



**Department of Pre-University Education**  
**18th Cross, Sampige Road, Malleswaram,**  
**Bengaluru - 560 012**

# **Springs**

**English Course Book**  
**Second Year Pre-University**

**2016**

**: *Publishers* :**  
**Department of Pre-University Education, Bengaluru**

© *Department of Pre-University  
Education* 2014-2015.

## **All Rights Are Reserved**

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photo copying, recording or otherwise without the prior permission of the publisher.

*Revised Edition - 2016*

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of without the publisher's consent, in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published.

The correct price of this publication is the price printed on this page/cover page. Any revised price indicated by a rubber stamp or by a sticker or by any other means is incorrect and should be unacceptable.

*Printed on 80 GSM Maplitho paper*

The Karnataka Text Book Society ®  
100 feet Ring Road, Banashankari  
III Stage, BENGALURU - 560 085.

### ***Publisher :***

**SRI VENKATESHWARA ENTERPRISES**

#56/ A, 9th Main, 1st Cross, Kaverinagar,  
BSK II Stage, Banashankari Industrial Area  
Bengaluru - 560 070.

Mobile : 94480 58802

Email : vinayaka1000@yahoo.com



**Second PU English Text Book Committee**

**CHAIRPERSON**

*Smt. B.A. ANURADHA*

AGCC PU College, K. Kamaraja Road, Bengaluru

**CO-ORDINATOR**

*Sri. PRAVEEN MAHISHI*

Govt. PU College for Girls, Shivamogga

---

**MEMBERS**

*Sri. N.P. NAGARAJ*

Udayabharathi PU college  
Turuvekere,  
Tumkur

*Sri. S. GANGADHARAI AH*

Sri Jayabharati PU College,  
Matighatta, C.N.Halli Tq.  
Tumkur

*Sri. B.G. GIRITAMMANNAVAR*

Govt. PU College,  
Gadag

*Smt. SUJATHA P.V.*

Canara PU College,  
Mangaluru

*Dr. MAITHILI B.G.*

Govt. PU College,  
Antharasanthe, Mysuru

*Sri. GANGADHAR BETAGERI*

Govt. Chintamanrao PU College,  
Shahapur, Belgavi

*Smt. SHASHIKALA X.*

VVS PU college,  
Rajajinagar, Bengaluru

*Sri. ANIL A. VAIDYA*

KVSR PU College,  
Gadag



**Second PU English Text Book Review Committee**

***Dr. V.S. SREEDHARA***

Professor

The National Law School of India University  
Bengaluru

***Dr. RAJENDRA CHENNI***

Professor of English

Kuvempu University  
Shivamogga

***Dr. NATARAJ HULIYAR***

Professor of English

Department of Kannada  
Bengaluru University

## Acknowledgements

The II P U C English Textbook Committee is grateful to the Director, Department of Pre University Education for valuable suggestions and support in the preparation of the texts. The Committee thanks the Joint Director, Deputy Director, Assistant Directors, Section Officers and Staff members of Academic Section of the Department for their continued encouragement and cooperation at all levels in the preparation of the Texts.

The Committee is highly obliged to the members of the review committee for their valuable suggestions, assistance and guidance in selection of units and preparation of this book.

The Committee sincerely acknowledges the gesture of the Heads, Managements and Principals of the following institutions for providing us with their well equipped computer labs and hosting the meetings of the committee members while preparing the material for the texts:

V V S P U College, Rajajinagar, Bengaluru  
 Manipal Centre for Philosophy and Humanities  
 M G M College, Udupi  
 Government P U College, Gadag  
 Department of English, Kuvempu University  
 Kuvempu Samshodhana Kendra, Kuppali  
 Vijaya Vittala P U College, Mysuru  
 Kalpatharu P U College, Tiptur  
 Government P U College for Girls, Shivamogga

The Committee expresses its appreciation to **Sri. M.S. Prakash Babu** for the art work and **Ms. Vidya Dashrathi** and **Sri. Raghavendra Rao. T** for typesetting and layout work.

*Smt. B.A. Anuradha*

Chairperson

English Text Book Committee

Department of PU Education, Bengaluru

## **Note on the Course Book**

A major component of education is the development of the faculty of language. Language learning, as is evident, has to address two domains in a learner: one, appreciation of literature and two, development of language skills. The syllabus for English at the pre-university level has been developed addressing these two needs by giving due emphasis on cultivating a taste for literary works and enhancing the capacity of students to use English effectively.

The teaching-learning process has to undergo regular revision in order to incorporate new trends in language usage. The syllabus should also cater to the changing needs of students from diverse backgrounds. This should happen along with the strengthening of fundamentals of language usage. The syllabus has been prepared keeping all the various dimensions of language learning in mind. The course book is an anthology of various literary works such as short stories, poems and a play. The work book consists of exercises in important areas of grammar and comprehension that facilitate the learners to improve their language skills. The texts have been prepared adhering to the guidelines laid down in the “National Curriculum Framework 2005”.

Developing reading skills, comprehension and interpretation skills of learners are the objectives that have guided the preparation of the course book. The materials included have been chosen after wide-ranging consultations with teachers, experts and academicians across the state of Karnataka. Valuable inputs obtained during the consultations have enriched the quality of the text book.

The course book for the second year pre-university course can be viewed as an extension of the course book for the first year pre-university course in terms of the vast range of themes and topics introduced to the learners for study and also the intent of deepening the level of appreciation gained in the first year. An attempt has been made to include literary expressions from across the world by

selecting works from British, Latin American, African, Spanish, Irish and also two units translated from regional language. A selection from 'Romeo and Juliet' by Shakespeare has been included in order to introduce learners to the great master.

It is hoped that the course book will serve as an effective means in helping students enhance their language skills and also evolve their personalities in a holistic manner.

***Chairperson and Members***

## Note To The Teacher

The Course Book is designed to cater to the needs of a pre university student. The primary objective is to ignite the curiosity and interest of the student in the subject.

The selection of prose and poetry has been done carefully keeping the following factors in mind:

- The needs of the learner
- Their age group
- Their interests
- Their cultural background
- Recent techniques in language teaching

The units deal with varied topics.

The Course Book includes the following features in addition to the text.

**Pre-reading Activity :** The purpose here is to tap the knowledge and experience of the world that learners bring into the classroom. The learners share their information and are gradually led into the theme.

**Glossary :** Contains the contextual meaning of words/expressions that are immediately crucial to the understanding of the text. The student can refer to the mini dictionary for words that have a general meaning.

**Comprehension Questions :** Three levels of questions are framed after the text of the unit. They are primarily teaching questions and not testing questions. These questions enable learners to imbibe analytical skills and help them to infer the text. The MCQs (Multiple Choice Questions) are meant to raise the reader's awareness of the different possible meanings that a word\expression\line could have. These questions cannot be treated as testing questions because testing questions elicit only one answer.

The questions at Level II are more global in nature and require an overall understanding of the text. Level III questions are for critical appreciations and are text based.

**Extended Activity** is meant to provide opportunities for the learner to learn and grow beyond the text and make use of the insights gained and language learnt during the discussion of the unit.

**Suggested Reading** is meant for the learner go through the books, poems and other material provided therein to enhance and have wider perspectives. Kannada translation has been included to familiarise the learner to the poem in their regional language.

**Mini dictionary** is meant for the reference of the students while going through the text.

***Chairperson and Members***



## CONTENTS

1. Romeo And Juliet	<i>William Shakespeare</i>	1
2. Too Dear!	<i>Leo Tolstoy</i>	6
3. On Children	<i>Kahlil Gibran</i>	16
4. Everything I Need To Know I Learned In The Forest	<i>Vandana Shiva</i>	22
5. A Sunny Morning	<i>Serafin and Joaquin Alvarez Quinter</i>	34
6. When You Are Old	<i>W B Yeats</i>	53
7. The Gardener	<i>P Lankesh</i>	59
8. To The Foot From Its Child	<i>Pablo Neruda</i>	70
9. I Believe that Books Will Never Disappear	<i>Robert Alfino with Jorge Luis Borges</i>	80
10. Heaven, If You Are Not On Earth	<i>Kuvempu</i>	90
11. Japan And Brazil Through A Traveler's Eye	<i>George Mikes</i>	96
12. The Voter	<i>Chinua Achebe</i>	106
13. Where There Is A Wheel	<i>P Sainath</i>	119
14. Water	<i>Challapalli Swaroopa Rani</i>	129
Design of the Question Paper		138
Model Question Paper – 1		141
Model Question Paper – 2		149
Mini Dictionary		156



## 1. Romeo and Juliet

*William Shakespeare*

### Pre-reading Activity:

- Have you heard of any legendary classical love stories? Discuss.
- In what manner do these stories usually end? Why?



### Background:

*The two noble families of Verona, the Capulets and the Montagues were sworn enemies. Romeo and Juliet belonged to rival families. Old Lord Capulet hosted a grand supper. Though Romeo belonged to the family of Montagues, he attended the supper in disguise to see*

*Roseline. There he sees Juliet on the dance floor and is fascinated by her beauty. After the dance he learns that she is the daughter of Lord Capulet. She feels attracted to the man from the enemy family. The following verses express their implicit feelings for one another.*

**ROMEO :**

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!  
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear -  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear.  
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows  
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.  
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,  
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.  
Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight,  
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

*(Act - I, Scene – V)*

\* \* \*

**JULIET :**

Come night, come Romeo; come, thou day in night,  
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.  
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-browed night,  
Give me my Romeo, and when I shall die  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night  
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

*(Act - III, Scene - II)*



**William Shakespeare** (1564 –1616) is an English poet and playwright, widely regarded as the greatest writer in the English language and the world's pre-eminent dramatist. He is often called England's national poet and the “Bard of Avon”. His plays have been translated into every major living language and are performed more often than those of any other playwright.

### Glossary:

Doth (archaic)	:	does
Ethiope (ಇಥಿಯೋಪ್)	:	an African
Yonder	:	over there
Measure done	:	dance ended
Thou (archaic)	:	you
Rude	:	roughly formed
Garish	:	lurid, obtrusively bright

### Comprehension I

- The phrase, ‘teach the torches to burn bright’ suggests :
  - Juliet's glow is brighter than the light of the torch.
  - her beauty is capable of enabling the torches to burn bright.
  - her beauty surpasses the brightness of light.
- ‘for earth too dear’ suggests that the lady's beauty is \_\_\_\_\_.
  - divine.
  - rare.
  - expensive.

