THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

Jana-gana-mana adhinayaka, jaya he
Bharatha-bhagya-vidhata.
Punjab-Sindh-Gujarat-Maratha
Dravida-Utkala-Banga
Vindhya-Himachala-Yamuna-Ganga
Uchchala-Jaladhi-taranga
Tava subha name jage,
Tava subha asisa mage,
Gahe tava jaya gatha.
Jana-gana-mangala-dayaka jaya he
Bharatha-bhagya-vidhata.
Jaya he, jaya he, jaya he,
Jaya jaya jaya, jaya he!

PLEDGE

India is my country. All Indians are my brothers and sisters.
I love my country, and I am proud of its rich and varied heritage.
I shall always strive to be worthy of it.
I shall give respect to my parents, teachers and all elders and treat everyone with courtesy.
I pledge my devotion to my country and my people. In their well-being and prosperity alone lies my happiness.

Prepared by:
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Department of Education
2010
Dear students

The English Reader (Part 1 & Part 2) for Standard IX has been designed with a view to developing your proficiency in English language. The learning of any language inevitably involves the learning of its rich and varied literature. English as an international language is no longer a single homogeneous entity. There are numerous 'Englishes' originating from different social and national communities. You will surely find an opportunity to experience how social situations influence the making of language. The selections in this book represent authors from different cultures ranging from Coleridge to Kamala Das and Pushkin to Singer. It also brings in a variety of literary genres like poetry, short story, one act play, article and memoir.

You can enjoy reading the texts and think creatively once you enter the world of letters that the authors create for you. I hope you will make use of this book to sharpen your English language skills. The variety of activities presented in the book, I am sure, will provide ample opportunities for you to use the language in different contexts. Your teacher will guide you through your efforts while interacting with the texts and activities in the book.

Learn to use English confidently and find out how interesting it is.

Wish you all success.

Prof. M.A. KHADER
Director
SCERT
Textbook Development Committee

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CONSTITUTION OF INDIA
Part IV A

FUNDAMENTAL DUTIES OF CITIZENS

ARTICLE 51 A

Fundamental Duties- It shall be the duty of every citizen of India:

(a) to abide by the Constitution and respect its ideals and Institutions, the National Flag and the National Anthem;

(b) to cherish and follow the noble ideals which inspired our national struggle for freedom;

(c) to uphold and protect the sovereignty, unity and integrity of India;

(d) to defend the country and render national service when called upon to do so;

(e) to promote harmony and the spirit of common brotherhood amongst all the people of India transcending religious, linguistic and regional or sectional diversities; to renounce practice derogatory to the dignity of women;

(f) to value and preserve the rich heritage of our composite culture;

(g) to protect and improve the natural environment including forests, lakes, rivers, wildlife and to have compassion for living creatures;

(h) to develop the scientific temper, humanism and the spirit of inquiry and reform;

(i) to safeguard public property and to abjure violence;

(j) to strive towards excellence in all spheres of individual and collective activity so that the nation constantly rises to higher levels of endeavour and achievements.

(k) who is a parent or guardian to provide opportunities for education to his child or, as the case may be, ward between age of six and fourteen years.
UNIT I

When I lived amongst the roots
They pleased me more than flowers did.

- Pablo Neruda. Too Many Names

Discuss

Where do you wish to live – among the roots or flowers? Why?
1. The village of Lentshin was tiny. It was surrounded by little huts with thatched roofs or shingles green with moss. The chimneys looked like pots. Between the huts there were fields, where the owners planted vegetables or pastured their goats.

2. In the smallest of these huts lived old Berl, a man in his eighties and his wife Berlcha*. He was short, broad-shouldered and had a small white beard. In summer and winter he wore a sheepskin hat, a padded cotton jacket and stout boots. He had half an acre of field, a cow, a goat and chickens.

3. The couple had a son, Samuel, who had gone to America forty years ago. It was said in Lentshin that he became a millionaire there. Every month, the Lentshin letter carrier brought old Berl a money order and a letter that no one could read because many of the words were English. How much money Samuel sent his parents remained a secret. They never seemed to use the money. What for? The garden, the cow and the goat provided most of their needs. Besides, Berlcha sold chickens and eggs and from these there was enough to buy flour for bread.

4. No one cared to know where Berl kept the money his son sent him. There were no thieves in Lentshin. The hut consisted of one room which contained all their belongings: the table, the shelf for meat, the shelf for milk foods, the two beds and the clay oven. Sometimes the chickens roosted in the woodshed and sometimes, when it was cold, in a coop near the oven. The goat, too, found

*She is called Berlcha as she is the wife of Berl.
shelter inside when the weather was bad. The more prosperous villagers had kerosene lamps, but Berl and his wife did not believe in new gadgets. Only for the Sabbath would Berlcha buy candles from the store.

5. Once in a while when Berl came home from the synagogue, he brought news to his wife. Berlcha listened and shook her head. Her face was yellowish and wrinkled like a cabbage leaf. She was half deaf. Berl had to repeat each word he said to her.

6. Here in Lentshin nothing happened except the usual events: a cow gave birth to a calf, a young couple got married. Actually, Lentshin had become a village with few young people. The young men left for Warsaw and sometimes for the United States. Like Samuel, they sent letters and photographs in which the men wore top hats and the women fancy dresses.

7. Berl and Berlcha also received such photographs. But their eyes were failing and neither he nor she had glasses. They could barely make out the pictures. Samuel had sons and daughters and grandchildren. Their names were so strange that Berl and Berlcha could never remember them. But what difference do names make?

**Pause & Reflect**

2. ‘There were no thieves in Lentshin.’ Why?

3. Are there people in your locality who are working abroad? Does the money they send change the lifestyle of their family? How? (Para-3)

4. Where do you think the old parents kept the money their son had sent? Why didn't Berl and Berlcha use the money their son sent? (Para-3)
8. One Friday morning, when Berlcha was kneading the dough for the Sabbath loaves, the door opened and a nobleman entered. He was so tall that he had to bend down to get through the door. He was followed by the coachman who carried two leather suitcases. In astonishment Berlcha raised her eyes.

9. The nobleman looked around and said to the coachman in Yiddish*, 'Here it is.' He took out a silver rouble and paid him. Then he said, 'You can go now.'

10. When the coachman closed the door, the nobleman said, 'Mother, it’s me, your son Samuel-Sam.' Berlcha heard the words and her legs grew numb. Her hands lost their power. The nobleman hugged her, kissed her forehead and both her cheeks. Berlcha began to cackle like a hen, 'My son!' At that moment Berl came in from the woodshed, his arms piled with logs. The goat followed him. When he saw a nobleman kissing his wife, Berl dropped the wood and exclaimed, 'What is this?'

---

* Yiddish is a language closely related to German used by the Jews of Eastern Europe.
11. The nobleman let go of Berlcha and embraced Berl. ‘Father!’

For a long time Berl was unable to utter a sound. Then he asked, ‘Are you Samuel?’

‘Yes, Father, I am Samuel.’

‘Well, peace be with you.’ Berl grasped his son’s hand. He was still not sure that he was not being fooled. Samuel wasn’t as tall and heavy as this man, but then Berl reminded himself that Samuel was only fifteen years old when he had left home.

Berl asked, ‘Why didn’t you let us know that you were coming?’

‘Didn’t you receive my cable?’ Samuel asked.

Berl did not know what a cable was.

12. Berlcha had scraped the dough from her hands and enfolded her son.

‘I never thought I could live to see this. Now, I am happy to die,’ Berlcha said. Berl was amazed. These were just the words he could have said earlier. After a while Berl came to himself and said, ‘Berlcha, you will have to make a double Sabbath pudding in addition to the stew.’

13. It was years since Berl had called Berlcha by her given name. Only now did Berlcha begin to cry. Yellow tears ran from her eyes and everything became dim. Then she called out, ‘It’s Friday! I have to prepare for the Sabbath.’

Yes, she had to knead the dough for the loaves. With such a guest, she had to make a larger Sabbath stew.

The winter day is short and she must hurry.

Pause & Reflect

After reading a section, write down the word you would like to add to your personal wordlist.

Word: ..............................................

Meaning: ..............................................

....................................................

....................................................

Sentence: ..............................................

....................................................

....................................................

Pause & Reflect

‘Yellow tears ran from her eyes and everything became dim.’ What is the significance of ‘yellow tears’? Have you noticed the reference to this colour anywhere else in the story? Does the colour evoke thoughts about the cycle of seasons and the progress of time? Why?
14. Her son understood what was worrying her and said, 'Mother, I will help you.' Berlcha wanted to laugh, but a choked sob came out.

15. The nobleman took off his jacket and remained in his vest, on which hung a solid gold-watch chain. He rolled up his sleeves. 'Mother, I was a baker for many years in New York,' he said, and he began to knead the dough.

16. Berlcha wept for joy. Her strength left her and she slumped onto the bed. Berl said, 'Women will always be women.' And he went to the shed to get more wood. The goat sat down near the oven; she gazed with surprise at this strange man.

17. The neighbours had heard the good news that Berl's son had arrived from America and they came to greet him. The women began to help Berlcha prepare for the Sabbath. Some laughed, some cried. The room was full of people, as at a wedding. After Berlcha lit the candles, father and son went to the little synagogue across the street. A new snow had fallen. The son took large steps, but Berl warned him, 'Slow down.'

18. In the synagogue the Jews sang their prayers. All the time, the snow outside kept falling. When Berl and Samuel left the Holy Place, the village was unrecognisable. Everything was covered in snow. One could see only the contours of the roofs and the candles in the windows.

Samuel said, 'Nothing has changed here.'

19. Berlcha had prepared fish, chicken soup with rice, meat, carrot stew. The family ate and drank and then it grew quiet for a while. One could hear the chirping of the house cricket.

20. After the final prayer Samuel asked, 'Father, what did you do with all the money I sent you?'

Berl raised his white brows. 'It's here.'
'Didn’t you put it in a bank?'
'There is no bank in Lentshin.'
'Where do you keep it?'

Berl hesitated. ‘One is not allowed to touch money on the Sabbath, but I will show you.’ He crouched beside the bed and began to shove something heavy. A boot appeared. Its top was stuffed with straw. Berl removed the straw and the son saw that the boot was full of gold coins. He lifted it.

'Father, this is a treasure!' he called out.
'Well.'
'Why didn’t you spend it?'
'On what? Thank God, we have everything.'
'Why didn’t you travel somewhere?’
'Where to? This is our home.'

The son asked one question after the other, but Berl’s answer was always the same. They had everything. The
garden, the cow, the goat, the chickens provided them with all they needed. The son said, 'If thieves knew about this, your lives wouldn’t be safe.'

'There are no thieves here.'

'What will happen to the money?'

'You take it.'

Slowly, Berl and Berlcha grew accustomed to their son and his American Yiddish. Berlcha could hear him better now. She even recognized his voice. He was saying, 'Perhaps we should build a larger synagogue.'

'The synagogue is big enough,' Berl replied.

'Perhaps a home for old people.'

'No one sleeps in the street.'

Pause & Reflect

21. The next day after the Sabbath meal was eaten, Berl and Berlcha lay down for a nap. They soon began to snore. The goat, too, dozed off. The son put on his cloak and his hat and went for a walk. He strode with his long legs across the marketplace. He stretched out a hand and touched a roof. He had a desire to talk to someone, but it seemed that the whole of Lentshin was asleep.

22. Samuel returned home. Dusk had fallen. Berl went to the synagogue for the evening prayers and the son remained with his mother.

23. In the twilight Samuel put his hand into his jacket pocket and touched his passport and his chequebook. He had come here with big plans. He had a suitcase filled with presents for his parents. He wanted to help the village. He brought not only his own money but funds...
from the Lentshin Society in New York. But this village needed nothing. From the synagogue one could hear people chanting. The cricket, silent all day, started again its chirping. Berlcha began to sway and utter holy rhymes inherited from mothers and grandmothers.

ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

Pause & Reflect
Read the story again and identify instances of humour in it.

ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

Ready Reference

barely (adv): almost nothing

countour /ˈkɒntʊər/ (n): the shape of the outer edges of something such as an area of land

crouch (v): squat, to lower your body close to the ground by bending your legs

enfold (v): (here) to embrace

knead /niːd/ (v): to press a mixture of flour and water many times with your hands

inherit /ɪnˈhɪrɪt/ (v): to receive from one’s parents or grandparents

numb /nʌmb/ (adj): unable to feel or react

pasture /ˈpɑːstʃər/ (v): to put animals outside in a field to feed, to graze

pudding /ˈpʊdɪŋ/ (n): a sweet dish served at the end of a meal (payasam)

the Sabbath /ˈsæbəθ/ (n): a day of the week that many religious groups use for prayer and rest (for Jews - Saturday)

scrape (v): to remove something from a surface using something sharp and hard

shingle /ˈʃɪŋgl/ (n): one of many small thin pieces of wood fastened in rows to cover a roof or wall

slump /slæmp/ (v): to fall heavily

After reading a section, write down the word you would like to add to your personal wordlist.

Word: ............................

Meaning: .........................

....................................................

....................................................

