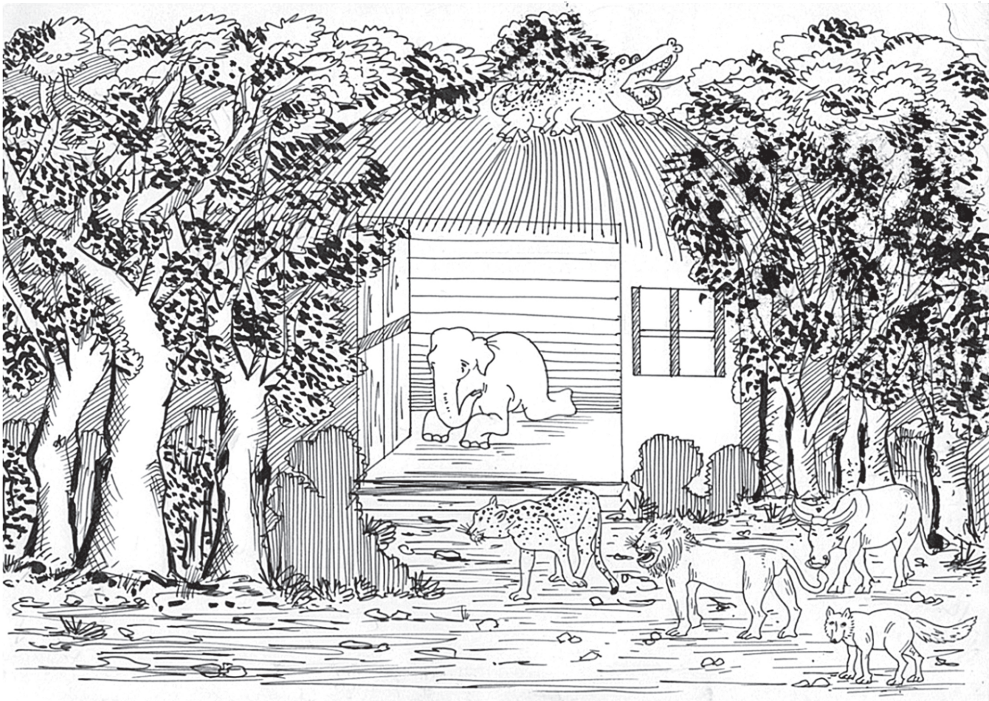


1. The Gentlemen of the Jungle

Jomo Kenyatta

Pre-reading Activity

Narrate a story from the Panchatantra where good prevails over evil.



In the late nineteenth century the chief European powers divided Africa among themselves. They could do this because European arms were superior and because the African chiefs did not understand the meaning of the treaties they were asked to sign. As a result Africans lost the lands they had traditionally lived on and cultivated. Their attitude toward European "expansion" is made clear in the following fable, which reflects the attitude of the Kikuyu people of Kenya toward European laws and commissions.

Once upon a time an elephant made a friendship with a man. One day a heavy thunderstorm broke out, the elephant went to his friend, who had a little hut at the edge of the forest, and said to him: "My dear good man, will you please let me put my trunk inside your hut to keep it out of this torrential rain?"

The man, seeing what situation his friend was in, replied: "My dear good elephant, my hut is very small, but there is room for your trunk and myself. Please put your trunk in gently."

The elephant thanked his friend, saying: "You have done me a good deed and one day I shall return your kindness."

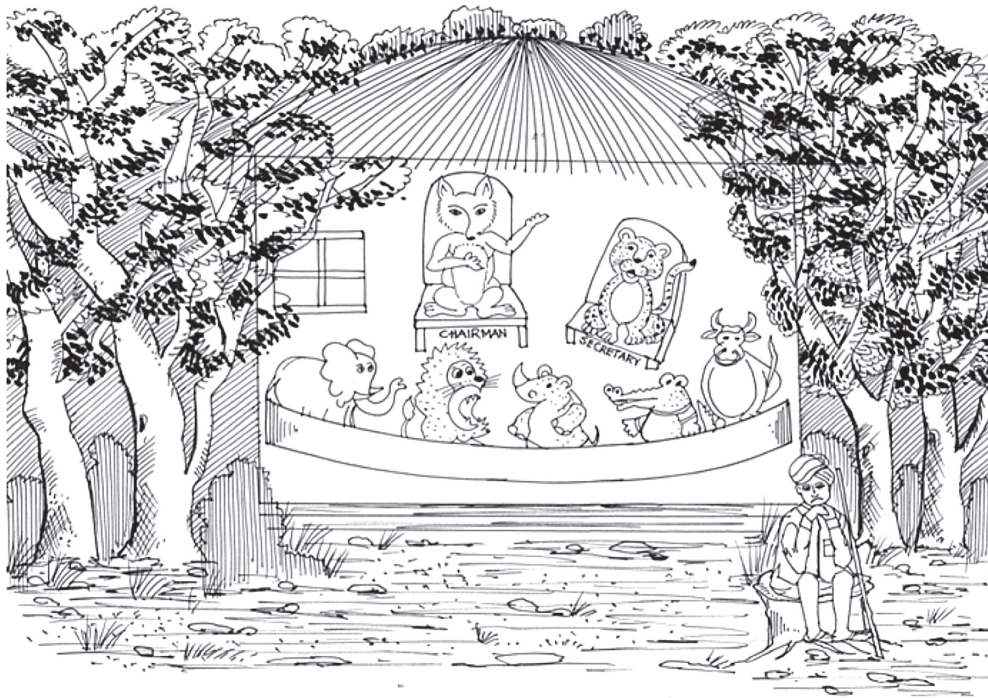
But what followed? As soon as the elephant put his trunk inside the hut, slowly he pushed his head inside, and finally flung the man out in the rain, and then lay down comfortably inside his friend's hut, saying: "My dear good friend, your skin is harder than mine, and as there is not enough room for both of us, you can afford to remain in the rain while I am protecting my delicate skin from the hailstorm."

The man, seeing what his friend had done to him, started to grumble, the animals in the nearby forest heard the noise and came to see what was the matter. All stood around listening to the heated argument between the man and his friend, the elephant. In this turmoil the lion came along roaring, and said in a loud voice: "Don't you all know that I am the King of the Jungle! How dare anyone disturb the peace of my kingdom?"

On hearing this the elephant, who was one of the high ministers in the jungle kingdom, replied in a soothing voice, and said: "My Lord, there is no disturbance of the peace in your kingdom. I have only been having a little discussion with my friend here as to the possession of this little hut which your lordship sees me occupying."

"The lion, who wanted to have "peace and tranquility" in his kingdom, replied in a noble voice, saying: "I command my ministers to appoint a Commission of Enquiry to go thoroughly into this matter and report accordingly." He then turned to the man and said: "You have done well by establishing friendship with my people, especially with the elephant who is one of my honourable ministers of state. Do not grumble any more, your hut is not lost to you. Wait until the sitting of my Imperial Commission, and there you will be given plenty of opportunity to state your case. I am sure that you will be pleased with the findings of the Commission." The man was very pleased by these sweet words from the King of the Jungle, and innocently waited for his opportunity, in the belief that naturally the hut would be returned to him.

The elephant, obeying the command of his master, got busy with other ministers to appoint the Commission of Enquiry. The following elders of the jungle were appointed to sit in the Commission: (1) Mr. Rhinoceros; (2) Mr. Buffalo; (3) Mr. Alligator; (4) The Rt. Hon. Mr. Fox to act as chairman; and (5) Mr. Leopard to act as Secretary to the Commission. On seeing the personnel, the man protested and asked if it was not necessary to include in this Commission a member from his side. But he was told that it was impossible, since no one from his side was well enough educated to understand the intricacy of jungle law. Further, that there was nothing to fear, for the members of the Commission were all men of repute for their impartiality in justice, and as they were gentlemen chosen by God to look after the interest of race less adequately endowed with teeth and claws, he might rest assured that they would investigate the matter with the greatest care and report impartially.



The Commission sat to take the evidence. The Rt. Hon. Mr. Elephant was first called. He came along with a superior air, brushing his tusks with a sapling which Mrs. Elephant had provided, and in an authoritative voice said: "Gentlemen of the Jungle, there is no need for me to waste your valuable time in relating a story which I am sure you all know. I have always regarded it as my duty to protect the interests of my friends, and this appears to have caused the misunderstanding between myself and my friend here. He invited me to save his hut from being blown away by a hurricane. As the hurricane had gained access owing to the unoccupied space in the hut, I considered it necessary, in my friend's own interest, to turn the undeveloped space to a more economic use by sitting in it myself; a duty which any of you would undoubtedly have performed with equal readiness in similar circumstances."

After hearing the Rt. Hon. Mr. Elephant's conclusive evidence, the Commission called Mr. Hyena and other elders of the jungle, who all supported what Mr. Elephant had said. They then called the man, who began to give his own account of the dispute. But the Commission cut him short, saying: "My good man, please confine yourself to relevant issues. We have already heard the circumstances from various unbiased sources; all we wish you to tell us is whether the undeveloped space in your hut was occupied by anyone else before Mr. Elephant assumed his position?"

The man began to say; "No, but ..."

But at this point the Commission declared that they had heard sufficient evidence from both sides and retired to consider their decision. After enjoying a delicious meal at the expense of the Rt. Hon. Mr. Elephant, they reached their verdict, called the man, and declared as follows: "In our opinion this dispute has arisen through a regrettable misunderstanding due to the backwardness of your ideas. We consider that Mr. Elephant has fulfilled his sacred duty of protecting your interests. As it is clearly for your good that the space should be put to its most economic use, and as you yourself have not yet reached the stage of expansion which would enable you to fill it, we consider it necessary to arrange a compromise to suit both parties. Mr. Elephant shall continue his occupation of your hut, but we give you permission to look for a site where you can build another hut more suited to your needs, and we will see that you are well protected."

The man, having no alternative, and fearing that his refusal might expose him to the teeth and claws of members of the Commission, did as they suggested. But no sooner had he built another hut than Mr. Rhinoceros charged in with his horn lowered and ordered the

man to quit. A Royal Commission was again appointed to look into the matter, and the same finding was given. This procedure was repeated until Mr. Buffalo, Mr. Leopard, Mr. Hyena and the rest were all accommodated with new huts. Then the man decided that he must adopt an effective method of protection, since Commissions of Enquiry did not seem to be of any use to him. He sat down and said: “Ng-enda thi ndeagaga motegi,” which literally means, “there is nothing that treads on the earth that cannot be trapped,” or in other words, you can fool people for a time, but not forever.

Early one morning, when the huts already occupied by the jungle lords were all beginning to decay and fall to pieces, he went out and built a bigger and better hut a little distance away. No sooner had Mr. Rhinoceros seen it than he came rushing in, only to find that Mr. Elephant was already inside, sound asleep. Mr. Leopard next came in at the window, Mr. Lion, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Buffalo entered the doors, while Mr. Hyena howled for a place in the shade and Mr. Alligator basked on the roof. Presently they all began disputing about their rights of penetration, and from disputing they came to fighting, and while they were all embroiled together the man set the hut on fire and burnt it to the ground, jungle lords and all. Then he went home saying: “Peace is costly, but it’s worth the expense,” and lived happily ever after.

A Note on the Author



Jomo Kenyatta, (ಯೋಮೋ ಕೆನ್ಯಾಟಾ) (1893?–1978), was an African political leader, first president of Kenya (1964–78). A Kikuyu, he was one of the earliest and best-known African nationalist leaders. As secretary of his tribal association (1928), he campaigned for land reform and African political rights.

Glossary

hailstorm (n)	:	thunder storm in which pellets of ice fall (ಅಲಿಕಲ್ಲು ಮಳೆ)
turmoil(n)	:	disturbance, emotional agitation
tranquillity (n)	:	peacefulness
intricacy (n)	:	complexity
evidence (n)	:	that which serves to prove
to gain access	:	find out a way to approach
compromise (v)	:	to settle issues by mutual consensus
embroil (n)	:	conflict

Comprehension

- I. 1. What favour did the elephant ask the man on a rainy day?
2. According to the man his hut had room only for him.
True /False
3. How did the elephant sneak into the man's hut?
4. According to the elephant, the man can afford to remain in the rain because
 - a. the skin of the man is harder than his.
 - b. the skin of the elephant is delicate.
 - c. the skin of the elephant is harder than that of the man.
5. How did the lion decide to solve the problem?
6. What kind of judgement did the man expect?
7. Why was the man unhappy with the members of the Commission of Enquiry?

8. According to the elephant, the man had invited him into the hut
 - a. to save his skin.
 - b. to give shelter to his trunk.
 - c. to save the hut from the hurricane.
 - d. to fill the empty space in the hut.
 9. In whose favour was the judgement given?
 10. Why did the man accept the suggestion of building a new hut?
 11. How did the man 'buy' peace finally?
- II.
1. Why was the Commission of Enquiry appointed by the king of the jungle?
 2. Why do you think the animals decide not to have anyone from the man's side on the Commission of Enquiry? Explain.
 3. How did the elephant justify its act of occupying the hut?
 4. Do you think the verdict by the Commission of Enquiry was on the expected lines? Why?
 5. What fate awaited the man each time he built a new house?
- III.
1. Do you agree with the action of the man at the end? Why?
 2. 'An act of kindness is misunderstood as weakness.' Discuss this with reference to the story.
 3. 'Peace is costly but it is worth the expense.' What is the ironical significance of this statement?
 4. Every fable ends with a moral. What 'moral' do you find in this story?
 5. Do you think the story can be read as a political satire on colonialism?

Vocabulary

Word Classes

Words are fundamental units in every sentence. All words belong to categories called word classes or parts of speech. These classes are assigned to words by taking into consideration their form and function.

Look at the following sentences.

1. The lion said, "I command my ministers to appoint a Commission of Enquiry".
2. The elephant, obeying the command of his master, got busy with other ministers to appoint the Commission of Enquiry.

In sentence (1) the word 'command' is a verb whereas in sentence (2) it is a noun.

Here are some words which remain the same in their form while functioning as verb and noun.

matter, act, fear, wish, grumble, etc.

Make a list of similar words.

There are words which change their form to function as a different class or part of speech. Look at the following table.

Verb	Noun	Adjective
decide	decision	decisive
declare	declaration	declarative
expand	expansion	expandable
argue	argument	argumentative
educate	education	educational

PUC I YEAR

Fill in the blanks in the table below with the appropriate form of the word.

Verb	Noun	Adjective	Adverb
understand			understandably
	accommodation		--
		effective	
	clearness		clearly
fool		foolish considerable	
protect			protectively

Fill in the blanks using the noun form of the verbs given in brackets.

1. The faces of the animals were capable of no other _____ (express) except a perpetual smile after the verdict.
2. The old woman stopped singing when there was a slight _____ (disturb).
3. Students learnt the correct _____ (pronounce) of the words.
4. The lion was too hasty in his _____ (judge).
5. Mara stood in _____ (amaze) looking at the lake.

Suggested Reading

1. Animal Farm – George Orwell
2. ಜಾತಕ ಕತೆಗಳು
3. The Panchatantra Stories

2. The School Boy

William Blake

Pre-reading Activity

Recall your school days. What memories do you have of them?
Share your experience with others.



I love to rise in a summer morn
When the birds sing on every tree;
The distant huntsman winds his horn,
And the skylark sings with me.
O! what sweet company!

But to go to school on a summer morn,
O! it drives all joy away;
Under a cruel eye outworn,
The little ones spend the day
In sighing and dismay.

Ah! then at times I drooping sit,
And spend many an anxious hour,
Nor in my book can I take delight,
Nor sit in learning's bower,
Worn thro' with the dreary shower.

How can the bird that is born for joy
Sit in a cage and sing?
How can a child, when fears annoy,
But droop his tender wing,
And forget his youthful spring?

O! father and mother, if buds are nipp'd
And blossoms blown away,
And if the tender plants are stripp'd
Of their joy in the springing day,
By sorrow and care's dismay,

How shall the summer arise in joy,
Or the summer's fruits appear?
Or how shall we gather what griefs destroy,
Or bless the mellowing year,
When the blasts of winter appear?

A Note on the Poet



William Blake (1757-1827) poet and painter, was born in Soho, the son of a hosier. He had little formal education but was apprenticed to James Basire, an eminent engraver and then sent to the Royal Academy. His finest work as an artist is the series, "Inventions to the Book of Job". His collections of poetry include 'Poetical Sketches' (1783), 'Songs of Innocence' (1789), 'Marriage of Heaven and Hell' (1790) and 'Songs of Experience' (1794). 'The School Boy' is a lyric from the 'Songs of Experience'.

Glossary

hunter	:	hunter
blows his horn	:	blows his horn
authoritarian ways of teaching	:	authoritarian ways of teaching
feeling of fear and discouragement	:	feeling of fear and discouragement
restlessness of the boy	:	restlessness of the boy
metaphor for school	:	metaphor for school
here, it emphasises tiresome aspects of the school	:	here, it emphasises tiresome aspects of the school
strong gusts of winter, snowstorms	:	strong gusts of winter, snowstorms

Comprehension

- I.
1. Who, do you think, 'I' refers to in the poem?
 2. 'sweet company' refers to
 - a. skylark.
 - b. huntsman's horn.
 - c. bird's song.
 - d. all the above three.
 3. What drives the boy's joy away?
 4. How do the little ones spend the day in the school?
 5. What does 'cage' stand for in the poem?
 6. Pick the phrase from the following which does not refer to formal schooling
 - a. buds are nipped
 - b. fruits are gathered
 - c. plants are stripped
 - d. blossoms are blown away
 7. Relate the seasons mentioned under column A with the stages of life under column B.

A	B
1. Spring	a) youth
2. Summer	b) old age
3. Winter	c) childhood

- II.
1. What does the school boy love to do on a summer morn? What drives his joy away?
 2. Describe the boy's experience in the school.
 3. According to the poet how does formal education curb a learner's potential?

- III. 1. Formal schooling not only takes away the joy of childhood but also hinders the child's growth forever. Explain.
2. Do you think the poet is arguing against education? Discuss.

Further Reading

Afternoon in School - The Last Session

When will the bell ring, and end this weariness?
 How long have they tugged the leash, and strained apart
 My pack of unruly hounds: I cannot start
 Them again on a quarry of knowledge they hate to hunt,
 I will keep
 Some of my strength for myself, for if I should sell
 It all for them, I should hate them -
 - I will sit and wait for the bell.

- D. H. Lawrence

Suggested Reading

1. The Prayer of a Black Boy - Guy Tirolien
2. Deschooling Society - Ivan Illich
3. The Story of the Parrot - Rabindranath Tagore

3. Around a Medicinal Creeper

Poornachandra Tejaswi

Pre-reading Activity

Are you aware of the therapeutic value of commonly used spices like turmeric, cumin, mustard, sesame, cinnamon, cloves, garlic, ginger, pepper etc.? **share your ideas with your classmates.**



This is the story of an unusual medicinal creeper. There were so many stories about this creeper, some true, some imaginary and some totally false. To go beyond these stories and learn some facts about this plant took me almost twenty years!

A coffee seed bed has to be protected from the sun by putting up a shade over it. Once we were erecting a bamboo frame for such a shade and we needed something with which we could tie the cane pieces placed across the frame. So, we sent Sanna to get some creepers from the forest. He brought a whole bundle. Mara opened the bundle and while sifting, he suddenly looked at one of the creepers and scolded Sanna, “Hey, why did you pluck this, you fool?”

When I enquired, he said that it was a medicinal creeper. Sanna said that there was plenty of it in the forest. Mara eagerly said, "Come, show me where it is," and took Sanna into the forest.

Out of sheer curiosity, I also went with them. That is how I got to know about this medicinal creeper. When Sannappa showed the plant, Mara became very active. He caught hold of one of the tendrils and tied it to a nearby tree.

I was surprised at that and asked, "Mara, why did you tie that creeper to the tree?"

"The thief," he said, "now it will be lying here."

"Why, where do you think it will run to?" I asked him.

"Oh! You don't know about this creeper. It has been cursed by a sage. The curse is that when someone needs this plant, they shall not find it. So, when you want it and search for it, you won't be able to find it for dear life. That is why, when you find it you must immediately tie it to a nearby plant so that it will be lying there," explained Mara.

This creeper has small leaves resembling betel leaves and bears fruits in a bunch like grapes. Immediately after the rains, this plant comes up and flowers very quickly, puts forth flowers and fruits and dies. It comes up again only in the next rainy season. So, in between, no one sees this plant. Because it is not seen for most of the year, they probably tie it to a tree nearby so that it can be easily identified or located. But Mara's stories are so bizarre that one does not know which is true and which false. This is not confined only to people like Mara. The entire system of Indian medicine suffers from this kind of mystification.

In all my wanderings in the forests with Masti, Byra, Appanna, Mara and others, I gleaned many things. Among them were a few things I learnt about some of these plants and herbs.

Now the forests are disappearing and, the people who know about these things are also leaving us one by one. One must realise that if one disappears, the other becomes useless. I am very keen to share the information I have with someone. Someone should be aware of these things but whenever I try to discuss the unique properties of these plants and herbs with my doctor friends, they become annoyed, call me an ignoramus and even squabble with me.

That day, though Mara, tying up the plant, praised it to the skies saying that every inch of it was medicinal, he did not tell me what exactly it cured. Whether he did not want to tell me or simply did not know, I can't say. I didn't force him. Mara spun such exciting yarns that instead of tying it to the tree even if he had tied the creeper around his own neck people were not likely to take him seriously. But his stories were marvellous even when they were not true.

One day, it seems Mara had gone to the forest to bring some bamboo shoots home. With his hands thrust through the bamboo cane when he was cutting the shoot, he accidentally cut his hand. The sharp sickle had apparently cut an artery and it started bleeding copiously in spurts. Everyone around was alarmed and someone brought some leaf, pressed it against the wound and bandaged it with a cloth torn from one of their lungis. Mara held his wounded hand carefully so that it would not shake too much and went to the white man at Hulihindalu for proper dressing and treatment. The white man got out his first aid kit, cotton, medicines, antibiotic powder etc., opened the bandage and removed the leaf. Surprise!

