cupboard, maybe.

MRS. PETERS: (*crosses right looking in cupboard*). Why, here's a birdcage. (*Holds it up.*) Did she have a bird, Mrs. Hale?

MRS. HALE: Why, I don't know whether she did or not—I've not been here for so long. There was a man around last year selling canaries cheap, but I don't know as she took one; maybe she did. She used to sing real pretty herself.

MRS. PETERS: (*glancing around*). Seems funny to think of a bird here. But she must have had one, or why would she have a cage? I wonder what happened to it?

MRS. HALE: I s'pose maybe the cat got it.

MRS. PETERS: No, she didn't have a cat. She's got that feeling some people have about cats—being afraid of them. My cat got in her room and she was real upset and asked me to take it out.

MRS. HALE: My sister Bessie was like that. Queer, ain't it?

MRS. PETERS: (*examining the cage*). Why, look at this door. It's broke. One hinge is pulled apart. (*Takes a step down to Mrs. Hale's right.*)

MRS. HALE: (*looking too*). Looks as if someone must have been rough with it.

MRS. PETERS: Why, yes. (*She brings the cage forward and puts it on the table.*)

MRS. HALE: (*glancing toward upstage left door*). I wish if they're going to find any evidence they'd be about it. I don't like this place.

MRS. PETERS: But I'm awful glad you came with me, Mrs. Hale. It would be lonesome for me sitting here alone.

MRS. HALE: It would, wouldn't it? (*dropping her sewing*) But I tell you what I do wish, Mrs. Peters. I wish I had come over sometimes when she was here. I—(*looking around the room*)—wish I had.

MRS. PETERS: But of course you were awful busy, Mrs. Hale—your house and your children.

MRS. HALE: (*rises and crosses left*). I could've come. I stayed away because it weren't cheerful—and that's why I ought to have come. I (*looking out left window*)—I've never liked this place. Maybe because it's down in a hollow and you don't see the road. I dunno what it is, but it's a lonesome place and always was. I wish I had come over to see Minnie Foster sometimes. I can see now—(*shakes her head*)

MRS. PETERS: (*left of table and above it*). Well, you mustn't reproach yourself, Mrs. Hale. Somehow we just don't see how it is with other folks until—something turns up.

MRS. HALE: Not having children makes less work—but it makes a quiet house, and Wright out to work all day, and no company when he did come in. (*turning from window*) Did you know John Wright, Mrs. Peters?

MRS. PETERS: Not to know him; I've seen him in town. They say he was a good man.

MRS. HALE: Yes—good; he didn't drink, and kept his word as well as most, I guess, and paid his debts. But he was a hard man, Mrs. Peters. Just to pass the time of day with him—(*shivers*). Like a raw wind that gets to the bone. (*pauses, her eye falling on the cage*) I should think she would' a' wanted a bird. But what do you suppose went with it?

MRS. PETERS: I don't know, unless it got sick and died. (*She reaches over and swings the broken door, swings it again, both women watch it.*)

MRS. HALE: You weren't raised round here, were you? (*Mrs. Peters shakes her head.*) You didn't know—her?

MRS. PETERS: Not till they brought her yesterday.

MRS. HALE: She—come to think of it, she was kind of like a bird herself—real sweet and pretty, but kind of timid and—fluttery. How—she—did—change. (*Silence; then as if struck by a happy thought and relieved to get back to everyday things, crosses right above Mrs. Peters to cupboard, replaces small chair used to stand on to its original place downstage right.*) Tell you what, Mrs. Peters, why don't you take the quilt in with you? It might take up her mind.

MRS. PETERS: Why, I think that's a real nice idea, Mrs. Hale. There couldn't possibly be any objection to it, could there? Now, just what would I take? I wonder if her patches are in here—and her things. (*They look in the sewing basket.*)

MRS. HALE: (*crosses to right of table*). Here's some red. I expect this has got sewing things in it. (*Brings out a fancy box.*) What a pretty box. Looks like something somebody would give you. Maybe her scissors are in here. (*Opens box. Suddenly puts her hand to her nose.*) Why— (*Mrs. Peters bends nearer, then turns her face away.*) There's something wrapped up in this piece of silk.

MRS. PETERS: Why, this isn't her scissors.

MRS. HALE: (*lifting the silk*). Oh, Mrs. Peters— it's— (*Mrs. Peters bends closer.*)

MRS. PETERS: It's the bird.

MRS. HALE: But, Mrs. Peters—look at it! Its neck! Look at its neck! It's all—other side to.

MRS. PETERS: Somebody—wring—its—neck. (*Their eyes meet. A look of growing comprehension, of horror. Steps are heard outside, Mrs. Hale slips box under quilt pieces, and sinks into her chair. Enter Sheriff and County Attorney. Mrs. Peters steps downstage left and stands looking out of window.*)

COUNTY ATTORNEY: (*as one turning from serious things to little pleasantries*). Well, ladies, have you decided whether she was going to quilt it or knot it? (*Crosses to centre above table.*)

MRS. PETERS: We think she was going to— knot it. (*Sheriff crosses to right of stove, lifts stove lid and glances at fire, then stands warming hands at stove.*)

COUNTY ATTORNEY: Well, that's interesting, I'm sure. (*Seeing the birdcage.*) Has the bird flown?

MRS. HALE: (*putting more quilt pieces over the box*). We think the—cat got it.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: (*preoccupied*). Is there a cat? (*Mrs. Hale glances in a quick covert way at Mrs. Peters.*)

MRS. PETERS: (*turning from window takes a step in*). Well, not now. They're superstitious, you know. They leave.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: (*to Sheriff Peters, continuing an interrupted conversation*). No sign at all of anyone having come from the outside. Their own rope. Now let's go

up again and go over it piece by piece. (*They start upstairs.*) It would have to have been someone who knew just the— (*Mrs. Peters sits down left of table. The two women sit there not looking at one another, but as if peering into something and at the same time holding back. When they talk now it is in the manner of feeling their way over strange ground, as if afraid of what they are saying, but as if they cannot help saying it.*)

MRS. HALE: (*hesitantly and in hushed voice*) She liked the bird. She was going to bury it in that pretty box.

MRS. PETERS: (*in a whisper*). When I was a girl—my kitten—there was a boy took a hatchet, and before my eyes—and before I could get there— (*covers her face an instant*) If they hadn't held me back I would have—(*catches herself, looks upstairs where steps are heard, falters weakly*)—hurt him.

MRS. HALE: (*with a slow look around her*). I wonder how it would seem never to have had any children around. (*pause*) No, Wright wouldn't like the bird—a thing that sang. She used to sing. He killed that, too.

MRS. PETERS: (*moving uneasily*). We don't know who killed the bird.

MRS. HALE: I knew John Wright.

MRS. PETERS: It was an awful thing was done in this house that night, Mrs. Hale. Killing a man while he slept, slipping a rope around his neck that choked the life out of him.

MRS. HALE: His neck. Choked the life out of him. (*Her hand goes out and rests on the birdcage.*)

MRS. PETERS: (*with rising voice*). We don't know who killed him. We don't know.

MRS. HALE: (*her own feeling not interrupted*). If there'd been years and years of nothing, then a bird to sing to you, it would be awful—still, after the bird was still.

MRS. PETERS: (*something within her speaking*). I know what stillness is. When we homesteaded in Dakota, and my first baby died—after he was two years old, and me with no other then—

MRS. HALE: (*moving*). How soon do you suppose they'll be through looking for the evidence?

MRS. PETERS: I know what stillness is. (*pulling herself back*) The law has got to punish crime, Mrs. Hale.

MRS. HALE: (*not as if answering that*). I wish you'd seen Minnie Foster when she wore a white dress with blue ribbons and stood up there in the choir and sang. (*a look around the room*) Oh, I wish I'd come over here once in a while! That was a crime! That was a crime! Who's going to punish that?

MRS. PETERS: (*looking upstairs*). We mustn't— take on.

MRS. HALE: I might have known she needed help! I know how things can be—for women. I tell you, it's queer, Mrs. Peters. We live close together and we live far apart. We all go through the same things— it's all just a different kind of the same thing. (*Brushes her eyes. Noticing the jar of fruit, reaches out for it.*) If I was you I wouldn't tell her fruit was gone. Tell her it ain't. Tell her it's all right. Take this in to prove it to her. She—she may never know whether it was broke or not.