3. 'the measure done', connotes the completion of
  - a. Romeo's admiration of Juliet's beauty.
  - b. dance organised by Lord Capulet.
  - c. glorification of Juliet's charm.
4. The line, 'did my heart love till now?' suggests
  - a. Romeo feels he has fallen in love.
  - b. Romeo has been attracted before.
  - c. Romeo feels this is true love.
5. The phrase 'new snow', suggests
  - a. love as pure as snow.
  - b. description of Romeo's charm.
  - c. Juliet's discreet love for Romeo.
6. What do you think the phrase 'face of heaven' signifies?

### Comprehension II

1. What similes does Romeo use to convey Juliet's beauty?
2. How, according to Juliet, would Romeo be immortalised to the world?

### Comprehension III

1. Comment on the contrasting imagery in the poem. What purpose does it serve in highlighting the intensity of love?
2. Between Romeo and Juliet, whose love, do you think, is more passionate and intense?

### Suggested Reading:

- |                       |                               |
|-----------------------|-------------------------------|
| • Love poems          | - John Donne                  |
| • Devdas (novel)      | - Saratchandra Chattopadhyaya |
| • Twenty Love Poems   | - Pablo Neruda                |
| • ಮನಕೆ ಕಾರಂಜಿಯ ಸ್ವರ್ಗ | - ಪಿ.ಲಂಕೇಶ್                   |
| • ಗಾಳಿ ಬೆಳಕು          | - ಡಾ. ನಟರಾಜ್ ಹಳಿಯಾರ್          |

## Notes

[illegible]

## 2. Too Dear!

*Leo Tolstoy*

### Pre-reading Activity:

- What do you think would happen, if due to procedural lapses/delay the court were to convert the verdict of death sentence into life imprisonment?



Near the borders of France and Italy, on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, lies a tiny little kingdom called Monaco. Many a small country town can boast more inhabitants than this kingdom, for there are only about seven thousand of them all told, and if all the



land in kingdom were divided there would not be an acre for each inhabitant. But in this toy kingdom there is a real kinglet; and he has a palace, and courtiers, and ministers, and a bishop, and generals, and an army.

It is not a large army, only sixty men in all, but still it is an army. There are also taxes in this kingdom, as elsewhere : a tax on tobacco, and on wine and spirits, and a poll-tax. But though the people there drink and smoke as people do in other countries, there are so few of them that the Prince would have been hard put to it to feed his courtiers and officials and to keep himself, if he had not found a new and special source of revenue. This special revenue comes from a gaming house, where people play roulette. People play, and whether they win or lose the keeper always gets a percentage on the turnover, and out of his profits he pays a large sum to the Prince. The reason he pays so much is that it is the only such gambling establishment left in Europe. Some of the little German Sovereigns used to keep gaming houses of the same kind, but some years ago they were forbidden to do so. The reason they were stopped was because these gaming houses did so much harm. A man would come and try his luck, then he would risk all he had and lose it, then he would even risk money that did not belong to him and lose that too, and then, in despair, he would drown or shoot himself. So the Germans forbade their rulers to make money in this way; but there was no one to stop the Prince of Monaco, and he remained with a monopoly of the business.

So now everyone who wants to gamble goes to Monaco. Whether they win or lose, the Prince gains by it. 'You can't earn stone palaces by honest labour', as the proverb says; and the Kinglet of Monaco knows it is a dirty business, but what is he to do? He has to live; and to draw a revenue from drink and from tobacco is also not a nice thing. So he lives and reigns, and rakes in the money, and holds his court with all the ceremony of a real King.

He has his coronation, his levees; he rewards, sentences, and pardons, and he also has his reviews, councils, laws, and courts of justice : just like other kings, only all on a smaller scale.

Now it happened a few years ago that a murder was committed in this toy Prince's domains. The people of that kingdom are peaceable, and such a thing had not happened before. The judges assembled with much ceremony and tried the case in the most judicial manner. There were judges, and prosecutors, and jurymen, and barristers. They argued and judged, and at last they condemned the criminal to have his head cut off as the law directs. So far so good. Next they submitted the sentence to the Prince. The Prince read the sentence and confirmed it. 'If the fellow must be executed, execute him.'

There was only one hitch in the matter; and that was that they had neither a guillotine for cutting heads off, nor an executioner. The Ministers considered the matter, and decided to address an inquiry to the French Government, asking whether the French could not lend them a machine and an expert to cut off the criminal's head; and if so, would the French kindly inform them what it would cost. The letter was sent. A week later the reply came : a machine and an expert could be supplied, and the cost would be 16,000 francs. This was laid before the King. He thought it over. Sixteen thousand francs! 'The wretch is not worth the money,' said he. 'Can't it be done, somehow cheaper? Why 16,000 francs is more than two francs a head on the whole population. The people won't stand it, and it may cause a riot!'

So a Council was called to consider what could be done; and it was decided to send a similar inquiry to the King of Italy. The French Government is republican, and has no proper respect for king; but the King of Italy was a brother monarch, and might be induced to do the thing cheaper. So the letter was written, and a prompt reply was received.

The Italian Government wrote that they would have pleasure in supplying both a machine and an expert; and the whole cost would be 12,000 francs, including travelling expenses. This was cheaper, but still it seemed too much. The rascal was really not worth the money. It would still mean nearly two francs more per head on the taxes. Another Council was called. They discussed and considered how it could be done with less expense. Could not one of the soldiers,

perhaps, be got to do it in a rough and homely fashion? The General was called and was asked : 'Can't you find us a soldier who would cut the man's head off?' In war they don't mind killing people. In fact, that is what they are trained for. So the General talked it over with the soldiers to see whether one of them would not undertake the job. But none of the soldiers would do it. 'No,' they said, 'we don't know how to do it; it is not a thing we have been taught.'

What was to be done? Again the Ministers considered and reconsidered. They assembled a Commission, and a Committee, and a Sub-Committee, and at last they decided that the best thing would be to alter the death sentence to one of imprisonment for life. This would enable the Prince to show his mercy, and it would come cheaper.

The Prince agreed to this, and so the matter was arranged. The only hitch now was that there was no suitable prison for a man sentenced for life. There was a small lock-up where people were sometimes kept temporarily, but there was no strong prison fit for permanent use. However, they managed to find a place that would do, and they put the young fellow there and placed a guard over him. The guard had to watch the criminal, and had also to fetch his food from the palace kitchen.

The prisoner remained there month after month till a year had passed. But when a year had passed, the Kinglet, looking over the account of his income and expenditure one day, noticed a new item of expenditure. This was for the keep of the criminal; nor was it a small item either. There was a special guard, and there was also the man's food. It came to more than 600 francs a year. And the worst of it was that the fellow was still young and healthy, and might live for fifty years. When one came to reckon it up, the matter was serious. It would never do. So the Prince summoned his Ministers and said to them:

'You must find some cheaper way of dealing with this rascal. The present plan is too expensive.' And the Ministers met and considered and reconsidered, till one of them said : 'Gentlemen, in my opinion we must dismiss the guard.' 'But then', rejoined another

Minister, 'the fellow will run away.' 'Well,' said the first speaker, 'let him run away, and be hanged to him!' So they reported the result of their deliberations to the kinglet, and he agreed with them. The guard was dismissed, and they waited to see what would happen. All that happened was that at dinner-time the criminal came out, and, not finding his guard, he went to the Prince's kitchen to fetch his own dinner. He took what was given him, returned to the prison, shut the door on himself, and stayed inside. Next day the same thing occurred. He went for his food at the proper time; but as for running away, he did not show the least sign of it! What was to be done? They considered the matter again.

'We shall have to tell him straight out,' said they, 'that we do not want to keep him.' So the Minister of Justice had him brought before him.

'Why do you not run away?' said the Minister. 'There is no guard to keep you. You can go where you like, and the Prince will not mind.'

'I dare say the Prince would not mind,' replied the man, 'but I have nowhere to go. What can I do? You have ruined my character by your sentence and people will turn their backs on me. Besides, I have got out of the way of working. You have treated me badly. It is not fair. In the first place, when once you sentenced me to death you ought to have executed me; but you did not do it. That is one thing. I did not complain about that. Then you sentenced me to imprisonment for life and put a guard to bring me my food; but after a time you took him away again and I had to fetch my own food. Again I did not complain. But now you actually want me to go away! I can't agree to that. You may do as you like, but I won't go away!'

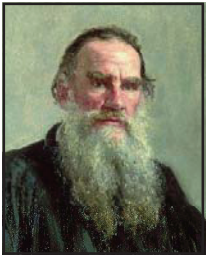
What was to be done? Once more the Council was summoned. What course could they adopt? The man would not go. They reflected and considered. The only way to get rid of him was to offer him a pension. And so they reported to the Prince. 'There is nothing else for it,' said they; 'we must get rid of him somehow.' The sum fixed was 600 francs, and this was announced to the prisoner.

‘Well,’ said he, ‘I don't mind, so long as you undertake to pay it regularly. On that condition I am willing to go.’

So the matter was settled. He received one-third of his annuity in advance, and left the King's dominions. It was only a quarter of an hour by rail; and he emigrated, and settled just across the frontier, where he bought a bit of land, started market-gardening, and now lives comfortably. He always goes at the proper time to draw his pension. Having received it, he goes to the gaming tables, stakes two or three francs, sometimes wins and sometimes loses, and then returns home. He lives peaceably and well.

It is a good thing that he did not commit his crime in a country where they do not grudge expense to cut a man's head off, or to keep him in prison for life.

**Adapted from an episode in Guy De Maupassant's work 'Sur L'eau' in French (Translated into English : Afloat) and Translated from Russian by Louise Maud and Aylmer Maud**



**Count Leo Tolstoy** (1828–1910) is a Russian writer who primarily wrote novels and short stories. Tolstoy is a master of realistic fiction and is widely considered as one of the world's greatest novelists. He is best known for two long novels, *War and Peace* (1869) and *Anna Karenina* (1877).

Tolstoy first achieved literary acclaim in his 20s for his *Sevastopol Sketches* (1855), based on his experiences in the Crimean War and followed by the publication of a semi-autobiographical trilogy of novels, *Childhood*, *Boyhood*, and *Youth* (1855-1858). His works also include two additional novels, dozens of short stories, and several famous novellas, including *The Death of Ivan Ilych*, *Family Happiness* and *Hadji Murad*. Later in life, he wrote plays and essays. Tolstoy is equally known for his complicated and paradoxical persona and for his extreme moralistic and ascetic views, which he adopted after a moral crisis and spiritual awakening in the 1870s, after which he became noted as a moral thinker and social reformer.