Sentence: .......................
i. The author describes Berl as ‘an old man in his eighties, short, broad-shouldered and with a small white beard’. Describe an old woman/ middle-aged person/ youngster/ child you know using descriptive words like these. (Para-2)

ii. Are you in the habit of sharing your experiences with your dear and near ones? Narrate one of your experiences. (Para-5)

iii. Write the likely conversation between Berl and Berlcha when Berl returns from the synagogue. (Para-5 & 6)

iv. Look at the sentence, ‘He was followed by the coachman.’ Rewrite the sentence beginning with ‘The coachman’. (Para-8)

v. Yiddish is a language closely related to German used by the Jews of Eastern Europe. Prepare a list of world languages, the countries in which they are spoken and the nationality of the people. (Para-9)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Language</th>
<th>Country</th>
<th>Nationality</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Polish</td>
<td>Poland</td>
<td>Polish</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

vi. Read the following conversation and answer the questions given below. (Para-11)

Berl: Why didn’t you let us know that you were coming?
Samuel: Didn’t you receive my cable?

a) What did Berl ask Samuel?

b) What was Samuel's reply?
vii. Prepare a script for a skit based on paragraph 20 of the story. Assign roles and present it in the class.

viii. What sort of a person is Samuel? How has America changed him? Does he still love the old ways of Lentshin?

ix. Imagine that Samuel goes back to America with the money. He writes a letter to his father. Write the likely letter.
Now, read the short story 'The Tattered Blanket' given in the Extended Reading section of the unit on Page 23.

x. If Berl and Berlcha had used the money, would it have changed their life? How? Imagine the situation and narrate the story in your own words.

xi. Look at the last sentence of the story.

'Berlcha began to sway and utter holy rhymes inherited from mothers and grandmothers.'

Does this sentence throw light on the lines by Neruda quoted at the beginning of this unit? Explain.

xii. As an end product of this unit, prepare a brochure of your locality highlighting the important natural resources/ places of cultural and historical importance/ institutions/ people etc.
**Activity 1**

Look at the sketch of a street.

Imagine that you are at the bus stop. Locate the buildings in the picture.

a) Describe where each building is located in relation to some other building. Make use of the following prepositions in your description.

    next to, near, opposite, behind, in front of, in, on, across


b) Now, think of the important buildings/institutions in your locality and describe your locality making use of the above prepositions.
Activity 2

Berlcha began to ‘cackle like a hen’ on seeing her son. This expression brings out the feeling of warmth and affection the mother has for her son.

*Now, use the following expressions in sentences of your own.*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Expressions</th>
<th>Sentences</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>buzz like a bee</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pant like a dog</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>quack like a duck</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hiss like a snake</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>roar like a lion</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Activity 3

In paragraphs 2 and 3, you can see the words lived, remained, seemed, provided, had, wore, brought, sent, sold etc. They are verbs which describe a past action. Some of them lived, remained, seemed, provided take -ed when we use them in the past and past participle forms. They are *regular verbs*. Others that do not follow this pattern are *irregular verbs*.

*List the irregular verbs used in Para 21, showing their present, past and past participle forms. Arrange them in alphabetical order.*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Irregular verbs</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>eat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>eaten</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THOSE WINTER SUNDAYS

With a sense of grief a son fondly recalls how he never appreciated his father's love when he was a boy.

Sundays too my father got up early
and put his clothes on in the blueblack cold,
then with cracked hands that ached
from labour in the weekday weather made
banked fires blaze. No one ever thanked him.

I'd wake and hear the cold splintering, breaking.
When the rooms were warm, he’d call,
and slowly I would rise and dress,
fearing the chronic angers of that house,

Speaking indifferently to him,
who had driven out the cold
and polished my good shoes as well.
What did I know, what did I know
of love's austere and lonely offices?

ROBERT HAYDEN
Activity 1

Complete the following table. List the images in the poem.

An example each is given here.

Visual image (what you see) : cracked hands ..................
........................................................................................................

Auditory image (what you hear) : cold breaking ............
........................................................................................................

Tactile image (what you touch and feel) : cold .................
........................................................................................................

Activity 2

Collect different poems on the parent-child relationship.

........................................................................................................
........................................................................................................
........................................................................................................
........................................................................................................

Do You Know?

Poets often use images to make their poems appealing to the readers. These images address our senses and a good reader can see, hear, feel, smell and taste the images created by the poets. The commonly used images are:

- Visual Image [(what you see)]
- Auditory Image [(what you hear)]
- Tactile Image [(what you touch and feel)]
- Olfactory Image [(what you smell)]
- Gustatory Image [(what you taste)]

Now, read the poem 'To My Nanny' given in the Extended Reading section of the unit on Page 27.
THE TATTERED BLANKET

Here is a story that suggests that ‘forgetfulness is both a blessing and a curse’. Read on....

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.

Madhavikutty (Kamala Das/Kamala Suryyia) (1932-2009) is the daughter of the famous Malayalam poet, Balamani Amma and V.M.Nair. She is an internationally known poet, short story writer and novelist who writes effortlessly both in English and Malayalam. She has received many awards for her literary work. Some of them are Asian Poetry Prize, Kent Award for English Writing from Asian Countries, Asan World Prize, Sahitya Academy Award and Vayalar Rama Varma Sahitya Award.

1. Pick out the sentences that suggest the pathetic condition of the mother.

2. Why didn’t the mother recognise her son?
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 too?’
‘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 everyday.’

‘I’m terribly upset if I don’t get a letter from him everyday.’

‘He knows it. That’s why he writes everyday.’

‘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 Kesariyogam…. 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?’

Translated by K.M. Sherrif

Now, read the poem ‘Those Winter Sundays’ by Robert Hayden given on Page 21.
TO MY NANNY

Here you see how intensely a boy remembers an old lady who took care of him in his childhood.

Dear doting sweetheart of my childhood,
Companion of my austere fate!
In the lone house deep in the wild wood
How patiently for me you wait.
Alone beside your window sitting
You wait for me and blame the clock,
While, in your wrinkled hands, your knitting
Fitfully falters to a stop.

Alexander Pushkin (1799-1837) was born in Moscow, Russia. He is 'Russia's Bard' and one of the most important contributors to modern Russian literature. A proponent of social reform, Pushkin belonged to an underground revolutionary movement. This sometimes interfered with his literary career and many of his poems, plays and historical works were censored.

1. Who was the poet's companion when he was a child? Did he have any other companion then?

2. What are the expressions used by the poet to describe his intimate relationship with his nanny?

3. Why did nanny blame the clock and why did her knitting falter to a stop?
Beyond the crumbling gates the pine trees
Shadow the road you watch so well.
Nameless forebodings, dark anxieties,
Oppress your heart. You cannot tell
What visions haunt you: Now you seem to
See....

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN

4. Which lines of the poem help you to visualise the
location of the house?

5. 'Now you seem to see' -
What do you think it means?

SNAKE

Snake, you were never civilized,
And you never learned
How to live in the city.
I’d like to ask – hoping you’ll answer-
Then how did you learn to bite,
Where did you get the poison?

AGYEYA

After reading a section,
write down the word you
would like to add to your
personal wordlist.

Word: ............................
Meaning: ..........................
....................................................
Sentence: .......................
Activity 1

Write down a few questions you would like to ask the characters in the stories, 'The Son from America' and 'The Tattered Blanket'. Let some of your questions begin with the following words:

How often……………………………………………………?  
Why didn’t………………………………………………….?  
How long……………………………………………………?  
How much………………………………………………….?  
Are you……………………………………………………?  
………………………………………………………………?  
………………………………………………………………?

Activity 2

1. Look at the following sentences from the story 'The Son from America'.

a) Between the huts there were fields, **where** the owners planted vegetables.  
(Para-1)

b) The couple had a son, Samuel, **who** had gone to America forty years ago.  
(Para-3)

c) The hut consisted of one room, **which** contained all their belongings.  
(Para-4)

In the above sentences, the words printed in bold letters relate the following part of the sentence to the words immediately before them, namely ‘fields’, ‘Samuel’ and ‘room’. These connecting words are called **relative pronouns**.

'Who', 'which', 'where', 'why', 'when' and 'whose' can be used as relative pronouns.

Now, complete the following sentences using the appropriate relative pronoun.

i. Can you think of the books.....................she might need?

ii. The man ................................. came yesterday was her uncle.

iii. Is there anybody......................umbrella I can borrow?

iv. I visited the place ....................... the tomb was built.

v. It is hard to find people..................you can trust.

vi. I remember the time.....................we first met.

vii. That is the reason.....................I was late.

viii. I know a place.........................you can stay.
Activity 3

Read the following sentence.

Their names were so strange that Berl and Berlcha could never remember them.
(Para-7)

Two sentences namely ‘Their names were very strange.’ and ‘Berl and Berlcha could never remember them.’ are combined here using so...that.

Combine the following sentences using so...that.

i. He is very talented. Everyone admires him.

 ii. The question was extremely difficult. All failed to answer it.

 iii. The tea was really hot. I couldn't drink it.

Activity 4

In paragraph 7, you can see an instance of combining two sentences in, ‘neither he nor she had glasses’.

If we split this sentence we will get two sentences.

They are ‘He had no glasses.’ and ‘She had no glasses.’

Now, split the following sentences into two.

i. Neither Asha nor her husband attended the wedding.

 ii. Salim is neither a dancer nor a musician.

 iii. Neither the member of the Panchayat nor the MLA visited the place.

Activity 5

Look at the following sentence from paragraph 8 of the story.

In astonishment Berlcha raised her eyes.

Usually we write this sentence as: Berlcha raised her eyes in astonishment.

A. Now, rewrite the following sentences as shown above.

i. He ran into the hall shouting, ‘Help, help’.

 ii. Susan dropped the glass unexpectedly.

 iii. She walked towards the child stretching her hands.
B. The word ‘astonishment’ is the noun form of the word ‘astonish’. By adding the suffix ‘-ment’ we form nouns out of certain verbs.

Prepare a list of such verbs and nouns with the help of a dictionary.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Verb</th>
<th>Noun</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>• disappoint</td>
<td>• disappointment</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Activity 6**

Let’s read the following passage that lists a sequence of events after Berl’s son reached home.

The neighbours heard that Berl’s son had arrived. They came to greet him. The good old women began to help Berlcha prepare for the Sabbath. The tiny dark room was full of people, as at a wedding. Old Berlcha lit the candles. Berl and his son went to the synagogue for prayers. A cold white snow had covered the village of Lentshin. The young son took large steps. Old Berl warned him, ‘Slow down.’

*Pick out the subject of each sentence in the passage. Say how many words there are in the subject and identify the keyword in each subject.*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Subject</th>
<th>No. of words</th>
<th>Keyword</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>i. The neighbours</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ii.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>iii.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>iv.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Activity 7

Let's try to expand or elaborate the subjects we have identified. The expansion should be relevant in the context of the story.

  e.g. The women
       The old women
       The good old women

Similarly, expand the other subjects that you have identified.

Activity 8

Certain nouns are given below. Expand these nouns by adding words before and after them.

  building, tree, hut, river, ship

  e.g. Man
       The tall man
       The tall man on the veranda
       The tall man I saw on the veranda

Activity 9

Let's revisit the passage in Activity 6. Pick out the verbs in each of the following in the passage.

Discuss in groups the features of the subjects and verbs that you have identified.

Let's sum up

1. Every sentence has two parts - a subject and a predicate.
2. A single word or a phrase make a subject.
3. A subject must have a head word (keyword) and may have a number of qualifying words built around this head noun.
4. The subject of a sentence is followed by the predicate and it begins with the verb.
Activity 10

Now, read the paragraph given and look at the words printed bold.

Old Berl and Berlcha are Jews living in Poland. They lead a happy life. Samuel, their only son, lives in America. He has been there since the age of fifteen. He is a baker and has become a millionaire over the years.

How do the words in bold letters change according to the subject?
- when the subject is singular
- when the subject is plural

Discuss in groups and share your findings.

Let’s sum up

1. Singular subjects normally take singular verbs.
2. Plural subjects normally take plural verbs.
3. Certain singular subjects which refer to more than one person can take singular or plural verbs.
   e.g. government, police, board
4. Groups of nouns which are plural in their form but singular in their function take only singular verbs.
   e.g. bread and butter, slow and steady
5. Second person (you), even when it refers to only one individual, takes plural verbs.
6. First person singular (I), in the present tense - has its own rules.
   e.g. I am going to school.
   I have come back home.

Activity 11

Let’s rewrite the passage in Activity 10 using the past tense form of the verbs.
Activity 12

Let's play a language game in pairs. It is a game of boasting. Your friend makes a few claims about himself. You immediately boast that you were the same or had an equal status too.

e.g. Friend : I am the best singer of my village.
     You : I was the best singer of my village during my school days.
     Friend : My father has an elephant.
     You : My father had five elephants.

*After a while you and your friend may exchange roles.*

Activity 13

*Read the following passage carefully. There are a few errors in it. Edit and rewrite the passage.*

Mr and Mrs Suhail goes to the market on Sunday mornings. Mr Suhail dislike these shopping trips. During these trips he usually sit in the car reading the Sunday papers. He is one whom likes to read and he hate travelling. The other day Mrs Suhail said that she will have to learn driving to spare him from his Sunday trips. She also said that it was her fault to marry a man which cared the least for her.
Men make roads; but it is the women who teach children how to walk on them.

- French proverb

Discuss

• Share your views about the proverb.

• Are men and women treated as equals in our society?
EVEN PAST FIFTY

A woman engaged in household chores never knows the passage of time. One day she realises...

She’s past fifty; yet she’s still a little girl at heart, for whom the house is a doll’s house, and running the household a childhood game.