MRS. PETERS: (*takes the jar, looks about for something to wrap it in; takes petticoat from the clothes brought from the other room, very nervously begins winding this around the jar; in a false voice*). My, it's a good thing the men couldn't hear us. Wouldn't they just laugh! Getting all stirred up over a little thing like a—dead canary. As if that could have anything to do with—with— wouldn't they laugh! (*The men are heard coming downstairs.*)

MRS. HALE: (*under her breath*). Maybe they would—maybe they wouldn't.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: No, Peters, it's all perfectly clear except a reason for doing it. But you know juries when it comes to women. If there was some definite thing. (*Crosses slowly to above table. Sheriff crosses downstage right. Mrs. Hale and Mrs. Peters remain seated at either side of table.*) Something to show—something to make a story about—a thing that would connect up with this strange way of doing it— (*The women's eyes meet for an instant. Enter Hale from outer door.*)

HALE: (*remaining upstage left by door*). Well, I've got the team around. Pretty cold out there.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: I'm going to stay awhile by myself. (*To the Sheriff*) You can send Frank out for me, can't you? I want to go over everything. I'm not satisfied that we can't do better.

SHERIFF: Do you want to see what Mrs. Peters is going to take in? (*The Lawyer picks up the apron, laughs.*)

COUNTY ATTORNEY: Oh, I guess they're not very dangerous things the ladies have picked out. (*Moves a few things about, disturbing the quilt pieces which cover the*

box. Steps back.) No, Mrs. Peters doesn't need supervising. For that matter a sheriff's wife is married to the law. Ever think of it that way, Mrs. Peters?

MRS. PETERS: Not—just that way.

SHERIFF: (*chuckling*). Married to the law. (*Moves to downstage right door to the other room.*) I just want you to come in here a minute, George. We ought to take a look at these windows.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: (*scoffingly*). Oh, windows!

SHERIFF: We'll be right out, Mr. Hale. (*Hale goes outside. The Sheriff follows the County Attorney into the other room. Then Mrs. Hale rises, hands tight together, looking intently at Mrs. Peters, whose eyes make a slow turn, finally meeting Mrs. Hale's. A moment Mrs. Hale holds her, then her own eyes point the way to where the box is concealed. Suddenly Mrs. Peters throws back quilt pieces and tries to put the box in the bag she is carrying. It is too big. She opens box, starts to take bird out, cannot touch it, goes to pieces, stands there helpless. Sound of a knob turning in the other room, Mrs. Hale snatches the box and puts it in the pocket of her big coat. Enter County Attorney and Sheriff, who remains downstage right.*)

COUNTY ATTORNEY: (*crosses to upstage left door facetiously*). Well, Henry, at least we found out that she was not going to quilt it. She was going to—what is it you call it, ladies?

MRS. HALE: (*standing centre below table facing front, her hand against her pocket*). We call it—knot it, Mr. Henderson.

Glossary

abashed (adj.): embarrassed or ashamed

canary (n.): a small, yellow bird that is well known for its singing, sometimes kept as a pet

coroner (n.): the public employee responsible for investigating deaths that are not thought to be from natural causes

facetiously (adv.): in a manner not meant to be taken seriously

fidgety (adj.): restless or uneasy

homestead (v.): (as provided by the federal Homestead Act of 1862) live in an area of public land granted to any US citizen willing to settle on and farm the land for at least five years

pleat (v.): fold cloth

queer (adj.): strange; odd

quilt (v.): join together (layers of fabric) with lines of stitching to form a warm bed covering

resentfully (adv.): angrily, unhappily

scoffingly (adv.): scornfully

sheriff (n.): (in the US) an elected officer in a county who is responsible for keeping the peace

tippet (n.): a shawl or scarf

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

- a. Do you believe that Mrs. Wright killed her husband? Explain.
- b. Do you think Mr. Wright's death would have been uncovered if Mr. Hale hadn't stopped by the Wrights' home?
- c. Why does Mrs. Hale think that Mrs. Wright's worries about her preserves indicate her innocence?
- d. How does Mrs. Peters' homesteading experience connect her to Mrs. Wright?
- e. How do the women's perspectives on men differ?

Reference to the context

Read the extracts from the play given below and answer the questions that follow.

- a. "MRS. PETERS:(glancing around). Seems funny to think of a bird here. But she must have had one, or why would she have a cage? I wonder what happened to it?

MRS. HALE: I s'pose maybe the cat got it."

- i. Who does 'she' refer to?
 - ii. What does the word 'one' stand for?
 - iii. What is the full form of "s'pose"?
 - iv. What do you mean when Mrs. Hale says, "the cat got it"?
- b. "MRS. HALE: Wright was close. she used to wear pretty clothes and be lively, when she was Minnie Foster, one of the town girls singing in the choir.

But that— oh, that was thirty years ago.”

- i. Why does Mrs. Hale refer to Mrs. Wright as “Minnie Foster”?
 - ii. What does her description tell you about Mrs. Wright?
 - iii. What does Mrs. Hale mean by “that was thirty years ago”?
- c. What is the main theme of the play?
 - d. Discuss the symbolism used in the play.
 - e. Discuss the setting of the play. Does it have an impact on the theme of the play?

Reference beyond the text

- a. The credibility of a character is determined not only by the character’s thoughts and actions but also by what other characters say and think about him or her. Discuss in relation to the characters of Trifles.
- b. Dramatic irony occurs when the reader or audience has information that is unknown to the characters in a play; it creates tension and suspense. Analyse the play discussing the author’s use of dramatic irony based on these questions:
 - What information is crucial to the play Trifles?
 - How does the playwright use this information to create dramatic irony?
 - What effect does the dramatic irony have on the audience and on the play?

A Sunny Morning

Serafin and Joaquin Alvarez Quintero

(translated from the Spanish by Lucretia Xavier Floyd)

Before Reading

Answer these questions.

- Have you ever had an unexpected meeting with someone in a park?
- How do your expectations influence the way you interact with others?
- How have unexpected encounters in your life sometimes turned out to be rewarding?

Serafin Álvarez Quintero (1871-1938) and *Joaquin Alvarez Quintero* (1873-1944) were Spanish dramatists. They grew up in Utrera, a small town near Seville in the region of Spain called Andalusia. They began writing for the theatre at a young age. They were popularly known as the *Golden Boys* of the Madrid theatre. They collaborated in almost 200 dramas depicting the life, manners, and speech of Andalusia.



Their first stage piece, *Gilito*, was written in 1889. Among the brothers' best-known works are the comedies *The Flowers* (1901), *A Sunny Morning* (1905), and *The Merry Heart* (1906), as well as the uncharacteristically serious *Malvaloca* (1912). Several of their plays were translated into English by Helen and Harley *Granville-Barker* (1927–32). Their complete collection of plays was published in seven volumes as *Obras Completas* in the early 1950s.

A Sunny Morning is a light comedy that narrates the reunion of two lovers now in their 70s meeting at a park who in their youth were passionate lovers but torn apart by the cruelty of fate. The setting of this play is a sunny morning in Madrid, Spain on a bench in the park.

Reading

Casting Characters

DONA LAURA

PETRA, her maid

DON GONZALO

JUANITO, his servant

Scene: A park in Madrid, the capital of Spain

(A sunny morning in a retired corner of a park in Madrid. Autumn. A bench at right. Dona Laura, a handsome, white-haired old lady of about seventy, refined in appearance, her bright eyes and entire manner giving evidence that despite her age her mental faculties are unimpaired, enters leaning upon the arm of her maid, Petra. In her free hand she carries a parasol, which serves also as a cane.)

DONA LAURA: I am so glad to be here. I feared my seat would be occupied. What a beautiful morning!

PETRA: The sun is hot.

DONA LAURA: Yes, you are only twenty. *(She sits down on the bench.)* Oh, I feel more tired today than usual. *(Noticing Petra, who seems impatient.)* Go, if you wish to chat with your guard.

PETRA: He is not mine, senora; he belongs to the park.

DONA LAURA: He belongs more to you than he does to the park. Go find him, but remain within calling distance.

PETRA: I see him over there waiting for me.

DONA LAURA: Do not remain more than ten minutes.

PETRA: Very well, senora. *(Walks toward right.)*

DONA LAURA: Wait a moment.

PETRA: What does the senora wish?

DONA LAURA: Give me the bread crumbs.

PETRA: I don't know what is the matter with me.

DONA LAURA: *(Smiling.)* I do. Your head is where your heart is—with the guard.