**Glossary:**

Roulette (ರೂಲೆಟ್)	:	a gambling game
Rakes	:	(colloquial) especially of money : to earn
Levees	:	an official reception of guests or visitors in the morning
A poll tax	:	a kind of tax levied on an individual
Franc (ಫ್ರಾಂಕ್)	:	unit of currency of France

**Comprehension I**

1. Why was 'Monaco' called a 'toy kingdom'?
2. Name the commodities taxed in Monaco.
3. What was the source of the King's special revenue? Who were its beneficiaries?
4. Why did the Germans stop gaming houses in their country and how did it benefit Monaco?
5. What was the punishment given to the murderer?
6. The death sentence was converted into life imprisonment because
  - a. Monaco had abolished death penalty.
  - b. Carrying out death sentence was expensive.
  - c. Monaco wanted to show mercy on the criminal.
7. How much did the king spend annually on the criminal?
8. On what condition did the criminal agree to go away from the prison? How was his demand fulfilled?

**Comprehension II**

1. Though gambling is a dirty business, why does the king of Monaco resort to it?
2. Why did the king of Monaco keep changing his mind in dealing with the criminal?



3. Why was the criminal reluctant to go out of the prison?
4. How did the criminal lead his life after his release?

### Comprehension III

1. 'You can't earn stone palaces by honest labour.' Justify with reference to the story.
2. Though the trial and imprisonment of the criminal is depicted in a comic mode in this story, it does give rise to serious questions. What are they?
3. Were there other ways of dealing with the criminal? Discuss in the light of the story.

### Vocabulary:

When a word is spelt and pronounced the same, but has a different meaning, it is called a **homonym**. E.g. watch The difference in meaning becomes clear only when you understand the context in which the word is used.

For e.g.,

- a. The king of Monaco found it too dear to maintain the prisoner.
- b. When King Midas touched his dear daughter, she changed into a statue of gold.

In the first sentence, the word 'dear' means 'expensive' ; in the second sentence it means 'beloved' or 'precious'.

- A. Now look at the following sets of sentences. The possible meanings of the homonyms used are given in brackets. Match them.
  1. a. The valedictory **address** of the Chief guest impressed everyone.
  - b. She made a mistake in writing the **address**.  
(location, speech)

2. a. The poor man's **mind** was full of worry.  
b. Do you **mind** passing the jam ?  
(to be upset or annoyed, thoughts)
3. a. The soldier gave a complete **account** of the prisoner's escape.  
b. The officer checked the ledger **account**.  
(financial record, description)
4. a. He went to the ATM to **draw** some money.  
b. The teachers **draw** pictures on the blackboard.  
c. Don't **draw** hasty conclusions without ample proof.  
d. The offer of free balloons **draws** children to the park.  
(attract, sketch, infer, take out.)
- B. Find the sentences in which the above homonyms have been used in the story and identify the appropriate meanings.

**Extended activity:**

- Have a group discussion on the plight of the under trials and of those undergoing life imprisonment.
- Many countries in the world today have abolished Capital punishment. Why have they done so? Is it the right thing to do?
- Watch the film *Minchina Ota* and write a review.

**Suggested Reading:**

- *The Bet* (short story) – Anton Chekov



## Notes

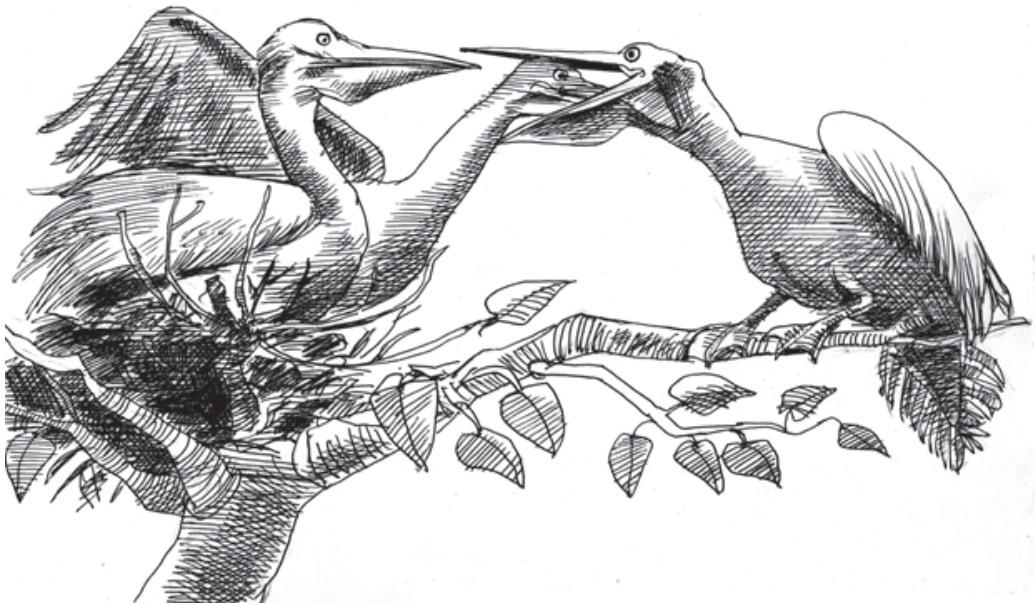
[illegible]

### 3. On Children

*Kahlil Gibran*

#### Pre-reading Activity:

- What do your parents expect of you?
- What do you expect of your parents?
- Have you ever felt your parents are too possessive/demanding? Why?



And a woman who held a babe against her bosom said, “Speak to us of Children.”

And he said:

Your children are not your children.

They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself  
They come through you but not from you,  
And though they are with you, yet they belong not to you.  
You may give them your love but not your thoughts.  
For they have their own thoughts.  
You may house their bodies but not their souls,  
For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot  
visit, not even in your dreams.  
You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you.  
For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday.  
You are the bows from which your children as living arrows are sent  
forth.  
The archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite, and He  
bends you with His might that His arrows may go swift and far.  
Let your bending in the archer's hand be for gladness;  
For even as He loves the arrow that flies, so He loves also the bow  
that is stable.



**Kahlil Gibran** (1883-1931) is a Lebanese-American artist and poet. His poems are considered 'poetic essays', as they do not adhere to the usual versification. 'The Prophet' is his best known work and has been translated into more than 25 languages including Kannada. 'On Children' is a selection from 'The Prophet', which offers a critique of the usual expectations of parents regarding their children and urges them to introspect.

### Glossary:

House (v)	: shelter, protect
Tarry (v)	: linger, stay at one place
Archer	: One who uses bow and arrow, (here God)

### Comprehension I

1. And a woman who held a babe against her bosom said, "Speak to us of Children." And he said : Here 'he' refers to
  - a. her child.
  - b. the Prophet.
  - c. the poet.
2. 'Your children are not your children' means
  - a. they do not belong to their parents only.
  - b. the children should have their own space.
  - c. parents should not be possessive of their children.
3. 'They come through you, but are not from you' means
  - a. though parents give birth to their children they do not own them.
  - b. children have independent personalities.
  - c. parents should be indifferent to their children.
4. According to the prophet, what may be given to the children?
5. 'their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow' means
  - a. children belong to the future.
  - b. parents cannot shape their children's future.
  - c. children have a different vision of life.
6. 'The bows' and 'living arrows' refer to \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_.
7. 'For even as He loves the arrow that flies, so He loves also the bow that is stable.' Discuss the contrast between the underlined phrases.

## Comprehension II

1. Why does the prophet categorically state 'Your children are not your children'?
2. What does the metaphor, bows and arrows signify with regard to parent-children relationship?
3. According to the prophet, what attitude should parents have towards their children?

## Comprehension III

1. In this poem, 'parents' could stand as a metaphor for
  - a. the older generation.
  - b. leaders.
  - c. religious heads.
  - d. teachers.

Having considered the above options, offer different readings of the poem.

2. In the light of the poem, think of different levels of freedom children must have in shaping their lives.
3. The poem does not focus merely on the lives of children, but also talks about the responsibility of parents. Discuss.

## Suggested Reading:

- 'If' (poem) – Rudyard Kipling.
- Abraham Lincoln's 'Letter to His Son's Teacher'.
- Prose Poems – Kahlil Gibran
- ಖಲೀಲ್ ಗಿಬ್ರಾನ್ – ಡಾ. ಪ್ರಭುಶಂಕರ

ಕನ್ನಡ ಅನುವಾದ:

‘ನಿಮ್ಮ ಮಕ್ಕಳು ನಿಮ್ಮ ಮಕ್ಕಳಲ್ಲ,  
ಜೀವದ ಸ್ವಪ್ರೇಮದ ಪುತ್ರ ಪುತ್ರಿಯರು ಅವು,  
ಅವು ನಿಮ್ಮ ಮೂಲಕ ಬಂದಿವೆಯೇ ಹೊರತು ನಿಮ್ಮಿಂದಲ್ಲ,  
ನಿಮ್ಮ ಜತೆ ಅವು ಇರುವುದಾದರೂ ನಿಮಗೆ ಸೇರಿದ್ದಲ್ಲ,  
ನಿಮ್ಮ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯನ್ನು ನೀವು ಅವುಗಳಿಗೆ ನೀಡಬಹುದು,  
ಆದರೆ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಆಲೋಚನೆಗಳನ್ನಲ್ಲ,  
ಏಕೆಂದರೆ ಅವರಿಗೆ ಅವರದೇ ಸ್ವಂತ ಆಲೋಚನೆಗಳುಂಟು.  
ಅವರ ದೇಹಗಳಿಗೆ ನೀವು ಮನೆಯಾಗಿರಬಹುದೇ ಹೊರತು ಆತ್ಮಗಳಿಗಲ್ಲ,  
ಏಕೆಂದರೆ ಅವರ ಆತ್ಮಗಳು ನಾಳೆಯ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನೆಲಸುತ್ತವೆ.  
ಎಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ನೀವು ಕನಸಿನಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಹೋಗಲಾರಿರೋ ಅಲ್ಲಿ,  
ಅವರಂತಿರಲು ನೀವು ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಿಸಬಹುದು, ಆದರೆ ಅವರನ್ನು  
ನಿಮ್ಮಂತೆ ಮಾಡಲು ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಿಸದಿರಿ,  
ಏಕೆಂದರೆ ಜೀವ ಹಿಮ್ಮುಖವಾಗಿ ಹರಿಯುವುದೂ ಇಲ್ಲ,  
ನಿನ್ನೆಯ ಜೊತೆ ತಂಗುವುದೂ ಇಲ್ಲ.  
ನಿಮ್ಮ ಮಕ್ಕಳು, ಜೀವಂತ ಬಾಣಗಳಂತೆ ಚಿಮ್ಮಲು ಇರುವ  
ಬಿಲ್ಲುಗಳು ನೀವು.  
ಅನಂತದ ಪಥದ ಮೇಲೆ ತನ್ನ ಗುರಿಯನ್ನು ಬಿಲ್ಲುಗಾರ ಗಮನಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ.  
ಅವನ ಶಕ್ತಿಯಿಂದ ನಿಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಬಾಗಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ, ಅವನ ಬಾಣಗಳು  
ವೇಗವಾಗಿ ಬಹು ದೂರ ಹೋಗುವಂತೆ.  
ಆ ಬಿಲ್ಲುಗಾರನ ಕೈಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಬಾಗುವಿಕೆ ಸಂತಸಮಯವಾಗಿರಲಿ,  
ಏಕೆಂದರೆ ಹಾರುವ ಅಂಬನ್ನು ಅವನು ಪ್ರೀತಿಸಿದಂತೆಯೇ  
ದೃಢವಾದ ಬಿಲ್ಲನ್ನೂ ಆತ ಪ್ರೀತಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ’.