There was no blood, no wound – in fact no sign of any wound having been there. Now the white man became angry with Mara, “You fool, are you joking?” he shouted. Mara showed him all the blood on his clothes and body and cringed before him saying that he was not lying.

Looking at all this, the Englishman believed Mara. He took the leaf that had been kept on the wound and told Mara, "Show me the plant from which you plucked this leaf, I will give you my entire plantation." Mara took him to the forest and even though they searched for an entire day from morning to evening, they did not find that plant which had similar leaves. Now the Englishman thought that Mara really did not want to identify the plant. He was angry because he thought that Mara was so greedy that even though he had offered him his entire estate, he was not satisfied. So he took out his gun and pointing at Mara said, "If you do not show it to me, I will shoot you down." Now, Mara was shivering and he started crying loudly. He fell at the Englishman's feet and begged him and said that he really did not know. I believe the Englishman, now really angry, said, "Get out," and drove him out.

Hearing this story, I also showed my irritation and said, "Yours is a cock and bull story. Totally fabricated. If you had gone and searched near the bamboo bush where you hurt your hand, would you not have found the leaf? And the plant? To which he replied with another story that the mongoose and the cowcal (crow pheasant) also knew about this plant and that when they go hunting snakes, if they are bitten by poisonous snakes they immediately chew this leaf and thus cure themselves.

Mara did not have any teeth on the right side of his mouth. He had to chew everything on the left side. He was aged and perhaps they had fallen off naturally, but why only one side? I was curious. One day, I asked him how he had come to lose all the teeth only on one side. He told me an interesting story. It seems that they had fallen out long ago and not as a result of his advancing age. Once he had laid a trap in the forest to catch rabbits. He was worried that somebody else may get there before him in the morning and take away his catch. So he went into the forest before daybreak. The trap was empty. No rabbit had walked into it. Since there was a stream

flowing nearby Mara decided to brush his teeth and wash his face before trekking back home. When he broke a small stick from a nearby plant to brush a third or fourth time, he felt a sour taste in the mouth. He thought that there was something wrong with the stick and threw it. Before he could try another stick, he wanted to rinse his mouth. He took some water from the stream, put it into his mouth and after churning it around in his mouth, spat it out. Surprise! All the teeth, which had been touched by that stick, tumbled out of his mouth!

“Thank God. I was saved because I had not brushed all the teeth! Otherwise, I would not have had any teeth left to eat even rice.”

I rebuked him, “Hey Mara, if you want to tell lies, they must at least be believable.”

Mara said, “Can’t you see that I have lost all those teeth?”

“Then come and show me the plant.”

“How can I show you that plant? There are hundreds of plants in the forest. You can do one thing Sir. You can try brushing your teeth with each of them. Then we can find out which one has this effect.”

“Why should I? You are the one who is lying, so you have to brush your teeth with all those plants and discover the right one.”

“My God, there are so many plants in the forest. I won’t live long enough to try each and every one of them.”

“Hey Mara, if you keep trying out different ones you may find one which is going to make your teeth come back.

“How can I say which type of plant I will stumble upon? Just my bad luck if I get one which kills me?”

"Then why are you asking me to try?"

"Because you are the one who is accusing me of lying."

"Suppose you come upon the one that will bring back your youth?"

"I don't even want that. If I become young, I will have to marry again. Let that be but don't think that such a plant does not exist in our forest," he said and told me another story.

Long ago, Mara and a friend of his laid a trap and caught a barking deer. As they had to divide it equally between them, they took it near to the stream, skinned it, cleaned and divided the meat. They wrapped their portions in some leaves and brought them home.

In Mara's house they got ready to cook. They prepared the masala with spices, put the water to boil and opened the packet to take out the meat. Surprise of surprises! Instead of the meat, there was a live wild buck! The moment it saw Mara, it jumped up and ran out of his house. When Mara was trying to catch it, as usual, Mara's wife ignorantly took the leaves and threw them into the fire!

When I heard this story, I was speechless and I did not ask Mara for any elaboration or explanation because this was the height of his inventive genius. It is no wonder that the white man of Hulihindalu was prepared to give away his entire estate in exchange for these wonder plants.

Now it has been a long time since I sold that estate and Mara is also dead and gone. It is difficult to dismiss all of Mara's stories as bunkum. Some little detail remains to bother your conscience. The total disinterest that Mara showed in trying to argue with us or convince us for that matter, to lie or tell the truth continues to bother us.

After a long time, Mara's medicinal creeper was back in the news. This time I saw Appanna tying it to a nearby tree. I asked him whether he knew its uses.

He did not know. "I believe if you squeeze the juice of these leaves, milk becomes hard," he said.

I thought that probably the leaf of this creeper must be sour. When you squeeze something sour into the milk, it spoils and curdles. I thought this was being mistaken for hardening of milk. I asked Appanna, "Have you seen it happen?"

"That is what people say. Where can I find milk for all such experiments?" he replied.

Is there any basis for the stories that are spread about these plants and herbs? I wondered whether I should squeeze the leaves into milk and see what happens. Instead of criticising others for not knowing, I thought it would be better to check it out on my own.

I plucked some leaves from the creeper and took them to my friend Chandru who is a plant pathologist. I told him what I had heard about this plant. We decided to conduct the experiment and brought a litre of milk. The other scientist friends laughed at us. They said that we were wasting a litre of good milk, listening to all kinds of cock and bull stories. Once we had decided to play the fools, we couldn't care less about others laughing at us. So we put the milk and leaves into a mixer and switched it on. After they were thoroughly mixed, we poured it out into a vessel. We watched for some time to see whether it would become curdled or remain as it was. Nothing happened for a couple of minutes. Just as I decided that that we had indeed wasted a litre of milk, I touched it again. It had become firm and rubbery! When we inverted the vessel the whole thing fell out like a moulded cast.

So then, this creeper had some qualities. Now it was our turn to wonder! But the problem was that despite all of this, we didn't know which disease or diseases it cured. Though no one seemed to know, just like Mara, all and sundry used to go around tying this creeper to the nearest plant and muttering "stay here". I had never seen anyone actually go back to untie it and take it home for some ailment.

Time passed and once again I forgot about Mara's medicinal creeper.

The other day my erstwhile farmhand Krishna came to me. He was perfectly healthy the last time I had seen him but now he was standing before me pale and breathless. He had stopped working in the estate some time ago and was driving a rickshaw. Apparently, when he changed his job, he started passing blood with his stools. Now it had become more serious and he was tired, breathless and wheezing. I thought he must be having piles. As far as I knew, the only allopathic treatment for piles was surgery. I felt sorry for this man who used to work hard to earn a living. With a wife and small children at home, I wondered how he could manage expensive surgical treatment at the hospital, which meant several days of hospitalization and so, lack of work and income.

He took some money from me and went to the hospital. The doctors there advised him surgery. Krishna was scared.

Krishna knew a Malayali sadhu. This godman had treated Krishna on an earlier occasion, when Krishna had started developing boils all over his body. The godman had given Krishna the bark of some tree, which he was supposed to crush and mix with duck's eggs and eat. The full course of treatment was ten days. It seems Krishna had been completely cured and after the treatment he never got a boil again. Krishna went to see the godman again. Now the

godman had become too old. Apparently, he told Krishna that he did not have the strength to search for the plant but that he would describe it. Krishna had to search for this plant, dig out the tuberous root, mix it with milk and drink the medicine for five days.

The next day, I saw Krishna looking for this medicinal creeper. When I listened to his description, I was sure that he was looking for the same creeper which Mara and Appanna had tied to the nearest tree. I took him to the plant. We had to dig quite a bit to get the tuber.

Krishna ground this root and drank it with milk. Within a day his piles improved. He was completely cured in five days! Krishna bid goodbye to his job as a rickshaw driver.

Even more strange was what happened to me. When we had dug up the root, I ate just a small piece of it, just to see how it tasted. It was slightly bitter.

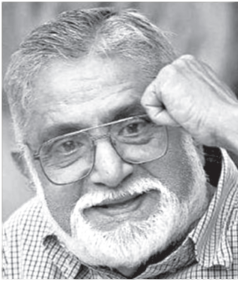
My right heel had been paining for quite some time. If I had to walk long distances, I would start limping. In addition, of late, there was a swelling next to the bone of my heel. The surgeon had said that it had to be surgically removed but I noticed that a few days after I had eaten the piece of root, the swelling had disappeared.

How can I say that this was the effect of the creeper? It could have been purely accidental. Even if it was so, there are various types of swelling that occur in the human body and this particular plant may be effective on only some of them. Who is going to do research into all these aspects? For people like Mara research is of no importance at all. Even the Malayali godman shared his knowledge with Krishna only because he was too old and weak or else he would have gone to the forest himself and given Krishna the medicine as a secret potion.

One of the problems is that these native doctors believe that if they told others about their medicines, the medicines would lose their potency. Because of this belief, India's native medicinal systems are on the verge of extinction.

Translated from Kannada by K. M. Shreenivasagouda

A Note on the Author



K. P. Poornachandra Tejaswi (1938-2007) is a prominent Kannada writer, novelist, photographer, ornithologist, publisher, painter and environmentalist who made a great impression on the "Navya" period of Kannada literature and inaugurated the *bandaya* epoch with his short-story collection *Abachoorina Post Offisu*.

In the early stages of his writing career, Tejaswi wrote poems but later concentrated on short stories, novels and essays. He has a distinguished style of writing which has heralded a new era in Kannada literature.

Glossary

bizarre (adj)	:	very strange or unusual (situation, incident or story)
glean (v)	:	to obtain information or knowledge etc. sometimes with difficulty and often from various places
ignoramus(n)	:	a person who does not have much knowledge
cringe (v)	:	to move back or away from somebody because you are afraid
bunkum (n)	:	nonsense (informal)

Comprehension

- I.
 1. What did Mara do when they found the creeper?
 2. Mention the curse about the medicinal plant.
 3. What surprised the white man?
 4. How did the mongoose and cowcal cure themselves of snakebite?
 5. Why had Mara lost his teeth on the right side?
 6. What did Mara's wife find on opening the packet of meat?
 7. What happened when the milk was mixed with the juice of the creeper's leaves?
 8. When would the medicines lose their potency according to the belief of native doctors?
- II.
 1. How long did it take the narrator to learn the facts about the medicinal creeper? What does it signify?
 2. What does the incident of Mara's wife throwing the leaves into fire tell us about Indians in general?
 3. How was Krishna cured of his illness?
- III.
 1. Do you think the author is suggesting that Indian herbal medicine is better / safer than allopathic medicine? Support your view.
 2. What has made the modern man lose the knowledge of traditional medicine? Do you think Ayurveda will make a comeback in a successful way?
 3. 'Our natural resources are our vital resources'. Explain the statement in the light of several 'developmental' projects that are being promoted today.

Some More Information

Gynostemma pentaphyllum	Papaver Somniferem	Rice	Pedilanthus
			
Trewia nudiflora	Tridhara	Apamarga	Gloriosa Superba
			

Jiaogulan Tea is the herb of immortality. Herbal tea lowers cholesterol, prevents arteriosclerosis, builds immunity and delays ageing process. It's a plant from the distant mountains of China. It's so powerful that locals call it the herb of immortality. (Gynostemma pentaphyllum)

The Opium Poppy – Papaver Somniferem (पसंसे) has a powerful impact on human affairs as a medical blessing and a societal curse. Seeds are used as tonic. Ripe and dry fruits contain only a small quantity of alkaloids.

Rice is a symbol of fertility. That is why it's used in marriage ceremonies.

Rajasthani nomadic tribes tie the leaves of Pedilanthus to the neck of small children as an amulet to ward off the evil eye.

Trewia nudiflora bark's necklace is believed to protect the nursing mother.

Tridhara is supposed to possess the power of warding off lightning strokes.

Aparmarga is used in witchcraft and for medical purposes. It has reverted leaves, it wards off a spell by causing it to recoil on its user.

Gloriosa Superba called 'Agnishikhe' in Kannada grows in the wild. It has many medicinal properties; the tuber is used in treatment of piles but under strict medical supervision. The extract of the leaves is effective in treating lice, poisonous if consumed.

Vocabulary

I. A note on spelling

Many words are spelt differently in British and American English.

British English	American English
realise	realize
marvellous	marvelous
criticising	criticizing
litre	liter
mould	mold

Can you think of other words? List them.

II. Word Formation

We form new words from the existing ones. What do we do for it? Generally we add affixes. There are two kinds of them. They are prefixes and suffixes. Look at the following examples.

medicine	+	al	=	medicinal
imagine	+	ry	=	imaginary
sudden	+	ly	=	suddenly
use	+	less	=	useless
simple	+	y	=	simply
treat	+	ment	=	treatment
poison	+	ous	=	poisonous
believe	+	able	=	believable

explain	+	tion	=	explanation		
un	+	usual	=	unusual		
dis	+	appear	=	disappear		
anti	+	biotic	=	antibiotic		
dis	+	interest	=	disinterest		
re	+	move	=	remove		
im	+	partial	+	ity	=	impartiality

Prefixes are added to the beginning of a root word while suffixes are added to the end. Pick out from the essay, words that are formed by adding either prefix or suffix or both.

Form words with the roots given under column A with prefixes and suffixes given under B.

A	B
join, worth, head, quiet, child, partial, permit, starve, noble, serious, pay, beauty, wave, tempt, conscious, culture, resemble, misery, technology, symbol, relation, engage, approve, comfort, finger, possible, fortunate, easy, dependent, prison, willing, regular	ir-, re-, im-, un-, in-, dis-, fore-, -y, -en, -ness, -ity, -ment, -al, -ful, -let, -able, -ation, -ance, -ical, -ship, -ion

Suggested Reading

1. Man and Nature in India : Ecological Balance – Salim Ali
2. Plant Myths and Traditions in India – Shakti M. Gupta
3. ಪರಿಸರದ ಕತೆ – ಪೂರ್ಣಚಂದ್ರ ತೇಜಸ್ವಿ
4. ಹೂ ಹಸಿರಿನ ಮಾತು – ಡಾ|| ಎಲ್. ಸಿ. ಸುಮಿತ್ರಾ
5. ಮಂಗನ ಬ್ಯಾಟಿ – ಕಲ್ಕುಳಿ ವಿಠಲ್ ಹೆಗ್ಗಡೆ

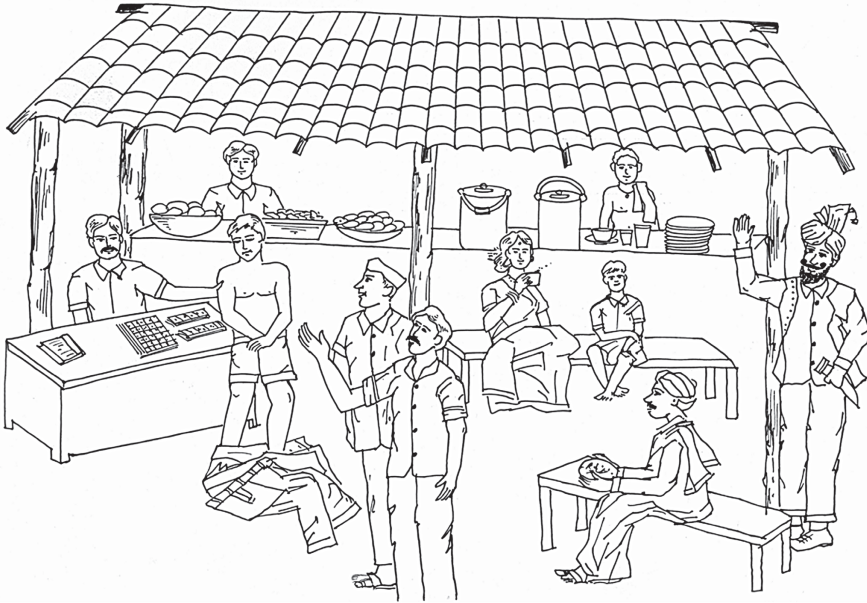
4. Oru Manushyan

Vaikom Muhammad Basheer

Pre-reading Activity

Who according to you is a good human being? Think of these qualities in a person.

- a) helping the needy
- b) extracting money from others
- c) living a self-contented life
- d) being violent



You have no definite plans. You are wandering around far away from home. You have no money with you; you do not know the local language. You can speak English and Hindustani. But very few

people know either of these languages. This can land you in many predicaments; many adventures can befall you.

You find yourself caught in a dangerous situation. A total stranger rescues you. Even after years pass by you will sometimes remember the man and wonder why he did so.

Let us say it is I, not you, who remembers the man.

I am now narrating an experience which I had. I have some vague notions about human beings, including myself. There are around me good men and thieves, those who suffer from various infectious diseases and from madness - one has to live carefully. The world has more evil than good. We realize this only after we get hurt.

Let me record here that incident which was perhaps quite insignificant.

It was quite a big city in the valley of a mountain, some thousand five hundred miles from home; the inhabitants of which had never been known for the quality of mercy. They were a cruel people. Murder, robbery, pick-pocketing, these were daily occurrences. By tradition the people were professional soldiers. Some of them went to distant places and lent out money on interest. Many others served as watchmen in banks, mills and large commercial establishments in big cities. Money was highly valued by them. For money they would do anything, even commit murder.

I stayed in that city in a very small, dingy room on a dirty street. I carried on a profession there; teaching English to some

migrant labourers from nine-thirty till eleven in the night. I taught them to write addresses in English. Learning to write an address in English was considered great education there. You must have seen people who write addresses at the post office. They were paid anything between one anna and four annas for writing an address.

I taught the skill of writing addresses to people in order to escape the same fate myself and to see if I could save some money.

In those days I would sleep all day and wake up at four in the evening. This was to save the expense of drinking my morning tea or eating the noon meal.

One day I got up at 4 p. m. as usual. I finished my daily chores and stepped out for my tea and a meal. You must understand that I was dressed in a suit. I had a wallet in my coat pocket. I had fourteen rupees in it – my life's savings at the time.

I entered a crowded restaurant. I ate a full meal consisting of chapatis and meat curry. I drank tea as well. The bill came to eleven annas.

I put my hand in my coat pocket to pay it. I began sweating profusely and almost digested in an instant all that I had eaten! The reason was my wallet was not there.

I said, 'Someone has picked my pocket and taken away my wallet.'

It was a very busy restaurant. The owner gave a loud guffaw startling everyone around. He caught me by the lapels of my coat and shaking me, cried, 'This trick won't work here! Put the money down and go.....or else I'll gouge your eyes out.'

I looked at the people around me. I did not see even one kind face. They had the look of hungry wolves.

If he said he would gouge my eyes out, he *would* gouge them out!

I said, 'Let my coat be here; I'll go and bring some money.'

The restaurant keeper laughed again.

He asked me to take off my coat.

I took off my coat.

He asked me to take off my shirt.

I took off my shirt.

He asked me to take off both my shoes.

I took off both shoes.

Finally he asked me to take off my trousers.

So the idea seemed to be to strip me, gouge out my eyes and send me out naked!

I said, 'I have nothing on underneath!'

Everyone laughed.

The restaurant keeper said, 'I doubt it; you must have something on underneath.'

About fifty people repeated, 'There must be something on underneath.'

My hands refused to move. I saw in my imagination a man standing in the crowd, stark naked and without his eyes. Life was

going to end like that. Let it end....And for all this, I...Never mind....O creator of the world, my God....I had nothing to say. Everything would end....everything would end to the satisfaction of all....

I began to undo one by one the buttons of my trousers. Then I heard a voice. 'Stop, I shall pay the money!'

Everyone turned in the direction of the voice.

There stood a fair-complexioned man, six foot tall, with a red turban and white trousers. He sported a handle-bar moustache and had blue eyes.

Blue eyes were quite common at this place. He came forward and asked the restaurant keeper, 'How much did you say it was?'

'Eleven annas.'

He paid the amount. He turned to me and said, 'Put on your clothes.'

I put them on.

'Come,' he called me. I went with him. Did I have words to express my gratitude? I told him 'You have done a great deed. I have not seen a finer man.'

He laughed.

'What's your name?' he asked. I told him my name and where I came from.

I asked the man his name. He said, 'I have no name.'

I said, 'In that case "Mercy" must be your name.'

He did not laugh at that. He walked on until we reached a deserted bridge.

He looked all around. There was no one. 'Look, you must go away without turning round. If anyone asks you whether you have seen me you must say no.'

I understood.

He took out from his various pockets about five wallets. Five; among them was mine.

'Which of these is yours?'

I pointed to my wallet.

'Open it.'

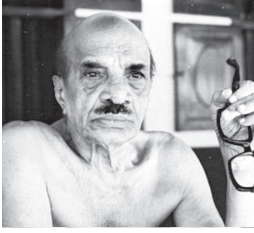
I opened it. My money was there intact. I put it in my pocket.

He told me, 'Go. May God help you.'

I repeated, 'May God help you!'

Translated from Malayalam by V. Abdulla titled 'A Man'

A Note on the Author



Vaikom Muhammad Basheer (1908-1994) is a well-known Malayalam short story writer and novelist. He is known for his sympathetic portrayal of the joys and sorrows of ordinary life. His stories have been translated into English and various Indian languages. He was honorary fellow of the Sahitya Akademi in 1970. He was the recipient of the Central Sahitya Akademi Award and Padmashri in 1982

Glossary

oru manushyan	:	a human being
predicament (n)	:	unpleasant dangerous situation
to befall (v)	:	to happen (ಸಂಭವಿಸು)
dingy (adj)	:	dirty looking, dull
migrant (n)	:	a worker who moves from place to place to do seasonal work
chores (n)	:	minor work at home
wallet (n)	:	purse
gouge out	:	to cut or force something out roughly or brutally
guffaw (n)	:	a loud laugh
stark naked (adj)	:	completely naked
to save the day (idiom)	:	to prevent failure or defeat

Comprehension

- I.
 1. How far was the big city from the narrator's home-town?
 2. Where did the narrator stay in the big city?