PETRA: Here, senora. *(She hands Dona Laura a small bag. Exit Petra by right.)*

DONA LAURA: Adios. *(Glances toward trees at right.)* Here they come! They know just when to expect me. *(She rises, walks toward right, and throws three handfuls of bread crumbs.)* These are for the spryest, these for the gluttons, and these for the little ones which are the most persistent. *(Laughs. She returns to her seat and watches, with a pleased expression, the pigeons feeding.)* There, that big one is always first! I know him

by his big head. Now one, now another, now two, now three— That little fellow is the least timid. I believe he would eat from my hand. That one takes his piece and flies up to that branch alone. He is a philosopher. But where do they all come from? It seems as if the news had spread. Ha, ha! Don't quarrel. There is enough for all. I'll bring more tomorrow. *(Enter Don Gonzalo and Juanito from left centre. Don Gonzalo is an old gentleman of seventy, gouty and impatient. He leans upon Juanito's arm and drags his feet somewhat she walks.)*

DON GONZALO: Idling their time away! They should be saying Mass.

JUANITO: You can sit here, senior. There is only a lady. *(Dona Laura turns her head and listens.)*

DON GONZALO: I won't, Juanito. I want a bench to myself.

JUANITO: But there is none.

DON GONZALO: That one over there is mine.

JUANITO: There are three priests sitting there.

DON GONZALO: Rout them out. Have they gone?

JUANITO: No, indeed. They are talking.

DON GONZALO: Just as if they were glued to the seat. No hope of their leaving. Come this way, Juanito. *(They walk toward the birds, right.)*

DONA LAURA: *(Indignantly.)* Look out!

DON GONZALO: Are you speaking to me, senora?

DONA LAURA: Yes, to you.

DON GONZALO: What do you wish?

DONA LAURA: You have scared away the birds who were feeding on my crumbs.

DON GONZALO: What do I care about the birds?

DONA LAURA: But I do.

DON GONZALO: This is a public park.

DONA LAURA: Then why do you complain that the priests have taken your bench?

DON GONZALO: Senora, we have not met. I cannot imagine why you take the liberty of addressing me. Come, Juanito. *(Both go outright.)*

DONA LAURA: What an ill-natured old man! Why must people get so fussy and cross when they reach a certain age? (*Looking toward right.*) I am glad. He lost that bench, too. Serves him right for scaring the birds. He is furious. Yes, yes; find a seat if you can. Poor man! He is wiping the perspiration from his face. Here he comes. A carriage would not raise more dust than his feet. (*Enter Don Gonzalo and Juanito by right and walk toward left.*)

DON GONZALO: Have the priests gone yet, Juanito?

JUANITO: No, indeed, señor. They are still there.

DON GONZALO: The authorities should place more benches here for these sunny mornings. Well, I suppose I must resign myself and sit on the bench with the old lady. (*Muttering to himself, he sits at the extreme end of Dona Laura's bench and looks at her indignantly. Touches his hat as he greets her.*) Good morning.

DONA LAURA: What, you here again?

DON GONZALO: I repeat that we have not met.

DONA LAURA: I was responding to your salute.

DON GONZALO: “Good morning” should be answered by “good morning,” and that is all you should have said.

DONA LAURA: You should have asked permission to sit on this bench, which is mine.

DON GONZALO: The benches here are public property.

DONA LAURA: Why, you said the one the priests have was yours.

DON GONZALO: Very well, very well. I have nothing more to say. (*Between his teeth.*) Senile old lady! She ought to be at home knitting and counting her beads.

DONA LAURA: Don't grumble any more. I'm not going to leave just to please you.

DON GONZALO: (*Brushing the dust from his shoes with his handkerchief.*) If the ground were sprinkled a little it would be an improvement.

DONA LAURA: Do you use your handkerchief as a shoe brush?

DON GONZALO: Why not?

DONA LAURA: Do you use a shoe brush as a handkerchief?

DON GONZALO: What right have you to criticize my actions?

DONA LAURA: A neighbour's right.

DON GONZALO: Juanito, my book. I do not care to listen to nonsense.

DONA LAURA: You are very polite.

DON GONZALO: Pardon me, senora, but never interfere with what does not concern you.

DONA LAURA: I generally say what I think.

DON GONZALO: And more to the same effect. Give me the book, Juanito.

JUANITO: Here, senor. (*Juanito takes a book from his pocket, hands it to Don Gonzalo, then exits by right. Don Gonzalo, casting indignant glances at Dona Laura, puts on an enormous pair of glasses, takes from his pocket a reading glass, adjusts both to suit him, and opens his book.*)

DONA LAURA: I thought you were taking out a telescope.

DON GONZALO: Was that you?

DONA LAURA: Your sight must be keen.

DON GONZALO: Keener than yours is.

DONA LAURA: Yes, evidently.

DON GONZALO: Ask the hares and partridges.

DONA LAURA: Ah! Do you hunt?

DON GONZALO: I did, and even now—

DONA LAURA: Oh, yes, of course!

DON GONZALO: Yes, senora. Every Sunday I take my gun and dog, you understand, and go to one of my estates near Aravaca and kill time.

DONA LAURA: Yes, kill time. That is all you kill.

DON GONZALO: Do you think so? I could show you a wild boar's head in my study—

DONA LAURA: Yes, and I could show you a tiger's skin in my boudoir. What does that prove?

DON GONZALO: Very well, senora, please allow me to read. Enough conversation.

DONA LAURA: Well, you subside, then.

DON GONZALO: But first I shall take a pinch of snuff. (*Takes out snuff box.*) Will you have some? (*Offers box to Dona Laura.*)

DONA LAURA: If it is good.

DON GONZALO: It is of the finest. You will like it.

DONA LAURA: (*Taking pinch of snuff.*) It clears my head.

DON GONZALO: And mine.

DONA LAURA: Do you sneeze?

DON GONZALO: Yes, senora, three times.

DONA LAURA: And so do I. What a coincidence! (*After taking the snuff, they await the sneezes, both anxiously, and sneeze alternately three times each.*)

DON GONZALO: There, I feel better.

DONA LAURA: So do I. (*Aside.*) The snuff has made peace between us.

DON GONZALO: You will excuse me if I read aloud?

DONA LAURA: Read as loud as you please; you will not disturb me.

DON GONZALO: (*Reading.*) “All love is sad, but sad as it is, it is the best thing that we know.” That is from Campoamor.

DONA LAURA: Ah!

DON GONZALO: (*Reading.*) “The daughters of the mothers I once loved kiss me now as they would a graven image.” Those lines, I take it, are in a humorous vein.

DONA LAURA: (*Laughing.*) I take them so, too.

DON GONZALO: There are some beautiful poems in this book. Here. “Twenty years pass. He returns.”

DONA LAURA: You cannot imagine how it affects me to see you reading with all those glasses.

DON GONZALO: Can you read without any?

DONA LAURA: Certainly.

DON GONZALO: At your age? You’re jesting.

DONA LAURA: Pass me the book, then. (*Takes book; reads aloud.*) “Twenty years pass. He returns. And each, beholding the other, exclaims— Can it be that this is he?”

Heavens, is it she?" (*Dona Laura returns the book to DON GONZALO.*)

DON GONZALO: Indeed, I envy you your wonderful eyesight.

DONA LAURA: (*Aside.*) I know every word by heart.

DON GONZALO: I am very fond of good verses, very fond. I even composed some in my youth.

DONA LAURA: Good ones?

DON GONZALO: Of all kinds. I was a great friend of Espronceda, Zorrilla, Bécquer, and others. I first met Zorrilla in America.

DONA LAURA: Why, have you been in America?

DON GONZALO: Several times. The first time I went I was only six years old.

DONA LAURA: You must have gone with Columbus in one of his caravels!

DON GONZALO: (*Laughing.*) Not quite as bad as that. I am old, I admit, but I did not know Ferdinand and Isabella. (*They both laugh.*) I was also a great friend of Campoamor. I met him in Valencia. I am a native of that city.

DONA LAURA: You are?

DON GONZALO: I was brought up there and there I spent my early youth. Have you ever visited that city?

DONA LAURA: Yes, señor. Not far from Valencia there was a villa that, if still there, should retain memories of me. I spent several seasons there. It was many, many years ago. It was near the sea, hidden away among lemon and orange trees. They called it—let me see, what did they call it—Maricela.

DON GONZALO: (*Startled.*) Maricela?

DONA LAURA: Maricela. Is the name familiar to you?

DON GONZALO: Yes, very familiar. If my memory serves me right, for we forget as we grow old, there lived in that villa the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, and I assure you I have seen many. Let me see—what was her name? Laura—Laura—Laura Llorente.

DONA LAURA: (*Startled.*) Laura Llorente?

DON GONZALO: Yes. (*They look at each other intently.*)

DONA LAURA: (*Recovering herself.*) Nothing. You reminded me of my best friend.

DON GONZALO: How strange!

DONA LAURA: It is strange. She was called “The Silver Maiden.”