– ಡಾ. ಪ್ರಭುಶಂಕರ

## Notes

[illegible]

## 4. Everything I Need To Know I Learned In The Forest

*Vandana Shiva*

### Pre-reading Activity:

- Have you heard of 'Chipko' movement? What is its significance?
- What was the role played by women in this movement?



My ecological journey started in the forests of the Himalaya. My father was a forest conservator, and my mother became a farmer after fleeing the tragic partition of India and Pakistan. It is from the Himalayan forests and ecosystems that I learned most of what I know about ecology. The songs and poems our mother composed for us were about trees, forests, and India's forest civilizations.



My involvement in the contemporary ecology movement began with “Chipko,” a nonviolent response to the large-scale deforestation that was taking place in the Himalayan region.

In the 1970s, peasant women from my region in the Garhwal Himalaya had come out in defense of the forests.

Logging had led to landslides and floods, and scarcity of water, fodder, and fuel. Since women provide these basic needs, the scarcity meant longer walks for collecting water and firewood, and a heavier burden.

Women knew that the real value of forests was not the timber from a dead tree, but the springs and streams, food for their cattle, and fuel for their hearths. The women declared that they would hug the trees, and the loggers would have to kill them before killing the trees.

A folk song of that period said:

*These beautiful oaks and rhododendrons,  
They give us cool water  
Don't cut these trees  
We have to keep them alive.*

In 1973, I had gone to visit my favorite forests and swim in my favorite stream before leaving for Canada to do my Ph.D. But the forests were gone, and the stream was reduced to a trickle.

I decided to become a volunteer for the Chipko movement, and I spent every vacation doing pad yatras (walking pilgrimages), documenting the deforestation and the work of the forest activists, and spreading the message of Chipko.

One of the dramatic Chipko actions took place in the Himalayan village of Adwani in 1977, when a village woman named Bachni Devi led resistance against her own husband, who had obtained a contract to cut trees. When officials arrived at the forest, the women held up lighted lanterns although it was broad daylight. The forester asked them to explain. The women replied, “We have come to teach you forestry.” He retorted, “You foolish women, how can you prevent tree

felling by those who know the value of the forest? Do you know what forests bear? They produce profit and resin and timber.”

The women sang back in chorus:

*What do the forests bear?  
Soil, water, and pure air.  
Soil, water, and pure air  
Sustain the Earth and all she bears.*

## **BEYOND MONOCULTURES**

From Chipko, I learned about biodiversity and biodiversity-based living economies; the protection of both has become my life's mission. As I described in my book *Monocultures of the Mind*, the failure to understand biodiversity and its many functions is at the root of the impoverishment of nature and culture.

The lessons I learned about diversity in the Himalayan forests I transferred to the protection of biodiversity on our farms. I started saving seeds from farmers' fields and then realized we needed a farm for demonstration and training. Thus *Navdanya Farm* was started in 1994 in the Doon Valley, located in the lower elevation Himalayan region of Uttarakhand Province. Today we conserve and grow 630 varieties of rice, 150 varieties of wheat, and hundreds of other species. We practise and promote a biodiversity-intensive form of farming that produces more food and nutrition per acre. The conservation of biodiversity is therefore also the answer to the food and nutrition crisis.

Navdanya, the movement for biodiversity conservation and organic farming that I started in 1987, is spreading. So far, we've worked with farmers to set up more than 100 community seed banks across India. We have saved more than 3,000 rice varieties. We also help farmers make a transition from fossil-fuel and chemical-based monocultures to bio-diverse ecological systems nourished by the sun and the soil.

Biodiversity has been my teacher of abundance and freedom, of co-operation and mutual giving.

## **RIGHTS OF NATURE ON THE GLOBAL STAGE**

When nature is a teacher, we co-create with her – we recognize her agency and her rights. That is why it is significant that **Ecuador has recognized the “rights of nature” in its constitution**. In April 2011, the United Nations General Assembly – inspired by the constitution of Ecuador and the Universal Declaration of the Rights of Mother Earth initiated by Bolivia – organized a conference on harmony with nature as part of Earth Day celebrations. Much of the discussion centered on ways to transform systems based on domination of people over nature, men over women, and rich over poor into new systems based on partnership.

The U.N. secretary general's report, “Harmony with Nature,” issued in conjunction with the conference, elaborates on the importance of reconnecting with nature : “Ultimately, environmentally destructive behaviour is the result of a failure to recognize that human beings are an inseparable part of nature and that we cannot damage it without severely damaging ourselves.”

Separatism is indeed at the root of disharmony with nature and violence against nature and people. As the prominent South African environmentalist **Cormac Cullinan** points out, apartheid means separateness. The world joined the anti-apartheid movement to end the violent separation of people on the basis of colour. Apartheid in South Africa was put behind us. Today, we need to overcome the wider and deeper apartheid—an eco-apartheid based on the illusion of separateness of humans from nature in our minds and lives.

## **THE DEAD-EARTH WORLD VIEW**

The war against the Earth began with this idea of separateness. Its contemporary seeds were sown when the living Earth was transformed into dead matter to facilitate the industrial revolution. Monocultures replaced diversity. “Raw materials” and “dead matter” replaced a vibrant Earth. Terra Nullius (the empty land, ready for occupation regardless of the presence of indigenous peoples) replaced Terra Madre (Mother Earth).

This philosophy goes back to Francis Bacon, called the father of modern science, who said that science and the inventions that result do not “merely exert a gentle guidance over nature's course; they have the power to conquer and subdue her, to shake her to her foundations.”

As philosopher and historian Carolyn Merchant points out, this shift of perspective—from nature as a living, nurturing mother to inert, dead, and manipulable matter—was well suited to the activities that would lead to capitalism. The domination images created by Bacon and other leaders of the scientific revolution replaced those of the nurturing Earth, removing a cultural constraint on the exploitation of nature. “One does not readily slay a mother, dig into her entrails for gold, or mutilate her body,” Merchant wrote.

### **WHAT NATURE TEACHES**

Today, at a time of multiple crises intensified by globalization, we need to move away from the paradigm of nature as dead matter. We need to move to an ecological paradigm, and for this, the best teacher is nature herself.

The Earth University teaches Earth Democracy, which is the freedom for all species to evolve within the web of life, and the freedom and responsibility of humans, as members of the Earth family, to recognize, protect, and respect the rights of other species. Earth Democracy is a shift from anthropocentrism to ecocentrism. And since we all depend on the Earth, Earth Democracy translates into human rights to food and water, to freedom from hunger and thirst.

Because the Earth University is located at Navdanya, a biodiversity farm, participants learn to work with living seeds, living soil, and the web of life. Participants include farmers, school children, and people from across the world. Two of our most popular courses are “The A-Z of Organic Farming and Agro-ecology,” and “Gandhi and Globalization.”

## **THE POETRY OF THE FOREST**

The Earth University is inspired by Rabindranath Tagore, India's national poet and a Nobel Prize laureate.

Tagore started a learning center in Shantiniketan in West Bengal, India, as a forest school, both to take inspiration from nature and to create an Indian cultural renaissance. The school became a university in 1921, growing into one of India's most famous centers of learning.

Today, just as in Tagore's time, we need to turn to nature and the forest for lessons in freedom.

In his essay “Tapovan” (Forest of Purity), Tagore writes : “Indian civilization has been distinctive in locating its source of regeneration, material and intellectual, in the forest, not the city. India's best ideas have come where man was in communion with trees and rivers and lakes, away from the crowds. The peace of the forest has helped the intellectual evolution of man. The culture of the forest has fueled the culture of Indian society. The culture that has arisen from the forest has been influenced by the diverse processes of renewal of life, which are always at play in the forest, varying from species to species, from season to season, in sight and sound and smell. The unifying principle of life in diversity, of democratic pluralism, thus became the principle of Indian civilization.”

It is this unity in diversity that is the basis of both ecological sustainability and democracy. Diversity without unity becomes the source of conflict and contest. Unity without diversity becomes the ground for external control. This is true of both nature and culture. The forest is a unity in its diversity, and we are united with nature through our relationship with the forest.

In Tagore's writings, the forest was not just the source of knowledge and freedom; it was the source of beauty and joy, of art and aesthetics, of harmony and perfection. It symbolized the universe. The forest teaches us union and compassion.

The forest also teaches us enoughness : as a principle of equity, how to enjoy the gifts of nature without exploitation and accumulation. Tagore quotes from the ancient texts written in the forest : “Know all that moves in this moving world as enveloped by God; and find

enjoyment through renunciation, not through greed of possession.” No species in a forest appropriates the share of another species. Every species sustains itself in co-operation with others.

The end of consumerism and accumulation is the beginning of the joy of living.

The conflict between greed and compassion, conquest and co-operation, violence and harmony that Tagore wrote about continues today. And it is the forest that can show us the way beyond this conflict.

**Vandana Shiva** (b.1952) wrote this article for the issue titled



**What Would Nature Do?** (Winter 2012 of Yes! Magazine). She is an internationally renowned activist for biodiversity and against corporate globalization, and author of ***Stolen Harvest : The Hijacking of the Global Food Supply, Earth Democracy : Justice, Sustainability and***

***Peace, Soil Not Oil*** and ***Staying Alive***. The last section of this essay was adapted from Vandana Shiva's '*Forest and Freedom*' which was published in the May/June 2011 edition of Resurgence magazine. Vandana Shiva is a YES! contributing editor.

In this essay Vandana Shiva first tells us how she learnt about environmentalism from the uneducated women of Garhwal, Himalaya. While the government officials and men were cutting down trees for logs, the women showed them that the trees and forests were living things and we need to live with them. Later Vandana learnt all the major ideals of a good life from the forests. They are

- a. Diversity of life forms and the need to accept diversity as the principle of life.
- b. Earth is our mother and not just raw material to be exploited; we need to live in harmony with nature.
- c. Earth democracy – respecting the freedom of all species of life to evolve and live together.
- d. The Indian tradition to ecology as recognised by Tagore – the culture of the forest is the true Indian culture.