3. For money, people would do anything, even
.....
(Fill in the blank.)
 4. What was the narrator doing to earn a living?
 5. was considered great education there.
 - a. Learning English
 - b. Learning to write an address in English
 - c. Writing addresses at the post-office
 6. What reason did the narrator give for sleeping all day and having food in the evening?
 7. How much money did the narrator have in his pocket as his life's savings?
 8. The man who came forward to pay the narrator's bill was
 - a. a man with a red turban .
 - b. a person dressed in a suit.
 - c. a money lender.
- II.**
1. Describe the people and the place where the incident took place.
 2. What was the routine of the narrator in the city?
 3. Give an account of the embarrassing experience of the narrator at the restaurant.
 4. A stranger saved the day for the narrator. How?
- III.**
1. Does this story talk about transformation in a person? Discuss.
 2. Do you think the restaurant keeper was over reacting when the narrator could not pay the bill? If so, what accounts for his behaviour?

Vocabulary

Synonyms and Antonyms

A **synonym** is a word which is identical in sense and usage with another, for example *fast* is a synonym of *quick*. An **antonym** is a word which is of contrary meaning to another - *hot* is an antonym of *cold*.

Work in pairs and find the synonym to the words given below. Refer to a Thesaurus if necessary.

1.	dilemma, quandary, plight, crisis	p e i a e t
2.	imprecise, inexplicit, nonspecific, indistinct	v g e
3.	task, job, duty, errand	c o e
4.	compassion, clemency, forgiveness, pity	m r y
5.	complete, unharmed, entire, whole	i t t

Choose the word that is opposite in meaning to the word in capital letters.

- | | | | | |
|----|-------|----------|----------|------------|
| 1. | UP | A. down | B. above | C. inside |
| 2. | GIVE | A. share | B. take | C. release |
| 3. | LARGE | A. huge | B. big | C. small |
| 4. | HAPPY | A. glad | B. sad | C. calm |
| 5. | THIN | A. short | B. thick | C. skinny |

- | | | | | |
|----|-------|---------|----------|---------|
| 6. | BUY | A. sell | B. have | C. hold |
| 7. | TIGHT | A. free | B. loose | C. firm |
| 8. | CRUEL | A. bad | B. nice | C. kind |

Use the suitable prefixes to form antonyms.

(il, dis, un, im, mis, in)

Ex. Climax – anticlimax.

- | | | | |
|----|------------|---|-------|
| 1. | Healthy | - | |
| 2. | Mobile | - | |
| 3. | Please | - | |
| 4. | Prove | - | |
| 5. | Logical | - | |
| 6. | Conception | - | |
| 7. | Orthodox | - | |
| 8. | Sane | - | |
| 9. | Perfect | - | |

Provide antonyms for the following words from the lesson. Avoid using affixes.

rescue, remember, vague, madness, inhabitant, distant, lend, dirty,
expensive, crowded, quiet, forward, laugh, open

Suggested Reading

1. Dusk (Short Story) – Saki
2. The Thief's Story – Ruskin Bond
3. Mai Sundar Hoon (Hindi Film)

5. Money Madness

D. H. Lawrence

Pre-reading activity

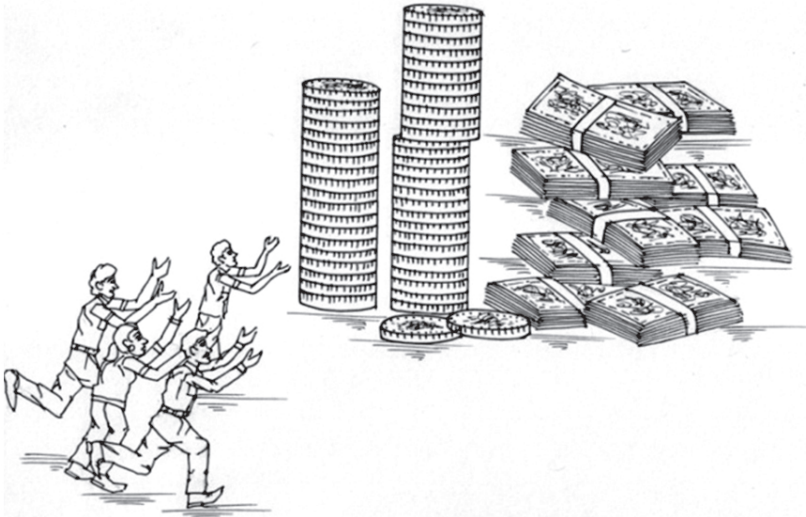
- a. Do you think a mosquito is better than a leech?

Now read the following poem.

*The mosquito knows full well, small as he is,
he's a beast of prey.*

*But after all
he only takes his bellyful,
he doesn't put my blood in the bank.*

- b. Think over the following Statement and discuss,
'If money is the root of all evil, then greed is the seed.'



Money is our madness, our vast collective madness.
And of course, if the multitude is mad
the individual carries his own grain of insanity around with him.
I doubt if any man living hands out a pound note without a
pang;
and real tremor, if he hands out a ten-pound note.
We quail, money makes us quail.
It has got us down; we grovel before it in strange terror.
And no wonder, for money has a fearful cruel power among
men.
But it is not money we are so terrified of,
it is the collective money-madness of mankind.
For mankind says with one voice: How much is he worth?
Has he no money? Then let him eat dirt, and go cold. —
And if I have no money, they will give me a little bread so I do not die,
But they will make me eat dirt with it.
I shall have to eat dirt, I shall have to eat dirt
If I have no money. It is that that I am frightened of.
And that fear can become a delirium.
It is fear of my money – mad fellow- men.
We must have some money
To save us from eating dirt.
And this is all wrong.
Bread should be free,
Shelter should be free.

Fire should be free
 To all and anybody, all and anybody, all over the world.
 We must regain our sanity about money
 Before we start killing one another about it.
 It's one thing or the other.

Note on the Poet



D. H. Lawrence [1885-1930] was a prominent twentieth century English writer. He has to his credit several novels, short stories, poems, plays, essays, travel books and translations. He is noted for his novels, especially 'Sons and Lovers', 'The Rainbow' and 'Women in Love.' In the poem 'Money Madness' the poet perceives materialistic perspective of his fellow human beings. The poet goes on to project a future which ushers in a moneyless society.

Glossary:

- multitude (n) : the masses; the uneducated and vulnerable ordinary people
- pang (n) : sharp intense pain or distress
- tremor (n) : a shaking or trembling movement caused by fear
- quail (v) : tremble, lose heart
- grovel (v) : to behave in a servile way
- Delirium (n) : an excited , dreamy state, most often seen in serious illness

Comprehension

- I.**
1. How do people feel when they give
 - a. one pound?
 - b. ten pounds?
 2. "Money has got us down" could mean
 - a. it has ruined us.
 - b. it has made us tremulous.
 - c. it has made us greedy.
 - d. it has made us its slaves.
 3. How are people without money, usually treated?
 4. What things should be made available free of cost?
 5. The speaker is frightened of
 - a. having no money.
 - b. money madness.
 - c. eating dirt.
 6. What happens if we do not regain our sanity about money?
- II.**
1. How does money trigger fear in an individual?
 2. How does an individual measure the value of another individual in terms of money?
- III.**
1. Collective madness about money affects the individuals also. How does the poem bring this out?
 2. What, according to the poet, might happen if people do not regain sanity about money? What solution does he offer?

Extended Activity

Work in groups and list the differences between need and greed.

Further Reading

ಕುರುಡು ಕಾಂಚಾಣ

ಕುರುಡು ಕಾಂಚಾಣ ಕುಣಿಯುತ್ತಲಿತ್ತು
ಕಾಲಿಗೆ ಬಿದ್ದವರ ತುಳಿಯುತ್ತಲಿತ್ತು
ಬಾಣಂತಿ ಎಲುಬ ಸಾಬಾಣದ ಬಿಳುಪಿನ
ಕಾಣದ ಕಿರುಗೆಜ್ಜೆ ಕಾಲಾಗ ಇತ್ತೊ

ಸಣ್ಣ ಕಂದಮ್ಮಗಳ ಕಣ್ಣಿನ ಕವಡಿಯ
ತಣ್ಣೆನ್ನ ಜೋಮಾಲೆ ಕೊರಳೊಳಗಿತ್ತೊ
ಬಡವರ ಒಡಲಿನ ಬಡಬಾನಲದಲ್ಲಿ
ಸುಡುಸುಡು ಪಂಜು ಕೈಯೊಳಗಿತ್ತು

ಕಂಬನಿ ಕುಡಿಯುವ ಹುಂಬ ಬಾಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮೈ
ದುಂಬಿದಂತುಧೋ ಉಧೋ ಎನ್ನುತ್ತಲಿತ್ತು
ಕೂಲಿ ಕುಂಬಳಿಯವರ ಪಾಲಿನ ಮೈದೊಗಲ
ಧೂಳಿಯ ಭಂಡಾರ ಹಣೆಯೊಳಗಿತ್ತೊ

ಗುಡಿಯೊಳಗೆ ಗಣಣ ಮಹಡಿಯೊಳಗೆ ತನನ ಅಂ
ಗಡಿಯೊಳಗೆ ಝಣಣ ನುಡಿಗೊಡುತ್ತಿತ್ತು
ಹೆಂಗಾರೆ ಕುಣಿಕುಣಿದು ಮಂಗಾಟ ನಡೆದಾಗ
ಅಂಗಾತ ಬಿತ್ತೊ ಹೆಗಲಲ್ಲಿ ಎತ್ತೊ

– ಅಂಬಿಕಾತನಯದತ್ತ

Suggested Reading

1. ಬ್ಯಾಂಕರ್ ಮಾರ್ಗಯ್ಯ – ಕನ್ನಡ ಚಲನಚಿತ್ರ
2. Bankers are Just Like Anybody else Except Richer- Ogden Nash
3. The Financial Expert – R. K. Narayan

6. BABAR ALI

World's Youngest Headmaster making remarkable changes in India

Samarpita Mukherjee Sharma

Pre-reading Activity

Do you know of people who have brought about a transformation in the lives of their fellow beings ?

Discuss with your friends.



Babar Ali must be the youngest headmaster in the world. As he is only 16! He's a teenager who is in charge of teaching hundreds of students in his family's backyard, where he runs classes for poor children from his village. The story of this young man from Murshidabad in West Bengal is a remarkable tale of the desire to learn amid the direst poverty. Our Bangladesh-based YL Volunteer Tanvir would like to introduce you to this extraordinary change maker.

Babar wakes up every morning at 7 and starts his day by doing some household chores. Then he takes an auto rickshaw first and later walks five kilometres to the “Cossimbazar Raj Govinda Sundari Vidyapeeth” where he is a class XII student. Babar is the thin and gangly boy who sits in the middle of the front row. Studious, smart and austere in his blue and white uniform, Babar is a model student. He is also the first member of his family to get a proper education.

In school he is an ideal student but it is what he does after his school hours that intrigues the entire world.

When every other teenager goes running off to the playground and gets busy with football cricket and other sports, Babar makes his way to an afternoon school where he is the headmaster of a school of 800 students.

Welcome to Babar Ali's school...

It is a dilapidated concrete structure covered in half torn posters. Inside, in a tiny, dank room behind a desk, sits someone even the Queen of England knows by name, and you should too!

Behind the office is a gate that opens to Babar's home. This is where rows of poor, underprivileged kids sit under the open, blue sky and learn what most children in the modern world pay hundreds of dollars for, for free. This is where 800 kids who are deprived from their basic right for education, walk miles to learn, free of cost, the basics and fundamentals of life.

So let's take a minute over here and think. While we whine about our allowances and fuss about staying out late; this average boy from a small village, is actually helping to make this world a better place. Today, all around the world where millions of children are being deprived from literacy because their families cannot bear the expenses, this one school boy from India is trying to change that. And so at the age of 16 Babar Ali is the world's youngest Headmaster!

Babar happens to be one of the fortunate souls in his village. In the Bhapta neighborhood of Gangapur Village in West Bengal's Murshidabad, Babar lives with his three siblings and his parents in a thatched house which is the size of an average city kitchen. Yet, ironically, he is still among the privileged ones in his village, because unlike most children there, he went to school and got formal education. He was better off also in being the son of Nasiruddin Sheikh. Nasiruddin is a jute seller and a dropout who believes that education is man's true religion, and who initially supported his son's venture with his own income. Coming from a privileged family Babar realized he must do something for the other children in this village.

Even though children are provided free education, sending children to school is not entirely free of cost. Although the children are taught for free they still have to pay for uniforms, books etc. That is why a lot of families cannot afford to send their children to school. Thus instead of going to school most of the boys help out their families by working as mechanics, day laborers, grass cutters, live stock herders etc; whereas girls work as maid servants in the village where they cook, clean, wash clothes and dishes for their employers. Babar Ali wanted to change this. That is why he took the initiative of opening his very own school.

"Anand Siksha Niketan"

Babar Ali actually started his school at the mere age of nine! In fact, his school "Anand Siksha Niketan" grew out of a game.

"We used to play school-school, with me as teacher. My friends had never seen the inside of a school, so they enjoyed playing students. They ended

up learning arithmetic and enjoying it.”, said Babar Ali while trying to explain how he initially started teaching. In 2002, the game got institutionalized, with the strength of eight.

So gradually word spread and the numbers grew. Help began to come from other quarters: Babar’s own teachers, monks at the local Ramakrishna Mission, sympathetic IAS officers, even local cops. When Babar first thought up a mid-day meal scheme, the rice came from his father’s fields, but now, with the aid of friends in the administration, it comes from government stock.

Today, nine years down the line, the school has 60 regular attendees and over 220 students on roll-call and 800 students in total, with 10 volunteer teachers teaching grades 1 through 8. His little afternoon venture is now registered and recognized by the **West Bengal State Government**, which means students graduating from Babar’s school are eligible to be transferred to other local high schools.

When the children of the village and the localities nearby are done with their chores and jobs at day time, they run to attend Babar’s afternoon school. They arrive in time for Tulu Mashis opening bell.

Meet some pure, good, kind souls...

Clad in widow’s whites, stick in hand, **Tulu Rani Hazra** is an illiterate fishmonger by morning and a crusading educationalist by afternoon. On fish-selling rounds of nearby villages, her job is to confront erring parents who’ve stopped sending their children to school and to find new students. She has recruited 80 till now.

The teaching staff of nine is made up of high school student volunteers. They also, are average teenagers, who are helping out Babar in making a difference. The most educated, **Debarita**, goes to college in Behrampur.

Babar Ali gives lessons just the way he has heard them from his teachers. There is no building or establishment for his school. He teaches his students under the open sky. Some children sit in the mud, others on rickety benches under a rough, homemade shelter. The family chickens scratch around nearby. In every corner of the yard groups of children can be seen studying hard.

It's much easier to enroll kids who are not old enough. So Class I and II have over 200 students. Class VIII has just 20 students. They study 10 subjects and are mostly taught by Babar and Debarita Bhattacharya. Debarita is another volunteer who has been helping out for a long time now.

Text books are free from class I to V, but for the rest money needs to be arranged. On any given day there are close to 400 students physically present in Babar's front yard.

It is hard to get the children to listen, being so young themselves. *"The narrow age gap works to our advantage,"* says Babar. *"We are more like friends. The rod is spared in my school."*

So that's all I got about Babar Ali for now. Getting to know about a person like him makes me realize how insignificant I am and yet again how lucky. And even though I finish my story here; Babar Ali's story continues. He has not only helped out hundreds of children to get enlightened, he has also inspired millions of youths

like us. Babar Ali's tale is a testament to the difference that one person can make in his/her world. In this case, it was a mere child who decided to do *something* about a situation he felt was unfair.

His story also bears evidence to the fact that if you have a will then there surely is a way. That a 9 year old can alone change the world should be enough inspiration for all of us to come out of our closed cocoons and help make a difference. So isn't it high time that we be the change that we want to see in this world? Today a Babar Ali; may be tomorrow it could be someone from among us.

And it is not very often that we come across someone like Babar Ali. Coming from a small village in Murshidabad he should be commended just for the audacity of hoping. It is this hope, and the faith that he has upon himself that has helped him come all this way. So here is to Babar Ali! We salute you for dreaming and making your dreams come true.

A Note on the Author



Samarpita Mukherjee Sharma is the Associate Creative Editor of Youth Leader India, the India Chapter of Youth Leader Magazine. She is a member of the dynamic, action-oriented online magazine network focusing on groundbreaking positive change initiatives, portraits, tools and more.

Glossary

gangly (adj)	:	tall, thin and awkward in one's movements
intrigue(v)	:	to make somebody very interested and want to know about something
crusading (adj)	:	pertaining to a long and determined effort

Comprehension

- I.
1. Where does Babar Ali run classes for poor children?
 2. How is Babar Ali's routine described by the writer?
 3. Give a picture of Babar Ali's school.
 4. Why is Babar Ali called 'a fortunate soul' in his village?
 5. What, according to Babar's father, is true religion?
 6. Why is sending children to school, a costly affair for parents?
 7. Tulu Rani Hazra is
 - a. a widow.
 - b. an illiterate educationalist.
 - c. a literate educationalist.
 - d. a fishmonger.
 8. The teaching staff of Babar Ali's school is made up of
 - a. appointed teachers.
 - b. high school student volunteers.
 - c. teachers from other schools.
 - d. teachers from Ali's village.
 9. Babar Ali gets the children to listen by
 - a. using the rod.
 - b. sparing the rod.
 - c. making friends with them.
 - d. taking advantage of age gap.
- II.
1. Why do you think Babar Ali took the initiative to start his own school?

2. 'What started as a game resulted in a much sought after school for the unprivileged.' Explain.
 3. Do you think that Babar Ali's act of thoughtfulness has enabled the poor children move towards growth? Discuss.
- III.
1. According to Nasiruddin 'education is man's true religion'. How does Babar Ali's school prove this?
 2. The increasing strength of Babar Ali's school reflects the transformation in our society's attitude towards education. Substantiate.
 3. Do you feel that Babar Ali's initiation is a success story? Explain.

Vocabulary

Homophones

Homophones are words with similar sound but different spelling and meaning. Consult a dictionary to know their meaning and use them in your own sentences.

- Ex:
- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------|
| 1. cite, sight, site | 2. bored, board |
| 3. steel, steal | 4. hair, hare, |
| 5. weather, whether | 6. some, sum |
| 7. right, write | |

Homonyms

Homonym is a word with similar sound and similar spelling but which has a different meaning.

bat	a piece of wood for hitting	pound	unit of money in UK
	name of an animal		to hit something hard
bark	sound made by dogs	will	ability to control thoughts
	outer covering of a tree		a legal document
can	be able	charge	amount of money
	put something in a container		allegation
found	past form of find	order	something told in authority
	to start something		request to make or supply
fair	acceptable	rock	hard solid material
	a market at which animals are		type of loud music

Use the above words in your own sentences so as to get both the meanings. One is done for you.

1. The dogs **bark** all night.
2. The **bark** of some trees is very thick.

Make a list of homophones and homonyms.

Suggested Reading

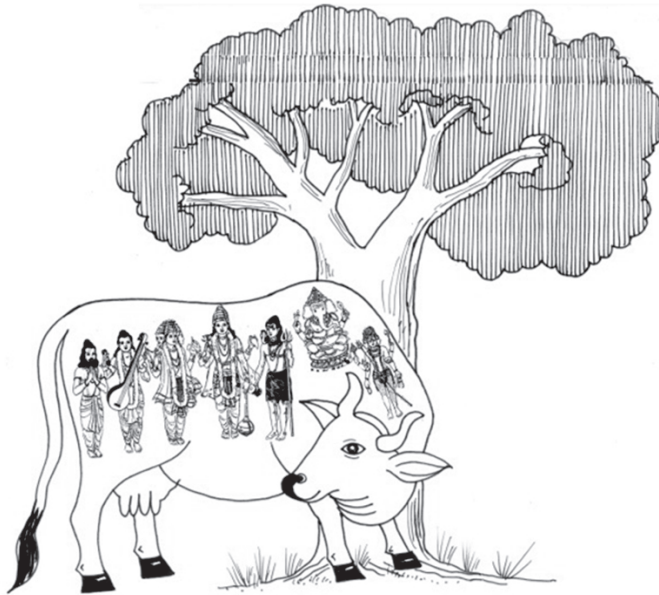
1. I am Malala (Autobiography) – Malala Yousafzai
2. My Larger Education - Booker T. Washington

7. If I was a Tree

Mudnakudu Chinnaswamy

Pre-reading Activity

Do you think that being a tree is more convenient than being a human being?



If I was a tree
The bird wouldn't ask me
Before it built its nest
What caste I am.
When sunlight embraced me
my shadow wouldn't feel defiled.

My friendship with the cool breeze and the leaves
would be sweet.

Raindrops wouldn't turn back
taking me for a dog-eater.

When I branch out further from my roots
Mother Earth wouldn't flee shouting for a bath.

The sacred cow would scrape her body on my bark,
scratching wherever it itched
and the three hundred thousand gods sheltering inside her
would touch me.

Who knows,
at the end,
hacked into pieces of dry wood,
burning in the holy fire,
I might be made pure,
or becoming the bier for a sinless body
be borne on the shoulders of four good men.

Translated from Kannada by Rowena Hill

A Note on the Poet



Mudnakudu Chinnaswamy (b.1954) is a well known Poet who hails from Mudnakudu village in Chamarajanagar District of Karnataka. He has two post graduate degrees viz., M.Com., M.A., with a D.Lit. in Social Sciences. He is Director (Finance) in Bangalore Metropolitan Transport Corporation (BMTC) by profession.

Poetry is his passion but has worked in other genre of literature as well, besides having a wide range of interests in culture, theatre and social work. He has brought out 24 books so far, which include 6 collections of poetry, 4 of essays, 3 plays and a collection of short stories.

He is widely translated into many Indian languages apart from English, Spanish and Hebrew. An anthology of his selected poems in Spanish has been brought out by the Government of Venezuela under 'World Poetry Series'.

A Note on the Translator

Rowena Hill was born in England in 1938, and went to school in New Zealand. She attended universities in New Zealand, Italy and India (University of Mysore). She taught English Literature at the Universidad de Los Andes in Mérida, Venezuela, where she lives. She has published four books of poems in Spanish, as well as poems, essays and translations in periodicals in Venezuela, Colombia, India and USA. She has translated some of Kannada's best known poets into Spanish. More importantly, it is to her credit that she has translated several literary works in Indian languages into English and Spanish.