DON GONZALO: Precisely, “The Silver Maiden.” By that name she was known in that locality. I seem to see her as if she were before me now, at that window with the red roses. Do you remember that window?

DONA LAURA: Yes, I remember. It was the window of her room.

DON GONZALO: She spent many hours there. I mean in my day.

DONA LAURA: [*Sighing.*] And in mine, too.

DON GONZALO: She was ideal. Fair as a lily, jet black hair and black eyes, with an uncommonly sweet expression. She seemed to cast a radiance wherever she was. Her figure was beautiful, perfect. “What forms of sovereign beauty God models in human clay!” She was a dream.

DONA LAURA: (*Aside.*) If you but knew that dream was now by your side, you would realize what dreams come to. (*Aloud.*) She was very unfortunate and had a sad love affair.

DON GONZALO: Very sad. (*They look at each other.*)

DONA LAURA: Did you hear of it?

DON GONZALO: Yes.

DONA LAURA: The ways of Providence are strange. (*Aside.*) Gonzalo!

DON GONZALO: The gallant lover, in the same affair—

DONA LAURA: Ah, the duel!

DON GONZALO: Precisely, the duel. The gallant lover was—my cousin, of whom I was very fond.

DONA LAURA: Oh, yes, a cousin? My friend told me in one of her letters the story of that affair, which was truly romantic. He, your cousin, passed by on horseback every morning down the rose path under her window, and tossed up to her balcony a bouquet of flowers which she caught.

DON GONZALO: And later in the afternoon the gallant horseman would return by the same path, and catch the bouquet of flowers she would toss him. Am I right?

DONA LAURA: Yes. They wanted to marry her to a merchant whom she would not

have.

DON GONZALO: And one night, when my cousin waited under her window to hear her sing, this other person presented himself unexpectedly.

DONA LAURA: And insulted your cousin.

DON GONZALO: There was a quarrel.

DONA LAURA: And later a duel.

DON GONZALO: Yes, at sunrise, on the beach, and the merchant was badly wounded. My cousin had to conceal himself for a few days and later to fly.

DONA LAURA: You seem to know the story well.

DON GONZALO: And so do you.

DONA LAURA: I have explained that a friend repeated it to me.

DON GONZALO: As my cousin did to me. (*Aside.*) This is Laura!

DONA LAURA: (*Aside.*) Why tell him? He does not suspect.

DON GONZALO: (*Aside.*) She is entirely innocent.

DONA LAURA: And was it you, by any chance, who advised your cousin to forget Laura?

DON GONZALO: Why, my cousin never forgot her!

DONA LAURA: How do you account, then, for his conduct?

DON GONZALO: I will tell you. The young man took refuge in my house, fearful of the consequences of a duel with a person highly regarded in that locality. From my home he went to Seville, then came to Madrid. He wrote Laura many letters, some of them in verse. But undoubtedly they were intercepted by her parents, for she never answered at all. Gonzalo then, in despair, believing his love lost to him forever, joined the army, went to Africa, and there, in a trench, met a glorious death, grasping the flag of Spain and whispering the name of his beloved Laura—

DONA LAURA: (*Aside.*) What an atrocious lie!

DON GONZALO: (*Aside.*) I could not have killed myself more gloriously.

DONA LAURA: You must have been prostrated by the calamity.

DON GONZALO: Yes, indeed, senora. As if he were my brother. I presume, though,

on the contrary, that Laura in a short time was chasing butterflies in her garden, indifferent to regret.

DONA LAURA: No señor, no!

DON GONZALO: It is woman's way.

DONA LAURA: Even if it were woman's way, "The Silver Maiden" was not of that disposition. My friend awaited news for days, months, a year, and no letter came. One afternoon, just at sunset, as the first stars were appearing, she was seen to leave the house, and with quickening steps wend her way toward the beach, the beach where her beloved had risked his life. She wrote his name on the sand, then sat down upon a rock, her gaze fixed upon the horizon. The waves murmured their eternal threnody and slowly crept up to the rock where the maiden sat. The tide rose with a boom and swept her out to sea.

DON GONZALO: Good heavens!

DONA LAURA: The fishermen of that shore who often tell the story affirm that it was a long time before the waves washed away that name written on the sand. (*Aside.*) You will not get ahead of me in decorating my own funeral.

DON GONZALO: (*Aside.*) She lies worse than I do.

DONA LAURA: Poor Laura!

DON GONZALO: Poor Gonzalo!

DONA LAURA: (*Aside.*) I will not tell him that I married two years later.

DON GONZALO: (*Aside.*) In three months I ran off to Paris with a ballet dancer.

DONA LAURA: Fate is curious. Here are you and I, complete strangers, met by chance, discussing the romance of old friends of long ago! We have been conversing as if we were old friends.

DON GONZALO: Yes, it is curious, considering the ill-natured prelude to our conversation.

DONA LAURA: You scared away the birds.

DON GONZALO: I was unreasonable, perhaps.

DONA LAURA: Yes, that was evident. (*Sweetly.*) Are you coming again tomorrow?

DON GONZALO: Most certainly, if it is a sunny morning. And not only will I not

scare away the birds, but I will bring a few crumbs.

DONA LAURA: Thank you very much. Birds are grateful and repay attention. I wonder where my maid is? Petra! (*Signals for her maid.*)

DON GONZALO: (*Aside, looking at LAURA, whose back is turned.*) No, no, I will not reveal myself. I am grotesque now. Better that she recall the gallant horseman who passed daily beneath her window tossing flowers.

DONA LAURA: Here she comes.

DON GONZALO: That Juanito! He plays havoc with the nursemaids. (*Looks right and signals with his hand.*)

DONA LAURA: (*Aside, looking at Gonzalo, whose back is turned.*) No, I am too sadly changed. It is better he should remember me as the black eyed girl tossing flowers as he passed among the roses in the garden. (*Juanito enters by right, Petra by left. She has a bunch of violets in her hand.*)

DONA LAURA: Well, Petra! At last!

DON GONZALO: Juanito, you are late.

PETRA: (*To Dona Laura.*) The guard gave me these violets for you, senora.

DONA LAURA: How very nice! Thank him for me. They are fragrant. (*As she takes the violets from her maid a few loose ones fall to the ground.*)

DON GONZALO: My dear lady, this has been a great honour and a great pleasure.

DONA LAURA: It has also been a pleasure to me.

DON GONZALO: Good-bye until tomorrow.

DONA LAURA: Until tomorrow.

DON GONZALO: If it is sunny.

DONA LAURA: A sunny morning. Will you go to your bench?

DON GONZALO: No, I will come to this—if you do not object?

DONA LAURA: This bench is at your disposal.

DON GONZALO: And I will surely bring the crumbs.

DONA LAURA: Tomorrow, then?

DON GONZALO: Tomorrow! (*Laura walks away toward right, supported by her*

Maid. Gonzalo, before leaving with Juanito, trembling and with a great effort, stoops to pick up the violets Laura dropped. Just then Laura turns her head and surprises him picking up the flowers.)

JUANITO: What are you doing, señor?

DON GONZALO: Juanito, wait—

DONA LAURA: (Aside.) Yes, it is he!

DON GONZALO: (Aside.) It is she, and no mistake. (*Dona Laura and Don Gonzalo wave farewell.*)

DONA LAURA: “Can it be that this is he?”

DON GONZALO: “Heavens, is it she?” (*They smile once more, as if she were again at the window and he below in the rose garden, and then disappear upon the arms of their servants.*)

CURTAIN

NOTES

Senora: a Spanish way of addressing a married woman, similar to ‘Madam’. Senorita is the term used to address unmarried women, and señor is used to address men.

Adios: a courteous way of saying ‘goodbye’ in Spanish

Mass: a religious celebration held regularly in the Roman Catholic Church

Aravaca: a village near Madrid

Campoamor: Ramón de Campoamor (1817–1901), a Spanish poet and philosopher

Espronceda: José de Espronceda (1808–1842), a Spanish romantic poet

Zorrilla: José Zorrilla (1817–1893), a Spanish romantic poet and dramatist

Bécquer: Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer (1836–1870), a Spanish poet

Ferdinand and Isabella: the king and queen of Spain who financed Christopher Columbus’s voyage across the Atlantic Ocean in the late 1400s

Valencia: a city on the eastern coast of Spain

Seville: a city in southern Spain

Glossary

atrocious (adj.): very bad; disgusting; horrifyingly wicked

boudoir (n.): a woman’s bedroom

caravels (n.): ships built in Spain and Portugal in the fifteenth century

duel (n.): a contest between two people with deadly weapons in order to settle a point of honour

glutton(n.): a person who is greedy for food

gouty (adj.): suffering from the swelling in the joints

snuff (n.): powdered tobacco

graven (adj.): carved

grotesque (adj.): comically or repulsively ugly or distorted

indignant (adj.): feeling or showing anger because of something unjust or unfair

parasol(n.): a small, colourful umbrella used for protection from the sun

Providence (n.): a force that determines human fate; God

spryest (adj.): active and lively

threnody (n.): a song of lament for the dead

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

- a. What makes Dona Laura think that Don Gonzalo is an ill-natured man? Why do neither Dona Laura nor Don Gonzalo reveal their true identities?
- b. At what point of time, do you think, Laura and Gonzalo begin to recognise each other?
- c. When does Dona Laura realise that Don Gonzalo was her former lover?
- d. Why do Dona Laura and Don Gonzalo spin fictitious stories about themselves?
- e. How do Dona Laura and Don Gonzalo feel about each other?