Thus Vandana Shiva says that the forests teach us the values of diversity, freedom and co-existence.



**Glossary:**

Ecology	: the study of relationships of organisms with each other and their surroundings
Bio-diversity	: the variety of life in the world or in a particular habitat or ecosystem
Monoculture	: the cultivation of a single crop, (on a farm, area or country)
Earth Democracy	: the freedom for all species to evolve within the web of life
Anthropocentrism	: regarding humans as the central element of the universe (ಮಾನವ ಕೇಂದ್ರ ಸಿದ್ಧಾಂತ)
Organic farming	: Farming practised without using artificial chemicals, ಸಾವಯವ ಕೃಷಿ
Pluralism	: a condition or a system in which two or more states, groups, principles, sources of authority, etc., coexist (ಬಹುತ್ವ ಸಿದ್ಧಾಂತ)
Equity	: the quality of being fair and impartial
Renunciation	: the formal rejection of a belief, claim or a course of action
Consumerism	: the protection or promotion of the interests of consumers (ಕೊಳ್ಳುಬಾಕ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿ)

**Comprehension I**

1. Trace the childhood experiences that shaped the author's interest in ecology.
2. How does the scarcity of water, fodder and fuel affect women?
3. What features of the 'Chipko' movement does the author highlight?
4. The real value of forest for women was
  - a. timber from dead trees.
  - b. source of basic needs.
  - c. springs and streams.

5. List the activities that Vandana Shiva undertook after her involvement with 'Chipko' movement.
6. The conservation of biodiversity in agriculture leads to
  - a. increase in quantity of food production.
  - b. developing variety of food grains.
  - c. more quality food and higher nutrition.
7. Why is it important to change the fossil fuel and chemical based monoculture?
8. What prompted the UN to initiate a discussion on the rights of Mother Earth?
9. The conference organized by UN General Assembly aimed at transforming domination of
  - a. people over nature.
  - b. men over women.
  - c. rich over poor.
  - d. all the above.
10. What, according to the author, is eco-apartheid? Why is it necessary to end this?
11. Which event in human history marked the beginning of separation of humans from nature?
12. How do Carolyn Merchant and Francis Bacon differ in their views?
13. What ideas of Tagore inspired the author to start the Earth University?
14. How are unity and diversity related to each other?

### **Comprehension II**

1. How did the women, led by Bachni Devi, put up resistance to felling of trees? Do you think it was effective?



2. Why is it important to promote biodiversity intensive farming? How did the author achieve it?
3. “Rights of Nature” means
  - a. the right of people to use nature.
  - b. the duty of human beings to conserve nature.
  - c. preserving nature for self protection.
4. What does the concept of the Earth University convey? How is this different from that of the other universities?

### Comprehension III

1. 'Tagore sees unity with nature as the highest stage of human evolution.' Do you think consumerism and accumulation of wealth come in the way of realizing Tagore's vision of human evolution?
2. “The conservation of bio-diversity is the answer to the food and nutrition crisis.” Discuss.
3. “Conservation of diversity is crucial for the sustenance of both nature and human society.” Discuss.
4. In the light of this essay how can one synthesize the wisdom of the past with the modern knowledge systems?

### Vocabulary: Affix

A prefix is a word or a syllable added to the beginning of a root word to qualify or change the meaning of that word.

- A. When some prefixes like **dis-**, **im-**, **non-**, **in-**, **de-**, **anti-**, are added, the words get a negative connotation.

E.g.: **disharmony**, **impossible**, **nonviolent**, **inseparable**, **deforestation**, **antiapartheid**

Look up a dictionary and find suitable prefixes for the following words :

*responsible, human, practical, natural, active, material, civilized, perfect*

Try to use each of these words meaningfully in your own sentences.

- B. A suffix is a syllable or a word added to the end of a root word to qualify its meaning or form a new word. By adding suffixes like **-al, -ism, -ion, -ment, -ship**, etc. we can form different words. Some are given below:

*arrival, consumer**ism**, move**ment**, relation**ship***

Pick out more such words from the essay and use them in your sentences.

- C. In Vandana Shiva's essay you have come across many unfamiliar words such as:

*eco-systems, eco-centricism, eco-apartheid, bio-diversity, biodiversity-intensive, mono-culture, fossil-fuel.*

With the help of a dictionary find out what they mean. Use them in suitable situations.

### **Extended Activity:**

- Collect information about activities related to Organic Farming and Seed Conservation.
- Have you heard of food security? How do you think it can be achieved?

### **Suggested Reading:**

- *One Straw Revolution* (Book of Essays) - Masanobu Fukuoka
- *Hind Swaraj* (A Treatise on Self-Rule) – Mahatma Gandhi
- *Remembering Gandhi's Simplicity in this Era of Obsessive Needs* (Essay) - Sundar Sarukkai
- *The Death of Nature* (Essay) - Carolyn Merchant

## Notes

[illegible]

## 5. A Sunny Morning

*Serafín and Joaquín Álvarez Quínter*

### Pre-reading Activity:

- How does it feel to meet a friend after a long time?
- Why do some relationships come to an end?



### CHARACTERS:

Dona Laura

Petra –her maid

Don Gonzalo

Juanito- his servant

### SCENE:

*A sunny morning in a retired corner of a park in Madrid.*

*Autumn. A bench at right. Dona Laura, a handsome, white-haired old lady of about seventy, refined in appearance, her bright eyes and entire*

*manner giving evidence that despite her age her mental faculties are unimpaired, enters leaning upon the arm of her maid, Petra. In her free hand she carries a parasol, which serves also as a cane.*

**Dona Laura** : I am so glad to be here. I feared my seat would be occupied. What a beautiful morning!

**Petra** : The sun is hot.

**Dona Laura** : Yes, you are only twenty. (*She sits down on the bench*). Oh, I feel more tired today than usual. (*Noticing Petra, who seems impatient*) Go, if you wish to chat with your guard.

**Petra** : He is not mine, senora; he belongs to the park.

**Dona Laura** : He belongs more to you than he does to the park. Go find him, but remain within calling distance.

**Petra** : I see him over there waiting for me.

**Dona Laura** : Do not remain more than ten minutes.

**Petra** : Very well, senora (*Walks toward right*)

**Dona Laura** : Wait a moment.

**Petra** : What does the senora wish?

**Dona Laura** : Give me the breadcrumbs.

**Petra** : I don't know what is the matter with me.

**Dona Laura** : (*Smiling*) I do. Your head is where your heart is-with the guard.

**Petra** : Here, senora. (*She hands Dona Laura a small bag. Exit Petra by right*)

**Dona Laura** : Adios. (*Glances toward trees at right*) Here they come. They know just when to expect me. (*She rises, walks toward right, and throws three handfuls of bread*

*crumbs*) These are for the spryest. These for the gluttons and these for little ones which are the most persistent. (*Laughs. She returns to her seat and watches, with a pleased expression, the pigeons feeding*) There, that big one is always first! I know him by his big head. Now one, now another, now two, now three-That little fellow is the least timid. I believe he would eat from my hand. That one takes his piece and flies up to that branch alone. He is a philosopher. But where do they all come from? It seems as if the news had spread. Ha, ha! Don't quarrel. There is enough for all. I'll bring more tomorrow.

(*Enter Don Gonzalo and Juanito from left. Don Gonzalo is an old gentleman of seventy, gouty and impatient. He leans upon Juanito's arm and drags his feet somewhat as he walks*).

**Don Gonzalo** : Idling their time away! They should be saying mass.

**Juanito** : You can sit here, senior. There is only a lady. (*Dona Laura turns her head and listens*).

**Don Gonzalo** : I won't, Juanito. I want a bench to myself.

**Juanito** : But there is none.

**Don Gonzalo** : That one over there is mine.

**Juanito** : There are three priests sitting there.

**Don Gonzalo** : Rout them out. Have they gone?

**Juanito** : No, indeed. They are talking.

**Don Gonzalo** : Just as if they were glued to the seat. No hope of their leaving. Come this way, Juanito. (*They walk toward the birds, right*).

**Dona Laura** : (*Indignantly*) Look out !

**Don Gonzalo** : Are you speaking to me, senora?

**Dona Laura** : Yes, to you.

**Don Gonzalo** : What do you wish?

**Dona Laura** : You have scared away the birds who were feeding on my crumbs.

**Don Gonzalo** : What do I care about the birds?

**Don Laura** : But I do.

**Don Gonzalo** : This is a public park.

**Dona Laura** : Then why do you complain that the priests have taken your bench?

**Don Gonzalo** : Senora, we have not met. I cannot imagine why you take the liberty of addressing me. Come, Juanito.  
(*Both go out right*)

**Dona Laura** : What an ill-natured old man! Why must people get so fussy and cross when they reach a certain age?  
(*Looking toward right*) I am glad. He lost that bench, too. Serves him right for scaring the birds. He is furious. Yes, yes; find a seat if you can. Poor man! He is wiping the perspiration from his face. Here he comes. A carriage would not raise more dust than his feet. (*Enter Don Gonzalo and Juanito by right and walk toward left*).

**Don Gonzalo** : Have the priests gone yet, Juanito?

**Juanito** : No, indeed, senor. They are still there.

**Don Gonzalo** : The authorities should place more benches here for these sunny mornings. Well, I suppose I must resign myself and sit on the bench with the old lady.  
(*Muttering to himself, he sits at the extreme end of Dona Laura's bench and looks at her indignantly. Touches his hat as he greets her*) Good morning.

**Dona Laura** : What, you here again?

**Don Gonzalo** : I repeat that we have not met.

**Dona Laura** : I was responding to your salute.

**Don Gonzalo** : 'Good morning' should be answered by 'good morning', and that is all you should have said.

**Dona Laura** : You should have asked permission to sit on this bench, which is mine.

**Don Gonzalo** : The benches here are public property.

**Dona Laura** : Why, you said the one the priests have was yours.

**Don Gonzalo** : Very well, very well. I have nothing more to say.  
(*Between his teeth*) Senile old lady! She ought to be at home knitting and counting her beads.

**Dona Laura** : Don't grumble any more, I'm not going to leave just to please you.

**Don Gonzalo** : (*Brushing the dust from his shoes with his handkerchief*) If the ground were sprinkled a little it would be an improvement.