Glossary

- defile (v)** : to make something dirty or no longer pure
- branch out (phr. v)** : to start to do an activity that you have not done before
- bier (n)** : a frame on which the dead body is placed

Comprehension

- I.
 1. The speaker wants to be a tree because
 - a. trees are not treated as objects of defilement.
 - b. no other creature in nature has the concept of defilement.
 - c. trees are more humane than humans.
 2. What wouldn't the bird ask the tree?
 3. When does the sacred cow scrape her body onto the bark?
 4. How does the speaker want to be purified?
 5. How does the speaker view his friendship with cool breeze and leaves?
- II.
 1. Why would mother earth not flee according to the speaker?
 2. How do the life forces - sunlight and the cool breeze - enforce nature's idea of equality?
- III.
 1. Why does the speaker want to be a tree?
 2. The poem is a satire on social discrimination. Discuss.
 3. The speaker brings out the concepts of defilement and purification. How is the meaninglessness of the practice brought out?

Further Reading

ನಾನೊಂದು ಮರವಾಗಿದ್ದರೆ – ಮೂಡ್ನಾಕೂಡು ಚಿನ್ನಸ್ವಾಮಿ

ನಾನೊಂದು ಮರವಾಗಿದ್ದರೆ
ಹಕ್ಕಿ ಗೂಡು ಕಟ್ಟುವ ಮುನ್ನ
ಕೇಳುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ ನೀನು ಯಾವ ಕುಲ
ಬಿಸಿಲು ನನ್ನ ಅಪ್ಪಿಕೊಂಡಾಗ
ನೆರಳಿಗಾಗುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ ಮೈಲಿಗೆ
ತಂಬಿಲರ ಕೂಡ ಎಲೆಗಳ ಸ್ನೇಹ ಮಧುರವಾಗಿರುತ್ತಿತ್ತು.

ಮಳೆ ಹನಿಗಳು ನಾನು ಶ್ವಪಚನೆಂದು
ಹಿಂದೆ ಸರಿಯುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ನಾನು
ಬೇರೂರಿ ಕುಡಿ ಇಡುತ್ತಿರುವಾಗ ಭೂದೇವಿ
ಮಡಿ ಮಡಿ ಎಂದು ಓಡುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ಪವಿತ್ರ ಗೋವು ನನ್ನ ತೊಗಟೆಗೆ ತನ್ನ ಮೈ ಉಜ್ಜಿ
ತುರಿಕೆ ತೀರಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವಾಗ ಅದರ ಅಂಗಾಂಗಗಳಲ್ಲಿ
ಅಡಗಿಕೊಂಡ ಮುಕ್ಕೋಟಿ ದೇವತೆಗಳು
ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಮುಟ್ಟಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು.

ಯಾರಿಗೆ ಗೊತ್ತು
ನನ್ನ ಅಂತ್ಯಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ
ಕಡಿದು ತುಂಡಾದ ಒಣ ಸೀಳೊಂದು
ಹೋಮಾಗ್ನಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಬೆಂದು
ಪಾವನವಾಗುತ್ತಿತ್ತೇನೋ
ಅಥವಾ
ಸತ್ತುರುಷನೊಬ್ಬನ ಹೆಣಕ್ಕೆ ಚಟ್ಟವಾಗಿ
ನಾಲ್ಕು ಜನ ಸಜ್ಜನರ ಹೆಗಲೇರಬಹುದಿತ್ತೇ?

Suggested Reading

1. ಎಲುಬಿನ ಹಂದರದೊಳಗೆ – ಮೂಡ್ನಾಕೂಡು ಚಿನ್ನಸ್ವಾಮಿ
2. The Untouchable – Mulkraj Anand

8. Watchman of the Lake

R. K. Narayan

Pre-reading Activity

Why do you think lakes are drying up? What could be done to save them?

Dramatis Personae:

Village Headman

King

Mara, watchman of the lake

Ganga, his son

Son, Ganga's son

Bhima, a road worker

Others

(On the eastern base of Baba Budan Hills, in Karnataka State, there is an obscure little place now called Sakkrepatna, which at one time, a thousand or more years ago, was the capital of a king called Rukmangada. In the centre of this town there is a shrine which is dedicated not to distant gods or heroes but to a rustic, who was watchman of a lake called Ayyankere, four miles from the town. For the purposes of this little drama let us call him Mara which is as good as any other name handed down to us by tradition.)

SCENE ONE

(A village at the foot of a hill. Roadmenders at work.)

VILLAGE HEADMAN:

Go on, boys, go on with your work. Hey, you Racha, why do you stand looking at the sky? You there, you wretched dog, I will push you

into the stream if I catch you again gossiping with your neighbour. You dwarf, there, have you no better business than giggling and talking? The road must be ready before the king arrives. Just think for a moment, fools, how we should all look if the king suddenly came upon us! Just think: he will be here this time tomorrow.... Go on, go on with your work, brother. Anyway what makes you all so merry? Let me know and share the joke. Come here, come here...(commanding) come here...why are you both laughing? Tell me, don't blink. What is it?

TWO TIMID

VOICES : Master, we were doing our work all right
...But, but...

HEADMAN : But what?

TIMID

WORKMAN : It is Mara.

HEADMAN : Ah! Mara, what about him? Is that lunatic anywhere here?

TIMID

WORKMAN : Yes, yes, he was behind that rock and peeped at us. When you called he ran away.

HEADMAN : Where is he now? Which way did he go?

TIMID

WORKMAN : He sprang off like a buck and ran up the hill.

HEADMAN : Here, stop all work. Put down your spades and crowbars; and run and close round; stop all ways out; catch that thief and bring him here. Stun him with a blow if he resists. Bring him at once...Go...

(The workmen throw down their implements and scatter about. They return, crying: 'Master, here he is.')

HEADMAN : Mara, you worthless dog! Have I not told you to keep away from here?

MARA : Yes, my master.

HEADMAN : What do you mean by coming here and disturbing my workmen?

MARA : I am not disturbing them. I am here on my own work. Let them go on with theirs.

HEADMAN : Don't talk of your work. Fool! You are a lunatic. Know it? Don't imagine you have any kind of work; the only work you have now is to disappear.

MARA : Why so?

HEADMAN : Don't ask. I have told you the reason twenty times. The king is passing this way and I don't want him to know that our village has such fools as you.

MARA : I don't feel I am a fool.

HEADMAN : Now listen. Keep out of our view the next two days, when the king passes this way and back. Otherwise I will have you locked up in the cellar behind that old temple.

MARA : I will sit there and pray. If that God in the temple thinks I have work to do, he will take me out.

HEADMAN : Now, get out of my presence. You fellows, why do you all stand gaping at me? Get on with your work....

- MARA : Once again the Goddess of the river came to me in the dream and said: "The king is coming this way. Tell him about the tank. He will listen."
- HEADMAN : Don't tell me that again, you and your dream! I feel tempted to kick you.
- MARA : What have I said to offend you so much, sir? Are you jealous that the Goddess comes to me rather than to you in dream? Shall I repeat the very words she uttered?
- HEADMAN : No. Be off. And like a good fellow keep to your backyard till the king departs. I will give you a fine gift if you behave yourself.
- MARA : Another person has already given me the greatest gift any man could give. Shall I say who that person is?
- HEADMAN : Oh! Who is that great man?
- MARA : My father-in-law
(The workmen laugh at this joke.)
- HEADMAN : *(Shouting in anger)* Stop laughing everyone! I will starve you all without work if I catch you again laughing at this fellow's mad prattle. Shut up...Come here, Bhima. Throw down your crowbar. I have another piece of work for you. Come here.
- BHIMA : Yes, master, I have come. What is your command?
- HEADMAN : Bind this fellow hand and foot and throw him into the cellar behind the old temple, and keep him there till the day after tomorrow. Do you understand?

- BHIMA : Yes, master.
- HEADMAN : Mara, have a look at this giant. He can swing an elephant by its tail. So have a care. If you try any tricks on him, he will crush you between his thumb and forefinger...
- MARA : How did you manage to grow so fat?
- BHIMA : My mother gave me iron decoction when I was a baby; and at every dawn I run up the hill with a large grind-stone on my back. It is a very big stone. You can't move it even an inch.
- HEADMAN : Here, don't answer his questions. Don't allow him to talk to you.
- MARA : Why not? I too would like to grow fat and strong. If taking iron decoction and carrying grind-stones uphill could make me strong, why should I not try it? Maybe you will not think me mad then.
- BHIMA : You can't take the decoction now. Your mother should have put it into you before you were ten days old.
- HEADMAN : Bhima, don't you talk to him. Don't you see he is your prisoner?
- BHIMA : Yes, yes. I will be careful hereafter. But who will do my work here?
- HEADMAN : Don't concern yourself with it. You will get your wages all the same, perhaps a quarter more, if you do this bit of work well. Now take him away and sit over him till the evening of the day after tomorrow. Take him away. Drag him like an animal if he resists.

MARA : No, no. I won't resist. I will go with him gladly. Come on, come on. I will tell you all about my dream as we go.

HEADMAN : Bhima, don't allow him to do that. He wants to talk to you and slip away while you are listening. Now bind up his wrists together with your turban and drag him behind you; gag him if possible...Ah, that is good, now it should quieten him. Now begone...How our time has been wasted! Now swing your arms faster...You must have the path ready even if you have to work by lamp-light after dark...

SCENE TWO

(Trumpets blowing, restrained cheering of crowds, etc., announce the arrival of the king. Suddenly there is confusion. As the king is about to pass under a tree, someone jumps down from its branches. A medley of voices crying, 'Where did he jump from? Who is he? Hold him...')

KING : Silence! Who is this man...?

ANSWERING

VOICE : Your Gracious Majesty! This man...

KING : We will hear the man himself speak.

ANSWERING

VOICE : Your Majesty, he is unworthy of your Majesty's notice...

KING : We will hear the man himself speak. Let him be brought forward. *(The man is dragged before the king.)* Who are you? Where did you drop from?

- MARA : Your Gracious Majesty, I am an unworthy dog. But I have a word to convey to your gracious ears; and after I have uttered it, I shall gladly allow myself to be trampled under the feet of the mighty elephant which bears your Royal Person.
- KING : Where were you all the time? In the tree?
- MARA : Yes, Your Majesty. I was there since the cock crew this morning. I knew the Royal passage lay here.
- KING : Waiting in a tree! You could have asked for an audience.
- MARA : They stoned me at sight; and commanded me to take myself out of the village; when I still appeared they bound and threw me in a cellar, but the man who was my jailor, though a giant in appearance, has the soul of a baby. He let me go when he heard of my dream and the command of the Goddess. And I slipped out unseen and climbed this tree, and hid myself in its leaves, waiting and praying for your Majesty's gracious arrival.
- KING : What do you want?
- MARA : Now listen to me Most High. Where your Majesty now stands is a sacred spot. There once stood the great Hanuman on the day Lakshmana was wounded in the battle-field at Lanka and lay in a deadly faint. Guided by omens Hanuman came here, and then he went up the mountain in whose shadow your Majesty is resting now. There on its crest he found *Sanjeevini*. He flew to

Lanka with it, and at its breath Yama's messengers fled, and Lakshmana rose to his feet with a new life. Such was the power of *Sanjeevini*; and where it grew there arose a stream, which came down the mountain and now flows past your Majesty's feet. It is called the *Veda*. Its water is the very life-blood of your Majesty's humble subjects.

KING : Do the waters flow on all the months of the year?

MARA : Your Majesty, I am coming to it. The water has flowed on since the day Hanuman took the *Sanjeevini*. Its birth is in the fleeting mists of the mountain-top, and it dances its way through rare flowers and forests which clothe the mountain-side, before it comes down to our village. And what do we do? My Lord, here I will repeat the command of the Goddess: I saw her in a vision as I lay in my hut. I had never seen her before. She stood before me, her tresses flying in the wind; there were stars in her coronet; a ruby as big as the eyes of that elephant sparkled on her forehead for a red mark; her garment was of gold woven with lightning. A look at her, and I knew it was the mother. I fell at her feet and she said: 'The river *Veda* which you see at the foot of the hill and from which you drink water, is my very own plaything. It carries in its bosom the nectar which revives gods and nourishes mortals... But when the summer sun bakes your soil, I keep my pet sheltered in the cool glades of the mountain, and then you die of drought. When summer ends and

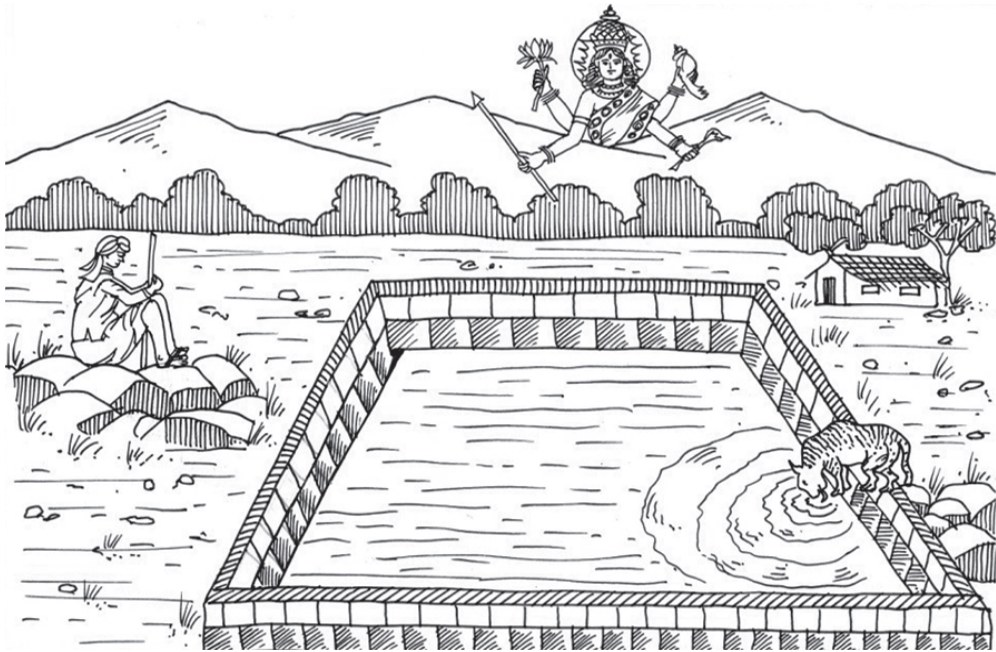
you have water again, you take what you want and allow the precious stream to dissipate and perish in the foul marshes far off... I command you. Tell your king to build a tank and not to let *Veda* leave this village. Give her a home...' These were the words of the Goddess. I have repeated them. Your Majesty may trample me down under your elephant now.

KING : Far from it. You have the grace of gods upon you. Your words are weighty...When we return this way tomorrow accompany us to the Capital.

MARA : Forgive me Gracious one, I have only these rags to wear, and I am Mara the mad. How can I follow Your Majesty to the Capital?

KING : Our command is clear.

MARA : I obey.



SCENE THREE

(Many years later. Mara standing before his hut on the bank of a vast lake. There is a mingled noise of wavelets breaking upon the shore, cries of gulls, and the rustling of tree leaves.)

MARA : *(Hallowing)* Boy, little man, Ganga, Ganga.

A DISTANT

VOICE : Father, I am coming.

MARA : Where are you gone, little man?

(Sound of running feet)

GANGA : Here I am father. You are shouting as if something or the other had happened. I was only behind that tree watching...

MARA : What were you watching?

GANGA : There is a man fishing in the lake.

MARA : Fishing. Fishing! Where?
(Runs. Son follows him.)
Hey, man, get up! What are you doing here?

MAN : Nothing.

MARA : Nothing! Then why that rod and hook in your hand? And how did all this fish come into your basket? Did they walk in while you were watching the sky? ...Go, man, go before you are pushed into the lake.

MAN : No. No. I was not catching fish. I speak the truth.

MARA : I have been a watchman of this lake for years, and I have come across hundreds of story-tellers like you. This is my last warning to you. If I see you again with that rod and hook, I will push you into the water: and the fish will feed on you. Do you understand? Now here go your fish back where they belong. Do you see, my son? When I am gone you will be the guard here; this is what you must do with killers; whether they come with arrow for the gulls which skim over the water, or with the rod for the fish. This place is sacred and belongs to the Goddess; and her command is that nothing that flies or swims or walks in these parts should ever be killed. From my hut I have often seen at dead of night a tiger come down from the mountain, slaking its thirst at that distant corner...But even that has to go untouched; such is the command of the Goddess and the king. Now begone, you fish...

MAN : You are after all only a watchman. You are not the master of this place. Are you not taking upon yourself more than your duty?

MARA : I am the master of this place. The king made me so. But for me *Veda* would have run away and disappeared, as she was doing before. It is I who gave her a home, where she stays, and nourishes the corn fields of thousands of the king's subjects... Now look along the bank; do you note its length? A fling from the strongest sling will not take stone to the other end of the bank; and I, by the king's order, watched every stone with which this bank was built...and I open the gates that let the water into the fields. I know how much to give and when to stop, and I tend the lake, and see that it is not polluted by man or beast....Even that headman of the village who once beat and bullied me, will have to beg my permission if he wants to touch the water. Here I am the king; no one can question me. Now go away. I have spoken to you more than you deserve...

Now little fellow, my son, you see that man there taking his cow to the water's-edge. Run on and tell him not to take it there; it is very deep at that spot. If his cow slips...warn him to move off a little. Go on, go on.

(The boy runs away.)

A VISITOR : Mara.

MARA : Oh, brother, when did you come?

- VISITOR : Just this moment. I left my village at sundown yesterday; and I have walked without a pause.
- MARA : Come into my hut and have some food. There is bound to be something you can munch though nothing very good. My wife is away. I and my son are running the house.
- VISITOR : I have come all the way to ask a favour of you. You know our village is the farthest in our king's domain; and crops parch up and cattle are dying of drought. Will you give us some water?
- MARA : Certainly, brother. It is here for all the king's subjects to take. Tomorrow I will come with you and see where you can lay the channels, and as soon as you have done it, the water is yours; it will be let to you according to the law laid down by the king. Ah, do you notice there the heart of the lake muddying! It was sapphire-like only a moment ago. Ah, see those clouds at the mountain-top...there is heavy rain there... *Veda* is swelling and carrying mud and flood into the lake. I must keep an eye on her tonight...*(calling)* Boy, come, come here, let us go in; I fear there will be heavy rain on us soon.

SCENE FOUR

(Late at night. Torrential downpour and a shrieking storm. The king's palace. The bell at the palace gate ringing incessantly.)

KING : Who is so urgently summoning me at this hour? What has happened in this terrible night of storm? Go down and see who it is.

(The bell ceases, and sound of footsteps.)

Who are you, man? What has happened that you should be calling us this hour? Why are you gasping so badly?

MAN : I have been running.

KING : In this storm? Who are you? What has happened?

MAN : I am Mara, watchman of the lake, Most High.

KING : Ah Mara! How different you are now, battered by this rain, with your hair plastered on your face, and all that water dripping down...

MARA : I beg your Majesty's Grace for bringing my presence here in state. I have come running, battling with roaring wind, and through slush and raging torrents....Forgive me, Your Majesty. I am trembling with the message within me. May I utter it?

KING : Yes.

MARA : My lord, it is the..It is about the lake...It is about the lake...I feel faint to mention it.

KING : Oh, tell me, what has happened?

MARA : It is about to smash its bounds...

- KING : Mara, are you mad? Are you sure your mind is your own?
- MARA : Your Majesty, till the evening there was no sign of a coming rain. It was a beautiful bright day; unruffled, the lake mirrored the blue sky on its bosom. But at dusk the sky darkened; I called my son in and shut the door of my hut. Rain drops battered my roof. At midnight the wind rocked my hut. I got up and went out. My heart was disturbed.
- KING : Oh, tell me, is the lake going to break?
- MARA : Your Majesty will know it presently. I rose from my bed and went out. Ah, I have never seen anything more terrible in my life, my lord. *Veda* was thundering down the mountain; the wind shook the earth. I went to the edge of the water; the waves rose to a man's height and hammered at the bank; the water level was just a hair's breadth below the shore. Any moment it might heave and flow over.
- KING : Mara, Mara, was the lake...ah, what is to happen to all of us?
- MARA : I fell down and prayed. The Goddess stood before me. Her tresses were wild, her eyes gleamed with a strange light; she carried a sword in her hand and she had splashed her forehead with vermilion. I cowered at the sight of her. 'Get up and hear me intently,' she said, 'I am the Goddess of the lake, and that river *Veda* is my plaything. Clear out of your hut at once.' 'Mother, save me. What is going to happen?' I asked.

'I am going to kick away the miserable stones you have piled up to imprison the waters of my *Veda*. I am going to destroy your tank.'

'Mother, we put it up at your command,' I said. 'Yes, and now I want to destroy it. It is my mood now. *Veda* is my plaything. I created it when I wanted it, and I will splash away its waters when I like. Who are you to stop me?' she replied.

KING : Mara, Mara, are you speaking the truth?

MARA : Your Majesty, may my son and wife perish if there is a word of untruth in what I am saying!

KING : Go on with your story.

MARA : I pleaded with her. I pointed out to her the vastness of the lake, the water stretching the length of the hill and going in a bend out of sight; the whole of it kept back by a bank, which would take a quarter of a day to cross...But all that she would say to it was 'Why do you make much of it?' I told her that all that water waited like a crouching tiger and would spring upon the hundred villages and towns and the king's capital beyond, if the bank was removed. She laughed at it and flourished her sword. I pleaded with her for hours to spare us and have pity on us poor mortals. But she was not to be moved. A most terrible and reckless mood of destruction seemed to have come upon the Goddess. I fell on the wet ground, prostrated before her and begged: 'A poor mortal like me cannot stop you, Oh divine mother. But grant me this. I will

run to the capital and inform the king, and return. Till then stay your hand. When you see me here again, you may carry out the devastation.' 'Yes, I grant this. I will wait until you have told the king and returned,' she said; and here I am, Your Majesty.

KING : Mara, are you sure you saw and heard all this?