Reference to the context

- a. Look at the extract below and answer the questions that follow:

“Yes, you are only twenty. (She sits down on the bench.) Oh, I feel more tired today than usual. (Noticing Petra, who seems impatient.) Go, if you wish to chat with your guard.”

 - i. Who is the speaker?
 - ii. Who does ‘you’ refer to?
 - iii. Who is the ‘guard’ the speaker is talking to?
- b. Read the extract dialogue from the play and answer the questions that follow:

DONA LAURA: (Indignantly.) Look out!

DON GONZALO: Are you speaking to me, senora?

DONA LAURA: Yes, to you.

DON GONZALO: What do you wish?

DONA LAURA: You have scared away the birds who were feeding on my crumbs.

DON GONZALO: What do I care about the birds?

DONA LAURA: But I do.

DON GONZALO: This is a public park.

- c. Who is Dona addressing by saying “Look out”?
- d. What was Dona doing?
- e. Who scared the birds? Are they pet birds?
- f. Where are the speakers at the time of the conversation?
- g. What is the effect of flashback in the play when Dona Laura and Don Gonzalo knew that they were the lovers in the past?
- h. Discuss how the play is built around humour and irony.
- i. How is the title ‘A Sunny Morning’ justifiable? Discuss.

Reference beyond the text

- a. What do you predict will happen in the next meeting between Dona Laura and Don Gonzalo? Discuss.
- b. Was it wise for Dona Laura and Don Gonzalo to keep their identities secret? How might their secrets affect future meetings?
- c. Write the summary of the play.

Fritz Karinthy

Before Reading**Answer these questions.**

- Will you demand your tuition fees back from the school if you don't get any job in the future?
- What do you want to be after getting education?
- Does one's certificate show the talent of that person?

Fritz Karinthy (1887-1938) was a Hungarian satirical writer. He excelled as a novelist, short story writer, poet, essayist and playwright. Deeply interested in natural sciences, he studied to be a teacher, but became a journalist and joined the literary periodical *Nyugat*. Strongly philosophical and humanistic in his outlook, he raised his powerful voice against the barbarism and horrors of World War I. His works such as *That's How You Write* (1912), *Journey around My Skull* (1939), *Please Sir* (1916) and *Professor* won him a lot of recognition.



The play *Refund* written in 1938 is about a man about forty who goes back to the school in which he had studied and demands a refund of the fees he had paid eighteen years back claiming that he had learnt nothing useful at school and he is now good-for-nothing. This play was adopted by the American playwright Percival Wilde for a general audience. *Refund* brings out the extraordinary sense of parody, word play in Karinthy's literary art. The play is full of humour which deals with an extraordinarily absurd situation.

Reading**Now read the following hilarious literary play.****Casting Characters**

THE PRINCIPAL

THE SERVANT
WASSERKOPF
THE MATHEMATICS MASTER
THE PHYSICS MASTER
THE STAFF
THE GEOGRAPHY MASTER
THE HISTORY MASTER

(The Principal is seated at his flat-tapped desk in his office in a high school. Enter a servant.)

THE PRINCIPAL: Well, what is it?

THE SERVANT: A man, sir. Outside. He wants to see you.

THE PRINCIPAL: *(leaning back and stretching)* I receive parents only during office hours. The particular office hours are posted in the notice-board. Tell him that.

THE SERVANT: Yes, sir. Yes, sir. But it isn't a parent, sir.

THE PRINCIPAL: A pupil?

THE SERVANT: I don't think so. He has a beard.

THE PRINCIPAL: *(disquieted)* Not a parent and not a pupil. Then what is he?

THE SERVANT: He told me I should just say 'Wasserkopf.'

THE PRINCIPAL: *(much disquieted)* What does he look like? Stupid? Intelligent?

THE SERVANT: Fairly intelligent, I'd say, sir.

THE PRINCIPAL: *(reassured)* Good! Then he's not a school inspector. Show him in.

THE SERVANT: Yes, sir. *(He goes off. An instant later the door reopens to admit a bearded man, carelessly dressed, somewhat under forty. He is energetic and decided)*

WASSERKOPF: How do you do? *(He remains standing)*

THE PRINCIPAL: *(rising)* What can I do for you?

WASSERKOPF: I'm Wasserkopf. *(He pauses)* Don't you remember me?

THE PRINCIPAL: *(shaking his head)* No.

WASSERKOPF: It's possible I've changed. What the hell...! Your class records will show I've got a right to come here.

THE PRINCIPAL: The class records? How so?

WASSERKOPF: Mr. Principal, if you please, I'm Wasserkopf.

THE PRINCIPAL: Doubtless, doubtless – but what has that to do with it?

WASSERKOPF: You mean to say you don't even remember my name? [*He thinks it over*] No, I imagine you wouldn't. You were probably glad to forget me. Well, Mr. Principal, I was a student in this school eighteen years ago.

THE PRINCIPAL: (*without enthusiasm*) Oh, were you? Well, what do you want now? A certificate?

WASSERKOPF: (*doubtfully*) Since I'm bringing back the leaving certificate you gave me I suppose I can get along without another one. No, that isn't why I came here.

THE PRINCIPAL: Well?

WASSERKOPF: (*clearing his throat firmly*) As a former pupil of this school I want you to refund the tuition fees, which were paid you for my education eighteen years ago.

THE PRINCIPAL: (*incredulously*) You want me to refund your tuition fees?

WASSERKOPF: Exactly; the tuition fees. If I were a rich man I'd tell you to keep them, so far as I'm concerned. What the hell...! But I'm not a rich man, and I need the money.

THE PRINCIPAL: I'm not sure I understand.

WASSERKOPF: Dammit, I want my tuition fees back! Is that plain enough?

THE PRINCIPAL: Why do you want it back?

WASSERKOPF: Because I didn't get my money's worth, that's why! This certificate here says I got an education. Well, I didn't. I didn't learn anything and I want my money back.

THE PRINCIPAL: But, look here, look here! I don't understand it at all! I've never heard of anything like it. What an absurd idea!

WASSERKOPF: Absurd, is it? It's a good idea. It's such a good idea that I didn't get it out of my own head, thanks to the education I got here, which made nothing but an incompetent ass out of me. My old classmate Leaderer gave me the idea not half an hour ago.

THE PRINCIPAL: Gave it to you?

WASSERKOPF: (*nodding violently*) Like that. Here I was walking along the street, fired from my last job, and wondering how I could get hold of some cash, because I was quite broke. I met Leaderer. I said, ‘How goes it, Leaderer?’ ‘Fine!’ he says. ‘I’ve got to hurry to the broker’s to collect the money I made speculating in foreign exchange.’ ‘What’s foreign exchange?’ I said. He says ‘I haven’t got the time to tell you now, but, according to the paper, Hungarian money is down seventy points, and I’ve made the difference. Don’t you understand?’ Well, I didn’t understand. I said, ‘How do you make money if money goes down?’ and he says, ‘Wasserkopf, if you don’t know that, you don’t know a damn thing. Go to the school and get your tuition fees back.’ Then he hurried away and left me standing there, and I said to myself, ‘Why shouldn’t I do that?’ He’s right, now that I’ve thought it over. So I came here as fast as I could, and I’ll be much obliged if you give me back my tuition fees, because they amount to a lot of money, and I didn’t get anything for them.

THE PRINCIPAL: (*at a loss for words*) Really... But now... See here, we’ve never had a request like yours before. Leaderer told you –

WASSERKOPF: He’s a good friend, Leaderer. He told me, and when I get my money back I’m going to buy him a present.

THE PRINCIPAL: (*rising*) You – you are not really serious, are you?

WASSERKOPF: I was never more serious in my life. Treat me wrong here and I’ll go straight to the Ministry of Education and complain about you! You took my money and you taught me nothing. Now I’m no good for anything, and I can’t do the things that I should have learned in school.