She has travelled a long road; but her little feet are not yet fatigued. Catastrophes to her are still like the evil spirits in children’s stories whom she fights with blades of grass; wipes the sweat from her brow; hits hard; sometimes wins, sometimes loses, her sword broken.

1. Who is the ‘she’ in the poem? Is it only the woman in the poem? Or does she represent all women?

2. Is it possible for a woman of fifty to be ‘a little girl at heart’? How?

3. What does ‘a long road’ suggest here?

4. What kind of evil characters do you find in children’s stories?
Difficult questions
she has simplified for herself;
fitted the tangle
into a simple frame;
on her face
she has made distaste smile,
like moonlight that makes everything smooth.
But sometimes totally in despair,
a flower crumpled in a fist, she
rises again, smiles, or sings to herself,
though hers is not a musical voice.

I saw her the other day
after a long time;
she talked
with her usual, irrepressible intensity;
but I, for the first time,
noted the hair fast becoming white,
noted, for the first time, and with a pang,
the hollowness of the froth
rising above the stream of her life.

SHANTA SHELKE

5. What might be the difficult questions she has faced in life?

6. The woman is ‘a flower crumpled in a fist’. What is the poet trying to suggest?

7. Is ‘she’ forced to smile always? Why?

8. ‘I saw her the other day after a long time’. Is the poet talking only about the long gap between their meetings or something more?

9. The poem is titled ‘Even Past Fifty’. What do you think is the significance of the title?
i. The poem seems to be built on two contrasting features of the middle-aged woman.
    
    e.g. She's past fifty - yet a little girl at heart.

*Pick out the contrasts used in the poem.*

ii. What does the tone of the poem suggest? Put tick marks against the words that are suitable for describing the tone of the poem and put cross marks against those that are not suitable.

- sympathy
- sorrow
- pathos
- wistfulness
- sarcasm
- fantasy
- humour

iii. Comment on the last two lines of the poem.

iv. What images about the middle-aged woman do you get from the poem? List them.

- a girl at play
- 
- 
- 

After reading a section, write down the word you would like to add to your personal wordlist.

Word: ............................
Meaning: .........................
....................................................
....................................................
Sentence: ..............................
........................................................
....................................................

Now, read the poem 'Women' given in the Extended Reading section of the unit on Page 61.
**The Princess on the Road**

Adventure is a good means of enjoyment. Meet a princess who sets out on an adventure trip to a village dressed as a peasant girl.

**Characters**

- **The Princess**
- **Villagers:**
  - **First Man**
  - **Second Man**
  - **Third Man**
  - **First Woman**
  - **Second Woman**
  - **Third Woman**
  - **Johnny - A little boy**
  - **Betty – A young girl about the same age as the Princess**
  - **A Juggler and his Boy**

**Scene:** The street of a village. A cross on three steps is seen in the middle of the road. To the left is a pond with some ducks. To the right are a few cottages with gardens.

*The Princess enters. She is dusty, the edge of her skirt is torn and one of her shoes has come off. She wears her hair in a long pigtail under a cotton handkerchief. She is picking the flowers that hang out of the cottage gardens and singing as she goes.*

**Princess:** (singing)

‘For me are your songs and your smiles
And your tears,
For me, for ever, for all the years,
I have conquered all your fears,'
Now, for ever, for all the years.
For me are you, are you and your smile,
Now, for ever and all the while.

(She sits down on the steps of the cross with the flowers in her lap.)

Princess: Where am I now? I must be twelve miles from home. And no one has known me! How I will laugh at Florimund! This is life! If I can do this once in every month I shall not mind the sentries and the banquets. Our good Florimund will find me an angel when I return. How he will laugh when he sees my dust and my rags! Can I get a coach from here, I wonder, to take me home? Where are all the people? This is like a village of the dead. I am thirsty. I will have a glass of milk and then one of these good villagers shall drive me home. Where are they all? Hoh! la la! (She calls loudly.)

2. Who could be the 'you' in the song?

3. 'This is life!' says the princess. What does she mean by saying that?

4. Why does the princess think that Florimund will laugh?

After reading a section, write down the word you would like to add to your personal wordlist.

Word: ..................................

Meaning: ............................

..........................................

..........................................

Sentence: .............................

..........................................

..........................................

English IX
(A little child appears out of one of the cottages and looks at her over the gate.)

PRINCESS: (beckoning with her fingers) Come here, little one! Where are all the people?

JOHNNY: (with his finger in his mouth) In the fields, harvesting!

PRINCESS: Harvest? Oh, this is very rural! Get me a cup of milk, will you not? I am thirsty.

JOHNNY: (pointing over his shoulders towards the cottage) In there.

PRINCESS: (coming down the steps) Oh, it is in there, is it? And I must go and get it for myself? This is a great adventure!

(He goes across the road, through the garden and disappears into the cottage. In a few minutes she comes out, carrying a jug and a cup, a loaf of bread and a knife.)

PRINCESS: Will you not have a bit of this good white bread?

JOHNNY: No. 'Tis the Sunday loaf.

PRINCESS: But eat now. There will be some for Sunday as well.

JOHNNY: No. Mother’ll beat me.

(He runs back into the cottage. The PRINCESS crumbles the remains of the bread between her fingers and throws it on the road for the ducks.)

PRINCESS: (singing)

‘And mine are your smiles and your songs
And your tears,
Now, for ever, for all the years…’

Pause & Reflect

5. Why does the princess describe the place as ‘rural’? How is it different from her world?

6. Would you call getting a cup of milk a great adventure? Why does the princess think so?

Pause & Reflect

Read the first part of the play again and pick out the pieces of conversation that throw light on the upbringing of the princess.
(There is a sound of many voices coming along the road. The Princess pulls down the torn hem of her skirt and pushes back the hair from her face.)

Princess: (to herself) Here are the harvesters! Now to get a cart and to drive home. I could not walk another three steps! How Florimund will laugh! Indeed, I am quite like a girl of the people!

(She sticks out her dusty, shoeless foot and looks at it. The villagers enter, one by one. Men and women with rakes and scythes, one woman carrying a heavy basket of apples. The First Woman stops at the foot of the cross and stands with arms akimbo, looking up at the Princess).

First Woman: And who is this?
Princess: (nodding and smiling) Good evening, good dame.
First Woman: Oh! Good evening!
(The others gather up, talking and laughing, and put down their burdens round the steps of the cross).

**Princess:** Will one of you have the goodness to harness a cart for me? I wish to return to the town.

*(There is a chorus of laughter.)*

**First Man:** Eh! No doubt!

*(He turns away and spits onto the road.)*

**Princess:** *(standing up)* Will you have the goodness to do it for me now? I must return at once to the town.

**Second Woman:** *(sitting down on the lowest step and tying her shoe)*: She’s cracked, no doubt, poor girl!

**Princess:** I have asked you twice. Did you hear me?

**Second Man:** Yes! Ask again and then move on. We can’t have vagabonds here.

**Princess:** *(sitting down and laughing helplessly)* Oh, Florimund! How he will laugh!

**Third Woman:** *(very shrill-voiced, calling out from the crowd)* What is that? Is it my jug there on the step? Hold it up!

**Princess:** *(holding up the jug)* Is it yours? I took it from the cottage there on the right. *(She points towards the cottage.)*

**Third Woman:** She took it! She took it! She tells me so! *(She pushes past the other people onto the steps).* And my knife! And my cup! And plate!

*(The little child squeezes through the bystanders and comes up to her.)*

**Johnny:** Mother! She took the loaf for Sunday! She gave it to the ducks, but I wouldn’t eat it!

**Third Woman:** And my Sunday loaf!

*(She flings her hands up over her head.)*
SECOND MAN: *(coming up the steps)* Did you do it? Did you take the things?

PRINCESS: *(cowering back against the stem of the cross)* Yes! I took them.

THIRD WOMAN: Oh my jug and my loaf! What will we have for Sunday?

PRINCESS: I’m sorry. I did …

THIRD WOMAN: Sorry… sorry…. So will you be! And how do we know what else may not have gone?

THIRD WOMAN: Search her! Search her!

*(She seizes the PRINCESS by the shoulders and the PRINCESS screams and pushes her off with her hands.)*

PRINCESS: Oh! Leave me! Leave me! I’ll tell you… I’ll tell you who I am!

FIRST WOMAN: ‘Tis easy to see what you are! The beauty!

FIRST MAN: Where is the child? He’ll say. *(To the child)* Answer me now! Did she go into the cottage?

JOHNNY: Yes. She did.

PRINCESS: *(trembling)* I took nothing.

THIRD WOMAN: Why did you go there into my house?

PRINCESS: I only took the bread and…

THIRD WOMAN: … and …and …. Do you all hear that?

PRINCESS: *(putting her hands over her eyes)* No! No! No! I have taken nothing! Only the bread; I was hungry! *(The THIRD MAN seizes her hand.)* Oh! Don’t touch me! Can’t you see? Don’t you know? I am the Princess.

Pause & Reflect

11. How do the villagers react to the princess’s repeated pleas?

a) Why do they treat her so?

Pause & Reflect

Do you think that the princess regrets her decision to visit the village? What might she be thinking now? Discuss in groups.
THIRD WOMAN: (pointing to PRINCESS’ foot) Without a shoe! And in rags! The Princess!

PRINCESS: Won’t you understand? It was for an adventure! Because my husband…! Oh! Florimund!

(The JUGGLER has come up the road and is standing on the outskirts of the crowd. He is richly dressed and is followed by a boy with a basket.)

JUGGLER: Hello! Hello! What have we here?

SEVERAL: (turning round) Oh! A gentleman! (The FIRST MAN takes off his cap. The JUGGLER salutes briskly.)

PRINCESS: (shrilly) It is the man who came to the palace! You remember me! Don’t you remember me?

JUGGLER: What? (He runs up the steps, pushing aside the people. He looks at the PRINCESS in amazement, then bows.) What? Your Highness? Is it…? What is all this?

PRINCESS: (sobbing) Oh! I wanted an adventure, I left them all and borrowed a peasant girl’s clothes. I came along the road, picking flowers… all alone… so free…. Then these set upon me and said I had stolen their things. I only took a little milk and bread and flowers. And they won’t know who I am.

JUGGLER: (turning round and speaking very clearly) Good people, you do not know what you are doing. This is her Highness the Princess, the newly married wife of our illustrious Prince Florimund.

A VOICE: Princess! Ha! Ha!

ANOTHER VOICE: Why is she dressed up so then?

JUGGLER: For her own pleasure the Princess put on the simple clothes of a village girl…

A VOICE: What! Those rags?

JUGGLER: …and came for a walk into the country. I tell you I myself had the honour of giving a performance before her Highness last week. Her Highness’s grace and kindness even went so far that she….
FIRST WOMAN: Her Highness! Grace! Let be, young man! Princesses behave as princesses should. This is but a common vagabond!

PRINCESS: Good people, if you will believe me, if you will let me just go quietly home, you may have anything you can ask for! Gold… and silver… (she looks round) …ducks, a hundred jugs and plates, a hundred loaves of bread… I swear that I can give you this!

JUGGLER: And I swear to you that she can do all she says.

FIRST WOMAN: All very well, but how’ll we know? Show us something that’ll prove it. What can she do? Princess, eh!

JUGGLER: (low and eagerly) What can your Highness do? Quick! All may depend on this!

PRINCESS: (putting her hand up to her face) What can I do?

JUGGLER: (to the crowd) Her Highness can sing. No one can mistake the voice of a princess!

FIRST MAN: Sing, can she? Let her sing to us then, princess or no princess.

PRINCESS: (looking round) Have you a guitar? A violin?

SECOND WOMAN: No, my dear.

(There is a burst of laughter. The SECOND MAN is chasing some imaginary cattle about the road with his whip. The PRINCESS clasps her hand and sings nervously.)

‘For me are your smiles and your songs
And your tears,
Mine for ever, for all the years…’

(There is another burst of laughter.)

JUGGLER: Oh! Your Highness, what can you do?

PRINCESS: I can dance! Good people, I can dance for you!

THIRD MAN: Yes! Let her dance! Let’s see how a princess can dance!

Pause & Reflect

15. ‘Princesses behave as princesses should.’ Do you agree? Why?
(The Princess comes down from the steps and stands in the dust in the middle of the ring of villagers. She holds her torn skirts in her hand and looks round vaguely.)

Princess: The music? Will you play?

First Man: The music? Don’t you hear it?

Juggler: (breathing very fast) Your Highness, there is no music.

(The Princess makes the first steps of a minuet.)

First Woman: Dancing! That’s dancing! As princesses dance! (She laughs loudly.)

First Woman: (pushing her forward) Here, Betty, can you dance like that?

Betty: (giggling) Oh! Lord! (She puts her hands on her hips and kicks about her legs.) Dancing! Oh! Lord!

(The Princess runs up the steps and crouches down behind the cross. The Juggler stands over her, glaring at the people.)

First Woman: (loudly and authoritatively) Now here, then, young man! Give us your Princess! We have given her a chance to show herself! Could she have danced or could she have sung we’d have believed she were more than a vagabond….

Third Woman: (shrilly) Thief!

First Woman: … But she can do nothing.

Betty: (giggling) Dance again! Let her dance again!

Third Woman: Come on now!

(She grasps the Princess’ arm.)