MARA : How can I prove it my Lord? Here you see the mud on my clothes. When I fell prostrate before the Goddess, all this mud stuck to me.

KING : I dare not think. I do not know what to do. In a moment or less I and this palace and my subjects...All right. Nothing so good as preparing for an end. Hey, call someone...Let an announcer go round with a beat of drums and announce to the people and to everyone in my kingdom that it is the last day of the world. The deluge is upon us. Tomorrow the sun will rise upon a lifeless land.

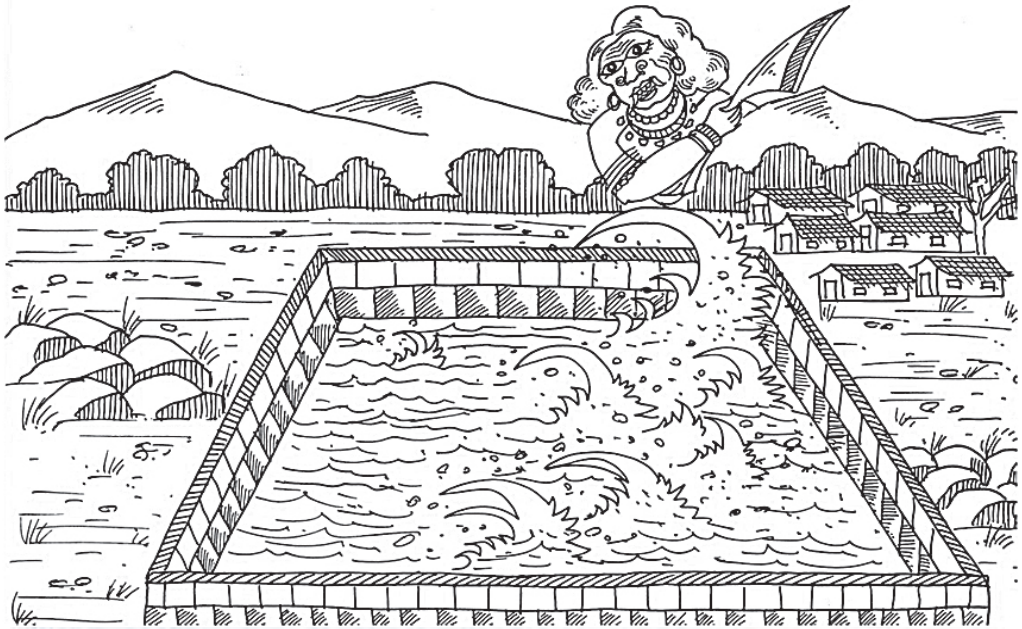
MARA : Your Majesty permit me to...

KING : Tell me, what have you to say?

MARA : I have a suggestion.

KING : Go on.

MARA : The Goddess will keep her word. She has promised to wait till she sees me back there. Make it impossible for me to return there, Your Majesty.



KING : How?

MARA : If Your Majesty's sword is there...

KING : No, no. What a horrible suggestion!

MARA : Or send for the executioner, my Lord. My son is still sleeping in the hut. My last request is this: when I am gone make him the watchman of the lake, and after him his son, and then his son's son to the last generation of our family.

SCENE FIVE

(In front of a shrine on the lake. Ganga and his son)

- GANGA : Son! Son! Come here.
- SON : Coming, father.
- GANGA : Where were you all this time?
- SON : I was watching the gulls flying over the lake, father. How they skim and catch the fish! It is lovely to watch.
- GANGA : Well, well, didn't you know this was the hour of worship at the shrine?
- SON : Father, I forgot.
- GANGA : Don't forget again, that is all I can say. I will be very angry if you miss another worship. You are old enough to realise your duties, I think. I was less than your age when I was ordered to take my father's place. Even my mother was away somewhere. The last I saw of my father was when I went to bed. When I woke up in the morning the hut had blown off, and the lake was nearly rolling over the shore. And whom should I see as soon as I got up but the king. He said my father was no more, and ordered me immediately to do my father's duties. Soon after that he built the shrine, which looks over the lake. And on the day of dedication he was himself present... You see those two figures, son. The one on the top pedestal is the Guardian Goddess of this lake. And the one immediately below it is my father. By the king's order worship

is performed on the evenings of every Tuesday and Friday. Scores of people come from even distant towns for it. You must not miss a single one henceforth.

SON : Yes, father.

GANGA : Good boy. When I am gone you must watch over this lake. After you, your son. Now come into the shrine and see the worship.

(Ringing of temple bells.)

A Note on the Author



R.K.Narayan (10 October 1906 –13 May 2001) was an Indian author whose works of fiction include a series of books about people and their interactions in an imagined town in India called Malgudi. He is one of three leading figures of early Indian literature in English, along with Mulk Raj Anand and Raja Rao. He is credited with bringing Indian literature in English to the rest of the world, and is regarded as one of India's greatest English novelists. Narayan rarely wrote plays, and the present one is said to be a dramatised version of his short story, 'The Watchman'.

Glossary:

buck (n)	:	a male deer
crowbar (n)	:	a straight iron bar usually with a curved end
prattle (n)	:	a silly / foolish talk
coronet (n)	:	a small crown
crest (n)	:	the topmost ridge of a mountain

dissipate (v)	:	to gradually disappear
slake (v)	:	to drink so that you no longer feel thirsty
sapphire (n)	:	bright blue precious stone
torrential (adj)	:	(of rain) falling in large amount
torrent (n)	:	a large amount of water moving quickly, ರಭಸ ಪ್ರವಾಹ
crouch (v)	:	to lower your body close to the ground by bending your legs under you
executioner (n)	:	a public official whose job is to execute (kill) criminals

Comprehension

- I. 1. Why was the headman in a hurry to complete the road work?
2. The village headman asked Mara to keep away from the road workers because
3. How did Mara manage to draw the attention of the king? Why?
4. The Goddess' command to Mara was to
5. How does the king respond to Mara's information about the tank?
6. What does Mara advise his son in saving the lake and the creatures?
7. Why did the visitor approach Mara?
8. Mara rushed to the king because he wanted to save
- his own life.
 - the king.
 - the lake.

9. Mara was trembling at the king's palace because
 - a. he was afraid of the king
 - b. he was drenched in the rain.
 - c. he was worried about the lake.
10. On what condition did Mara make the Goddess wait for him?

II. 1. What was the significance of Mara's dream?

2. What instructions did Mara give his son about the lake and the creatures? What light do these instructions throw on Mara's character?
3. Bring out the significance of the sacred spot that Mara describes to the king.
4. How did Mara react to the Goddess when she appeared before him for
 - a. the first time?
 - b. the second time?

III. 1. Was the headman justified in calling Mara a lunatic? Give reasons.

2. "Nature is both protective and destructive." How does the play bring out this idea?
3. How differently did Mara treat the fisherman and the visitor?
4. Why do you think Mara asked the king to make his son, son's son and so on, the watchman of the lake?
5. In what way do you think Mara's sacrifice saved the lake? What 'sacrifices' need to be made to save the lakes today?

Extended Activity

List the measures to be taken in order to save the water bodies, the flora and the fauna.

Vocabulary

Idioms and Phrases

Idioms and phrases are a group of words with a fixed word order which give a particular meaning. This meaning is different from the meanings of individual words.

Here are some of the idioms and phrases.

praise something to the sky, to take somebody/something seriously, play the fools, all and sundry, quite a bit, keep out of one's view, to behave oneself, have a care, try tricks on somebody, rise to one's feet, keep an eye

All these expressions (idioms and phrases) have specific meaning. Refer a good dictionary for their meaning.

Suggested Reading

1. Muktadhara – Rabindranath Tagore
2. Hans Brinker - Mary Elizabeth Mapes Dodge
3. ಕೆರೆಗೆ ಹಾರ – (ಸಂ) ಬೆಟಗೇರಿ ಕೃಷ್ಣಶರ್ಮ

9. The Farmer's Wife

Volga

Pre-reading Activity

Lakhs of farmers have committed suicide in our country. What could be the reasons for this devastating trend? How, do you think, this would affect their families?



You are virtuous and you are gone.

Poor sinner that I am remain

Before your creditors.

Unable to bend your head

Or stretch out your hand
Or sell your crops
You crossed over.
But I was born with a head bent
A hand outstretched
Not unused to being sold
Knowing all this did you leave me?
You found release with poison
Poisoning my bitter existence
The cotton crop is but yesterday's
But our family?
How often have I drowned in it
How many times have I escaped death
Whether you abused or reviled me
Kicked me when you were drunk
I thought, he is but a man
Little did I dream you would deal
Me a death blow like this!

True, the crop was gone
The debt remained
Our dignity hit the dust
Our hearts turned to water
But how did you imagine
My back would bear the burden of four children?
You saw your crop destroyed
What of the harvest of my womb?
Can I leave them to the wind
Like worm-eaten cotton pods?
It takes a moment to die
But open your mouth and ask
What of this?
Why is this?
Needs a firm heart.
To teach my children
To clench a fist
Not merely for a handful of rice

But in battle
 I must live
 I must embrace life not death
 Embrace life and the struggle for life.

*Translated by Vasanth Kannabiran from the Telugu
 poem Chavuni Kaadu Batukuni' (Not Death but Life)*

A Note on the Poet



Volga is the pen name of the well known Telugu writer P Lalita Kumari (b.1950). She was born in Guntur, one of the big towns and educational centers in the state of Andhra Pradesh. Her stories, novels, and poetry reflect well-articulated feminist positions without compromising either the quality of literary form or failing to represent the 'reality' of the characters. In her poetry, metaphor not only facilitates form but also celebrates the 'ideas' depicted.

Glossary

cotton crop	:	highest number of farmers have committed suicide in cotton growing areas
revile (v)	:	(usually 'be reviled') criticize in an abusive or angrily insulting manner
cotton pod	:	unripe cotton shell

Comprehension

- I.
1. Who do 'you' and 'I' in the poem refer to?
 2. Why has the speaker's husband committed suicide?
 3. What series of contrasts does the speaker draw between herself and her husband?
 4. What expressions in the poem bring out the contrast between the speaker and her husband's plight? What difference does this indicate?
 5. The farmer's wife in the poem is
 - a. complaining about her husband's death.
 - b. lamenting the death of her husband.
 - c. angry that her husband has left her.
 - d. bitter about her husband's act.
 - e. worried about her future.
 - f. all of the above.
 6. What memories of her husband trouble her now?
 7. What does the phrase 'harvest of my womb' suggest? Why is their plight compared to 'worm-eaten cotton pod'?
 8. To what condition had her husband's act of committing suicide pushed her?
 9. The poem ends with
 - a. an assertion.
 - b. a deep sense of failure and despondency.
 - c. a will to survive against all odds.

- II.**
1. Many times the tone suggests the attitude of the speaker. What kind of attitudes are suggested by the words 'virtuous', 'poor sinner', 'he is but a man', 'what of this?', 'Why is this?'
 2. What kind of questions does the poem raise about the plight of farmers' widows? Do you think that these questions are only addressed to the speaker's dead husband?

Suggested Reading

1. Everyone Loves a Good Drought – P. Sainath
2. Baromas (Twelve Months) - (novel) by Sadanand Deshmukh

10. Frederick Douglass

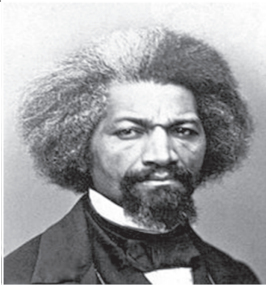
An Excerpt from
Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave

Pre-reading Activity

Have you heard of Abraham Lincoln and the horrors of the slave trade in the United States of America?

What do you know about the following historic events?

- a. *The Emancipation Proclamation issued in 1863 by the President Abraham Lincoln, freeing black slaves*
- b. *The Civil Rights Movement led by Martin Luther King Jr. (1929-1968)*



Frederick Douglass was born in slavery as Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey near Easton in Talbot County, Maryland. He was not sure of the exact year of his birth, but he knew that it was 1817 or 1818. As a young boy he was sent to Baltimore, to be a house servant, where he learned to read and write,

with the assistance of his master's wife. In 1838 he escaped from slavery and went to New York City, where he married Anna Murray, a free colored woman whom he had met in Baltimore. Soon thereafter he changed his name to Frederick Douglass. In 1841 he addressed a convention of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society in Nantucket and so greatly impressed the group that they immediately employed him as an agent. He was such an impressive orator that numerous persons doubted if he had ever been a slave, so he wrote NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS. During the Civil War he assisted in the recruiting of colored men for the 54th and 55th Massachusetts Regiments and consistently argued for the emancipation of slaves. After the war he was active in securing and protecting the rights of the freemen. In his later years, at different times, he was secretary of the Santo Domingo Commission, marshal and recorder of deeds of the District of Columbia, and United States Minister to Haiti. His other autobiographical works are MY BONDAGE AND MY FREEDOM and LIFE AND TIMES OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS, published in 1855 and 1881 respectively. He died in 1895.

I was born in Tuckahoe, near Hillsborough, and about twelve miles from Easton, in Talbot County, Maryland. I have no accurate knowledge of my age, never having seen any authentic record containing it. By far the larger part of the slaves know as little of their ages as horses know of theirs, and it is the wish of most masters within my knowledge to keep their slaves thus ignorant. I do not remember to have ever met a slave who could tell of his birthday. They seldom come nearer to it than planting-time, harvest-time, cherry-time, spring-time, or fall-time. A want of information concerning my own was a source of unhappiness to me even during childhood. The white children could tell their ages. I could not tell why I ought to be deprived of the same privilege. I was not allowed to make any inquiries of my master concerning it. He deemed all such inquiries on the part of a slave improper and impertinent, and evidence of a restless spirit. The nearest estimate I can give makes me now between twenty-seven and twenty-eight years of age. I come

to this, from hearing my master say, sometime during 1835, I was about seventeen years old.

My mother was named Harriet Bailey. She was the daughter of Isaac and Betsey Bailey, both colored, and quite dark. My mother was of a darker complexion than either my grandmother or grandfather.

My father was a white man. He was admitted to be such by all I ever heard speak of my parentage. The opinion was also whispered that my master was my father; but of the correctness of this opinion, I know nothing; the means of knowing was withheld from me. My mother and I were separated when I was but an infant – before I knew her as my mother. It is a common custom, in the part of Maryland from which I ran away, to part children from their mothers at a very early age. Frequently, before the child has reached its twelfth month, its mother is taken from it, and hired out on some farm a considerable distance off, and the child is placed under the care of an old woman, too old for field labor. For what this separation is done, I do not know, unless it be to hinder the development of the child's affection toward its mother, and to blunt and destroy the natural affection of the mother for the child. This is the inevitable result.

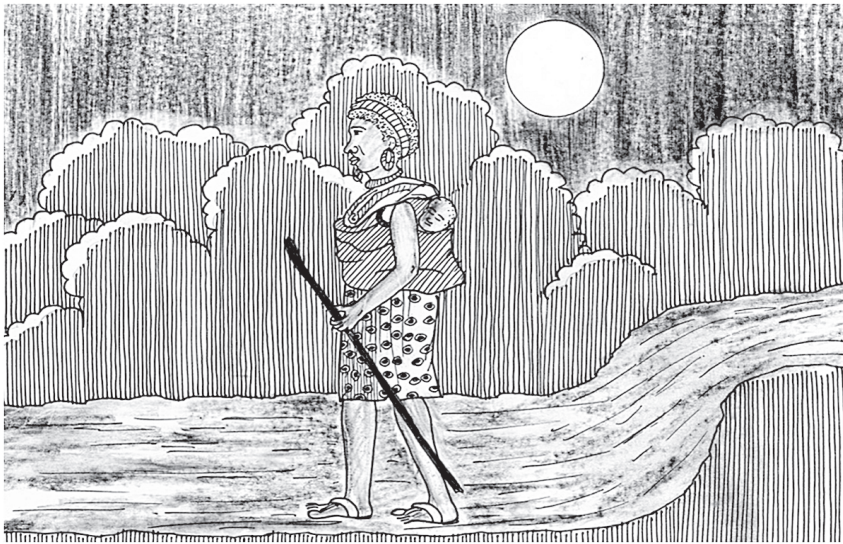
I never saw my mother, to know her as such, more than four or five times in my life; and each of these times was very short in duration, and at night. She was hired by a Mr. Stewart, who lived about twelve miles from my home. She made her journeys to see me in the night, travelling the whole distance on foot, after the performance of her day's work. She was a field hand, and a whipping is the penalty of not being in the field at sunrise, unless a slave has special permission from his or her master to the contrary – a permission which they seldom get, and one that gives to him that gives it the proud name of being a kind master. I do not recollect of ever seeing my mother by the light of day. She was with me in the night. She would lie

down with me, and get me to sleep, but long before I waked she was gone. Very little communication ever took place between us. Death soon ended what little we could have while she lived, and with it her hardships and suffering. She died when I was about seven years old, on one of my master's farms, near Lee's Mill. I was not allowed to be present during her illness, at her death, or burial. She was gone long before I knew anything about it. Never having enjoyed, to any considerable extent, her soothing presence, her tender and watchful care, I received the tidings of her death with much the same emotions I should have probably felt at the death of a stranger.

Called thus suddenly away, she left me without the slightest intimation of who my father was. The whisper that my master was my father, may or may not be true; and, true or false, it is of but little consequence to my purpose whilst the fact remains, in all its glaring odiousness, that slaveholders have ordained, and by law established, that the children of slave women shall in all cases follow the condition of their mothers; and this is done too obviously to administer to their own lusts, and make a gratification of their wicked desires profitable as well as pleasurable; for by this cunning arrangement, the slaveholder, in cases not a few, sustains to his slaves the double relation of master and father.

I know of such cases; and it is worthy of remark that such slaves invariably suffer greater hardships, and have more to contend with, than others. They are, in the first place, a constant offence to their mistress. She is ever disposed to find fault with them; they can seldom do anything to please her; she is never better pleased than when she sees them under the lash, especially when she suspects her husband of showing to his mulatto children favors which he withholds from his black slaves. The master is frequently compelled to sell this class of his slaves, out of deference to the feelings of his white wife; and, cruel as the deed may strike any one to be, for a man to sell his own children to human flesh-mongers, it is often the dictate of humanity

for him to do so; for, unless he does this, he must not only whip them himself, but must stand by and see one white son tie up his brother, of but few shades darker complexion than himself, and ply the gory lash to his naked back; and if he lisp one word of disapproval, it is set down to his parental partiality, and only makes a bad matter worse, both for himself and the slave whom he would protect and defend.



I have had two masters. My first master's name was Anthony. I do not remember his first name. He was generally called Captain Anthony – a title which, I presume, he acquired by sailing a craft on the Chesapeake Bay. He was not considered a rich slaveholder. He owned two or three farms, and about thirty slaves. His farms and slaves were under the care of an overseer. The overseer's name was Plummer. Mr. Plummer was a miserable drunkard, a profane swearer, and a savage monster. He always went armed with a cowskin and a heavy cudgel. I have known him to cut and slash the women's heads so horribly, that even master would be enraged at his cruelty, and would threaten to whip him if he did not mind himself. Master, however, was not a humane slaveholder. It required

extraordinary barbarity on the part of an overseer to affect him. He was a cruel man, hardened by a long life of slaveholding. He would at times seem to take great pleasure in whipping a slave. I have often been awakened at the dawn of day by the most heart-rending shrieks of an own aunt of mine, whom he used to tie up to a joist, and whip upon her naked back till she was literally covered with blood. No words, no tears, no prayers, from his gory victim, seemed to move his iron heart from its bloody purpose. The louder she screamed, the harder he whipped; and where the blood ran fastest, there he whipped longest. He would whip her to make her scream, and whip her to make her hush; and not until overcome by fatigue, would he cease to swing the blood-clotted cowskin. ... It was a most terrible spectacle.

From my earliest recollection, I date the entertainment of a deep conviction that slavery would not always be able to hold me within its foul embrace; and in the darkest hours of my career in slavery, this living word of faith and spirit of hope departed not from me, but remained like ministering angels to cheer me through the gloom. This good spirit was from God, and to him I offer thanksgiving and praise.

Glossary

Tuckahoe, Hillsborough,

Easton, Talbot County,

Maryland	:	Places in the south of the U.S.A
cowskin (n)	:	a whip made of raw cow hide
cudgel (n)	:	a short, thick stick of wood

joist (n)	:	a long, thick piece of wood, steel or concrete which is used in buildings to support a floor or ceiling (ಕಂಬ)
slaveholder (n)	:	white owner of slaves
mulatto (n)	:	a person with one black parent and one white parent

Comprehension

- I.
 1. What prevented the slaves from knowing their birth days?
 2. How would the master look at the enquiries about the slaves' birthday?
 3. What was whispered about Douglass' parentage?
 4. When was Douglass separated from his mother?
 5. Douglass' mother was able to meet him only at
 6. What was the penalty to the field hand for not being in the field at sunrise?
 7. How old was Douglass when he lost his mother?
 8. Name the person who was believed to be both Douglass' father and master.
 9. What was Mr. Plummer ?
- II.
 1. Why wasn't Douglass affected much by his mother's death?
- III.
 1. What kind of hardships did the slaves suffer at the hands of the slave holder and his mistress?
 2. How does the passage comment on the dreadful experience of slavery?

3. In spite of the hardships he suffered as a slave, why does the author say, "slavery would not always be able to hold me within its foul embrace"?

Vocabulary

Phrasal Verbs

A phrasal verb is the combination of a verb + a particle (preposition or adverb) resulting in a new word. The new unit gives a different meaning from the two separate words.

Use the verbs in column A with the right prepositional particles in column B to form as many phrasal verbs as possible. Find out the meanings with the help of a dictionary and make your own sentences.