THE PRINCIPAL: You’re mad! (*He breaks off, to continue in a more conciliatory tone*) My dear sir, Herr – er – Wasserkopf, please go away quietly. I’ll think the matter over after you’ve gone.

WASSERKOPF: (*sitting*) No, no! You don’t get rid of me so easy. I’ll go when everything’s been settled. I was given the instruction here in exchange for money, so that I might be able to do something; but I can’t do anything because I was taught so badly, and anybody can see I ought to have my money back.

THE PRINCIPAL: (*trying to gain time*) What makes you think you can’t do anything?

WASSERKOPF: Everybody thinks so. If I get a job I can’t keep it. Give me an examination and tell me what I ought to do. Call in the masters and let them say.

THE PRINCIPAL: What a distressing business! How unfortunate! You really want to take another examination?

WASSERKOPF: Yes. I've a right to take one.

THE PRINCIPAL: What an unusual case! (*He scratches his head*) I've never heard of anything like it before. Er – I shall have to consult the staff. I shall have to call a conference... Er – will you wait in the waiting room and give me a few minutes?

WASSERKOPF: (*rising*) Yes, be quick. I've got no time to waste (*he saunters out in a leisurely fashion.*)

THE PRINCIPAL: (*rings; the servant enters*) Ask the staff to come here at once. A most extraordinary conference!

THE SERVANT: Yes, sir. (*He goes out*)

THE PRINCIPAL: (*trying out his speech*) Gentlemen, I have asked you to come here on account of a most unusual state of affairs. It is unprecedented. In the thirty years that I have been a schoolmaster I have never heard of anything like it. Never, so long as I live, shall I expect to hear of anything like it again. Never! God forbid! (*The masters enter; they are characteristic figures whose eccentricities are exaggerated*) Gentlemen, I have asked you to come here on account of a most unusual state of affairs. Sit down, gentlemen. I shall open the conference. It is unprecedented, incredible and fantastic. A former pupil has come to see me – er – an individual named Wasserkopf. He brought up a question, which I've never encountered in my many years of experience. (*He explodes*) I have never heard of anything like it.

THE MATHEMATICS MASTER: Tell us about it.

THE PRINCIPAL: He wants – he wants his tuition fees back.

THE MATHEMATICS MASTER: Why?

THE PRINCIPAL: Because he's lost his job. Because he's broke. Because he's an ass. I should be glad to have you express your views on this unparalleled case.

THE PHYSICS MASTER: The case is natural. The law of conservation of energy proves that any given pupil will lose, in any given period, as much knowledge as a teacher can drill into his head in another period of like duration.

THE HISTORY MASTER: There is nothing like it in the history of civilization. It is said that the Bourbons learned nothing and forgot nothing. If that is true.

THE PHYSICS MASTER: The law of conservation of energy – (*The two argue*)

THE MATHEMATICS MASTER: The question is, does he want the amount with simple or compound interest, because in the latter event –

THE GEOGRAPHY MASTER: Where is the fellow, anyhow?

THE PRINCIPAL: He's waiting outside. He wants to be re-examined. He says he learned nothing. He says a re-examination will prove it. I'd like to know what you gentlemen think about it.

THE MATHEMATICS MASTER: (*chuckling*) A re-examination? Gentlemen, it is my conviction that we will lose nothing by re-examining Wasserkopf. If he fails, he will place us in an awkward position; therefore he must not fail. He has – shall I say? – pursued advanced studies in the school of life. We will not make our questions too difficult – agreed, gentlemen? We are dealing with a sly, crafty individual, who will try to get the better of us – and his money back – by hook or crook. We must checkmate him.

THE PHYSICS MASTER: How?

THE MATHEMATICS MASTER: By sticking together. The object is to prevent him from failing, because if he fails he succeeds. That we must stop. If he fails, tomorrow there will be two more former pupils, and the next day a dozen. We must back each other up, gentlemen, so that this painful affair does not become a pedagogical scandal. We will ask him questions. Whatever his answers, we agree beforehand that they are correct.

THE PHYSICS MASTER: Who will decide?

THE MATHEMATICS TEACHER: I, if you will permit me. Mr. Principal, let us proceed with the examination. We will show the former pupil that we too can be shrewd!

THE PRINCIPAL: (*ringing; uneasily*) Isn't there a chance of something going wrong? Suppose it gets into the newspapers –

THE MATHEMATICS MASTER: Leave it to us.

THE PRINCIPAL: (*to the servant who has reappeared*) Show in Herr Wasserkopf. (*He enters, without waiting to be shown in. He is most truculent. His hat is over one ear; he keeps his hands thrust into his pockets and stares insolently*)

THE STAFF: (*bowing, heartily*) How do you do?

WASSERKOPF: Who the hell are you? Sit down, you loafers! (*He grins, waiting to be thrown out*)

THE PRINCIPAL: How dare you –

THE MATHEMATICS MASTER: (*interrupting*) Please! (*He turns to the others.*) Sit down, you loafers! (*They sit, greatly astonished. He turns to Wasserkopf.*) My dear sir, the greeting you have just given us shows that you understand the patriarchal manners, which we impress upon everybody in this institution. Exactly as in the days of the medieval humanists, teachers and pupils here are on a footing of perfect equality. You have shown us, in a most tactful way, that you approve of our customs. That is good of you, and I am sure my colleagues will agree that the pupil Wasserkopf, who appears before us for re-examination, need not be examined in what appertains to gentlemanliness. Instead we waive the examination in that subject, and mark him ‘Excellent.’

THE PRINCIPAL: (*understanding at once*) Quite right! Quite right! (*He writes*) ‘Manners: Excellent.’

THE STAFF: Agreed! Agreed!

WASSERKOPF: (*puzzled, then shrugging his shoulders*) All right, if you say so. What the hell...! I don’t give a damn for the lot of you. My being gentlemanly isn’t going to pass the examination. Let me fail as quickly as possible, and give me my money. Everything else is just nonsense.

THE PRINCIPAL: (*flattering*) Speaking for the staff, we agree with you. Your exquisite courtesy will not affect us one way or the other. We will examine you, and be guided entirely by your replies to our questions. Take notice of that.

WASSERKOPF: All right, carry on! Let’s hear the questions. I need money. (*He takes off his coat and hitches up his sleeve bands.*) Go to it! Ask me questions, professors – I mean, long-eared asses! I’d like to see you get a single correct answer out of me.

THE PRINCIPAL: The examination will begin. History. Herr Schwefler?

THE HISTORY MASTER: (*moving to the centre of the table and indicates a chair facing of it*) Herr Wasserkopf, won’t you be seated?

WASSERKOPF: (*staring at him insolently, arms akimbo*) To hell with a seat! I’ll stand. (**THE HISTORY MASTER** *is disconcerted, and shows it, but the Mathematics Master leaps into the breach*)

THE MATHEMATICS MASTER: Bravo! Excellent! Herr Wasserkopf wishes us to understand two things. He will dispense with a formal written examination and will answer orally. Good! He will not be seated; he will stand. Also good. It follows that his physical condition is splendid, and I take it upon myself to award him an ‘Excellent’ in physical culture. I ask the Principal, who teaches that subject, to concur.

THE PRINCIPAL: Quite Right. (*He writes*) ‘Physical Culture: Excellent’

THE STAFF: Agreed! Agreed!

WASSERKOPF: (*energetically*) No! (*He sits; he grins.*) You caught me once, didn’t you? Well, you won’t do it again. From now I’ll have my ears open.

THE PRINCIPAL: ‘Alertness: Very Good’

THE HISTORY MASTER: ‘Perseverance: Unusual.’

THE MATHEMATICS MASTER: ‘Logic: Excellent.’

WASSERKOPF: Get on with your questions!

THE MATHEMATICS MASTER: (*to the Principal*) ‘Ambition: Boundless.’ (*The Principal nods and writes*)

THE HISTORY MASTER: (*scratching his head*) Yes, yes, just a minute. (*The other masters look at him with concern.*)

WASSERKOPF: What’s the matter, Schwefler? Aren’t you prepared?

THE HISTORY MASTER: A moment!

WASSERKOPF: Oh, you can’t think of a question that’s easy enough? You were always a numskull.

THE HISTORY MASTER (the idea arrives; triumphantly): Candidate, answer this question: How long did the Thirty Years’ War last?

WASSERKOPF: Thirt – (*He interrupts himself.*) I mean to say, I don’t know.