Juggler: (pushing himself between) I tell you, you are mad fools! You will have your houses burnt above your heads! Do you think the Prince will pardon such treatment as this?

(Some people look at one another nervously.)

First Man: Let her show us something! What can she do? We won’t let vagabonds pass!

16. Are the abilities to sing and dance signs of being born in high families? What do you think?

17. The villagers are not convinced by the statement made by the princess. If you were the princess, how would you convince the villagers?
JUGGLER: Does Your Highness remember? Could Your Highness do the trick with balls that you were so gracious as to learn from me?

PRINCESS: Throwing the balls? Oh, yes! I used to play with my sisters.

JUGGLER: Your Highness would do that?

PRINCESS: I could do it. I think I could do it.

(She pushes up the sleeve from her arm.)

JUGGLER: (to the crowd, taking a deep breath) You ask to see some sign that this is a princess, a lady from the highest place in the land? Well… since you must see…! Which of you can throw a ball into the air and catch it?

BETTY: (from the foreground, where she is peering impertinently at the PRINCESS) I could.

JUGGLER: Which of you can throw two balls and catch them?

THIRD WOMAN: (pushing JOHNNY) Johnny here, he can.

JUGGLER: Which of you could throw three balls and four and five and keep them flying above the ground? Which of you?

(The Juggler’s boy pushes up to the steps with his gaily decorated basket.)

PRINCESS: (eagerly) No. No. Give me that basket of apples!

(The people are all listening and watching. The SECOND WOMAN drags up the basket of apples. The PRINCESS stoops down and takes three apples into her lap. She throws them up and catches them again keeping them flying in the air at once.)

FIRST MAN: See her now? Could you do that, Betty? Could you Johnny?

JOHNNY: (watching open-mouthed) No!

18. Why is Johnny open-mouthed?

Word: .................................................................
Meaning: .................................................................
Sentence: .................................................................

English IX 48
(The Princess takes another apple and keeps four flying at once.)

First Woman: Do you see? Do you see?

Second Woman: Look at her hands!

(The Juggler leans against the cross with folded arms, looking at the ground. The Princess takes a fifth apple. A loud murmur of admiration comes from the crowd.)

Princess: (singing, keeping the apples spinning from hand to hand.)

‘For me are your songs and your smile
and your tears,
Mine forever, through all the years;
Give me your hand, forget your fears….’

After reading a section, write down the word you would like to add to your personal wordlist.

Word: ........................................

Meaning: ......................................

Sentence: ......................................
FIRST MAN: Could you do that? Could you?
(The people press all forward, watching.)

FIRST WOMAN: Do you see the lace at her elbow under the ragged sleeve?

SECOND MAN: (holding his breath) Will she drop it now? No!

PRINCESS: (singing)
‘I have conquered all your fears,
For ever, for ever, for all the years,
And mine for ever shall be your smile…’
Throw me another apple!

FIRST WOMAN: (in awe) What! Another apple!

THIRD WOMAN: Give it now!
(A man comes forward sheepishly with an apple.)

PRINCESS: (imperiously) Throw it! Throw it!
(She catches it and spins it with the others. The six apples jump up and down round her like the weaving of a pattern. A cry of admiration comes from the crowd.)

PRINCESS: (singing)
‘Mine for ever, for all the years.’
(She spins one apple at JOHNNY, who is gazing with open-mouth.)

For you!
(She spins another at BETTY, who drops it and gropes on her knees after it in the dust. The third flies up in the air. The JUGGLER gives a start, spreads out his two palms and catches it. The PRINCESS stands up, three apples leaping up and down from her hands. She looks round at the crowd of faces.)

PRINCESS: Whoever catches this may lend me a cart. (She spins one apple into the group of villagers.) Whoever catches this may lend me a horse. (She throws a second.) And whoever this … (She tosses it up and down)… may drive me back to the town.
20. Has the princess regained her power to command? How?

21. The princess we see at the end of the play is different from what she has been in the beginning. How has she changed in the course of her adventure? What lesson has she learnt?

Imagine that the juggler is asked by the princess to introduce the 'trick with apples'. How would he introduce himself and the trick, in the announcement he is likely to make?
i. Imagine that you have witnessed how the villagers treated the princess and how the princess and the juggler managed the situation. Report the events in your own words.

ii. The play begins with the words of the princess without any other character intervening. Such a speech made by a single character is called a monologue.

Attempt the monologue which Florimund is likely to deliver when he finds that the princess is missing.

iii. The princess returns in the battered country cart accompanied by the juggler. On the way they talk about the events that happened. Construct the conversation between the juggler and the princess.
iv. Imagine that, on returning from the village, the princess narrates to Florimund what happened during her trip to the village.

Attempt the likely narrative.

You may begin like this:

I walked along the country road and reached a small village. ....................
....................................................................................................................................
......................................................................................................................................
........................................................................................................................................
......................................................................................................................................
......................................................................................................................................
......................................................................................................................................
......................................................................................................................................

v. Imagine that you are reviewing the one act play 'The Princess on the Road' for your school magazine.

**Tips:**

Is the one act play interesting? If so, what makes it interesting?

**Prewriting**

Before you proceed establish your standards. In your opinion what makes a good one act play? Work with your group and discuss standards for a good one act play. (Initiate a discussion on the plot, setting, characters, dialogues, ending etc.) With your group decide what makes each element successful.

In the light of your discussion, rank the play as 'excellent', 'good', 'fair', or 'poor'. If you want to convince the readers of your findings you may have to back up your statements with examples from the play. So find dialogues/pasages from the play to support your opinions.

**Drafting**

Grab your readers' attention. How do you do that? It can be done by convincing your readers that your review is going to be entertaining as well as informative. Make a provocative statement at the beginning. Express your strongest opinion.
A student model

If you are looking for ordinary characters, common plot and lifeless dialogues, stay away from 'The Princess on the Road' by Kathleen Conyngham Greene.

Summarise the plot briefly. Your review won't make sense unless your readers have some idea of what the one act play is about. However don't tell them too much. Then express your opinions on the plot, setting, characters, dialogues, ending etc. and say how you rank the play with regard to each. Wherever necessary cite passages/dialogues from the play to prove your point.

Proofreading

Make sure that there are no errors in spelling, punctuation or grammar in your review.

Get another opinion

Ask him/her questions like the following:

Does the first sentence make you want to read more?

Are any of the sentences too long?

Do the passages/dialogues from the play support my opinions?

Refine your review incorporating valuable suggestions.

Prepare a review of the one act play 'The Princess on the Road'.

vi. As an end product of this unit, various groups can publish a collection of reviews of the one act play/ poems/ memoir/ other short stories etc. of their choice.

Now, read the memoir 'Only Daughter' given in the Extended Reading section of the unit on Page 56.
Activity 1

Complete the table.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Characters</th>
<th>Words describing the characters</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Princess</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnny</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Juggler</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Betty</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Activity 2

The princess asks for a guitar or violin to accompany her song.

We call a person who plays a guitar a guitarist.

Make a list of musical instruments and say what we call the people who play on them.

  e.g. violin - violinist

Activity 3

Look at the sentence from the play, 'The princess put on the simple clothes of a village girl.' Here 'put on' means 'wore'. The meaning of the word 'put' gets changed when it is used in combination with the preposition 'on'. Such verb-preposition combinations are called Phrasal Verbs.

Refer to a dictionary and find out other phrasal verbs with 'put' and their meanings.

  e.g. put off - postpone

Now, fill up the following sentences using appropriate phrasal verbs with 'put'.

• I need to ___________ some money for hard times.
• The match has been ___________ until tomorrow because of bad weather.
• The fire fighters are still trying to ___________ the fire.
• He was trying to ___________ a serious point.
• I could not ___________ the book ___________. It was very interesting.
Once, several years ago, when I was just starting out my writing career, I was asked to write my own contributor’s note for an anthology I was part of. I wrote, ‘I am the only daughter in a family of six sons. That explains everything.’

Well, I’ve thought about that ever since, and yes, it explains a lot to me, but for the reader’s sake I should have written: ‘I am the only daughter in a Mexican family of six sons.’ Or even: ‘I am the only daughter of a Mexican father and a Mexican-American mother.’ Or: ‘I am the only daughter of a working class family of nine.’ All of these had everything to do with who I am today.

I was/am the only daughter and only a daughter. Being an only daughter in a family of six sons forced me by circumstance to spend a lot of time by myself because my brothers felt it beneath them to play with a girl in public. But that aloneness, that loneliness, was good for a would-be writer—it allowed me time to think, to imagine, to read and prepare myself.

Being only a daughter for my father meant my destiny would lead me to become somebody’s wife. That’s what he believed. But when I was in the fifth grade and shared my plans for college with him, I was sure he understood. I remember my father saying, ‘that’s good.’ That meant a lot to me, especially since my brothers thought the idea hilarious.

I’m lucky my father believed daughters were meant for husbands. It meant it didn’t matter that I majored in something like English. This allowed me the liberty to

Sandra Cisneros, born in 1954 in Chicago, has written novels, short stories, essays and poems. Her works highlight the problems of Chicano women.

1. What is the author’s profession?

2. Is being an only daughter in a family of six sons good or bad for the daughter?

3. Why did the brothers not play with their sister?
live in the world of my little poems and stories without my father interrupting with so much as a 'What’s that you’re writing?'

But the truth is, I wanted him to interrupt. I wanted my father to understand what it was I was scribbling, to introduce me as, 'My only daughter, the writer.' Not as 'This is only my daughter. She teaches.'

In a sense, everything I have ever written has been for him, to win his approval even though I know my father can’t read English words.

My father represents, then, the public majority. A public who is disinterested in reading, and yet one whom I am writing about and for, and privately trying to woo.

When we were growing up in Chicago, we moved a lot because of my father. He suffered bouts of nostalgia. Then we’d have to let go our flat, store the furniture with mother’s relatives, load the station wagon with baggage and bologna sandwiches and head south. To Mexico City.

We came back, of course. To yet another Chicago flat, another Chicago neighbourhood, another Catholic school. Each time, my father would seek out the parish priest in order to get a tuition break and complain or boast: 'I have seven sons.'

He meant seven children, but he translated it as 'sons.' 'I have seven sons.'

My papa. He didn’t mean anything by that mistranslation, I’m sure. But somehow I could feel myself being erased. I’d tug my father’s sleeve and whisper: 'Not seven sons. Six! and one daughter.'

When my oldest brother graduated from medical school, he fulfilled my father’s dream that we study hard and use this—our heads, instead of this—our hands. Even now my father’s hands are thick and yellow, stubbed by a history of hammer and nails and twine and coils and
springs. 'Use this,' my father said, tapping his head, 'and not this,' showing us those hands. He always looked tired when he said it.

Wasn’t college an investment? And hadn’t I spent all those years in college? And if I didn’t marry, what was it all for? Why would anyone go to college and then choose to be poor? Especially for someone who had always been poor.

Last year, after ten years of writing professionally, the financial rewards started to trickle in. At Christmas, I flew home to Chicago. The house was throbbing, same as always: hot tamales and sweet tamales hissing in my mother’s pressure cooker, and everybody—my mother, six brothers, wives, babies, aunts, cousins—talking too loud and at the same time, like in a Fellini film, because that’s just how we are.

I went upstairs to my father’s room. One of my stories had just been translated into Spanish and published in an anthology of Chicano writing, and I wanted to show it to him. Ever since he recovered from a stroke two years ago, my father likes to spend his leisure hours horizontally. And that’s how I found him, watching a movie on television and eating rice pudding.

There was a glass filmed with milk on the bedside table. There were several vials of pills too. And on the floor, one black sock and a plastic urinal that I didn’t want to look at but looked at anyway. The singer on TV was about to burst into song and my father was laughing.

I’m not sure if it was because my story was translated into Spanish, or because it was published in Mexico, or perhaps because the story dealt with the house he grew up in, but at any rate, my father punched the mute button on his remote control and read my story.
I sat on the bed next to my father and waited. He read it very slowly. As if he were reading each line over and over. He laughed at all the right places and read lines he liked out loud. He pointed and asked questions: 'Is this So-and-so?' 'Yes,' I said. He kept on reading.

When he was finally finished, after what seemed like hours, my father looked up and asked: 'Where can we get more copies of this for the relatives?'

Of all the wonderful things that happened to me last year, that was the most wonderful.

SANDRA CISNEROS

*Slightly adapted*
i. What was the most wonderful thing that happened in your life? Narrate it in a brief paragraph.

ii. We have the description of the belongings in the father’s room. Do you keep your home neat and tidy?

*Attempt a description of your home.*
The life of a woman deprived of freedom is a life of agony. She finds out how hard it is to break barriers.

Women have no wilderness in them,
They are provident instead,
Content in the tight hot cell of their hearts
To eat dusty bread.

They do not see cattle cropping red winter grass,
They do not hear
Snow water going down under culverts
Shallow and clear.

They wait, when they should turn to journeys,
They stiffen, when they should bend.
They use against themselves that benevolence
To which no man is friend.

They cannot think of so many crops to a field
Or of clean wood cleft by an axe.
Their love is an eager meaninglessness
Too tense or too lax.

They hear in any whisper that speaks to them
A shout and a cry.
As like as not, when they take life over their door-sill
They should let it go by.