**Dona Laura** : Do you use your handkerchief as a shoe brush?

**Don Gonzalo** : Why not?

**Dona Laura** : Do you use a shoe brush as a handkerchief?

**Don Gonzalo** : What right have you to criticize my actions?

**Dona Laura** : A neighbour's right.

**Don Gonzalo** : Juanito, my book. I do not care to listen to nonsense.

**Dona Laura** : You are very polite.

**Don Gonzalo** : Pardon me, senora, but never interfere with what does not concern you.



**Dona Laura** : I generally say what I think.

**Don Gonzalo** : And more to the same effect. Give me the book, Juanito.

**Juanito** : Here, señor. (*Juanito takes a book from his pocket, hands it to Don Gonzalo, then exits by Right. Don Gonzalo, casting indignant glances at Dona Laura, puts on an enormous pair of glasses, takes from his pocket a reading-glass, adjusts both to suit him, and opens his book*).

**Dona Laura** : I thought you were taking out a telescope.

**Don Gonzalo** : Was that you?

**Dona Laura** : Your sight must be keen.

**Don Gonzalo** : Keener than yours is.

**Dona Laura** : Yes, evidently.

**Don Gonzalo** : Ask the hares and partridges.

**Dona Laura** : Ah! Do you hunt?

**Don Gonzalo** : I did, and even now-

**Dona Laura** : Oh, yes, of course!

**Don Gonzalo** : Yes, senora. Every Sunday I take my gun and dog, you understand, and go to one of my estates near Aravaca and kill time.

**Dona Laura** : Yes, kill time. That is all you kill.

**Don Gonzalo** : Do you think so? I could show you a wild boar's head in my study-

**Dona Laura** : Yes, and I could show you a tiger's skin in my boudoir. What does that prove?

**Don Gonzalo** : Very well, senora, please allow me to read. Enough conversation.

**Dona Laura** : Well, you subside, then.

**Don Gonzalo** : But first I shall take a pinch of snuff. (Takes out snuff box) Will you have some?

*(Offers box to Dona Laura)*

**Dona Laura** : If it is good.

**Don Gonzalo** : It is of the finest. You will like it.

**Dona Laura** : *(Taking pinch of snuff)*. It clears my head.

**Don Gonzalo** : And mine.

**Dona Laura** : Do you sneeze?

**Don Gonzalo** : Yes, senora, three times.

**Dona Laura** : And so do I. What a coincidence!

*(After taking the snuff, they await the sneezes, both anxiously, and sneeze alternately three times each).*

**Don Gonzalo** : There, I feel better.

**Dona Laura** : So do I. *(Aside)*. The snuff has made peace between us.

**Don Gonzalo** : You will excuse me if I read aloud?

**Dona Laura** : Read as loud as you please; you will not disturb me.

**Don Gonzalo** : *(Reading)* 'All love is sad, but sad as it is, it is the best thing that we know.' That is from Campoamor.

**Dona Laura** : Ah!

**Don Gonzalo** : *(Reading)* 'The daughters of the mothers I once loved kiss me now as they would a graven image.' Those lines, I take it, are in a humorous vein.

**Dona Laura** : *(Laughing)* I take them so, too.

**Don Gonzalo** : There are some beautiful poems in this book. Here. 'Twenty years pass. He returns.'

**Dona Laura** : You cannot imagine how it affects me to see you reading with all those glasses.

**Don Gonzalo** : Can you read without any?

**Dona Laura** : Certainly.

**Don Gonzalo** : At your age? You're jesting.

**Dona Laura** : Pass me the book, then. (*Takes book; reads aloud*). 'Twenty years pass. He returns. And each, beholding the other, exclaims – Can it be that this is he? Heavens, is it she?'

(*Dona Laura returns the book to Don Gonzalo*).

**Don Gonzalo** : Indeed, I envy your wonderful eye sight.

**Dona Laura** : (*Aside*) I know every word by heart.

**Don Gonzalo** : I am very fond of good verses, very fond. I even composed some in my youth.

**Dona Laura** : Good ones?

**Don Gonzalo** : Of all kinds. I was a great friend of Espronceda, Zorrilla, Becquer, and others. I first met Zorrilla in America.

**Dona Laura** : Why, have you been in America?

**Don Gonzalo** : Several times. The first time I went I was only six years old.

**Dona Laura** : You must have gone with Columbus in one of his caravels!

**Don Gonzalo** : (*Laughing.*) Not quite as bad as that. I am old, I admit, but I did not know Ferdinand and Isabella. (*They both laugh.*) I was also a great friend of Campoamor. I met him in Valencia. I am a native of that city.

**Dona Laura** : You are?

**Don Gonzalo** : I was brought up there, and there I spent my early youth. Have you ever visited that city?

**Dona Laura** : Yes, señor. Not far from Valencia there was a villa that, if still there, should retain memories of me. I spent several seasons there. It was many years ago. It was near the sea, hidden away among lemon and orange trees. They called it – let me see, what did they call it? – Maricela.

**Don Gonzalo** : (*Startled*) Maricela?

**Dona Laura** : Maricela. Is the name familiar to you?

**Don Gonzalo** : Yes, very familiar. If my memory serves me right – for we forget as we grow old – there lived in that villa the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, and I assure you I have seen many. Let me see – what was her name? Laura-Laura-Laura Llorente.

**Dona Laura** : (*Startled*) Laura Llorente?

**Don Gonzalo** : Yes. (*They look at each other intently*).

**Dona Laura** : (*Recovering herself*) Nothing. You reminded me of my best friend.

**Don Gonzalo** : How strange!

**Dona Laura** : It is strange. She was called ‘The Silver Maiden.’

**Don Gonzalo** : Precisely, ‘The Silver Maiden.’ By that name she was known in that locality. I seem to see her as if she were before me now, at that window with the red roses. Do you remember that window?

**Dona Laura** : Yes, I remember. It was the window of her room.

**Don Gonzalo** : She spent many hours there. I mean in my day.

**Dona Laura** : (*Sighing*). And in mine, too.

**Don Gonzalo** : She was ideal. Fair as a lily, jet black hair and black eyes, with an uncommonly sweet expression. She seemed to cast radiance wherever she was. Her figure was beautiful, perfect. 'What forms of sovereign beauty God models in human clay!' She was a dream.

**Dona Laura** : (*Aside*) If you but knew that dream was now by your side, you would realize what dreams come to. (*Aloud*) She was very unfortunate and had a sad love affair.

**Don Gonzalo** : Very sad. (*They look at each other*).

**Dona Laura** : Did you hear of it?

**Don Gonzalo** : Yes.

**Dona Laura** : The ways of Providence are strange. (*Aside*) Gonzalo!

**Don Gonzalo** : The gallant lover, in the same affair.

**Dona Laura** : Ah, the duel?

**Don Gonzalo** : Precisely, the duel. The gallant lover was- my cousin, of whom I was very fond.

**Dona Laura** : Oh, yes, a cousin? My friend told me in one of her letters the story of that affair, which was truly romantic. He, your cousin, passed by on horseback every morning down the rose path under her window, and tossed up to her balcony a bouquet of flowers which she caught.

**Don Gonzalo** : And later in the afternoon the gallant horseman would return by the same path, and catch the bouquet of flowers she would toss him. Am I right?

**Dona Laura** : Yes. They wanted to marry her to a merchant whom she would not have.

**Don Gonzalo** : And one night, when my cousin waited under her window to hear her sing, this other person presented himself unexpectedly.

**Dona Laura** : And insulted your cousin.

**Don Gonzalo** : There was a quarrel.

**Dona Laura** : And later a duel.

**Don Gonzalo** : Yes, at sunrise, on the beach, and the merchant was badly wounded. My cousin had to conceal himself for a few days and later to fly.

**Dona Laura** : You seem to know the story well.

**Don Gonzalo** : And so do you.

**Dona Laura** : I have explained that a friend repeated it to me.

**Don Gonzalo** : As my cousin did to me. (*Aside*) This is Laura!

**Dona Laura** : (*Aside*). Why tell him? He does not suspect.

**Don Gonzalo** : (*Aside*). She is entirely innocent.

**Dona Laura** : And was it you, by any chance, who advised your cousin to forget Laura?

**Don Gonzalo** : Why, my cousin never forgot her!

**Dona Laura** : How do you account, then, for his conduct?

**Don Gonzalo** : I will tell you. The young man took refuge in my house, fearful of the consequences of a duel with a person highly regarded in that locality. From my home he went to Seville, and then came to Madrid. He wrote Laura many letters, some of them in verse. But undoubtedly they were intercepted by her parents, for she never answered at all. Gonzalo then, in despair, believing his love lost to him forever, joined the army, went to Africa, and there, in a trench, met a glorious death, grasping the flag of Spain and whispering the name of his beloved Laura-

**Dona Laura** : (*Aside*). What an atrocious lie!

**Don Gonzalo** : (*Aside*) I could not have killed myself more gloriously.

**Dona Laura** : You must have been prostrated by the calamity.

**Don Gonzalo** : Yes, indeed, senora. As if he were my brother. I presume, though, on the contrary, that Laura in a short time was chasing butterflies in garden, indifferent to regret.

**Dona Laura** : No, senor, no!

**Don Gonzalo** : It is a woman's way.

**Dona Laura** : Even if it were woman's way, 'The Silver Maiden' was not of that disposition. My friend awaited news for days, months, a year, and no letter came. One afternoon, just at sunset, as the first stars were appearing, she was seen to leave the house, and with quickening steps went her way toward the beach, the beach where her beloved had risked his life. She wrote his name on the sand, and then sat down upon a rock, her gaze fixed upon the horizon. The waves murmured their eternal threnody and slowly crept up to the rock where the maiden sat. The tide rose with a boom and swept her out to sea.

**Don Gonzalo** : Good heavens!

**Dona Laura** : The fishermen of that shore who often tell the story affirm that it was a long time before the waves washed away that name written on the sand. (*Aside*) You will not get ahead of me in decorating my own funeral.

**Don Gonzalo** : (*Aside*) She lies worse than I do.

**Dona Laura** : Poor Laura!

**Don Gonzalo** : Poor Gonzalo!

**Dona Laura** : (*Aside*) I will not tell him that I married two years later.

**Don Gonzalo** : (*Aside*) In three months I ran off to Paris with a ballet dancer.

**Dona Laura** : Fate is curious. Here are you and I, complete strangers, met by chance, discussing the romance of old friends of long ago! We have been conversing as if we were old friends.

**Don Gonzalo** : Yes, it is curious, considering the ill-natured prelude to our conversation.

**Dona Laura** : You scared away the birds.

**Don Gonzalo** : I was unreasonable, perhaps.

**Dona Laura** : Yes, that was evident. (*Sweetly*) Are you coming again tomorrow?

**Don Gonzalo** : Most certainly, if it is a sunny morning. And not only will I not scare away the birds, but I will bring a few crumbs.