THE HISTORY MASTER: Please answer my questions! I am sure you know! Give me the answer! (*Wasserkopf thinks with his eyebrows drawn together. The Physics Master tiptoes to him and whispers loudly, ‘Thirty years.’ The Geography Master winks at him and holds up ten fingers three times.*) Well, well?

WASSERKOPF: Mr. Principal, this is no way to run an examination. (*He indicates the Physics Master*) That fellow is trying to make me cheat.

THE PRINCIPAL: I shall deal with this decisively. *(To the Physics Master)* Go away!
(The Physics Master slinks back to his place)

WASSERKOPF (after much thought): How long did the Thirty Years' War last? Was that the question?

THE HISTORY MASTER: Yes, yes!

WASSERKOPF: *(grinning)* I know! Exactly seven meters! *(They are paralyzed. He looks about in triumph.)* Ha, ha! Seven meters! I know it lasted that long. It's possible I'm wrong, and if I am I fail. Seven meters! Ha, ha! Seven meters long! Seven meters! Please give me back my tuition fees. *(The Masters look at each other; at their wits' ends)*

THE HISTORY MASTER: *(decisively)* Seven meters? Right! Your answer is excellent.

WASSERKOPF: *(incredulously)* What. What did you say?

THE HISTORY MASTER: *(swallowing manfully and watching the Principal out of the corner of his eye)* The answer is correct, as a matter of fact. The candidate has shown us that his thought processes are not merely superficial, and that he has investigated the subject in accordance with moderns researches based on – based on – based on –

THE MATHEMATICS MASTER: Relativity, of course. The quantum theory. Planck. Einstein. It's all very simple. *(To the THE HISTORY MASTER)* Don't say another word. We understand perfectly. Einstein has taught us that time is as real as space and matter. It consists of atoms, and may be synthesized into a unified whole, and may be measured like anything else. Reduce the mass-system to a unit and a year may be represented by a meter, or seven years by seven meters. We may even assert that the Thirty Years' War lasted seven years only because – because – because –

THE HISTORY MASTER: Because the actual warfare took place only during half of each day – that is to say, twelve hours out of twenty-four – and the thirty years at once become fifteen. But not even fifteen years were given up to incessant fighting, for the combatants had to eat – three hours a day, reducing our fifteen years to twelve. And if we deduct from this the hours given up to noon-day siestas, to peaceful diversions, to non-warlike activities – *(He wipes his brow)*

THE MATHEMATICS MASTER: To social distractions, we are left only with time which the candidate has represented by the Einsteinian equivalent of seven meters. Correct! I take it upon myself, gentlemen, to propose a grading of 'Very Good' in

History. Oof!

THE STAFF: Bravo! Excellent! He has passed! (*They congratulate Wasserkopf*)

WASSERKOPF: (*objecting*) But I don't see –

THE PRINCIPAL: That ends the examination in History. (*Writing*) 'History: Very Good.' (*The staff surround THE HISTORY MASTER and congratulate him.*) Now the examination in physics.

WASSERKOPF: Now we'll see something, you tricksters!

THE PHYSICS MASTER (*energetically*): Come, come!

WASSERKOPF: (*defiantly*) Well, what's going to happen? Ask your questions, or don't. I haven't got any more time to waste. (*He stares at the Physics Master*) Oh, now I remember you. Do you know what we used to call you behind your back? (*The Physics Master smiles in agony*) We called you cannibal, because you were always chewing your thumbs, just as you're doing now! (*The master removes his thumb hastily. The rest of the staff smile.*) That's what we called you! Oh, by the way, do you remember the day you tripped and fell flat in the aisle? Do you know who tied a string across from desk to desk, so you'd do that? I did it!

THE PHYSICS MASTER (*furiously*): You?

WASSERKOPF: Don't get excited, little man. Ask me a hard question instead. Plough me.

THE PHYSICS MASTER (*controls himself, well aware that Wasserkopf is trying to irritate him. Very sweetly*): Kind of you – very kind of you. And now, tell me, Herr Wasserkopf, do clocks in church steeples really become smaller as you walk away from them, or do they merely appear to become smaller because of an optical illusion?

WASSERKOPF: What an absolute rot? How should I know? Whenever I walk away from clocks they get larger! Invariably! If I want them to get smaller I turn round and walk straight up to them, and they're not small at all.

THE PHYSICS MASTER: In a word, therefore, in a word –

WASSERKOPF: In a word, therefore, you give me a pain in the neck. You're an ass! That's my answer.

THE PHYSICS MASTER: (*furiously*) Is that your answer? (*He controls himself*) Good! It is correct. (*Turning to the staff*) A difficult answer but a most brilliant one.

I'll explain – that is to say, I'll explain. (*With a sigh, he gets on with it*) When we talk of an ass we always notice – we always notice –

THE STAFF: (*anxiously*) Yes? Yes?

THE PHYSICS MASTER: that his look is sad. Therefore – (*He thinks. Suddenly triumphant*) I've got it!

WASSERKOPF: (*worried*) What have you got, you whiskered baboon?

THE PHYSICS MASTER: I've got it, and the answer is right. Why is the look of the ass so sad? Because we are all the victims of illusion. But what illusions can affect the extremely primitive apperceptive powers of an ass? Obviously, the illusions of the senses, for the ass lacks imagination; and these must be none other than optical illusions, since the ass, like us, observes that objects appear to become smaller as he moves away from them. The candidate has given us a most excellent answer in calling our attention to an animal whose whole expressions is melancholy because its senses are deceptive; or, to put it in another way, because the apparent decrease in size of an object, in this case a clock, is to be ascribed to optical illusion. The answer was correct. I certify, therefore, that the candidate may be given 'Very Good' in Physics.

THE PRINCIPAL: (*writing*) 'Physics: Very Good'

THE STAFF: Bravo! (*They surround the Physics Master, slapping him on the back and shaking his hands, while he sinks into his chair, completely exhausted*)

WASSERKOPF: I protest!

THE PRINCIPAL: (*silencing him with a gesture*) The examination in Geography. (*The Geography Master takes the place facing Wasserkopf*)

WASSERKOPF: Just look at him! The old hypocrite! How are you, anyhow, nitwit?

THE GEOGRAPHY MASTER: I beg your pardon?

WASSERKOPF: My name used to be in our class-book, didn't it? You old reprobate! You just wait! I'll fix you all right!

THE GEOGRAPHY MASTER: Tell me, candidate –

WASSERKOPF: I'll tell you! I'll tell you! Oh, how I used to hate you eighteen years ago!

THE GEOGRAPHY MASTER: (*imperturbably*) Please tell me what city of the same name is the capital of the German province of Brunswick?

WASSERKOPF: What a dumb question! The answer's part of the question.

THE GEOGRAPHY MASTER: (*pleased*) Isn't it? And the answer – what is it?

WASSERKOPF: 'Same' of course. That's the answer. If the name of the city is same, then the name of the city is 'Same.' Right? If it isn't I fail, and you refund my tuition fees.

THE GEOGRAPHY MASTER: The answer is correct. The name of the city is 'Same.' Gentlemen, the candidate shows exceptional knowledge of the history of the city Brunswick. There is a legend that once, as the Emperor Barbarossa was riding in to the city, he met a young peasant girl who was munching a bun, and whose mouth was full. He called out to her, 'God bless you. What's the name of this city?' and the peasant girl answered 'Same to you, sir.' Then she stopped because her mouth was full, and the Emperor laughed and said, 'Ho, ho! So the name of the city is "Same."?' And for many years, thereafter, he never referred to Brunswick, except by that title. (*He turns, winks solemnly at his colleagues.*) The answer is excellent. The candidate is entitled to a grade of 'Excellent' in Geography. (*He returns to his place to be showered with congratulations*)

THE PRINCIPAL: (*writing*) 'Geography: Excellent.' Thus far the candidate has come through with flying colours. Only the examination in mathematics is left. Should he pass that he will have passed the entire examination.

WASSERKOPF: (*nervously*) I'm going to be more careful now. (*The Mathematics Master takes his place facing Wasserkopf. The Other Masters are worried but the Mathematics Master assures them with a gesture that they may depend on him.*) So here you are, old-stick-in-the-mud! Do you know we used to call you 'old-stick-in-the-mud' behind your back? You'd better brush up your wits if you think you're going to put one over me. I'll start off by telling you a few things about mathematics: two times two is five, and I make up my own multiplication tables as I go along. And if you add eight apples and two pears the answer is twenty-seven apricots. That's my system, and you'll see me use it. To hell with mathematics! 'Answer excellent'? 'Answer very good' 'Answer correct'? Not this time. It will be simpler if you say you aren't prepared, and let me fail.