LOUISE BOGAN

1. The word 'provident' means careful in planning. How is it contrasted with wilderness?

2. Are women really contented? What does the poem say about this?

3. Women miss many things in life. What are some of the things the poem mentions?

4. Is the poet readily accepting the fate of women? Justify your answer.

Now, read the one act play 'The Princess on the Road' on Page 39.
Activity 1 a

Add appropriate capitals and punctuation marks to the sentences given below.

oh don't touch me cant you see don't you know i am the princess

Activity 1 b

Now, look at each sentence. List the punctuation marks that you have used.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>full stop</th>
<th>.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Different types of sentences have different punctuation marks.

Now discuss with your friends the relevance and function of each of these punctuation marks and identify the types of sentences.

Activity 2

Read the stage setting given at the beginning of the play.

The Princess enters. She is dusty, the edge of her skirt is torn and one of her shoes has come off. She wears her hair in a long pigtail under a cotton handkerchief...

• The words in bold italics describe the actions of the characters of the play.

Now, write the stage directions for the following.

Johnny [enter - walk to the centre of the stage - sit on the platform]........................................................................................................................................

Villagers [enter - dance - sing ] ........................................................................................................................................

Their dress [soiled] ........................................................................................................................................

Their baskets [filled with agricultural produce] ........................................................................................................................................
Activity 3

Look at the words in italics in the following sentences.

1. She took the loaf.
2. She gave the loaf to the ducks.
3. I plucked a flower.
4. I saw him.
5. He gave me a cup of milk.

Activity 3a

Frame questions to get the words in italics as answers. The first item is done for you as an example.

In the case of sentences 2 and 5 you may have to frame two questions each.

1. What did she take?
2. 
3. 
4. 
5. 

Activity 3 b

Pick out the verbs in each sentence above and say how they are connected with the words in italics.

Discuss in groups

• Are the words italicised nouns/ pronouns?
• Where are these words placed in the sentences above?
• What difference do you notice between the two sets of words in sentence 2 and 5?

Let’s sum up

• The words italicised are nouns/ pronouns.
• These words are placed after the verb. They are called objects.
• In sentences 2 and 5, there are two objects.
• In sentence 5, me is the indirect object and a cup of milk is the direct object.
• The thing/person affected by the action of a verb is the **direct object**.

• One who receives the direct object is the **indirect object**.

**Activity 4**

Read the following passage from 'The Princess on the Road' and identify the direct objects of the verbs in each of the sentences. The object can be a word or a group of words.

**PRINCESS:** *(sobbing)* Oh! I wanted an adventure, I left them all and borrowed a peasant girl’s clothes. Then these said I had stolen their things. I only took a little milk and bread and flowers.

*Frame questions to get the direct objects of the sentences in the passage as answers.*

---

**Activity 5**

Pick out the objects in the sentences given below and identify the direct and indirect object.

1. He gave the princess a loaf of bread.

2. Could you send me the cart?

3. I’ll give you an apple.

4. Let me make you some tea.
Activity 6

Complete the following by adding a direct object and an indirect object to each of them.

1. They brought ___________ ___________
2. He offered ___________ ___________
3. Ravi taught ___________ ___________
4. Sushil wrote ___________ ___________
5. My friend owes ___________ ___________

Activity 7

Read the following passage carefully. There are a few errors in it. Edit and rewrite the passage.

After reading the play 'The Princess on the Road' my friend Rani said, Wow! What a great play. Let's stage it. Who'll do the role of the princess. I said I could do the role. Thus we begin the rehearsal. Then we faced a great problem. Where we shall get the costumes from. Again, Rani came with a solution. Her uncle is an actor in a theatre troupe. She said that she would borrowed the costumes from him. But she also insisted that I should kept them safely.
UNIT III

TALES OF TOIL

Discuss

Who do you see in the collage?

What do you know about the lives of such people?

Do you think that our society respects them the way they deserve?
THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH

Here is an interesting story of a soldier who is very sincere and dedicated to his work. But something strange happens in his life...

1. I first met Private* Quelch at the training depot. A man is liable to acquire in his first week of army life—together with his uniform, rifle and equipment—a nickname. Anyone who saw Private Quelch, lanky, stooping, frowning through horn-rimmed spectacles, understood why he was known as ‘the Professor’. Those who had any doubts on the subject lost them after five minutes’ conversation with him.

2. I remember the first lesson we had in musketry. We stood in an attentive circle. The sergeant, a man as dark and sun-dried as raisins was describing the mechanism of a service rifle.

3. ‘The muzzle velocity or speed at which the bullet leaves the rifle,’ he told us, ‘is well over two thousand feet per second.’

4. A voice interrupted. ‘Two thousand, four hundred and forty feet per second.’ It was the Professor.

5. ‘That’s right,’ the sergeant said without enthusiasm and went on lecturing. When he had finished he put questions to us. Perhaps in the hope of revenge, he turned with his questions again and again to the Professor. The only result was to enhance the Professor’s glory. Technical definitions, the parts of the rifle, its use and care, he had them all by heart.

* Private - an ordinary soldier
6. The sergeant asked, ‘You had any training before?’

7. The Professor answered with a phrase that was to become familiar to all of us. ‘No, Sergeant. It’s all a matter of intelligent reading.’

8. That was our introduction to him. We soon learned more about him. He saw to that. He meant to get on, he told us. He had brains. He was sure to get a commission, before long. As a first step, he meant to get a stripe.

**Pause & Reflect**

9. In pursuit of his ambition Private Quelch worked hard. We had to give him credit for that. He borrowed training manuals and stayed up late at nights reading them. He badgered the instructors with questions. He drilled with enthusiasm. On route marches he was not only miraculouslly tireless but infuriated us all with his
horrible heartiness. ‘What about a song, chaps?’ is not greeted politely at the end of thirty miles. His salute at the pay table was a model to behold. When officers were in sight he would swing his skinny arms and march to the canteen like a Guardsman.

10. And day in and day out, he lectured to us on every aspect of human knowledge. At first we had a certain respect for him, but soon we lived in terror of his approach. We tried to hit back at him with clumsy saracms and practical jokes. The Professor scarcely noticed; he was too busy working for his stripe.

11. Each time one of us made a mistake the Professor would publicly correct him. Whenever one of us shone, the Professor outshone him. After a hard morning’s work cleaning out our hut, we would listen in silence to the Orderly Officer’s praise. Then the Professor would break out with a ringing. ‘Thank you, sir!’ And how superior, how condescending he was! He would always say, ‘Let me show you, fellow,’ or, ‘No, you’ll ruin your rifle that way, old man.’

12. We used to pride ourselves on aircraft recognition*. Once, out for a walk, we heard the drone of a plane flying high overhead. None of us could even see it in the glare of the sun. Without even a glance upward the Professor announced, ‘That, of course, is a North American Harvard Trainer*. It can be unmistakably identified by the harsh engine note, due to the high tip speed of the airscrew.’

13. What could a gang of louts like us do with a man like that?

Pause & Reflect

7. Are those actions appropriate to achieve one’s goals? What do you think? (Para-9)

8. Despite his abilities, hard work and ambition, no one liked Private Quelch. (Para-10 & 11).
  a. Was he really to be blamed?
  b. If so, why? Discuss.

After reading a section, write down the word you would like to add to your personal wordlist.

Word: ........................................
Meaning: ........................................
Sentence: ........................................

Pause & Reflect

What do you want to become in life? What are your plans for a career? How can you fulfil your plans? Share your thoughts with your friends in the class.

* aircraft recognition: identifying an aircraft
* Harvard Trainer: a kind of aircraft used for training
14. None of us will ever forget the drowsy summer afternoon which was such a turning point in the Professor’s life.

15. We were sprawling contentedly on the warm grass while Corporal Turnbull was taking a lesson on the hand grenade.

16. Corporal Turnbull was a young man, but he was not a man to be trifled with. He had come back from Dunkirk* with all his equipment correct. He was our hero, and we used to tell each other that he was so tough that you could hammer nails into him without his noticing it.

17. ‘The outside of a grenade, as you can see,’ Corporal Turnbull was saying, ‘is divided up into a large number of fragments to assist segmentation.’

‘Forty-four.’

‘What’s that?’ The Corporal looked over his shoulder.

‘Forty-four segments.’ The Professor beamed at him.

The Corporal said nothing, but his brow tightened. He opened his mouth to resume.

18. ‘And by the way, Corporal.’ We were all thunderstruck. The Professor was speaking again. ‘Shouldn’t you have started off with the five characteristics of the grenade? Our instructor at the other camp always used to, you know.’

19. In the silence that followed, the Corporal’s face turned dark. ‘Here,’ he said at last, ‘you give this lecture!’ As if afraid to say any more, he tossed the grenade to the Professor. Quite unabashed, Private Quelch climbed to his feet. With the air of a man coming into his birthright he gave us an unexceptionable lecture on the grenade.

20. The squad listened in a horrified kind of silence. Corporal Turnbull stood and watched. When the lecture was finished he said, ‘Thank you, Private Quelch. Fall in

---

* Dunkirk - a town in Northern France

---

After reading a section, write down the word you would like to add to your personal wordlist.

Word: ........................................

Meaning: ........................................

Sentence: ........................................

---

9. ‘We were all thunderstruck’. (Para-18)

‘Thunderstruck’ is an idiomatic expression formed by joining ‘thunder’ and ‘struck’. Pick out other compound words from this passage.

---

10. Read the following dialogue and complete the sentences that follow. (Para 18 & 19)

Mr Quelch: Shouldn’t you have started off with the five characteristics of the grenade?

Corporal: Give this lecture.

a. Mr Quelch asked the Corporal ___________________

b. The Corporal commanded Mr Quelch ________________

---

English IX
with the others now.’ He did not speak again until we had fallen in and were waiting to be dismissed. Then he addressed us.

21. ‘As some of you may have heard,’ he began deliberately, ‘the platoon officer has asked me to nominate one of you for...’ He paused and looked up and down the ranks as if seeking final confirmation of a decision.

22. So this was the great moment! Most of us could not help glancing at Private Quelch, who stood rigidly to attention and stared straight in front of him with an expression of self conscious innocence.

‘... for permanent cookhouse duties. I’ve decided that Private Quelch is just the man for the job.’

Of course, it was a joke for days afterwards; a joke and joy to all of us.

I remember, though...

23. My friend Trower and I were talking about it a few days later. We were returning from the canteen to our own hut.

24. Through the open door we could see the three cooks standing against the wall as if at bay and from within came the monotonous beat of a familiar voice.

25. ‘Really, I must protest against this abominably unscientific and unhygienic method of peeling potatoes. I need only draw your attention to the sheer waste of vitamin values...’

We fled.

ALEXANDER BARON

Slightly adapted
Ready Reference

**badger** (v): to pester, worry, annoy

**commission** (n): a high rank in the armed forces

**depot** (/'depət/ (n)): (here) a place where new recruits are trained

**lout** (/lauʃ/ (n): an awkward fellow

**musketry** (n): the art of using guns. (musket: an old name for gun)

**orderly officer** (n): officer on duty for the day

**platoon** (/ˈpləʊtən/ (n): a sub division of a company of soldiers

**reprimand** (/ˈrɛprɪmænd/ (v): to express strong disapproval of

**sergeant** (/ˈsɜːdʒənt/ (n): a military officer just above a corporal

**training manual** (n): a handbook dealing with training

**unabashed** (adj): without any feeling of embarrassment or shame

### Textual Activities

**i. Group Discussion**

Private Quelch who was hardworking and enthusiastic had dreams and ambitions. Yet he had to end up in the cookhouse of the military camp.

• Are there instances in life when hard work fails to be recognised? Why does this happen?

• Can you recollect any such instance in your life or the life of a person familiar to you? Share it with your friends.

• Should we develop skills other than hard work to succeed in life? If so, what are they?
ii. Debate

In the light of your discussion, conduct a debate on:

The victimisation of Private Quelch for his outspokenness to his superiors.

Arguments for: (He was working with the military that demands hierarchical discipline. He was bound to tolerate the authority of his superiors.)

Arguments against: (If you are better than your superiors, why can’t you show it?)

Add your own points to support your arguments.

iii. Review

Write a review of the story. You may make use of the tips for preparing a review given in Unit II.

iv. Feature

As an end product of this unit, prepare a feature on skilled labourers or professionals in your locality.

a. You may have to conduct an interview with a skilled labourer or a professional in your locality to know more about the nature of his/ her work. Discuss in groups and develop a questionnaire for the interview.

b. On the basis of the interview conducted by the members of a group, prepare a feature on the nature and type of work done by people in your locality. You may use photographs of individuals/ their places of work etc.

Now, read the short story 'The Resignation' given in the Extended Reading section of the unit on Page 79.
Activity 1 a

In the military training depot, Private Quelch was given the nickname ‘Professor.’

‘Nickname’ is a compound word. There are many compound words formed by adding words to ‘name.’

Find them out from a dictionary.

Activity 1 b

With the help of a dictionary, write what the following words mean.

Pet name .................. First name .................. Surname .................. Pen name..................
Forename.................. Full name ...........................................

(Write your full name and say which is your first, middle and last name)

Activity 2

Read the following sentence.

‘Once out for a walk, we heard the drone of a plane flying overhead.’

‘Drone’ is the continuous low noise made by the plane.

Here are certain words suggesting sounds.

Say what these words mean.

bang _____________________________________________________________
buzz _____________________________________________________________
clang _____________________________________________________________
ring _____________________________________________________________
cuckoo ___________________________________________________________

The way we pronounce these words echo their meanings. These are onomatopoeic words.