**Dona Laura** : Thank you very much. Birds are grateful and repay attention. I wonder where my maid is. Petra! (*Signals for her maid*).

**Don Gonzalo** : (*Aside, looking at Laura, whose back is turned*) No, no, I will not reveal myself. I am grotesque now. Better that she recall the gallant horseman who passed daily beneath her window tossing flowers.

**Dona Laura** : Here she comes.

**Don Gonzalo** : That Juanito! He plays havoc with the nursemaids.

(*Looks toward right and signals with his hands*).

**Dona Laura** : (*Aside, looking at Gonzalo, whose back is turned*) No, I am too sadly changed. It is better he should remember me as the black-eyed girl tossing flowers as he passed among the roses in the garden. (*Juanito enters by right, Petra by left. She has a bunch of violets in her hand*).



**Dona Laura** : Well, Petra! At last!

**Don Gonzalo** : Juanito, you are late.

**Petra** : (*To Dona Laura*) The guard gave me these violets for you, senora.

**Dona Laura** : How very nice! Thank him for me. They are fragrant. (*As she takes the violets from her maid a few loose ones fall to the ground*).

**Don Gonzalo** : My dear lady, this has been a great honour and a great pleasure.

**Dona Laura** : It has also been a pleasure to me.

**Don Gonzalo** : Good bye until tomorrow.

**Dona Laura** : Until tomorrow.

**Don Gonzalo** : If it is sunny.

**Dona Laura** : A sunny morning. Will you go to your bench?

**Don Gonzalo** : No, I will come to this - if you do not object?

**Dona Laura** : This bench is at your disposal.

**Don Gonzalo** : And I will surely bring the crumbs.

**Dona Laura** : Tomorrow, then?

**Don Gonzalo** : Tomorrow!

*(Laura walks away toward right, supported by her maid. Gonzalo, before leaving with Juanito, trembling and with a great effort, stoops to pick up the violets Laura dropped. Just then Laura turns her head and surprises him picking up the flowers).*

**Juanito** : What are you doing, senor?

**Don Gonzalo** : Juanito, wait –

**Dona Laura** : (*Aside*) Yes, it is he!

**Don Gonzalo** : (*Aside*) It is she, and no mistake.

(*Dona Laura and Don Gonzalo wave farewell.*)

**Dona Laura** : 'Can it be that this is he?'

**Don Gonzalo** : 'Heavens, is it she?'

(*They smile once more, as if she were again at the window and he below in the rose garden, and then disappear upon the arms of their servants.*)

### Curtain.



**Serafin** (1871-1938) and **Joaquin** (1873-1944) **Alvarez Quintero** were Spanish brothers, known as the 'Golden Boys of Madrid Theatre'. They were celebrated playwrights of the early twentieth century. Together they wrote about 200 plays which depict the life, manners and speech of the people of Andalusia in Southern Spain. Their popular comedies, many of which have been translated into other languages, contributed to the revival of Spanish theatre. 'The Flowers,' 'The Merry Heart,' 'One Hundred Years Ago,' 'The Galley Slave' and 'Apple of His Eye' are some of their popular plays.

### Glossary:

Don	: Sir
Dona	: Miss, Madam
Handsome	: (of man) good-looking, (of woman) striking and imposing in good looks rather than conventionally pretty
Madrid	: The capital city of Spain
Unimpaired	: not damaged
Parasol	: a colourful umbrella
Senora (ಸೆನ್ಯೋರಾ)	: the Spanish term for madam or Mrs.
Adios (ಅಡಿಯೋಸ್)	: adieu, farewell, goodbye
Spryest	: most active and energetic
Gluttons	: those who eat excessively

Threnody	: song of lamentation
Gouty	: suffering from inflammation of the joints
Aravaca (ಅರವಾಕ)	: a neighbourhood of the city of Madrid
Boudoir (ಬೂದ್ವಾರ)	: a woman's private room
Valencia (ವ್ಯಾಲೆನ್ಸಿಯ)	: the third largest city in Spain
Grotesque (ಗ್ರೋಟೆಸ್ಕ್)	: distorted
Duel	: a formal fight between two people in which they use guns or swords in order to settle a quarrel
Campoamor (ಕ್ಯಾಂಪೊಅಮೋರ್), Espronceda (ಎಸ್ಪ್ರಾನ್ಸೆಡಾ), Zorilla (ಝೊರಿಲ್ಲ) and Becquer (ಬೆಕರ್)	: famous Spanish writers of the 19 <sup>th</sup> century

### Comprehension I

1. Do you think Laura was a regular visitor to the park? What makes you think so?
2. Why are Don Gonzalo and Laura annoyed with each other?
3. Dona Laura reads without her glasses as
  - a. she has keen eyesight.
  - b. she wants to impress Gonzalo.
  - c. she knows every word by heart.
4. Gonzalo and Laura keep up humorous conversation because they :
  - a. have nothing else to do.
  - b. enjoy being with each other.
  - c. have the same temperament.
5. Laura and Gonzalo's friendly conversation begins with
  - a. Gonzalo reading the poems.
  - b. Laura's witty remarks.
  - c. a pinch of snuff.
6. Do you think Laura is an effective narrator?

7. Gonzalo does not reveal his identity because:
- he no longer loves Laura.
  - his appearance has changed.
  - he looks grotesque and old.

### **Comprehension II**

- Precisely at what point of time, do you think, Laura and Gonzalo begin to recognise each other?
- What were the circumstances that led Gonzalo to flee Valencia?
- Did Laura and Gonzalo pine for each other after they were separated by circumstances? Who is more passionate? How do they react to each other now?
- What makes Dona Laura assume that Don Gonzalo is an ill-natured man?
- Laura and Gonzalo build up stories about themselves so that they can
  - fool each other.
  - forget the past.
  - conceal their emotions.

### **Comprehension III**

- Trace how irony is built in the play. Did you guess the characters' past even before they did so?
- Why do Dona Laura and Don Gonzalo spin fictitious stories about themselves?
- Bring out the feelings of Laura and Gonzalo as they leave the park. Is it different from what they felt about each other in the beginning of the play?
- What do you think would have happened if they had revealed their identity? Do you think they know who they are towards the end of the play?
- How is the title 'A Sunny Morning' justifiable? Discuss.

## Vocabulary:

### Collocations

A collocation is a combination of words that are commonly used together; the simplest way of describing collocations is to say that they ‘just sound right’ to native English speakers.

<i>Natural Collocation</i>	<i>Deviant/Unnatural Collocation</i>
A quick shower	a <del>fast</del> shower
A quick meal	a <del>fast</del> meal
Fast food	quick <del>food</del>
Completely satisfied	<del>Totally</del> satisfied
Take charge	<del>hold</del> charge
Highly desirable	highly <del>wanted</del>
Pay a fine	<del>give</del> a fine
Close a deal	<del>end</del> a deal
Make a mess	<del>do</del> a mess
Miss an opportunity	<del>lose</del> an opportunity
Bright idea	<del>smart</del> idea
Talk freely	<del>speak</del> freely
Broad daylight	<del>bright</del> daylight

### Extended Activity:

- Enact the play in your class room.
- Write a dialogue between two friends who meet after a long time.

### Suggested Reading:

- Candle Indoors (poem) – W.B.Yeats.
- The Silver Maiden (Dave's award winning student film)

## Notes

[illegible]

## 6. When You Are Old

*W.B. Yeats*

### Pre-reading Activity:

- Is there difference between love and infatuation?
- Do you think perception of love changes as one gets older?



When you are old and gray and full of sleep,  
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,  
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look  
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,  
 And loved your beauty with love false or true,  
 But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,  
 And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars,  
 Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled  
 And paced upon the mountains overhead  
 And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.



**William Butler Yeats** (1865 – 1939) is an Irish poet and one of the foremost figures of 20th century literature. His early poetry is part of the Celtic twilight or the Irish Literary Revival and it uses the history, myths and heroic figures of Ireland. Yeats wrote plays, was one of the founders of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, and was witness to the revolutionary politics of Ireland. He was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature in 1923. Later, under the influence of Ezra Pound, he began to write modernist poetry. He is one among the great love poets of the world.

In this love poem, the speaker (who is the lover) imagines his beloved in the future when she is old and reading the book of poems he is now writing. Reading the book she will remember the past, her youthful beauty and the many who admired her. While the others loved her physical beauty and grace, only he loved her soul and her soul's search for something meaningful. However, she will also feel sad that love also vanished.

Note how love is personified in the last lines.



**Glossary:**

- The pilgrim soul : questing soul
- The glowing bars : the bars of the fire place full of glowing coal
- Nod : move one's head up and down repeatedly
- Murmur : a softly spoken or almost inaudible utterance

**Comprehension I**

1. The speaker is addressing
  - a. a young woman he has loved.
  - b. an old woman that he has met now.
  - c. the woman that he has admired in his life.
2. In line two, the word 'book' refers to
  - a. memories.
  - b. book of poems.
  - c. an album.
  - d. diary.
3. The phrase 'glad grace' suggests
  - a. her physical beauty.
  - b. her inner beauty.
  - c. her goodness.
4. 'Pilgrim soul' means the soul
  - a. which is immortal.
  - b. that has gone on a pilgrimage.
  - c. which is in quest of true love.
5. What does the phrase 'your changing face' suggest?
6. 'Love fled' connotes
  - a. the death of the man who loved her.
  - b. the fleeing of her lover to the mountains.
  - c. the loss endured by her.

### Comprehension II

1. How is the 'one man' different from the many others who loved the lady?
2. Does the poem bring out the transient nature of beauty as against permanence of love?

### Comprehension III

1. Comment on the usage of time frame by the poet.
2. 'When You Are Old' is a poem of contrasts. What purpose do they serve?