A	B
act , ask, break, bail, call, drop, look, pick, lock, check, Keep, make , run, settle, step, put, walk, turn, carry, fall, let, hang, cut, come, take,	in, on, out, off, down, up, through, around

Example: act out, make out, walk in, step up

Suggested Reading

1. ಕತ್ತಲನು ತ್ರಿಶೂಲ ಹಿಡಿದ ಕತೆ – ಕುಂ. ವೀರಭದ್ರಪ್ಪ
2. ಊರುಕೇರಿ – ಸಿದ್ದಲಿಂಗಯ್ಯ
3. ಎದೆಗೆ ಬಿದ್ದ ಅಕ್ಷರ – ದೇವನೂರ ಮಹಾದೇವ
4. An address delivered in Rochester, New York on 5th July, 1852
by Frederick Douglass
5. 'I have a Dream' : A speech by Martin Luther King Jr.

11. An Old Woman

Arun Kolatkar

Pre-reading Activity

Have you ever visited a tourist place/pilgrim centre? What fascinates you there?

Is it the buildings, landscape or people? Share your opinion with your friends.



An old woman grabs
hold of your sleeve
and tags along.

She wants a fifty paise coin.
She says she will take you
to the horseshoe shrine.

You've seen it already.
She hobbles along anyway
and tightens her grip on your shirt

She won't let you go.
You know how old women are.
They stick to you like a burr.

You turn around and face her
with an air of finality.
You want to end the farce.

When you hear her say,
'What else can an old woman do
on hills as wretched as these?'

You look right at the sky.
Clear through the bullet holes
she has for her eyes.

And as you look on,
the cracks that begin around her eyes
spread beyond her skin.

And the hills crack.
And the temples crack.
And the sky falls

With a plateglass clatter
around the shatterproof crone
who stands alone.

And you are reduced
to so much small change
in her hand.

A Note on the Poet



Arun Kolatkar (ಅರುಣ್ ಕೋಲಟ್ಕರ್) (1932-2004) was educated in Mumbai where he worked as a graphic artist. A winner of the Commonwealth Poetry Prize, Kolatkar has contributed to 'Kavi', 'Opinion Literary Review', 'New Writing in India' and 'The Shell and The Rain'. He is a bilingual poet and has translated Marathi poems. This poem is selected from 'Jejuri', a collection of his poems.

Glossary

Jejuri (n)	:	a temple town in Maharashtra
horseshoe shrine	:	The legend goes that Khandoba carried Banai from her father's house on a blue horse; the horse leapt across the hill and hit the ground so hard that the horseshoe dug into the side of the hill; also a shrine at Jejuri.
burr (n)	:	seed container of some plants which is covered in small hooks that stick to clothes ; (here) a person who forces his or her company on others ; ಪೀಡೆ
air of finality	:	as if put an end to the matter
crone (n)	:	ugly old woman

Comprehension

- I. 1. 'You' in the poem refers to
- the speaker.
 - the passerby.
 - the reader.
 - anyone.
2. What does the old woman offer to do?
3. What does she expect for her service?
4. The lines, '*You turn around and face her with an air of finality*' suggest that he decided to
- give her a fifty paise coin and get rid of her.
 - allow her to take him to the shrine.
 - end the farce.
5. The old woman's eyes are compared to _____.
6. 'you are reduced
to so much small change
in her hand.'

Here, the speaker is suggesting that

- one is reduced to an insignificant position.
 - one feels that one is being cheated.
 - one feels a change in one's personality.
- II. 1. How is the plight of the old woman depicted in the poem?
2. The old woman in the poem is a self appointed tourist guide, not a beggar. Do you agree? Give reasons.
3. How does the speaker's attitude undergo a change?
- III. 1. 'The old woman reduces the self esteem of the speaker and makes him feel that he is nothing more than "so much small change".' Comment.

2. What is the speaker trying to convey through the lines
'And the hills crack, And the temples crack, And the sky falls'?
3. Bring out the significance of the phrase 'cracks around her eyes' in relation to the description of the woman as 'shatter proof crone'.

Extended activity

"Work Builds, Charity Destroys" is a slogan coined by Baba Amte. Collect information about Baba Amte and how he helped social outcasts 'to help themselves'.

Suggested reading

1. The Leech Gatherer – William Wordsworth
2. Somebody's Mother – Merry Dow Brine

12. Two Gentlemen of Verona

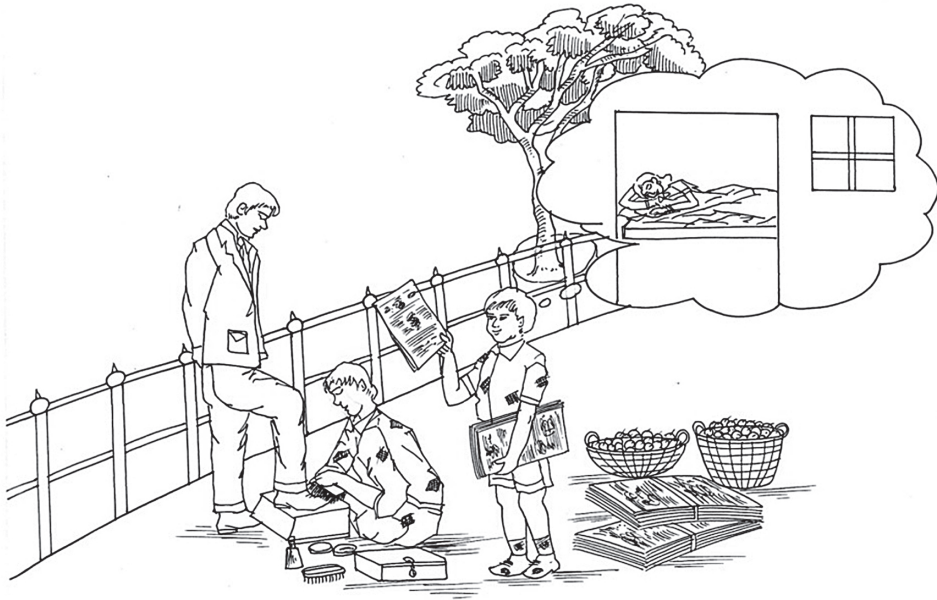
A.J. Cronin

Pre-reading Activity

What words / phrases come to your mind when you think of the qualities of a 'gentleman'?

For instance, well dressed, courteous, soft-spoken.....

Discuss in what way these words are an appropriate description of a gentleman.



As we drove through the foothills of the Alps, two small boys stopped us on the outskirts of Verona. They were selling wild strawberries, bright scarlet berries that looked delicious against the dark-green leaves lining the wicker basket.

"Don't buy," warned Luigi, our cautious driver. "You will get fruit much better in Verona. Besides, these boys....." He shrugged his shoulders to convey his disapproval of their shabby appearance.

One boy had on a worn jersey and cut-off khaki pants; the other a shortened army tunic gathered in loose folds about his skinny frame. Yet, gazing at the two little figures, with their brown skins, tangled hair and dark earnest eyes, we felt ourselves strangely attracted. My companion spoke to the boys, discovered that they were brothers. Nicola, the elder, was thirteen; Jacopo, who barely came up to the door handle of the car, was nearly twelve. We bought their biggest basket, then set off toward town.

Verona is a lovely city, rich in history, with quiet medieval streets and splendid buildings of an exquisite pale honey colour. Romeo and Juliet are reputed to have lived there. Bombed in the recent war, it has lost its bridges, but not its gaiety or charm.

Next morning, coming out of our hotel, we drew up short. There, bent over shoeshine boxes beside the fountain in the public square, doing a brisk business were our two young friends of the previous afternoon.

We watched for a few moments; then as trade slackened, we went over. They greeted us with friendly faces.

"I thought you picked fruit for a living," I said.

"We do many things, sir," Nicola answered seriously. He glanced at us hopefully. "Often we show visitors through the town ... to Juliet's tomb... and other places of interest."

"All right," I smiled. "You take us along."

As we made the rounds, my interest was again provoked by their remarkable demeanour. They were childish enough, and in many ways quite artless. Jacopo, although his lips were paler than they

should have been, was lively as a squirrel. Nicola's smile was steady and engaging. Yet in both these boyish faces there was a seriousness which one respected, an air of purpose far beyond their years.

In the week which followed we saw them frequently, for they proved extremely useful to us. If we wanted a pack of American cigarettes, or seats for the opera, or the name of a good restaurant that could provide good ravioli, Nicola and Jacopo could be relied upon to satisfy our needs, with their usual cheerful competence.

What struck one most was their unrelenting willingness to work. During these summer days, under the hot sun, and in the long evenings when the air blew chill from the mountains, they shined shoes, sold fruit, hawked newspapers, conducted tourists round the town, ran errands, exploited every avenue which the troubled economy of the town left open to them.

One night, we came upon them in the windy and deserted square, resting on the stone pavement beneath the pale arc lights. Nicola sat upright, his face drawn by fatigue. A bundle of unsold newspapers lay at his feet, while Jacopo, his head pillowed upon his brother's shoulder, was asleep. It was nearly midnight.

"Why are you out so late, Nicola?"

He had started sharply as I spoke, but now he gave me his quiet, independent glance.

"Waiting for the last bus from Padua. We shall sell all our papers when it comes in."

"Must you keep at it so hard? You both look rather tired."

"We are not complaining, sir."

His tone, while perfectly polite, discouraged further inquiry. But next morning, when I went over to the fountain to have my shoes shined, I said, 'Nicola, the way you and Jacopo work, you must earn

quite a bit. You spend nothing on clothes. You eat little enough - when I see you having a meal it's usually black bread and figs. Tell me, what do you do with your money?"

He coloured deeply under his sunburn, then grew pale. His gaze fell to the ground.

'You must be saving up to emigrate to America.' I suggested.

He looked at me sideways, spoke with an effort.

"We should greatly like to go to the States. But here, at present, we have other plans."

"What plans?" He smiled uncomfortably, with that remote air which never failed to baffle me.

'Just plans, sir,' he answered in a low voice.

"Well," I said, "we're leaving on Monday. Is there anything I can do for you before we go?"

Nicola shook his head, but suddenly Jacopo's nostrils quivered like a puppy's and he piped up eagerly.

"Sir," he burst out, "every Sunday we make a visit to the country, to Poleta, 30 kilometres from here. Usually we hire bicycles. But tomorrow, since you are so kind, you might send us in your car."

I had already told Luigi he might have the Sunday off.

However, I answered, "I'll drive you out myself."

There was a pause. Nicola was glaring at his young brother in vexation.

"We could not think of troubling you, sir."

"It won't be any trouble." He bit his lip, then, in a rather put out tone, he said, "Very well."

The following afternoon we drove to the tiny picturesque village set high upon the hillside amidst sheltering chestnut groves with a few pines on the upper slopes and a deep blue lake beneath. I imagined that our destinations would be some humble dwelling. But, directed by Jacopo's shrill treble, we drew up at a large red-roofed villa, surrounded by a high stone wall. I could scarcely believe my eyes and before I could recover breath my two passengers had leaped nimbly from the car.

"We shall not be long, sir. Perhaps only an hour. May be you'd like to go to the cafe in the village for a drink?" They disappeared beyond the corner of the wall. When a few minutes had elapsed I followed. I found a grilled side-entrance and, determinedly, rang the bell.

A pleasant-looking woman with a ruddy complexion and steel-rimmed spectacles appeared. I blinked as I saw that she was dressed in the white uniform of a trained nurse.

"I just brought two small boys here."

"Ah, yes." Her face lit up; she opened the door to admit me. "Nicola and Jacopo. I will take you up."

She led me through a cool, tiled vestibule into the hospital — for hospital the villa had become. We traversed a waxed and polished corridor between well-equipped wards. We went upstairs to a southern balcony which opened to a vista of the gardens and the lake. On the threshold of a little cubicle the nurse paused, put her fingers to her lips, and with a smile bade me look through the glass partition. The two boys were seated at the bedside of a girl of about twenty who, propped up on pillows, wearing a pretty lace jacket, was listening to their chatter, her eyes soft and tender. Despite the faint flush high upon her cheekbones and the queer inertness of her postures, one could discern at a glance her resemblance to her brothers. A vase of wild flowers stood on her table, beside a dish of fruit and several books.

"Won't you go in?" the nurse murmured. "Lucia will be pleased to see you."

I shook my head and turned away. I felt I could not bear to intrude upon this happy family party. But at the foot of the staircase I drew up and begged her to tell me all she knew about these boys.

She was eager to do so. They were, she explained, quite alone in the world, except for this sister, Lucia. Their father, a widower, a well-known singer at *La Scala*, had been killed in the early part of the war. Shortly afterward a bomb had destroyed their home and thrown the three children into the streets. They had always known a comfortable and cultured life - Lucia had herself been training as a singer — and they had suffered horribly from near starvation and exposure to the cold Veronese winter.

For months they had barely kept themselves alive in a sort of shelter they built with their own hands amidst the rubble. Then the German Elite Guard established headquarters in Verona and for three dreadful years ruled the city with ruthless severity. The boys grew to hate those harsh, unwanted masters and when the resistance movement began secretly to form, they were among the first to join. It was not a matter of 'playing war'. Their extreme youth and insignificant size, added to an intimate knowledge of the neighbouring hills, made them immensely valuable. They were used to carry messages to the forces of liberation and, more dangerous still, to ferret out information on the movements of the German troops.

The good nurse broke off, her eyes moist, then with even deeper feeling she went on.

"I need not tell you how fine they were, these infants. How they went in the darkness; through the mountain passes with letters in their shoes which might cause them to be shot, and when it was all

over, and we had peace at last, they came back to their beloved sister. And they found her.....suffering from tuberculosis of the spine, contracted during the miseries of the war."

She paused, took a quick breath.

"Did they give up? I do not have to answer that question. They brought her here, persuaded us to take her into the hospital. In the twelve months she has been our patient, she has made good progress. There is every hope that one day she will walk -and sing - again."

"Of course, everything is so difficult now, food so scarce and dear, we could not keep going unless we charged a fee. But every week, Lucia's brothers have made their payment." She added simply, "I don't know what they do, I do not ask. Work is scarce in Verona. But whatever it is, I know they do it well."

"Yes," I agreed. "They couldn't do it better."

I waited outside until the boys rejoined me, then drove them back to the city. They sat beside me, not speaking, in a mood of quiet contentment. For my part, I did not say a word — I knew they would prefer to feel that they had safely kept their secret. Yet this silent epic of youthful devotion had touched me deeply. War, with its attendant horrors, had not broken their spirit. And, if an untimely maturity had been forced upon them, at least they had accepted it with dignity and courage. Their selfless action brought a new nobility to human life, gave promise of a greater hope for human society.

A Note on the Author



Archibald Joseph Cronin (born July 19, 1896, Cardross, Dumbartonshire, Scotland-died Jan. 6, 1981, Montreux, Switzerland.), was a Scottish novelist and physician whose works combining realism with social criticism won a large Anglo-American readership.

Glossary

Verona (n)	:	a city in Italy, Romeo and Juliet are believed to have lived here
The Alps (n)	:	a mountain range in Europe
strawberry (n)	:	a kind of fruit
worn (adj)	:	old and damaged
tunic (n)	:	a loose outer garment that does not have sleeves
slacken (v)	:	gradually become less
demeanour (n)	:	appearance and behaviour
artless (adj)	:	innocent; one who does not think of deceiving others
opera (n)	:	a musical drama
ravioli (n)	:	an Italian dish called pasta filled with meat or cheese
vestibule (n)	:	small enclosed area on the front of a house
cubicle (n)	:	a very small enclosed area
put out (adj)	:	offended, annoyed, upset
hawk (v)	:	to try to sell things by going from place to place asking people to buy them

Comprehension

- I. 1. Where does the narrator first meet the two boys?
2. Why doesn't the driver approve of the narrator buying fruit from the two boys? Does he succeed?
3. List the different things that the boys did to earn their living.
4. In spite of working hard and earning money, the two boys still looked poor because
- a. they were saving money to go to America.
 - b. they had other plans.
 - c. wanted to save the money for medical expenses.
5. What qualities in the two boys attracted the narrator?
6. Nicola was not pleased when Jacopo asked the narrator to drive them to Poleta as he
- a. did not want a stranger to become involved with their plans.
 - b. preferred going to Poleta by train so that he could enjoy the scenery.
 - c. did not want to ask anyone for favours.
 - d. did not want to take help from someone he did not know well.
7. Why did the two boys go to Poleta and why did they want the narrator not to follow them?
8. The narrator did not follow the boys because
- a. he was not invited to join them.
 - b. he was not interested in knowing what the boys were upto.
 - c. he wanted to respect their privacy.
9. What had made the two boys and their sister homeless?
10. What does the narrator learn from Lucia's nurse?

11. The author did not speak to the boys on their return journey because he thought
 - a. the boys would prefer to keep their secret.
 - b. the boys were ashamed of their sister's condition.
 - c. they wouldn't tell him the truth.
 - d. the boys might ask him for money for their sister's treatment.
- II.
 1. In what different ways were the boys useful to the narrator?
 2. What do you understand about the boys' character from their action and behaviour?
 3. The boys are evasive in disclosing their plan to the narrator in the story because
 - a. they thought he could never understand their plight.
 - b. they did not want to share their problem with a stranger.
 - c. they did not want to gain anybody's sympathy.
- III.
 1. Do you think the ending comes to you as a surprise? Why?
 2. Had you been in the place of the narrator would you have behaved differently?
 3. 'Appearances are deceptive.' How does the story bring out this idea?
 4. 'War may destroy one's home but not one's heart.' Discuss the statement with reference to the story of the two boys.
 5. Do you think the story is a telling comment on the true character of a gentleman? Elaborate.

Vocabulary

Collocations

A collocation is two or more words that often go together. These combinations just sound “right” to native English speakers, who use them all the time. On the other hand, other combinations may be inappropriate and just sound “wrong”.

Look at these examples:

Appropriate Usage	Inappropriate Usage
the fast train fast food	the quick train quick food
a quick shower a quick meal	a fast shower a fast meal

Underline the collocations in the following sentences:

- Nicola and Jacopo were not well dressed.
- We entered a richly decorated room.
- Are you fully aware of the implications of your action?
- The doctor ordered him to take regular exercise.
- The Titanic sank on its maiden voyage.
- The nurse whom the narrator met was soft-spoken.
- Let's give Mr. Douglass a round of applause.
- The ceasefire agreement came into effect at 11am.
- I'd like to buy two bars of soap please.
- The prisoner was hanged for committing murder.
- I always try to do my homework in the morning, after making my bed.

PUC I YEAR

12. The scientist has been asked to give a presentation about his work.
13. The boys had to return home because they had run out of money.
14. At first the nurse's eyes filled with horror, and then she burst into tears.
15. The old woman placed her keys gently on the table and sat down.
16. Anil whispered softly in Basu's ear.
17. I vaguely remember that it was growing dark when we left.

Suggested Reading

1. Huckleberry Finn - Mark Twain
2. David Copperfield - Charles Dickens
2. ಬೆಟ್ಟದ ಹೂ (ಕನ್ನಡ ಚಲನಚಿತ್ರ)

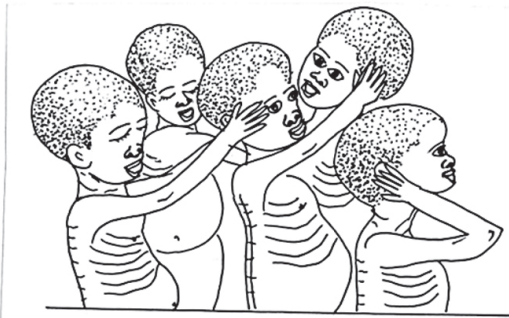
13. Do not Ask of Me, My Love

Faiz Ahmad Faiz

Pre-reading Activity

Which of the following images / words would you associate with love poetry?

Red rose, bleeding wounds, misty mountain, deserts, river, beggars...



Do not ask of me, my love,
that love I once had for you.

There was a time when
life was bright, and young and blooming,
and your sorrow was much more than
any other pain.

Your beauty gave the Spring everlasting youth;
your eyes, yes your eyes were everything,
all else was vain.

While you were with me, I thought, the world was mine.
Though now I know that it was an illusion
that's the way I imagined it to be;
for there are other sorrows in the world than love,
and other pleasures, too.

Do not ask of me, my love,
that love I once had for you!

Woven in silk and satin and brocade,
those dark and brutal curses of countless centuries:
bodies bathed in blood, smeared with dust,
sold from market-place to market-place,
bodies risen from the cauldron of diseases
pus dripping from their festering sores –
my eyes must also turn to these.

You're beautiful still, my love
but I'm helpless too;
for there are other sorrows in the world than love,
and other pleasures too.
Do not ask of me, my love,
that love I once had for you!

Translated from Urdu by **Shaheen Sultan Dhanji**

A Note on the Poet



Faiz Ahmad Faiz (1911-1984) was born in Sialkot, Punjab. He was an intellectual, revolutionary poet and one of the most famous poets of Urdu language from Pakistan. His varied career as a teacher, army officer, journalist, political leader, trade unionist and as a brilliant poet won him a wide audience. A rising figure and notable member of the Progressive Writers' Movement (PWM), Faiz was a recipient of Lenin Peace Prize by the Soviet Union in 1962. He was, nevertheless, inspired by South Asia's Sufi traditions. His birth centenary was celebrated in 2011. He was the only person from Pakistan to fly down much against his government's wish to attend Gandhi's funeral.

Glossary

blooming (v)	:	to flower (ಅರಳುವುದು)
satin (n)	:	glossy silk or rayon fabric
brocade (n)	:	decorative cloth with a raised pattern of gold or silver threads (ಜರತಾರಿ ಕಸೂತಿ)
fester (v)	:	cut or wound to become infected
sores (n)	:	infected place on the body (ಹುಣ್ಣು)
cauldron (n)	:	a large round open metal pot (ಹಂಡೆ, ಕಡಾಯಿ)
pus (n)	:	a thin yellowish liquid produced in an infected wound (ಕೀವು)

Comprehension

- I. 1. When does the speaker realise what he thought about love was not true?