Find out more onomatopoeic words with the help of a dictionary.
Activity 3

‘Whenever anyone of us shone, the Professor outshine them.’

‘Outshine’ means to be more impressive and better than somebody. The word ‘out’ can be prefixed to words to mean ‘greater’ or ‘better.’

*Write such words and say what they mean.*

- outgrow
- outpace
- outlive
- outplay
- outnumber
- outsmart

…………... ______________________________________________________________
…………... ______________________________________________________________
…………... ______________________________________________________________

Activity 4

There are many words in the story beginning with the prefix ‘un-’ which gives opposite meanings.

*List such words.*

kind - unkind
…………...... ........................................
…………...... ........................................
…………...... ........................................
…………...... ........................................

Like ‘un-’ there are other prefixes that are used to form words that give the opposite meaning.

dis - dislike
…………...... ........................................
anti- antihero
…………...... ........................................
in - indecent
…………...... ........................................

*Find similar words with opposite meaning using these prefixes.*

______________________________________________________________
Activity 5

Pick out from the story words associated with the armed forces and classify them under different titles like- weapons, rank and so on.

Activity 6

A. Write down from the passage sentences in which the following phrases have been used:

(i) in the hope of ____________________________________________________________
(ii) get on ________________________________________________________________
(iii) day in and day out _______________________________________________________
(iv) come into someone's birthright __________________________________________
(v) up and down ___________________________________________________________
(vi) at bay ________________________________________________________________

B. Use the above phrases in sentences of your own.

(i) _________________________________________________________________
   ___________________________________________________________________
(ii) _________________________________________________________________
   ___________________________________________________________________
(iii) _________________________________________________________________
   ___________________________________________________________________
(iv) _________________________________________________________________
   ___________________________________________________________________
(v) _________________________________________________________________
   ___________________________________________________________________
(vi) _________________________________________________________________
   ___________________________________________________________________
I AM THE PEOPLE, THE MOB

All human achievements are the fruit of man’s labour. The poem is a tribute to people, the seed ground of progress.

I AM the people—the mob—the crowd—the mass.
Do you know that all the great work of the world is done through me?
I am the workingman, the inventor, the maker of the world’s food and clothes.
I am the audience that witnesses history. The Napoleons come from me and the Lincolns. They die. And then I send forth more Napoleons and Lincolns.
I am the seed ground. I am a prairie* that will stand for much plowing. Terrible storms pass over me. I forget. The best of me is sucked out and wasted.

* prairie(n): a wide treeless grassy plain in North America

Carl Sandburg (1878 - 1967) American poet, historian, novelist and folklorist is called ‘The Singing Bard’. In his work Sandburg gives voice to the people of the American Midwest. As a central figure in the ‘Chicago Renaissance’ he played a significant role in the developments in poetry in the 20th century.

1. Who is the ‘I’ in the poem?
________________________________________________________________________

2. How can ‘I’ be the people?
________________________________________________________________________

3. What other words does the poet use to describe the people? Are they all of the same meaning?
________________________________________________________________________

4. The speaker in the poem says: ‘I am the seed ground’. Why does he say so?
________________________________________________________________________

5. What are the sufferings the people have undergone?
________________________________________________________________________
I forget. Everything but Death comes to me and makes me work and give up what I have. And I forget.

Sometimes I growl, shake myself and spatter a few red drops for history to remember. Then—I forget.

When I, the People, learn to remember, when I, the People, use the lessons of yesterday and no longer forget who robbed me last year, who played me for a fool—then there will be no speaker in all the world say the name: ‘The People,’ with any fleck of a sneer in his voice or any far-off smile of derision.

The mob—the crowd—the mass—will arrive then.

CARL SANDBURG

TEXTUAL ACTIVITIES

i. The word ‘forget’ recurs in the poem. What effect does it make? What do people forget?

ii. List the word pictures used by the poet to describe people.

iii. ‘The struggle of man against power is the struggle of memory against forgetting’. Analyse the poem in the light of the above statement and attempt an appreciation.

6. How do the people react to their sufferings?

7. ‘I am’ and ‘I forget’ are the oft-repeated expressions in the poem. What do they signify?

8. There may be many expressions in your mother tongue to describe ‘the people’. What are they?

9. ‘Sometimes I growl, shake myself and spatter a few red drops for history to remember.’ What is the poet speaking about here? What are the ‘red drops’?

10. Collect similar poems highlighting the labour power of ‘the people’.

11. In the last line the poet says that ‘The mob—the crowd—the mass—will arrive then’. When?

Now, read the poem ‘Follower’ by Seamus Heaney given in the Extended Reading section of the unit on Page 90.
THE RESIGNATION

How will you react if someone ill-treats you? Will you suffer silently? Or, will you react? Here's a story that narrates how a poor clerk handled such a situation.

An office clerk is a dumb creature. Glare at a labourer and he will glower back at you. Speak rudely to a coolie and he will throw the load off his head and walk away. Reprimand a beggar and he will stare angrily at you and turn away. Even a donkey, if mistreated, will kick back. But the poor clerk! Scold him, abuse him, kick him and he will not so much as frown. He has more control over himself than a saint. He is the picture of contentment, tolerance and obedience - the epitome of the noblest of human qualities.

Even ruins have their better days of glory. On the night of Diwali, they are lighted up. During monsoons, they have green moss on them. They reflect the changing moods of Nature. The poor clerk never changes. His pale face never lights up with a smile. The rains do not bring relief to his dry as dust existence.

Lala Fatehchand was one such clerk. It is said that a man’s name affects his fortunes. This was proved wrong in the case of Lala Fatehchand. His name meant winner. But it would not be an exaggeration to call him Haarchand (Loser). A failure in office, a failure among friends, he had faced only setbacks and disappointments.

Fatehchand had no sons; only three daughters. He had no brothers, only two sisters-in-law. He had very little money but a heart of gold. He was kindness and tolerance personified. Cheated by many, he had not one true friend with whom he could share confidences. He was in poor health. At the age of thirty-two, he had salt and pepper

Munshi Premchand (1880–1936) is generally regarded as the foremost Hindi-Urdu writer during the early twentieth century. Premchand wrote about 300 short stories, several novels, essays and plays. He was associated with progressive literary movements of his times. Many of his stories have been translated into several Indian and foreign languages.

1. ‘He is the picture of contentment.’ Is this description of an office clerk amusing? Justify your answer.

After reading a section, write down the word you would like to add to your personal wordlist.

Word: ............................
Meaning: .........................
....................................................
....................................................
Sentence: .......................
hair. His eyesight was poor, so was his digestion. His complexion was pale, his cheeks sunken. His back was bent and heart empty of courage. He would go to office at nine and return home at six. He did not have the heart to go out in the evening. He had no knowledge of what was happening in the outside world. His entire life revolved around his office. He constantly worried about losing his job. He was concerned neither with religion nor with the poor. He had no interest in arts, literature, stage, the cinema or in sports. He could not remember when he had last played cards.

2

It was winter. There were a few clouds in the sky. When Fatehchand returned home from work, lights had already come on. He never spoke to anyone after office hours. He would simply lie down and remain silent for fifteen—twenty minutes before he opened his mouth. Only then would he speak. That evening he was lying down quietly as usual when somebody called out to him. When his youngest daughter went out to inquire who it was, she learnt that it was the office messenger. Sharda was scrubbing utensils to prepare the evening meal.

She said, ‘Ask him what he wants. He has just come home from office. Is he needed there again?’

2. Describe Fatehchand’s nature.
The messenger said, ‘Saheb has asked him to come over immediately. There is some urgent work.’

Fatehchand broke his silence. He raised his head and asked, ‘What is it?’

‘Nothing,’ replied Sharda. ‘Only the office peon.’

Fatehchand, ‘The office peon! Has Saheb called for me?’

‘That’s what he says. What kind of Saheb do you have? He’s always sending for you. You have just come home. Why does he want to see you again? Tell him you won’t go. Can he do anything worse than take your job away?’

Fatehchand said, ‘Let me find out why he wants to see me. I had cleared my desk before I left. I’ll be back soon.’

Sharda, ‘Please have something to eat before you go. Once you start talking with the peon, you will forget everything.’

She brought some snacks. Fatehchand looked at the plate and asked, ‘Have you given the girls something to eat?’

‘Yes, yes,’ replied Sharda impatiently. ‘You eat!’

Just then his youngest daughter came up. Sharda looked at her and said angrily, ‘Why are you standing on my head? Go outside and play!’

‘Why did you scold her?’ asked Fatehchand, ‘Come here, Chinnu. Take some snacks.’

Chin nu looked at her mother in fear and ran out.

Fatehchand protested, ‘Why have you made the poor thing run away?’

Sharda shot back. ‘How much is there in this plate? If you had given it to her, wouldn’t the other two girls have wanted their share?’

Meanwhile, the peon shouted from outside — ‘I am getting late.’
'Why don’t you tell him that you will not go at this hour?'

‘How can I? My job is at stake,’ replied Fatehchand.

‘Does that mean that you will give your life for your job?’

Have you seen your face in a mirror? You look as if you have been ill for six months.’

Fatehchand tossed a few bits into his mouth, gulped down a glass of water and ran out. The paan, which Sharda was making for him, remained uneaten.

The peon said ‘Babujee! You’ve taken a long time. Come along quickly now or he will rebuke you soundly.’

Fatehchand replied, ‘Whether he scolds me or shouts at me, I can walk only as fast as I can. He’s in his bungalow, isn’t he?’

‘Why should he be at the office at this hour? He is an Emperor, not a nobody!’

The peon was used to walking fast. Babu Fatehchand was not. After sometime he started panting. He kept on lifting his feet one after another until his thighs started paining. Then, his legs refused to cooperate. He was bathed in sweat and his head started reeling. Butterflies seemed to fly before his eyes.

The peon shouted, ‘Keep walking fast, Babu.’

Fatehchand replied, ‘You go ahead. I’ll follow.’

He sat down on the kerb with his head between his hands and tried to catch his breath. The peon went ahead.

Fatehchand became frightened. What if the devil went and told the Saheb something?

He pulled himself up and started walking again. He managed to reach the Saheb’s bungalow. Saheb was pacing up and down his veranda.

On catching sight of the peon he shouted, ‘What took you so long?’
The peon replied, ‘Huzoor! What could I do? The Babu was taking his time. I’ve come running all the way.’

‘What did Babu say?’

In the meantime Fatehchand ducked under the boundary wire, saluted the Saheb and stood before him with his head bent low.

‘Where were you all this time?’ demanded the Saheb angrily.

‘Sir, I returned from office only just now. I set off as soon as the peon called me.’

‘You are lying. I’ve been standing here for an hour,’ said the Saheb.

‘Sir, I don’t lie. I can’t walk very fast. I left my house as soon as the peon called me.’

‘Shut up, you swine! I have been waiting for an hour. Hold your ears!’ roared the Saheb.

‘Huzoor, I’ve worked for you for ten years. I’ve never …’

‘Shut up! I order you to hold your ears!’

‘But what have I done?’

‘Chaprasil! Hold this swine’s ears or I’ll flog you as well.’

‘Sir, I have come here to work, not to get beaten up. I am a respectable person. You can keep your job, Sir! I am willing to take any punishment you mete out to me, but I cannot attack another’s honour.’

The Saheb could not control his anger any further. He ran to get his walking stick. Seeing the Saheb’s mood, the peon quietly slipped away. Fatehchand remained standing. Not finding the peon there, the Saheb caught Fatehchand by the ears and shook him.

‘How dare you disobey me? Go to the office at once and fetch the file.’

6. Who shows more spirit in responding to the officer’s behaviour? Fatehchand or the peon?
Fatehchand asked humbly, ‘Sir, which file should I bring?’


Summoning up courage, Fatehchand spoke up, ‘Which file do you require?’

‘The file I am asking for. Bring the same file. Bring it at once.’

Fatehchand did not have the courage to ask anything more. The Saheb was very short-tempered. He was also drunk. If he hit him with his cane he would not be able to do anything. He quickly left for the office.

‘Go fast. Run!’ Saheb shouted.

‘Sir, I am unable to run.’

‘Oh, you’ve become very lazy. I shall teach you how to run.’ The Saheb gave him a violent push. ‘Run! You will not run even now?’

The Saheb went off to fetch his cane. Fatehchand realised he was in for a beating. But under these circumstances, his fate was only to get beaten up. He scuttled away and quickly came out of the gate onto the road.

Fatehchand did not go to office to get the file. What could he have gone for? Sahib had not even told him the name of the file he wanted. Perhaps he had forgotten it in his drunken state. He set off to his house with slow steps – as if the insult had put chains on his feet. Agreed, when compared to Saheb he was weaker physically. Besides, he had nothing in his hands then with which he could have defended himself. But he could have answered back! After all, he did have shoes on his feet. Could he not have flung them at him? Perhaps he would have been awarded simple imprisonment for one or two months. Perhaps he would have had to pay a fine of two or four hundred

7. Why did Fatehchand decide not to go to his office to get the file?
rupees. But his family would have been ruined. Who in the whole world would look after his wife and children? If he had enough money to look after his family, he would not have tolerated such an insult.

Fatehchand rued his physical weakness as never before. Had he paid attention to his health, had he been exercising, had he known how to wield a stick, the devil would not have dared to pull his ears. He would have kicked him back. He should have at least carried a knife. He could have slapped him a few times. He should have worried about jail and other complications later.