THE MATHEMATICS MASTER: (*forcibly*) You must not joke about a serious examination. I'm going to ask you two questions. One of them is easy; the other is hard.

WASSERKOPF (*imitating him*): One of them is easy; the other is hard. The same

old-stick-in-the-mud that you always were! I remember the pictures of you we used to draw on the board –

THE MATHEMATICS MASTER: (*interrupting*) If this were an examination in art you would be marked excellent. (*He pauses, and Wasserkopf is suddenly silent.*) But we are dealing with mathematics. The easy question: If we represent the speed of light by x , and the distance of the star Sirius from the sun by y , what is the circumference of a one-hundred-and-nine-sided regular polyhedron whose surface coincides with that of the hip-pocket of a State railway employee whose wife has been deceiving him for two years and eleven months with a regimental sergeant-major of hussars?

THE STAFF: (*much upset*) But look here, Professor! Professor!

THE PRINCIPAL: Professor!

WASSERKOPF: Don't interfere with him! (*To the Mathematics Master*) Will you repeat the question?

THE MATHEMATICS MASTER: No. Either you paid attention or you did not. Either you know the answer, or you don't. Tell me the answer, because if you don't know it –

WASSERKOPF: Of course I know it! Naturally I know it! I'll tell you: two thousand six hundred and twenty nine litres. Exact. No fractions. And did I give you the correct answer? (*He chuckles*) I've given you an answer which is too good!

THE MATHEMATICS MASTER: No. The answer is wrong. The correct answer is two thousand six hundred and twenty-eight litres, and not twenty nine. (*He turns to The Principal*) I refuse to pass the candidate. Mark him 'Failure.'

WASSERKOPF: (*bounding*) I told you so! I told you so!

THE PRINCIPAL: (*thunderstruck*) Professor! Professor!

THE MATHEMATICS MASTER: I'm sorry. It is true that his error amounted to less than a tenth of a percent, in the total, but it was an error. He fails.

WASSERKOPF: My tuition fees! My tuition fees!

THE MATHEMATICS MASTER: In my opinion the candidate's request is reasonable. Now that I have satisfied myself he cannot pass our examination it is his right to recover the money which was paid us.

WASSERKOPF: That's so! That's right! Give me the money. (*The staff stare as if the heaven had fallen*)

THE PRINCIPAL: (*furiously, to the Mathematics Master*) Is that what you think?

THE MATHEMATICS MASTER: Absolutely. This is a good school. It is our duty to see that nothing ever injures its reputation. How much do we owe you, Herr Wasserkopf?

WASSERKOPF: (*greedily, forgetting everything else*) I'll tell you exactly. I attended this school for six years in all. During the first three years the fee was 150 crowns quarterly. Total for three years 1, 800. During the second three years the fee was 400 crowns semi-annually. Total: 2, 400 and 1, 800 is 4, 200. Examination fees, 250 crowns 95 heller. Certificates, documents, books, stamp taxes, 1, 241 crowns 43 heller. Total: 5, 682 crowns 38 heller. Incidentals, stationery, notebooks, 786 crowns 12 heller. Grand total: 6, 450 crowns 50 heller. Knock of the heller and call it crowns.

THE MATHEMATICS MASTER: (*checking with his paper and pencil as Wasserkopf calls out the amount*) Exactly!

WASSERKOPF: Exactly! You can rely on it.

THE MATHEMATICS MASTER: It's right. There's no question of it. It's right to the smallest detail. (*He offers Wasserkopf his hand*) I congratulate you! That was my difficult question!

WASSERKOPF: (*not understanding*) What?

THE MATHEMATICS MASTER: (*to the Principal*) I certify that the candidate passes in Mathematics. His answer to the easy question was a very little out of the way; but his answer to the difficult question – how much the refund should be – was exactly correct. Herr Wasserkopf is a mathematical genius.

WASSERKOPF: (*striking his forehead*) So you did put one over me!

THE PRINCIPAL: (*rising*) I present the results of the examination. Herr Wasserkopf has passed with distinction in every subject, and has again shown that he is entitled to the certificate we awarded him on his graduation. Herr Wasserkopf, we offer our congratulations – accepting a large share of them for ourselves for having taught you so excellently. And now that we have verified your knowledge and your abilities – (*he makes an eloquent gesture*) get out before I have you thrown out! (*He rings for the servant. The following speeches are nearly spoken simultaneously.*)

THE HISTORY MASTER: So I'm a numskull, am I? Say it again and I'll show you what is what!

THE PHYSICS MASTER: I'm a cannibal? What? And you were the one who tied a string across the aisle –

THE GEOGRAPHY MASTER: Hypocrite? Nitwit? Ass? Me?

THE MATHEMATICS MASTER: Old stick-in-the-mud?

THE SERVANT: (*entering*) Yes, sir?

THE PRINCIPAL: (*indicating Wasserkopf*) Remove that object! (*The servant seizes Wasserkopf by the collar and the seat of his trousers and rushes him off. The Principal turns to the staff and beams.*) Thank you, gentlemen, for your magnificent co-operation. In the future it will be our proudest boast that in this school a pupil simply cannot fail!

CURTAIN

NOTES

Bourbons: members of the French royal family that ruled France, Spain and Naples at various times

Quantum theory: a theory in physics based on Planck's radiation law concerned with the emission and absorption of energy by finite quanta

Planck: Max Planck (1858-1947), a German theoretical physicist whose discovery of energy quanta won him the Nobel Prize in Physics in 1918

Einstein: Albert Einstein (1879-1955), a German-born theoretical physicist who developed the Theory of Relativity. He was awarded a Nobel Prize in 1921.

Brunswick: the historical English name for the German city of Braunschweig

Barbarossa: Friedrich Barbarossa (1122-1190), also known as Frederick I, was the Holy Roman Emperor as well as the King of Germany during the 12th century. The word Barbarossa literally means 'Red beard' in Italian. Barbarossa reigned as Holy Roman Emperor from 1155 to 1190.

Glossary

apperceptive (adj.): having or showing conscious perception with full awareness

ascribe (v.): to attribute a cause or characteristic to something

by hook or crook (idm.): by any method possible

cannibal (n.): a person who eats the flesh of other human being

concur (v.): be of the same opinion; agree

disquieted (adj.): anxious or worried

eloquent (adj.): well spoken; expressive; effective

heller (n.): a Hungarian coin of small value

herr: German term of address for a man

hussar (n.): (in the 15th century) a Hungarian light horseman

hypocrite (n.): a person who pretends to have virtues, moral or religious beliefs

incessant (adj.): continuing without pause or interruption

melancholy (adj.): having a feeling of sadness without obvious cause

nitwit (n.): a silly or foolish person

numskull (n): a very stupid or silly person

old-stick-in-the-mud (idm.): a person who avoids new, fun, or exciting activities or ideas

rot (n): a process of becoming worse; a decline in standards

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

- a. Why does Wasserkopf demand a refund of his tuition fees from the school?
- b. Why does Wasserkopf consider himself good for nothing?
- c. What did the teachers decide to do when Wasserkopf asked for a refund?
- d. Why did Wasserkopf give ridiculous answers? Why did the teachers accept these answers?
- e. How does the Mathematics Master describe Wasserkopf's character?
- f. How did the teachers outwit Wasserkopf?
- g. What is the final judgment on Wasserkopf's demand of refund?

Reference to the context

- a. Read the extract from the play given below and answer the questions that follow:
"It's possible I've changed. What the hell...! Your class records will show I've got a right to come here."
 - i. Who is the speaker? Who is he speaking to?
 - ii. Why is the speaker say these words?
 - iii. Where is the speaker at this moment?
- b. Read the extract dialogue given below and answer the questions that follow:

“THE STAFF: (bowing, heartily) How do you do?

WASSERKOPF: Who the hell are you? Sit down, you loafers! (He grins, waiting to be thrown out)

THE PRINCIPAL: How dare you –”

- i. What is to be the response to ‘How do you do?’
 - ii. Is Wasserkopf’s response polite enough to the staff?
 - iii. How does Wasserkopf rebuke the staff?
 - iv. What does the principal mean by ‘How dare you -’?
- c. Explain the following line of the play:
“Because I didn’t get my money’s worth, that’s why!”
- d. What is the theme of the play?
- e. Sketch the character of Wasserkopf.

Reference beyond the text

- a. The play is a satire on the present day education system. Do you think that our education system does not prepare students for life? Discuss.
- b. Our education system focuses on memorisation rather than creative thinking. Do you think the knowledge imparted by education may not have practical relevance in one’s day-to-day life? Who do you blame for this?
- c. Most of the students want to learn just for examination rather than knowledge. Do you think that certificate will help them in their future career?