2. 'That's the way I imagined it to be.' suggests
 - a. that the speaker's concept of love is naive.
 - b. the speaker's realisation of realities.
 - c. the speaker's view of love was just a wishful thinking.
 3. 'for there are other sorrows in the world than love,' here 'sorrows' refers to miseries
 - a. generated by love
 - b. caused by poverty and deprivation.
 - c. caused by jealousy and envy.
 4. 'You are beautiful still, my love.' Here the speaker is expressing his
 - a. fidelity to his love.
 - b. inability to pay the same undivided attention to his love.
 - c. preoccupations with other issues in life than his love.
- II.**
1. What does the line 'those dark and brutal curses of countless centuries' suggest?
 2. What harsh realities of life have drawn the speaker's attention much more than the beauty of his beloved?
 3. What transformation in the perception of love do you see in the poem?
- III.**
1. At the end of the poem we feel 'the speaker does not love his beloved less, but the suffering humanity more'. Do you agree?
 2. Many critics have pointed out in this poem 'the beloved' means not just a lover but country and nationalism. With this observation, does the poem read differently?

Further Reading

ಕನ್ನಡ ಅನುವಾದ

ನನ್ನ ಮೆಹಬೂಬ್, ಮತ್ತೆ ಬೇಡಬೇಡ ಹಳೆಯ ರೀತಿಯ ಪ್ರೀತಿ
ಅಂದು ಹರಡಿತ್ತು ಬಾಳ ತುಂಬ ಬೆಳಕು ಭ್ರಮೆ ನಿನ್ನ ಪ್ರಭೆಯಲ್ಲಿ
ನಿನ್ನ ಬಯಸಿ ಬೇಯುವುದು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಬೇರೆ ನೋವೇನಿತ್ತು ಜಗದಲ್ಲಿ?
ನಿನ್ನ ಚಿರ ಚೆಲುವ ವಸಂತದ ಹೊನಲೇ ಇತ್ತು ನಾಲ್ಕು ದಿಕ್ಕಿನಲ್ಲಿ
ನೋಡಲು ಏನಿತ್ತು ನಿನ್ನ ಕಣ್ಣುಗಳ ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಈ ಲೋಕದಲ್ಲಿ?
ನೀನು ಕೈ ಹಿಡಿದಾಗ ವಿಧಿಯನ್ನೇ ಧಿಕ್ಕರಿಸುವ ಹುರುಪಿತ್ತು ಎದೆಯಲ್ಲಿ

ಆದರದೆಲ್ಲ ಹಾಗಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಇದ್ದದ್ದು ಇರಬೇಕೆಂಬ ಹಂಬಲವಷ್ಟೇ.
ಜಗವು ತುಂಬಿತುಳುಕಿದೆ ಪ್ರೀತಿ ವಿರಹ ಮೀರಿದ ನೋವು
ಪ್ರೇಮದಾಲಿಂಗನ ಸುಖವು ಮೀರಿದ ಸುಖದ ಕಾವು

ಬಂಗಾರದ ಕುಸುರಿಯ ನುಣುಪು ಮಕಮಲ್ಲಿನ ಜೊತೆಗಿದೆ
ಶತಮಾನಗಳ ಬರ್ಬರ ಹಿಂಸೆ, ಕೊಲೆ, ಹಸಿ ಸುಳ್ಳುಗಳ ರಾಶಿ.
ಸಂತೆ ಬೀದಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಬಿಕರಿಗೆ ನಿಂತಿವೆ

ಧೂಳಲಿ ಮಿಂದು ನೆತ್ತರಲಿ ನೆಂದ ನರಪೇತಗಳ ಸಾಲು ಸಾಲು.
ಸಾವಿರ ರೋಗ ಹೊತ್ತು ಸಾವಿನ ಮನೆಗೆ ಹೊರಟ ಮಂದಿಯ
ಎಂದೂ ಮಾಯದ ಹುಣ್ಣುಗಳಿಂದ ಒಸರಿದೆ ಎಡೆಬಿಡದೆ ಕೀವು

ಕುಂದಿಲ್ಲ ಇಂದಿಗೂ ನಿನ್ನ ಮನ ಸೆಳೆವ ಚೆಲುವ ಸೊಬಗು
ಆದರೇನು ಮಾಡಲಿ? ನಾನೇನು ಮಾಡಲಿ ಹೇಳು
ಹೊರಳುವುದು ನೋಟ ಆ ಘೋರ ದೃಶ್ಯಗಳೆಡೆಗೂ.
ಜಗವು ತುಂಬಿತುಳುಕಿದೆ ಪ್ರೀತಿ ವಿರಹ ಮೀರಿದ ನೋವು
ಪ್ರೇಮದಾಲಿಂಗನ ಸುಖವು ಮೀರಿದ ಸುಖದ ಕಾವು
ನನ್ನ ಮೆಹಬೂಬ್, ಮತ್ತೆ ಬೇಡಬೇಡ ಹಳೆಯ ರೀತಿಯ ಪ್ರೀತಿ

—ಬಾಗೇಶ್ವರಿ

Suggested Reading

1. Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam – Translated by FitzGerald
2. ಮೈಸೂರು ಮಲ್ಲಿಗೆ – ಕೆ. ಎಸ್. ನರಸಿಂಹಸ್ವಾಮಿ
3. ಪ್ರೀತಿ ಮತ್ತು ಕ್ರಾಂತಿ – ಫೈಜ್ ಅಹ್ಮದ್ ಫೈಜ್ ಅವರ ನೂರೇಂಟು ಕವನಗಳು : ಬಾಗೇಶ್ವರಿ
4. ಫೈಜ್ ನಾಮಾ – (ಸಂ) ಹಸನ್ ನಯೀಂ ಸುರಕೋಡ
5. ಅಂತರ್ಜಾಲ ತಾಣ – www.ghazal.in

Design of the Question Paper

A.	Length	Marks
a.	Very Short Answer (VSA) (a word / phrase / sentence)	57
b.	Paragraph Answer (middle-length 80 to 100 words)	37
c.	Long Answer (LA) (in about 200 words)	06
B. Level of Response (I to VII)		
a.	Easily Accessible	40
b.	Moderately Challenging	44
c.	Highly Challenging	16

C. Rationale to be followed in the Question Paper

Section I

This should contain 5 questions on poetry and 7 on prose including the play. No True /False questions shall be asked. When MCQs are used, care should be taken to see that only one answer is possible.

Section II

Ten questions are to be set here. Out of ten, 6 are to be set on prose units including the play and 4 are to be on poems. A student has to answer at least 3 questions on poems.

Section III

In this section 2 questions are to be set on prose units and one on poems. This question is aimed at testing the learner's critical and analytical approach.

Section IV

An unseen passage of moderate length is to be selected for this section. Ten questions on this passage are to be set. Out of these ten, five questions on the passage are to be set in order to test reading comprehension with factual questions. Out of the other five, three inferential questions and two questions on vocabulary items like prefix and suffix are to be set.

Section V

This section shall contain questions on the use of articles and prepositions, tense, subject-verb agreement, correction of errors, homophone, changing word class, jumbled segments and question forms.

Section VI

In this section questions on reference skill and letter writing shall be set. For testing reference skill, a variety of devices shall be used.

Section VII

This section is meant for testing the understanding of language functions.

Note : The blue print that precedes the model question papers is related to Model Question Paper No-1. The question paper setters are at liberty to make changes according to their choice adhering to the design of the question paper.

BLUE PRINT FOR I YEAR PUC QUESTION PAPER (Model -1)

Subject : English
Subject Code : 02

Max. Marks : 100

Time : 3 Hours 15 Minutes

Main Qn No.	Sub Qns.	Unit No.	Name of the Unit	Marks Allotted	Knowledge						Comprehension						Expression						Appreciation						Total Marks
					1	2	3	4	5	6	1	2	3	4	5	6	1	2	3	4	5	6	1	2	3	4	5	6	
I	1 to 12	1	The Gentlemen of the Jungle	1+4=5	1			1																					5
		2	The School Boy	1+4=5	1																								5
		3	Around a Medicinal Plant	1+4=5	1																								5
		4	Oru Manushyan	1+4=5	1																								5
		5	Money Madness	1	1																								1
II	13 to 22	6	Babar Ali	1+6=7	1																							1	
		7	If I was a Tree	6																								0	
		8	Watchman of the Lake	1+4+6=1																									11
		9	The Farmer's Wife	1+4=5	1																								5
		10	Frederick Douglass	1+4=5	1																								1
III	23	11	An Old Woman	1+4=5	1																							5	
		12	Two Gentlemen of Verona	1+4=5	1																							1	
		13	Do not Ask of Me, My Love	1+4=5	1																							5	
		IV 24 to 33	Passage	5	5																							5	
		A. 34	Articles & Prepositions	4	4																							4	
V		B. 35	Tense	4																								4	
		C. 36	Subject+Verb Agreement	3	3																							3	
		D. 37 & 38	Correction of Errors	2																								2	
		E. 39	Homophone	1	1																							1	
		40	Changing Word Class	1																								1	
VI		41	Jumbled Segments	1																								1	
		42 to 44	Question Forms	3																								3	
		A. 45	Reference Skill	4																								4	
		B. 46	Letter Writing	5																								5	
		A. 47	Expressions & Language Functions	5	5																							5	
VII		B. 48	Completing Dialogues	4																								4	
		C. 49	Dialogue Writing	3																								3	
				12	2																							100	
																												10	
																												120	

Model Question Paper – 1

First PU English

Time: 3 Hrs. 15 Min.

Max Marks: 100

Instructions

- a. Follow the prescribed limit while answering the questions.
- b. Write the correct question number as it appears on the question paper.
- c. One mark questions attempted more than once will be awarded zero.
- d. For multiple choice questions choose the correct answer and rewrite it.

I Answer the following in a word, a phrase or a sentence each.

12x1=12

1. Name one of the members appointed to the Commission of Enquiry in "The Gentlemen of the Jungle".
2. Mention one of the things that the speaker would like to do on a summer morning in "The School Boy".
3. When, according to the native doctors, would the medicines lose their potency?
4. How far was the big city from the narrator's home town in 'Oru Manushyan'?
5. Mention any one of the things which should be made available free of cost in "Money Madness".
6. How old was Babar Ali when he actually started his school?
7. Where according to Mara had Hanuman found 'sanjeevini' in "Watchman of the Lake"?
8. Who does 'you' refer to in 'The Farmer's Wife'?
9. Name the overseer who worked for captain Anthony in 'Frederick Douglass'.
10. What does the old woman offer the speaker in return for fifty paise.
11. Where did the narrator first meet Nicola and Jacopo?
12. What did the speaker consider much more than any other pain in "Do not ask of me, My Love"?

II Answer any eight of the following choosing at least two from poetry in a paragraph of 80-100 words each. 8x4=32

13. Narrate the incidents that led to the appointment of a 'Commission of Enquiry' in 'The Gentlemen of the Jungle'?
14. What does the speaker dislike about his school in, "The School Boy"?
15. How was Krishna cured of his illness in "Around a Medicinal Creeper"?
16. Describe the embarrassing experience undergone by the narrator in 'Oru Manushyan'.
17. What qualities of Mara, the watchman, do you appreciate? Why?
18. How is the speaker of the poem 'Do not Ask of me, My love' affected by the harsh realities of mankind?
19. Why does the farmer's widow resolve to live?
20. Give instance to show the ruthlessness of Mr. Plummer.
21. How does the speaker's attitude undergo a change in 'An Old Woman'?
22. What aspects of Nicola and Jacopo's character impressed the narrator?

III Answer one of the following in about 200 words. 1x6=6

23. Babar Ali's venture has transformed the lives of unprivileged children of his locality. Explain.

OR

Mara can be called 'a common man with uncommon determination'. Elucidate.-

OR

How does the poem, "If I was a Tree" bring out nature's acceptance of all its creatures as a contrast to man's rejection of his own kind?

IV Read the following passage and answer the questions set on it. 10x1=10

Lies can be divided into two types: white lies and black lies. A black lie is a statement we make that we know is false. A white lie is a statement we make that is not in itself false but that leaves out a significant part of the truth. The fact that a lie is white does not in itself make it less of a lie or any more excusable. White lies may be every bit as destructive as black ones. A government that withholds essential information from its people by censorship is no more democratic than one that speaks falsely. The woman who conveniently forgets to mention that she has used up all the money in the family bank account is no less guilty than if she had lied directly. Indeed, because it may seem less reprehensible, the withholding of essential information is the most common form of lying, and because it may be the more difficult to detect and confront, it is often even more pernicious than black-lying. White-lying is considered socially acceptable in many of our relationships because “we don’t want to hurt people’s feelings”. Yet we may bemoan the fact that our social relationships are generally superficial. Parents often feed their children white lies. This is not only considered acceptable but is thought to be loving and beneficent. Even husbands and wives who have been brave enough to be open with each other find it difficult often to be open with their children.

24. What are the two types of lies?
25. How does the author define a white lie?
26. According to the author, what is common to both types of lies?
27. Why is white lying more pernicious than black lying?
28. According to the passage, under what circumstance does a woman resort to white lying?
29. When is white lie considered socially acceptable?
30. Why does the author feel that our social relationships are superficial?

31. Government withholding essential information from the public by censorship is -*democratic*.

(Add a prefix to the italicized word to make it a meaningful sentence.)

32. Write the expression which means injurious / damaging in the paragraph.

33. White lying is _____

- a) considered immoral in our relationships.
- b) socially acceptable in our relationships.
- c) socially unacceptable in our relationships.

V.A. Fill in the blanks with appropriate articles and prepositions given in brackets. 1x4=4

34. I stayed in a small city. I made living teaching English migrant labourers. I worked nine in morning to nine at night.

(a, from, on, the, to, an)

B. Fill in the blanks with the suitable form of the verbs given in brackets. 1x4=4

35. The Commission met and the members..... (declare) that they (have, hear) sufficient evidence from both sides. They (announce) their verdict. Having heard it, the man (begin) to grumble.

C. Choose the correct form of the verb that agrees with the subject. 1x3=3

36. Babar Ali (live / lives) with his three siblings and his parents in a thatched house which (are / is) the size of an average city kitchen. His school (has/have) around 800 students.

D. Correct the following sentences and rewrite them. 2x1=2

37. My friend has find a new job.
38. I have bought a new pair of pant.

E. Rewrite as directed. 6x1=6

39. Mara chased the (dear/deer) that started running.
(Fill in the blank with appropriate word given in brackets.)
40. Babar Ali's example serves as an (inspire) for all of us.
(Complete the sentence with the right form of the word given in brackets.)
41. by / Mr. Stuart / she / was hired
(Rearrange the segments to form a meaningful sentence.)
42. It was quite a big city. (Add a question tag.)
43. The elephant thanked his friend.
(Change into a question beginning with the right form of 'do'.)
44. Hanuman found Sanjeevini on the crest of the mountain.
(Frame a question so as to get the underlined word as answer.)

VI. A. Refer to the following TV schedule and answer the questions set on it in one complete sentence each : 1x4=4

Channel	07-00	11-00	13-00	15-00	20-00	21-30
Chandana	Yoga	News	Light music	Serial	National News	Quiz
Animal Planet	Save Tigers	Indian Birds	Ecology Issues	Deep into the Sea	Man v/s Wild	River Monsters
ND TV	Today's Politics	Talk Show	Afternoon News	Interview	Delhi News	Karnataka Focus

45. a. Which channel would you watch to listen to music in the afternoon?
 b. Which of the channels telecasts a programme on the sea animals?
 c. When can you see quiz programme on Chandana?
 d. The channel that telecasts Delhi News is
 a. Chandana. b. ND TV. c. Animal Planet.

B. 46. Write a letter to The Coordinator, 'Learn English Institute' asking him about the English Speaking Courses they offer. Your Letter should include the following points. 1x5=5

- duration of the course
- fees for the course
- date of commencement

Note the Address : Burkit Road, T. Nagar, Chennai – 600 017

VII. A. Match the expression under column A to its corresponding language function under B: 1x5=5

A	B
Expressions	Functions
1. How do you do?	a. requesting
2. Could you please pass me the book?	b. greeting
3. You look stunning in these new clothes.	c. introducing
4. Meet my friend Ratan.	d. disagreeing
5. I beg to differ on this point.	e. complimenting

B. Complete the dialogue:**1x4=4**

48. Neha : HiMeera.
Meera : _____.
Neha : I'm fine. How are you?
Meera : _____.
Neha : Hey, you are carrying too many bags. Shall I carry one for you?
Meera : _____.
Neha : You're welcome! Which way should we go?
Meera : _____.

C. Dialogue Writing**3**

49. Ganesh has gone to Kolkota for the first time to attend a conference. He asks a stranger how to reach Shanti Durga college from the railway station. Write a dialogue between Ganesh and the stranger.

Model Question Paper – 2

First PU English

Time : 3 Hrs. 15 Min.

Max Marks : 100

Instructions

- a. Follow the prescribed limit while answering the questions.
- b. Write the correct question number as it appears on the question paper.
- c. One mark questions attempted more than once will be awarded zero.
- d. For multiple choice questions choose the correct answer and rewrite it.

I Answer the following in a word, a phrase or a sentence each.
12x1=12

1. Whom did the judgement favour in “The Gentlemen of the Jungle”?
2. What does ‘cage’ metaphorically refer to in the poem ‘The School boy’?
3. Mara tied the medicinal creeper to a nearby tree because
 - a) it could be easily located.
 - b) it needed the support of a tree.
 - c) he was asked to do so.
4. What did the narrator teach the migrant labourers in ‘Oru Manushyan’?
5. What is the speaker frightened of, in ‘Money Madness’?
6. Mention one of the volunteers who is associated with Babar Ali’s school.

7. Name the river mentioned in 'The Watchman of the Lake'.
8. What does the phrase 'The harvest of my womb' refer to in 'The Farmer's Wife'?
9. How old was Frederick Douglass when his mother died?
10. What did the old woman demand from the speaker for her service?
11. Nicola and Jacopo did all sorts of odd jobs in order to
 - a. emigrate to America.
 - b. pay for their sister's treatment.
 - c. become rich.
12. The speaker says 'Do not ask of me, my love, that love I once had for you.' Because,
 - a. his beloved is not as beautiful as she was.
 - b. he has realised that there are other sorrows around him demanding his attention.
 - c. he has found a more beautiful lady love.

II Answer any eight of the following choosing at least two from poems in a paragraph of 80-100 words each. 8x4=32

13. How did the man outwit 'The Gentleman of the Jungle'?
14. Why does the boy find school life uninteresting in 'The School Boy'?
15. What was the story behind Mara's loss of teeth in 'Around a Medicinal Creeper'?

16. How does the stranger come to the rescue of the narrator in 'Oru Manushyan'?
17. Bring out the contrast between suffering of mankind and beauty of mankind in 'Do Not Ask of Me, My Love'?
18. What does Mara the watchman, reveal to the king on the night of the storm?
19. How does the farmer's wife resolve to live?
20. Give an account of how Babar Ali's school grew out of a game.
21. Describe the role played by Nicola and Jacopo during the war.
22. Why does the speaker prefer to be a tree?

III Answer one of the following in about 200 words. 1x6=6

23. Why wasn't Frederick Douglass affected by his mother's death?

OR

Comment on the collective money madness as described in the poem 'Money Madness'.

OR

Nicola and Jacopo bring nobility to human life. Explain with reference to 'Two Gentlemen of Verona'.

IV Read the following passage and answer the questions set on it.

10x1=10

Many years ago in a small Indian village, a farmer had the misfortune of owing a large sum of money to a village moneylender. The moneylender, who was old and ugly, fancied the farmer's beautiful daughter. So he proposed a bargain. He said he would forgo the farmer's debt if he could marry the farmer's daughter. Both the farmer and his daughter were horrified by the proposal.

So the cunning moneylender suggested that they let providence decide the matter.

He told them that he would put a black pebble and a white pebble into an empty money bag. Then the girl would have to pick one pebble from the bag. If she picked the black pebble, she would become his wife and her father's debt would be written off. If she picked the white pebble she need not marry him and her father's debt would still be written off. But if she refused to pick a pebble, her father would be thrown into jail.

They were standing on a pebble-strewn path in the farmer's field. As they talked, the moneylender bent over to pick up two pebbles. As he picked them up, the sharp-eyed girl noticed that he had picked up two black pebbles.

The girl put her hand into the money bag and drew out a pebble. Without looking at it, she fumbled and let it fall onto the pebble-strewn path where it immediately became lost among all the other pebbles.

"Oh, how clumsy of me," she said. "But never mind, if you look into the bag for the one that is left, you will be able to tell which pebble I picked. "

Since the remaining pebble is black, it must be assumed that she had picked the white one. And since the moneylender dared not admit his dishonesty, the girl changed what seemed an impossible situation into an extremely advantageous one.

24. What was the misfortune of the farmer?
25. Which proposal of the moneylender horrified the farmer and his daughter?
26. How could the girl save her father?
27. What trick did moneylender play while putting the stones into the bag?

28. What did the girl do with the pebble she had taken out from the bag?
29. "An impossible situation was changed into an advantageous one" by
- a) the act of providence.
 - b) the cleverness of the girl.
 - c) chance.
30. Choose the word from the passage which suggests that the girl had keen observation.
31. Add a prefix to the word 'honesty' to form its antonym.
32. The expression "written off" means
- a) already written.
 - b) cancelled.
 - c) repaid.
33. The moneylender's (suggest) _____ was accepted by the farmer.

(Fill in the blank by adding a suitable suffix to the word given in brackets.)

V.A. Fill in the blanks with appropriate articles and prepositions given in brackets. 1x4=4

34. Babar wakes up every morning 7 and starts his day doing some house hold chores. Then he takes autorikshaw first and later walks to school where he is a class XII student.

(a, an, by, the, at, on)

B. Fill in the blanks with the suitable form of the verbs given in brackets. 1x4=4

35. The Goddess stood before me. Her tresses (be) wild, her eyes (gleam) with a strange light; she (carry) a sword in her hand. She (have, splash) her forehead with vermillion.

C. Choose the correct form of the verb that agrees with the subject. 1x3=3

36. The narrator (is/ are) a wanderer. He (live/ lives) in a dingy room. He (has/ have) only fourteen rupees as his life's savings.

D. Correct the following sentences and rewrite them. 2x1=2

37. One of the boy was 12 years old.
38. When did you came?

E. Rewrite as directed. 6x1=6

39. The narrator could not (bear/ bare) the humiliation.
(Fill in the blank with appropriate word given in brackets.)
40. The (separate) of mother and child was inevitable.
(Complete the sentence with the right form of the word given in brackets.)
41. religion / man's / true / is / education
(Rearrange the segments to form a meaningful sentence.)
42. The narrator was asked to accompany the man.
(Add a question tag.)
43. She walked miles at night to see her child.
(Change into a question beginning with the right form of 'do'.)