The more he went ahead, the more he fumed at his own cowardice. What worse could have happened to him if he had slapped the Saheb? Perhaps Saheb’s cooks and bearers would have jumped on him and given him a beating. At least it would have been clear to Saheb that he could not insult an innocent man without reason. After all, if he was to die today, there would be no one to look after his children. If he died tomorrow, they would face the same fate, so why not today?

The thought filled his heart with fervour. He retraced his steps, determined to avenge his humiliation. At the same time he thought - after all, whatever had to happen had happened. Who knew if Saheb was still in the bungalow or had left for the Club? At that moment, he felt overcome with the thought of Sharda’s helplessness. The image of his children becoming fatherless deterred him. He turned back and headed for home.

As soon as he got home, Sharda asked, ‘Why had he called you? Why did you take so long?’

Fatehchand lay down on his charpoy and replied, ‘He was drunk. The devil abused me and insulted me. He kept on asking me why I had taken so long? The rascal ordered the peon to catch hold of my ears.’


After reading a section, write down the word you would like to add to your personal wordlist.

Word: ..........................................
Meaning: ..........................................
Sentence: ..........................................

85
Sharda spoke angrily. ‘Why did you not give the swine a shoe-beating?’

‘The peon was very decent. He spoke out – Sir, I cannot do this. I have not taken up the job to insult good people. He saluted him and walked away.’

‘That was very brave of him. Why did you not take the Saheb to task?’

‘Of course I did,’ replied Fatehchand. ‘He got his stick – I took off my shoes. He hit me with his stick. I hit back with my shoes.’

‘Well done! You put him in his place.’

‘He was stunned.’

‘You did well. You should have given him a sound thrashing. If I had been in your place, I would have killed him.’

‘I beat him; now I will have to pay the price. Let’s see what happens. My job, of course, will go. Perhaps I’ll have to go to prison too.’

‘Why should you go to prison? Is there no justice? Why did he abuse you? Why did he beat you with a stick?’

‘Who will listen to me when he speaks? Even the court will side with him.’

‘Let it happen. But you’ll see, after this, no Saheb will dare to abuse any clerk. You should have hit him the moment he opened his mouth.’

‘He would have certainly shot me dead.’

‘We would have taken care of that.’

‘How? What would have become of all of you?’

‘Whatever God would have willed. Honour is man’s greatest possession. It is stupid to raise your family at the cost of self-respect. At least you have come back after
beating up that devil. I am proud of you. Had you come
back after being beaten, I would have hated the sight of
your face. Even if I did not put it in words, my respect for
you would have gone. Now, whatever befalls us I shall
accept gladly. Hey, where are you going? Listen, listen.
Where are you off to?’

As if possessed, Fatehchand walked out of the house.
Sharda kept calling out to him. He hastened towards the
Saheb’s bungalow – not cowering in fear, but proudly
holding his head high. His face reflected firm resolve, his
legs were no longer weak. His appearance had undergone
a dramatic change. In the place of a humble, pale office
clerk with an emaciated body, he had become a young
man with courage and determination. Fatehchand first
went to a friend’s house to borrow a stick. Then, he
headed for the Saheb’s bungalow.

It was nine p.m. Saheb was having his dinner.
Fatehchand did not wait for him to finish. As soon as the
bearer left the room, Fatehchand slipped in through the
wooden partition. The house was a glitter of lights. On
the floor was a carpet, the like of which Fatehchand had
never seen.

Saheb looked up angrily and shouted, ‘How did you get
in? Get out at once.’

‘You asked me to get the file. That’s what I’ve brought.
Finish your dinner, then I’ll show it to you. Take your
time eating. This could be your last meal, so eat well.’

Saheb was struck dumb. There was fear in his eyes. He
trembled. He realised that the clerk had come prepared
to kill or be killed.

It was a new Fatehchand he had to deal with. He weighed
the pros and cons of taking on his clerk, ‘I understand.
You are angry. Have I said anything to upset you?’
Fatehchand drew himself up and replied, ‘Just half an hour back you had taken me by my ears and had abused me soundly. Have you already forgotten?’

‘I caught you by your ears? Ha-ha-ha-ha! What sort of a joke is this? Am I mad?’

‘Am I lying? The peon was a witness. Your servants were also watching.’

‘When did it happen?’

‘Just half an hour back. You had sent for me and when I came here you caught my ears without any reason and hit me.’

‘Babujee, I was a little high. The bearer had given me too much to drink. I don’t remember what happened.’

‘If in your drunken state you had shot me, I would have died. Is everything excusable when you are drunk? I too am drunk now. Listen to my decision. Hold your ears and promise that hereafter you will never behave badly with any innocent person. If you don’t I shall box your ears! Do you understand? Don’t move! If you so much as get up from your chair I’ll use my stick. Don’t blame me if your skull breaks. Just do as I say. Hold your ears!’

Saheb pretended to laugh it off, ‘Well, Babujee, you do know how to take a joke. If I said anything wrong, I apologise.’

‘Not good enough. Just hold your ears,’ ordered Fatehchand, twirling his stick as he spoke.

Saheb could not take more. He jumped up, hoping to snatch the stick from Fatehchand’s hands. But Fatehchand was alert. The moment Saheb got up from the table, he dealt a solid blow on his head. Saheb staggered. He held his head in his hands and said, ‘I shall sack you.’

11. How did Sharda influence Fatehchand’s final decision?

12. Fatehchand decided to resign his job. What would he write in his letter?
‘I don’t give a damn. I will not leave without making you hold your ears and promise never again to treat a good man so nastily.’

Fatehchand lifted the stick again. Saheb feared that the second blow might crack open his skull. Placing his hand on his ears he said, ‘Are you happy now?’

‘Say that you will never abuse anyone again.’

‘Never again, I promise.’

‘Alright. I shall leave now. I’m resigning today. In my resignation letter I shall state that I resigned because you called me names.’

‘Why are you resigning? I am not dismissing you.’

‘I will never work under a wicked man like you.’

Fatechand came out of Saheb’s bungalow and walked towards his home in a leisurely manner. He had tasted the pleasure of true victory. He had never felt happier. This was the first triumph of his life.

PREMCHAND

Slightly adapted

i. You have just read the story of Fatehchand.

Now, sit in groups and complete the following table.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Setting</th>
<th>Characters</th>
<th>Events</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I</td>
<td>Fatechand’s Home</td>
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<td>II</td>
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Now, read the poem 'I am the People, The Mob' by Carl Sandburg given on Page 77.

13. Do you appreciate Fatechand’s decision to resign his job? Give reasons in support of your answer.

14. The word ‘resignation’ has two meanings. How are these two meanings applicable to the story?
My father worked with a horse-plough,
His shoulders globed like a full sail strung
Between the shafts and the furrow.
The horses strained at his clicking tongue.

An expert. He would set the wing,
And fit the bright steel-pointed sock.
The sod rolled over without breaking.
At the head rig, with a single pluck

Of reins, the sweating team turned round
And back into the land. His eye
Narrowed and angled at the ground,
Mapping the furrow exactly.

I stumbled in his hob-nailed wake,
Fell sometimes on the polished sod;
Sometimes he rode me on his back
Dipping and rising to his plod.

I wanted to grow up and plough,
To close one eye, stiffen my arm.
All I ever did was follow
In his broad shadow round the farm.

I was a nuisance, tripping, falling,
Yapping always. But today
It is my father who keeps stumbling
Behind me, and will not go away.

SEAMUS HEANEY
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>i. What is the rhyme scheme followed in the poem?</th>
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<td>ii. Pick out the similies used in the poem.</td>
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<td>iii. Pick out the lines in the poem which refer to work and the effort involved.</td>
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<th>5. What is the setting of the poem?</th>
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<th>6. What is the transformation described in the last stanza?</th>
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<th>7. Do you think that the transformation is the law of nature? Express your opinion.</th>
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Activity 1

Look at the picture. Identify the occupations of the people and the activities they are engaged in.

I work in a hospital. I take care of the patients. I give them medicines and injections. I assist the doctor.

As shown above, provide clues to identify the occupations of the people shown below.
Activity 2

The sergeant who took classes in musketry is a very dark man.

He is ‘as dark and sun-dried as raisins.’(Para2)

Write similar comparative phrases, using the pattern as... as...

e.g.: someone who is very happy - He is as happy as a person who has won a lottery.

someone who is very thin __________________________________________________________

something which is very big _______________________________________________________

something which is very small _______________________________________________________

Activity 3

Look at the following sentences and pick out the words that follow the verbs.

1. He is busy.

2. He is a soldier.

3. He looks smart.

4. He seems efficient.

5. He considers his friends fools.

Activity 4

Discuss in groups the role played by the words which come after the verbs in the sentences above.

Discussion Point

• Do these words provide more information about the subjects/objects?

• Can we place these words anywhere else in the sentence structure?

• Which category of words do they belong to - noun/ adjective/ adverb?

• Does the meaning of the sentence change if we remove them from it?
Let’s sum up

- These words provide more information about the subject/object of a sentence.
- These words are either adjectives or nouns.
- These words complete the meaning of the sentence.
- These words or phrases are called **complements**. A **complement** is an adjective or a noun.
- If we remove complement from the sentence, the meaning of the sentence will be incomplete.
- In sentence 5, the word ‘fools’ is an **object complement**.

**Activity 5**

Read the following write-up about Private Quelch written by a student of class IX.

*Identify the complements in them and classify them into complements and object complements. Also identify whether they are nouns or adjectives.*

Private Quelch is intelligent. But he drove everyone crazy. He made everyone nervous. He considered everyone else a fool. All of us thought him crazy. I too find his behaviour strange. The Corporal considered his behaviour rude. He sent Mr Quelch to work in the kitchen. Still Quelch considered it an honour.

**Activity 6**

*Add object complements to the objects in the passage given below:*

We painted the house ........................................ It made us all ..............................................
The house looks ........................................ My father regards the house ..................................
Some of my friends even thought it ...........................................

**Activity 7**

*The following passage is about Ammu, a girl of Class IX. There are a few errors in the passage. Edit it.*

Ammu’s general knowledge are amaze. Her father is a teacher. He buy her a lot of books. Ammu seem to know everything under the sun. We thinks we will win this year’s quiz competition because of her. We are very happiness. Ammu loves read. She spends most of her leisure time in the library. However she is very sensitivity. Criticisms makes her uneasiness.
abominably (adv): in an extremely unpleasant manner
The office room is abominably dirty.

admiration (n): feeling of respect and liking for somebody or something
We watched Sachin's batting with great admiration.

akimbo (adv): with your hands on your hips and your elbows pointing away from your body

anthology /ænˈθɒlədʒi/ (n): a set of stories, poems, songs etc. by different authors collected together in one book

at bay (phr.): unable to escape, cornered
The travellers kept the thieves at bay with long sticks.

at stake (phr.): at risk, dependant on what happens
The company has become bankrupt and hundreds of employees are at stake.

austere /ˈəʊstri/ (adj): severe and uncomfortable

awkwardly (adv): in an embarrassed state

badger (v): to pester, worry, annoy
News reporters badgered the minister with questions regarding the confidential report.

balding /bɔːldɪŋ/ (adj): starting to lose hair on your head

banked (adj): smouldering, burning slowly without flame

banquet (n): a formal meal for a large number of people

barely (adv): almost nothing
We barely had the time to catch the train.

battered (adj): old and not in very good condition
Your car looks rather battered.

beat (n): (here) tone

beckon /ˈbekən/ (v): to give somebody a signal using your finger or hand
The officer beckoned him into his office.

befall (v): (formal) to suffer something bad
They are late; some misfortune might have befallen them.

benevolence (n): the quality of being generous
Emperor Ashoka was known for his benevolence.

blueblack cold: extreme cold

bologna (n): a type of cooked meat often eaten in sandwiches

bout (n): a short period of time during which you suffer from an illness

catastrophe /ˈkætəstrəfi/ (n): a terrible event in which there is a lot of destruction, suffering, or death
The Black Sea is facing an ecological catastrophe as a result of pollution.

chapra (n): peon

charpoy (n): a stringed cot

Chicano (n): a US citizen who was born in Mexico or whose family came from Mexico

chronic anger: (here) anger that is persistent and continuous causing great discomfort

clicking one's tongue: making a sharp sound with the tongue

clumsy (adj): awkward, ungraceful
The boy made a clumsy attempt to apologise after breaking the beautiful flower vase.

commission (n): a high rank in the armed forces

complexion (n): the natural colour and condition of the skin on a person's face

condescending (adj): to behave kindly, but in a way that shows one is more important
He was condescending enough to help me.

contentment (n): a feeling of happiness or satisfaction
There was a smile of contentment on my father's face when I got the first rank.

contour /ˈkɒntuər/ (n): the shape of the outer edges of something such as an area of land
The map highlights the contours of the continents.

cower (v): to bend low and move backwards because you are frightened
When the children heard the sound of the explosion they cowered under the table.
crouch (/ˈkraʊtʃ/)(v): squat, to lower your body close to the ground by bending your legs
The little boy crouched behind a hedge when he saw the dog.

crumble (v): to break something into very small pieces
The little boy crumbled the biscuit and threw it away.

crumpled (adj): crushed
Tom flattened the crumpled paper against his knee.

culvert (n): a tunnel that carries a river or water under a road

dame (dæm)/ (n): a title given to a woman as a special honour

day in, day out (phr.): always, continuously, for many days
It rained day in, day out for nearly five days before the river broke through its banks and flooded the whole land.

deliberately (adj): in a well considered manner
She deliberately ignored me when I passed her in the street.

depot (n): (here) a place where new recruits are trained

derision (n): the act of laughing at or making fun of somebody
The workers greeted the manager's decision to cut down the pay with shouts of derision.

despair (n): a feeling that you have no hope at all
She was overcome by despair when she heard the news about the accident.

deter (v): to discourage someone from doing something
We should enact strict laws to deter people from selling narcotic drugs.

determination (n): the ability to make strong decisions
The police chief spoke of his determination to catch the killers.

digestion (n): the process of digesting food

distaste (n): a feeling that somebody/something is unpleasant or offensive

doting (adj): showing a lot of love

doze off (v): to sleep lightly
He dozed off while reading the newspaper.

drone (n): a deep humming sound
The drone of the traffic causes a lot of noise pollution in the city.

drop in (adj): to visit casually
When the warden dropped in everybody was surprised.

emaclated /ɪˈmeɪsɪtɪd/ (adj): extremely thin especially from hunger or illness
By the time the prisoners were set free, they were terribly emaciated and could hardly walk.

enfold (v): (here) embrace
Mother reached out to enfold her child in her arms.

epitome (n): a perfect example of something
Gandhiji is the epitome of honesty.

exaggeration (n): made to seem larger, better, worse or more important than something really is
To call him the best student, will be an exaggeration.

exasperatedly (adv): very annoyed and upset
The mother looked at the naughty child exasperatedly.

fatigued /fəˈtiːd/ (adj): extremely tired
Sreeja looked fatigued after the long journey.

feeble (adj): lacking strength
My grandmother is very feeble now and needs someone at home to look after her.

fervour (ˈfɜːrvoʊr/ (n): the quality of having or showing deep, sincere feelings
The fervour of nationalism could produce a large number of scientists, musicians and artists besides political leaders during India's freedom struggle.

film (v): to form a thin layer of liquid
The surface of the lake was filmed with oil.

fitfully falters: (here) nervously trembles

fleck (n): a small mark or spot
She wore a brown blouse with flecks of red.

flee (v): to escape by running away
The spectators fled in panic when the bull got loose.

fling (v): to throw violently or with force
The spectators flung their shoes at the actors.

flog (v): to beat severely with a whip or stick
The policeman flogged the prisoners when they tried to escape.
foreboding (n): a strong feeling that something bad/dangerous is going to happen
She waited at the door of the operation theatre with a grim sense of foreboding.

fume (v): to become angry and restless
She waited for him for more than an hour and when he didn't turn up, she fumed at the delay.

furrow (n): a long, narrow channel or cut especially made by a plough
The speed boat created a furrow in its trail while moving through the backwaters.

futile (adj): (here) unsuccessful
It is futile to sow seeds on rocks.

gaily (adv): in a bright and attractive way
It was a gaily decorated room.

giggle (v): to laugh quietly
Meera giggled looking at her friend's new hair style.

glance (v): to give a quick, short look
She glanced around the room before she left.

glare (v): look fiercely or angrily
The policeman glared at the driver who ignored the traffic signal.

grace (n): kind, polite and generous
grating (adj): sounding harsh and unpleasant
The grating voice of the villain rocked the theatre.

grope (v): to try to reach a place by feeling with your hands
Raju groped for his glasses when he heard a noise at night.

growl (v): to make a deep, rough sound in the throat to show anger or give warning
Our dog always growls at strangers.

gulp (v): to swallow hastily
As she was in a hurry, she gulped down the coffee and rushed out.

harness (v): to tie a horse to a cart

head rig (n): the main ropes that bind the mast of the ship; (here) the reins of the oxen that guide the plough

hem (n): the edge of a piece of cloth folded over and sewn

hero (n): a person respected and idealized

hilarious (adj): extremely funny
The stories narrated by the teacher were hilarious.

horn-rimmed (adj): having rims or frame of horn or material that resembles horn

huddle up (v): to hold your arms and legs close to your body
The old woman huddled up under her blanket in cold weather.

humiliation (n): the state of losing the respect of others or feeling ashamed
He had to suffer the humiliation of being scolded in public.

imperiously (adv): giving orders expecting to be obeyed

impertinently (adv): rude and not showing respect
He was warned against behaving impertinently with his elders.

infuriated (v): enraged: to make someone extremely angry
The thief's silence infuriated the police.

inherit (v): to receive from one's parents or grandparents
Miranda has inherited her father's bad temper.

irrepressible (adj): full of energy and confidence that you never seem unhappy
You cannot keep her quiet for long; she is irrepressible.

kerb (n): a line of raised stones along the edge of a pavement
The beggars sat along the kerb of the road which led to the pilgrim centre.

knead (v): to press a mixture of flour and water many times with your hands
My mother kneads the dough for a long time to make chappathis soft.

knitting (n): something that is being knitted
knotted (adj): a part where one or more pieces of string, rope, cloth etc. have been tied or twisted together

lanky /ˈlæŋki/ (adj): lean and tall (a person having long thin limbs and moving in an awkward way.)

lax (adj): not strict or careful enough about work, rules and standards of behaviour
Many health problems are caused due to our lax attitude to cleanliness.

liable (adj): likely to, exposed or open to
We all are liable to make mistakes but we should not hesitate to correct them if pointed out.

lout (n): an awkward fellow

mete out (phr.v): to cause someone to suffer (punishment, bad treatment etc.)
The Government decided to adopt stern measures to mete out punishment to drug traders.

minuet (n): a slow elegant dance that was popular in the 17th and 18th centuries

moss (n): a very small green or yellow plant without flowers that spreads over damp surfaces, rocks, trees etc.

mumble (v): speak or say something in a quiet voice that is not clear
He bumped into someone and mumbled an apology.

musketry (n): the art of using small guns (musket: an old name for gun)

nanny /ˈnæni/ (n): a woman employed to look after a child in its home

nickname (n): familiar or humorous name given to a person or thing instead of the real name

nod (v): moving your head up and down to show agreement or understanding
I asked him if he would help me and he nodded.

numb (v): without feeling of motion
My fingers were so numb that I could hardly write.

orderly officer (n): officer on duty for the day

panic-stricken (adj): so frightened that you cannot think clearly
When the driver lost control of the brakes the passengers in the bus became panic-stricken.

Glossary:

pant (v): to breathe quickly, taking short breaths
He stood panting at the top of the stairs.

pardon (v): to forgive someone for behaving badly or doing something wrong

pasture /ˈpɑːstʃər/ (v): to put animals outside in a field to feed, to graze
The farmers were pasturing their cattle on the rich grass.

peer (v): to look very carefully at something
The ticket examiner peered at the identity card.

personify (v): to be an example of a quality or a characteristic
A ship is often personified as a woman.

platoon /ˈpleɪtuːn/ (n): a sub division of a company of soldiers

pluck (v): to take hold of something and remove it by pulling it.
The gardener asked the children not to pluck the flowers.

pros and cons (n): the reasons for and against something
The management of the company considered all the pros and cons of the proposal before taking a decision.

provident (adj): careful in planning for the future
Our parents are generally more provident than us.

pudding /ˈpʌdɪŋ/ (n): sweet dish served at the end of a meal (payasam)

pull on (v): (here) to drag on with one's life

rag (n): a piece of old, often torn cloth for wiping things clean
He was looking for some rags to clean his bike.

raisins (n): partially dried grapes

rake (n): a garden tool with a long handle and a row of metal points at the end used for gathering fallen leaves and making soil smooth

raucous /ˈrɔːkəs/ (adj): sounding loud and harsh
The silence in the room was broken by the raucous cry of the crows.

rebuke (v): to speak to someone severely
The judge rebuked the police for the ill-treatment of the prisoners.
**reel** (v): to walk unsteadily moving from side to side  
The drunkard came reel ing up the street.

**reins** (n): long narrow, leather band that is fastened around a horse's neck and is held by the rider in order to control the horse

**reluctantly** (adv): unwillingly  
The girl reluctantly accepted the request to sing a song in the class.

**reprimand** /'reɪprɪmænd/ (v): to express strong disapproval of  
The military court ordered him to be reprimanded for failing to do his duty.

**resolve** (n): determination  
His firm steps showed his resolve to walk the entire way to the pilgrim centre.

**rigidly** (adj): stiffly  
Rahim is a traditionalist and he is rigidly opposed to all new ideas.

**roost** (v): (of birds) to rest or go to sleep  
The hawks roost in their nests on very tall trees.

**rue** /'ruː/ (v): to be very sorry about something  
He has always rued the day he married her.

**sack** (v): to dismiss from job  
If you are late again, your boss will sack you.

**sarcasm** /'særəzm/ (n): jibes, satirical remarks

**scramble** (v): to push, fight or compete with others in order to get or to reach something  
The audience scrambled for the exit.

**scrape** /skreɪp/ (v): to remove something from a surface using something sharp and hard  
Mini scraped the mud off her boots after playing in the muddy playground.

**scribble** (v): to write quickly and carelessly  
He scribbled a note to his sister before leaving.

**scrub** (v): to clean something by rubbing it hard with a brush etc.

**scuttle** /'skʌtl/ (v): to rush with short quick steps, especially in order to escape  
The children scuttled away when they saw the police men.

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**scythe** (n): a tool with a long handle and a slightly curved blade, used for cutting grass or grain

**segmentation** (n): division into sections

**self-conscious** (adj): conscious of being observed by others and looking innocent at the same time  
When he was invited to the stage he felt self-conscious and nervous.

**sentry** (n): a soldier or a person who is appointed to guard something

**sergeant** (n): a military officer just above a corporal

**set off** (phr.v): to begin a journey  
They set off in search of the lost child.

**setback** (n): difficulties or problems that delay or prevent something or make a situation worse  
The death of his partner caused a serious setback to his business.

**shaft** (n): either of the two poles at the front of a carriage or cart between which a horse is fastened in order to pull

**shallow** (adj): not deep  
Rivers are shallow during summer.

**sheepishly** (adv): slightly uncomfortable or embarrassed because you know that you have done something silly or wrong  
Sam looked at me sheepishly.

**shingle** (n): one of many small thin pieces of wood fastened in rows to cover a roof or wall

**shrill** (adj): very loud in an unpleasant manner  
My brother's shrill voice from the veranda woke me up.

**slump** (v): to fall heavily  
The old man slumped down in his armchair after a long walk.

**sneer** (v): to smile or laugh expressing contempt  
Maya sneered at her friend's peculiar way of dressing.

**sock** (n): sharp metal tip of a plough

**sod** (n): a layer of earth with grass growing on it; a piece of it that has been removed

**spin** (v): to turn round and round quickly  
The plane's propellers were still spinning.
splinter(v): to break into small thin sharp pieces

sprawl(v): to lie with limbs flung about in a happy and satisfied manner
The children sprawled on the grass in the garden in front of their house.

squad(n): a small group of soldiers

squeeze through(phr.v): to try to get into a space that is too small
He had squeezed through a gap in the fence.

stagger(v): walk or move unsteadily
He staggered to the door, bleeding from his wounds.

stiffen(v): (here) to make the arm firm and straight

stoop(v): to bend the body forward and down
He dropped his pen while he stooped to pick a coin from the floor.

strain(v): to show the effects of worry or pressure

stride(v): to walk quickly with long steps
After school he played for half an hour and then strode home quickly.

stripe(n): long narrow badge differing in colour worn on a uniform denoting military rank

stroke(n): a sudden serious illness when a blood vessel in the brain bursts or is blocked which can cause death or the loss of the ability to move or to speak clearly
The stroke left him paralysed.

stumble(v): to trip
The child stumbled and fell down.

summon/ˈsʌmən/(v): to order somebody officially to come
He was summoned to the court.

sunken(adj): fallen inwards as a result of disease, hunger or age
The old man looked pathetic with his sunken cheeks and eyes.

swear(v): to make a serious promise to do something
I swear not to tell anyone about it.

tan(v): to become brown by sunlight
The foreigners tanned quickly in the hot sun.

tangle(n): a twisted mass of something

tattered/tærəd/(adj): old and torn
The beggar wore a tattered coat.

thunderstruck(adj): struck dumb with astonishment

tolerance(n): willingness to accommodate an opinion or behaviour that you may not agree with
Tolerance is a necessary attitude in a democracy.

toss(v): to throw something lightly or carelessly
The umpire tosses a coin before a match.

trick(v): to flow slowly in drops
The tears trickled down her cheeks.

trifle/ˈtrafl/(v): to be treated lightly
The commander was strict and refused to be trifled with.

trip(v): to fail to catch your foot on something
The boy tripped and fell headlong into the pond.

twirl/twɜːl/(v): to turn round and round quickly
He twirled the keys round his fingers.

unabashed(adj): without any feeling of embarrassment or shame
He was unabashed by all the media attention.

unexceptionable(adj): new or exciting

vagabond(n): a person who has no home or job and who travels from place to place

vial(n): a small glass container for medicine

visions:(here) fears and anxieties

wield/wiːld/(v): to use power, influence
The manager wields a lot of power in the company.

wilderness/ˈwɪldərəs/(n): a large area of land that has never been developed

woo(v): to try to get the support of somebody
Political parties often woo voters with many promises.

yap(v): to make a sharp, irritating sound