44. The German Elite Guard established headquarters in Verona.
(Frame a question so as to get the underlined word as answer.)

VI.A. Refer to the following list of events and answer the questions set on it. **1x4=4**

College Union Day

Event	Time
Inaugural	09:00 am to 11:00 am
Prize Distribution	11:00 am to 12:15 pm
Cultural Programmes	a) Songs and Dance 12-15 pm to 02:00 pm b) Lunch Break 02:00 pm to 03:00 pm c) Fish Pond 03:00 pm to 04:00 pm

45. i) How long will the inaugural event last?
 ii) When will the prize distribution begin?
 iii) The cultural programmes will take place
 a) in the morning. b) in the afternoon. c) at night.
 iv) What is the time allotted for fish pond?
- B. 46.** Write a letter to the principal of Sarvodaya Vidyalaya, inviting him/her and the staff to attend the Cultural Day Programme of your college. Your letter should contain the following points. **1x5=5**
- date and time of programme
 - venue of the programme
 - list of a few items in the programme

VII. A. Match the expression under column A to its corresponding language function under B: **1x5=5**

47. A	B
Expressions	Functions
1. Hello, Good Morning.	a. expressing sympathy
2. Shankar, this is Mahesh.	b. greeting
3. Thank you so much.	c. introducing
4. What a pity!	d. expressing gratitude
5. What you say may be right, but..	e. disagreeing

B. 48. Complete the dialogue: **1x4=4**

Customer :, I've got a complaint to make.
 Manager : Tell me,?
 Customer : I've been waiting for the past twenty minutes but no one seems to attend to this table.
 Manager : I'll send someone at once.
 Customer :

C. 49. Dialogue Writing **1x3=3**

Naveen has won the championship at the district level athletics meet. His friend Kiran compliments him. Write a dialogue between Naveen and Kiran. The dialogue should cover the following points:

- About his training
- About his victory

Mini Dictionary

abuse	(n)	the use of something in a way that is wrong or harmful, ದುರುಪಯೋಗ ಮಾಡು
adequate	(adj)	good enough in quantity or quality, ತಕ್ಕಯಥೋಚಿತ
adjacent	(adj)	next to or near something
adjoining	(adj)	being next to or joined to something, ಪಕ್ಕದ, ನೆರೆಯ
afford	(v)	to be able to buy or do something
ailment	(n)	an illness that is not very serious, ಕಾಯಿಲೆ
annoy	(v)	to make somebody slightly angry
arc	(n)	part of a circle or curved line, ಅರ್ಧಚಂದ್ರಾಕೃತಿ, ಕಮಾನು
artery	(n)	the tubes that carry blood from the heart to other parts of the body, ಧಮನಿ
artisanship	(n)	craftsmanship, ಶಿಲ್ಪ ಕೌಶಲ
authentic	(adj)	true and accurate, ನಂಬಬಹುದಾದ
band	(n)	a group, ಕೂಟ, ಪಡೆ, ದಳ
barbarity	(n)	behaviour that deliberately causes extreme pain or suffering to others, ಅಮಾನುಷ ಕ್ರೌರ್ಯ
bask	(v)	to enjoy sitting in the light and heat of something especially the sun, ಬಿಸಿಲು ಕಾಯಿಸು
batter	(v)	to hit hard
bear	(v)	to endure, ಸಹಿಸು

bias	(n)	a strong feeling in favour of or against one group or people, ಪೂರ್ವಾಗ್ರಹ
	(v)	to unfairly influence somebody's opinion or decision
blast	(n)	a sudden strong movement of air, ಬಿರುಸು ಗಾಳಿ
blunt	(adj)	without a sharp edge or point, ಮೊಂಡ
bitter	(adj)	feeling angry or unhappy, ಕಹಿ ಭಾವನೆಯುಳ್ಳ
bosom	(n)	a woman's chest, ವಕ್ಷ
brutal	(adj)	violent and cruel, ಅಮಾನುಷ
bullet	(n)	a small metal object that is fired from a gun, ಗುಂಡು
burial	(n)	ceremony of burying a dead body, ಶವಸಂಸ್ಕಾರ
bustling	(adj)	full of people moving about in a busy way
cane	(n)	the hard hollow stem, eg. bamboo
cease	(v)	to stop something from happening or existing
churn	(v)	to mix something, especially a liquid, with great force
clench	(v)	to hold something firmly and tightly with fingers, ಮುಷ್ಟಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಹಿಡಿ, ಅವಡುಗಚ್ಚು
commemorate	(v)	to remind people of an important person or event from the past, ಸ್ಮಾರಕೋತ್ಸವ ನಡೆಸು
compel	(v)	to force somebody to do something, ಬಲವಂತ ಮಾಡು

complexion	(n)	look or colour of skin, ರೂಪ, ದೇಹದ ಬಣ್ಣ
confine	(v)	to keep somebody or something inside the limits of a particular activity, area, subject, etc., ಮಿತಗೊಳಿಸು
consequence	(n)	a result of something that has happened
contrary	(adj)	different from something or against something
convey	(v)	to communicate or express something, ತಿಳಿಸು
copious	(adj)	in large amount, ವಿಪುಲ
correlate	(v)	to show that there is a close connection between two or more facts, figures etc., ಪರಸ್ಪರ ಸಂಬಂಧವಿರು
crack	(v)	to break without dividing into parts, ಬಿರಿ
craft	(n)	a boat or ship
creditor	(n)	a person or company etc. that somebody owes money to, ಸಾಲಗಾರ
creek	(n)	a narrow area of water where the sea flows into the land, ಖಾರಿ, ಕಡಲ ಜಾಚು
creeper	(n)	a plant that grows along the ground often winding itself around other plants, ಬಳ್ಳಿ
crook	(n)	a dishonest person, ಕುಹಕಿ
cross over	(v)	to move from one area or culture, etc. to another
crush	(v)	squeeze something so hard, ಹಿಂಡು
curdle	(v)	to get thicker and develop lumps, ಹೆಪ್ಪುಗಟ್ಟು

custom	(n)	an accepted way of behaving or of doing things, ಪದ್ಧತಿ
dank	(adj)	damp, cold and unpleasant
debt	(n)	a sum of money that somebody owes, ಋಣ
decoction	(n)	an extract of something got by boiling, ಕಷಾಯ
dedicate	(v)	to devote time or effort for a particular purpose, ಅರ್ಪಿಸು, ತ್ಯಾಗಮಾಡು
deem	(v)	to have a particular opinion
defend	(v)	guard or protect
deprivation	(n)	without enough food, education and the things necessary to lead a happy and comfortable life
deprived	(adj)	without enough food, education etc.
devastation wide	(n)	a great destruction or damage over area, ವಿನಾಶ, ನಿನಾಸಮ
dignity	(n)	manner that deserves respect, ಘನತೆ
dirt	(n)	(informal) unpleasant or harmful information about somebody
disastrous	(adj)	very bad, harmful or unsuccessful, ಅನಾಹುತಕಾರಿ
dispose	(n)	to deal with a problem successfully
droop	(v)	to bend, hang and move downward especially because of being weak or tired, ಬಾಗು
dust	(n)	the fine powder of dirt, ಧೂಳು
dwarf	(n)	a person, animal or plant much below the usual size, ಕುಳ್ಳು, ಗಿಡ್ಡ

emancipation	(n)	liberation from slavery, ದಾಸ್ಯ ವಿಮೋಚನೆ
embrace	(v)	to accept an idea or proposal or set of beliefs; to hug, ಸ್ವೀಕರಿಸು, ಅಪ್ಪಿಕೊಳ್ಳು
emigrate	(v)	to leave one's country to go and live in another country
endangered	(adj)	be in danger or harmful situation
errand	(n)	a job one does for somebody that involves going somewhere to take a message, to buy something, deliver goods, etc.
erstwhile	(adj)	former, ಮೊದಲಿನ, ಹಿಂದಿನ
essence	(n)	the most important quality or feature of something ತಿರುಳು, ಸಾರ
ethos	(n)	the moral ideas and attitudes that belong to a particular group or society
evil	(adj)	bad, harmful
evoke	(v)	to bring an image to mind
existence	(n)	state of being, ಅಸ್ತಿತ್ವ
explicit	(adj)	clear and easy to understand, ಸುಸ್ಪಷ್ಟ
fabricate	(v)	to invent false information in order to trick people,
fatigue	(n)	a feeling of being extremely tired, ಬಳಲಿಕೆ, ಸುಸ್ತು
fixture	(n)	a thing that is fixed in a house
flesh-monger	(n)	a person who deliberately kills, ಕಟುಕ
flee	(v)	to leave a person or place very quickly
fling	(v)	to throw somebody or something somewhere with force, ಎಸೆ

foul	(adj)	dirty or something bad
gadget	(n)	a small tool or device
gaiety	(n)	the state of being cheerful and full of fun
gasp your	(v)	to take a quick deep breath with mouth open because you are surprised or in pain; to have difficulty in speaking and breathing, ಮೇಲಸಿರು ಬಿಡು
giggle	(v)	to laugh in a silly way because you are amused
glaring	(adj)	very easily seen, ಕಣ್ಣಿಗೆ ಹೊಡೆಯುವಂತಿರುವ
glade	(n)	a small open area of grass in a forest
gloom	(n)	a feeling of being sad and without hope, almost total darkness
gory	(adj)	involving a lot of blood or violence,
grasp	(v)	to take a firm hold
grind stone	(n)	a round stone that is used to make knife and other tools sharp, ಸಾಣೆಕಲ್ಲು
grip	(v)	hold tightly
grumble	(v)	to make a deep continuous sound
gull	(n)	a bird with long wings that lives near the sea
hardship	(n)	a situation that is unpleasant and difficult because you do not have food, money and clothes, ಯಾತನೆ, ಸಂಕಟ, ಕಷ್ಟ
herbs	(n)	a plant whose leaves, flowers or seeds are used to flavour food and medicine
hinder	(v)	to make difficult
hire	(v)	to pay money to borrow something
hurricane	(n)	violent storm, ಚಂಡಮಾರುತ

hush	(v)	to make or become silent
illusion	(n)	a false idea or belief, ಭ್ರಮೆ
immune	(adj)	that cannot be affected by illness or disease
imperial	(adj)	connected with an empire, ಚಕ್ರಾಧಿಪತ್ಯದ
impertinent	(adj)	rude and not showing respect
incorporate	(v)	to include something so that it forms the tired, part of some other thing, ಸಂಯೋಜಿಸು
infant	(n)	a baby or a very young child
infectious	(adj)	pertaining to a disease that can be passed easily from one person to an other, ಸೋಂಕಿನ, ಸಾಂಕ್ರಾಮಿಕ
insanity	(n)	state of being insane, ಮತಿವಿಕಲ ಸ್ಥಿತಿ
integral	(adj)	being an essential part of something, ಸಮಗ್ರ
intricacy	(n)	the complicated parts or details of something
itch	(v)	to have an uncomfortable feeling on your skin
lash	(n)	to hit with great force
limp	(v)	to walk slowly with difficulty
lineal	(adj)	descended directly from the same family
lisp	(n)	a speech fault in which the sound 's' is pronounced 'th'
lunatic	(n)	a person who does crazy things that are dangerous, ಬುದ್ಧಿಹೀನ, ಹುಚ್ಚ
medley	(n)	a mixture of people or things of different kind, ಮಿಶ್ರಣ, ಗಲಿಬಿಲಿ
marsh	(n)	an area that is always wet and soft, ಜವುಗು ಭೂಮಿ

mellowing	(adj)	becoming soft, rich and pleasant, ಮಧುರ
merry	(adj)	happy and cheerful
migrate	(v)	to move from one place to another, ವಲಸೆ / ಗುಳಿ ಹೋಗು
moisture	(n)	very small drops of water that are present in air or in a substance, ಆದ್ರ್ವತೆ, ತೇವ
morn	(n)	(literary) morning
mortal	(adj)	that cannot live for ever and must die, ಸಾಯುವ
mystify	(v)	to confuse someone by being or doing something very strange or impossible to explain
nimble	(adj)	able to move quickly
nip	(v)	to harm or damage,
nourish	(v)	to keep a person, plant or animal alive and healthy with food, ಪೋಷಿಸು
odious	(adj)	extremely unpleasant, ಜಿಗುಪ್ಸೆ ಹುಟ್ಟಿಸುವ
opera	(n)	a dramatic work in which the words are sung to music, ಗೀತನಾಟಕ
ordain	(v)	to make somebody a priest
overseer	(n)	a person whose job is to make sure that other workers do their work, ಮೇಲ್ವಿಚಾರಕ
parade	(n)	a public celebration of a special day or event
parch	(v)	to make an area of land very dry, ಒಣಗಿಸು
partial	(adj)	not complete or whole, ಭಾಗಶಃ
pathologist	(n)	an expert in the study of diseases
pavement	(n)	footpath, paved floor, ಪಾದಚಾರಿ ರಸ್ತೆ

pedestal	(n)	the base that a column, statue etc. rests on, ಆಧಾರ ಪೀಠ
penetration	(n)	passing through something, ಒಳನುಗ್ಗುವಿಕೆ,
perception	(n)	the way you notice things especially with the senses, ಗ್ರಹಿಕೆ
performance	(n)	act of performing a play, concert, some other form of entertainment
pillow	(v)	to rest something, especially your head, on an object, ದಿಂಬಿಸೂರಿಸು
ply	(n)	a measurement of wool, rope, wood etc. that tells you how thick it is
pound	(n)	1. the unit of money in Britain & other countries 2. the unit of measuring weight 3. a place where illegally parked motor vehicles are kept till the owners claim them 4. a place where dogs found in the streets are kept until the owners claim them
	(v)	to hit somebody hard many times
potency	(n)	the power that something has to affect your body or mind
prattle	(v)	to talk a lot about unimportant things
preservation	(n)	the act of keeping something in its original or good condition, ಸಂರಕ್ಷಣೆ
presume	(v)	to suppose that something is true, ಗ್ರಹಿತವೆಂದು ಭಾವಿಸು

privilege	(n)	a special right or advantage that a particular person or group has, ಸುಯೋಗ, ವಿಶೇಷಾಧಿಕಾರ
proclamation	(n)	an act of making official statement
profane	(adj)	having or showing lack of respect for God or holy things
profuse	(adj)	produced in large amounts
prophecy	(n)	a statement made by somebody with religious or magic powers that something will happen in the future, ಭವಿಷ್ಯವಾಣಿ
propitiate	(v)	to stop somebody from being angry by trying to please, ಒಲಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳು, ಆರಾಧಿಸು
prostrate	(adj)	lying on the ground and facing downwards, ಮುಖವಡಿಯಾಗಿ ಮಲಗಿದ, ಸಾಷ್ಟಾಂಗಪೂಜೆ
provoke	(v)	to cause a particular reaction, ಪ್ರಚೋದಿಸು
rag	(n)	a piece of old, torn cloth, ಚಿಂದಿ
rapidly	(adv)	growing in a short period of time, ಶೀಘ್ರವಾಗಿ
ravioli	(n)	Italian food in the shape of small squares filled with meat, cheese, etc. served with sauce
regain	(v)	to get back something
release	(v)	set free, stop holding something, ಬಿಡುಗಡೆಗೊಳಿಸು
rescue	(v)	to save somebody or something from harmful or dangerous situation, ಪಾರುಮಾಡು, ರಕ್ಷಿಸು
	(n)	an act of saving somebody or something

reside	(v)	to live in a particular place, ವಾಸಿಸು
revive	(v)	to become or make something or somebody conscious, healthy and strong again, ಪುನರುಜ್ಜೀವಿತಗೊಳಿಸು
rickety	(adj)	not strong or well made
rinse only, not	(v)	to wash something with clean water using soap
rip	(v)	to tear up forcibly, split, ಸೀಳು
ritual	(n)	religious rite, ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರೀಕೃತ ಪದ್ಧತಿ
rodent	(n)	any small animal that belongs to a group with sharp front teeth (rat, mice, etc.), ದಂಶಕ
rumble	(n)	broken stones or bricks from a building or wall that has been destroyed or damaged
Rt. Hon.	(adj)	right honourable
rustle	(v)	to make sound like paper or something light and dry, ಮರ್ಮರ ಶಬ್ದ ಮಾಡು, ಮರಗುಟ್ಟು
sanity	(n)	soundness of mind or state of having a normal and healthy mind, ವಿವೇಕ
scarce	(adj)	not enough
scatter	(v)	to drop or throw things in different directions so that they cover an area or ground, ತೂರಾಡು, ಬೀರು
scarlet berries	(n)	a fruit – bright red in colour
scrape	(v)	to remove something from surface
sculpture	(n)	a work of art that is a solid figure or object made by carving or shaping wood, etc.

seldom	(adv)	not often
shabby	(adj)	in old and poor condition, ಚಿಂದಿಯಾದ
shatter	(v)	break into small pieces, ಧ್ವಂಸಮಾಡು
shelter	(n)	a place to live or stay
sheer	(adj)	used to emphasize how very great, important, powerful a quality or feeling is
shrill	(adj)	(of sound) very high, loud, unpleasant, ಕಿರುಚುವ
shrine	(n)	a temple
shrub	(n)	bush
shrug	(v)	to raise and lower the shoulder
sift	(v)	to separate something, ಸೋಸು
sinner	(n)	person who has committed sins, ಪಾಪಿ
skim	(v)	to move quickly and lightly over a surface
skinny	(adj)	very thin, ಸಣಕಲಾದ
skylark	(n)	a small bird that sings while it flies high up in the sky
slake	(v)	to drink so that you no longer feel thirsty
slavery	(n)	the state of being a slave, ದಾಸ್ಯ, ಗುಲಾಮಗಿರಿ
smear	(v)	to make something dirty
sooth	(v)	to make somebody feel calmer, ಸಂತೈಸು
spade	(n)	a tool for digging, ಗುದ್ದಲಿ
spear	(n)	a weapon with a long wooden handle and a sharp metal point, ಭಚಿ

species	(n)	a group into which animals, plants, etc. that are able to breed are divided, ಜೀವಸಂಕುಲ, ತಳಿ, ಜಾತಿ
sphere	(n)	an area of activity, ಕ್ಷೇತ್ರ
spine	(n)	backbone, ಬೆನ್ನೆಲುಬು, ಬೆನ್ನುಹುರಿ
spin	(v)	to turn round and round quickly
spit	(v)	to force saliva out of your mouth, ಉಗುಳು, ಉಗಿ
spurt	(v)	to (cause to) flow out suddenly and with force, in a fast stream
startle	(v)	to surprise somebody suddenly in a way that slightly shocks or frightens them, ಬೆಚ್ಚಿಸು
starve	(v)	to suffer or die because you do not have enough food to eat, ಹಸಿವಿನಿಂದ ನರಳು/ಸಾಯು
stick	(v)	(informal) used to say in a rude and angry way that you are not interested in what somebody has, offers, does etc.
stretch	(v)	to make something longer, wider or looser, ಹಿಗ್ಗಿಸು, ಚಾಚು
strip	(v)	to take off one's or another person's clothes, ನಗ್ನಗೊಳಿಸು, remove layer,
	(n)	a long and narrow piece of paper, fabric, metal, land, sea etc.
squabble	(v)	to argue noisily about something that is not very important,
squeeze	(v)	to press something firmly, especially with fingers
sundry	(adj)	several different; various
tag	(v)	attach to something

tendril	(n)	a thin curling stem that grows from a climbing plant,
tidings	(n)	news
terrified	(adj)	very frightened, ಭಯಪೀಡಿತ, ದಂಗುಬಡಿದ
thunderstorm	(n)	a storm with thunder and lightning usually with heavy rain, ಗುಡುಗು ಮಿಂಚಿನೊಡನೆ ಬೀಸುವ ಬಿರುಗಾಳಿ
trample	(v)	to step heavily with feet, ತುಳಿದುಹಾಕು
trap	(n)	a device or hole for catching animals or people and preventing their escape
trek	(v)	to walk a long distance, usually over land such as hills, mountains or forests
tresses	(n)	a woman's long hair, ಜಡೆ, ಸ್ತ್ರೀಯ ಉದ್ದನೆ ಕೂದಲು
tug	(v)	follow closely
tumble	(v)	to fall downwards
turban	(n)	a long piece of cloth wound tightly around the head, ಪೇಟ, ರುಮಾಲು
underprivileged	(adj)	having less money and fewer opportunities
vague	(adj)	not clear, ಅಸ್ಪಷ್ಟ
vain	(adj)	pertaining to that which does not produce the result you want, ವ್ಯರ್ಥ
vase	(n)	a container used to hold flowers, ಹೂದಾನಿ
vexation	(n)	the state of feeling upset or annoyed, ಮುಜುಗರ
victim	(n)	a person who has been attacked, injured or killed, ಬಲಿಪಶು

virtuous	(adj)	(formal) very good and moral, ಗುಣವಂತ, ಪುಣ್ಯಾತ್ಮ
vista	(n)	(literary) a beautiful view (formal) prospect
wavelet	(n)	a small wave on the surface of lake or ocean, ಸಣ್ಣ ತೆರೆ
wheeze	(v)	to breathe noisily and with difficulty
whilst	(conj)	(formal) during the time that something is happening
whip	(v)	to hit a person or animal with a whip (ಚಾಟಿ) as a punishment or to make them work harder or go faster
whisper	(v)	to speak very quietly, that other people cannot hear, ಪಿಸುಗುಟ್ಟು
wicker	(n)	thin sticks of wood twisted together
withhold	(v)	to refuse to give something to somebody
womb	(n)	the organ in woman or female animal in which babies develop before they are born, ಗರ್ಭಕೋಶ
woven	(adj)	related to facts, events put together
wretched	(adj)	extremely bad or unpleasant, ಹೀನ
yarn	(n)	a story, usually a long one with a lot of excitement or interest, ಕಟ್ಟುಕತೆ