### Suggested Reading:

- 'Sonnet 116' by William Shakespeare
- 'My love is like a red red rose' by Robert Burns
- 'How do I love thee? Let me count the ways' by Elizabeth B. Browning
- ಶತಮಾನದ ಕವಿ ಯೇಟ್ಸ್ - ಡಾ. ಯು.ಆರ್. ಅನಂತಮೂರ್ತಿ
- ಜಿನ್ನದ ಹಕ್ಕಿ (ಯೇಟ್ಸ್ ಕವಿಯ 50 ಕವನಗಳ ಅನುವಾದ) - ಡಾ. ಎನ್.ಎಸ್. ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಿನಾರಾಯಣ ಭಟ್ಟ
- ಕನ್ನಡಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದ ಕವಿತೆ - ಓ.ಎಲ್. ನಾಗಭೂಷಣಸ್ವಾಮಿ

ಕನ್ನಡ ಅನುವಾದ:

ನೀ ಮುದುಕಿಯಾದಾಗ

ನೀ ಮುದುಕಿಯಾಗಿ ಕೂದಲು ನರೆತು ಕಣ್ಣಲ್ಲಿ ನಿದ್ದೆ ತುಂಬಿರಲು,  
ಬೆಂಕಿಗೂಡಿನ ಬದಿಗೆ ಕುಳಿತು ಈ ಪುಸ್ತಕವ ಕೈಗೆತ್ತಿಕೊ,  
ಓದು ನಿಧಾನವಾಗಿ, ಪ್ರಾಯದ ದಿನಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ನಿನ್ನ ಕಣ್ಣಲ್ಲಿ  
ಹೊಮ್ಮುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಮಧುರ ನೋಟ, ದಟ್ಟನೆ ನೆರಳ ಸ್ಮರಿಸು ಮನದಲ್ಲಿ.

ಪ್ರೀತಿಸಿದ್ದೆಷ್ಟು ಜನ ನಿನ್ನ ಹರ್ಷೋಲ್ಲಾಸಭರಿತ ಗಳಿಗೆಗಳನ್ನ?  
 ನಿಜದ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯೊ ಸುಳ್ಳೊ, ಪ್ರೀತಿಸಿದ್ದರು ಅವರು ನಿನ್ನ ಚೆಲುವನ್ನ,  
 ಪ್ರೀತಿಸಿದ್ದೊಬ್ಬನೇ ನಿನ್ನಲ್ಲಿ ಹುದುಗಿದ್ದ ಯಾತ್ರಿಕ ಪವಿತ್ರಾತ್ಮವನ್ನ,  
 ಪ್ರೀತಿಸಿದ ಹಾಗೆಯೇ, ಬದಲುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ನಿನ್ನ ಮುಖದ ದುಗುಡಗಳನ್ನ.

ಜಗಜಗಿಸಿ ಹೊಳೆವ ಉರಿ ಸರಳುಗಳ ಬಳಿ ಕೂತು ಮುಖ ಬಾಗಿಸಿ,  
 ಉಸುರಿಕೋ ನಿನ್ನೊಳಗೆ ನೀನೆ ವೃಥೆ ದನಿಯಲ್ಲಿ, ಹೇಗೆ ಪ್ರೀತಿ  
 ಓಡಿ ಹೋಯಿತು ಎಂದು ದೂರದಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಗಿರಿಶಿಖರ ಏರಿ,  
 ಮರೆಸಿಕೊಂಡಿತು ತನ್ನ ಮುಖವ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳ ಮಧ್ಯೆ ತೂರಿ.

— ಡಾ. ಎನ್.ಎಸ್. ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮೀನಾರಾಯಣ ಭಟ್ಟ

## Notes

This image shows a full page of white paper with horizontal blue ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page, providing a template for handwriting practice or general writing. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the page.

## 7. The Gardener

*P. Lankesh*

### Pre-reading Activity:

- Is there difference between competition and rivalry?
- Can you think of different factors that motivate human beings to lead their life?



Elaboration can only impoverish this account and make it less authentic. I conceived this story in a flash. It has its genesis in my chance encounter with an old man. He was standing in a coconut

grove near Chennarayapatna. His eyes were suffused with strange memories and native intelligence. He stood there, a tall figure: hair gone grey, a long beak-like nose and strong muscular arms. In one hand, a spade used to tend coconut trees. A newspaper tucked under his arm. He was a labourer, overseer and philosopher, all rolled into one.

He came to this garden one day, after walking hundreds of miles. The owner of this plantation needed a person exactly like him. A few words were exchanged. The old man stayed on. He was really useful. He was well-versed in agriculture, and could understand the problems of workers. The petty thefts in the garden came to an end. The income from the garden improved dramatically. There was a perceptible change in the lifestyle of the owner. The plantation expanded. But the owner became lethargic and shied away from hard work. His wife found all this very strange. She found it hard to decide whether the old man's arrival was for the better or for the worse. Her husband's wealth and social prestige had risen higher. He acquired a number of friends in the next town and an equal number in his own village. Even though he had precious little to do, his life became crowded with colourful events. She became apprehensive about his adultery and umpteen other vices, cultivated lately, thanks to his newly acquired clout. Their farm which was merely ten acres had grown beyond their imagination. That was fine, but their life also was gradually getting out of hand.

When she was in a fix like this, one day, the old man met her and behaved as though he knew all about her plight. He smiled at her and brought down an offering of tender coconuts from a nearby tree. He sat on the embankment of the well. She had no alternative and she sat next to him. The sun was slipping away into the western horizon. His rays were reaching the walls of the well through the foliage of coconut, mango and jack fruit trees.

The old man began his narrative.

In a far-off place, once there was a man called Tammanna. He had everything. Ten acres of wet land. A comfortable house. People

too ready to do his bidding. The most important among all his possessions was his rival Sangoji.

After proceeding this far, the old man started fumbling for words as though he had committed a mistake. She was listening. She felt like going away, saying "All this is none of my concern." However, unwilling to hurt the old man, she continued to sit there quietly. The old man went on. "No, his name was not Sangoji, it was Basavaiah." He expressed his amazement at how facts take on such varied guises when they are narrated as fiction.

Let that be. Let us assume his name was Basavaiah. He was Tammanna's rival. If Tammanna bought four more acres adjacent to his land, Basavaiah also followed suit. If one had ten friends, the other acquired fifteen admirers. To begin with, all this looked like healthy competition. However, gradually it rose to such a pitch that there was no land left in the village for them to buy. All land belonged to either Tammanna or Basavaiah. Tammanna had one thousand acres and Basavaiah owned eight hundred. Basavaiah could not tolerate this. He sent word to Tammanna asking him to sell two hundred acres. Tammanna did not agree. He was prepared to buy all the land that belonged to Basavaiah. Basavaiah was mad with rage. He went along with his people and acquired two hundred acres of Tammanna's land forcibly. A fence was built around that land. Tammanna could not tolerate this invasion.

By now, the quarrel between these two had sucked in all their supporters. Tammanna was advised by his supporters about the various means available for getting back his land. There was the court of law. One could also take recourse to the police. If you did not want that, there were many number of persons ready to attack Basavaiah. Such a war had become virtually inevitable. But Tammanna was in search of a method that could annihilate Basavaiah completely. He hit upon the idea of composing all his experiences in the form of ballads and singing them. Now the rivalry between Tammanna and Basavaiah started moving away from things that were visible, towards an invisible, abstract domain.

Basavaiah had no answer to this. He also tried to sing, but could not. He performed his agricultural tasks more diligently. This too was no answer to Tammanna. Tammanna's reputation started spreading all around. His songs started making a mention of Basavaiah's cruelty and his meanness. Scholars of folklore were after him. Critics started analysing and translating his songs and thus earned their share of fame. Basavaiah helplessly watched all this, consumed by anger. He encroached more and more into Tammanna's land. Tammanna did not notice any of these activities. Art had become the *raison-d'être* of his life. He was felicitated as the best poet of his times.

Basavaiah shrunk in humiliation. Nevertheless he started filling his life with all kinds of material wealth. He got a palatial mansion built for himself. He appointed a number of persons just to praise him. He bedecked himself with gold, diamonds and other precious stones. But his house looked dull and empty because Tammanna's books were not there. That is what the visitors told him. Therefore he started inviting scholars, poets and musicians to his place. This was his way of investing his home with meaning.

One day, he came to know that Tammanna was ill. At that point, Basavaiah found the means of surpassing Tammanna. Health is wealth. You may sing, you may write ballads, but if Tammanna started suffering from disease, surely his own spirits would be revived. Tammanna's disease was Basavaiah's health.

However, by this time Tammanna had thought of yet another method of punishing Basavaiah. That was death. If he continued at the level of the body, Basavaiah would go on offering a stiff competition. But if his song was separated from his body, if there was no relation between the songs and his own flesh and blood... this is how his thoughts went.

"That's when I realized how strange human nature can be." The old man began his explanation to the owner's wife.



“Man needs wealth, education, art and many more things. And yet he lives for some kind of unbearable vengefulness. Without it, there would be no reason for his existence. This is not a real story, only what I have heard somewhere. You may know that I subscribe to a daily. To you, I am just an old man. After a particular age, man loses his name. His age becomes important and his name vanishes into thin air. Now, I am an old man in this garden. Your servant. I am also the person who reads the newspaper and looks after the garden properly. I conceived the story of Tammanna and Basavaiah, when all of a sudden, Russia told America. “I am not your enemy. I shall not wage a war against you.” What must have been the reaction of America, the sworn enemy of Russia, to this declaration? Probably, you will not understand the agony and boredom of America, once it knew Russia was no more an enemy. A nation is capable of withstanding strains like this. But a human being cannot. I suffered a similar fate. I thought my death alone could destroy Basavaiah. I gave up everything and started off. A few days after I left, Basavaiah passed away. He had no more reason to live.

My name is Tammanna. After his death, I forgot all my songs and ballads. I, who was once famous, became a non-entity. Thus I avenged myself.

Your husband is flourishing today as a rich man. He is not amenable to any advice. Man is so complicated that till the day of his death, he goes on living for some revenge or the other, confronting one challenge or the other.

Amma, do not think otherwise; just assume I did not tell you any of this. Or, think all this happened in a dream. The labourers have started going home. That young child of Lokya paints well. He is bedridden with fever. I shall pay him a visit.

\*\*\*\*~~~~\*\*\*\*

Forgive me. Unable to elaborate, I have told you whatever I felt, as it is. I had seen all this in a dream.

*Translated by H.S. Raghavendra Rao*



**P.Lankesh** (1935-2000) is an Indian writer and journalist who wrote in Kannada. After graduating with an honours degree in English from Central College at Bengaluru, he completed his Master of Arts degree in English from Maharaja College, Mysore.

P. Lankesh's first work was '*Kereya Neeranu Kerege Chelli*', a collection of short stories published in 1963. This was followed by several collections of short stories and poetry, three novels, critical essays, translations (including Charles Baudelaire's *Les Fleurs du Mal*, *Oedipus Rex*, and Sophocles' *Antigone*), as well as several plays and films. His 1976 film '*Pallavi*' – a cinematic narration, told from the female protagonist's point of view and based on his novel '*Biruku*' – won India's national award for best direction.

**H.S. Raghavendra Rao:** (1948) Retired Professor of Kannada. He has worked at National College, Jayanagar, Bangalore, Kannada University, Hampi and Central Institute of Indian Languages, Mysore. He is a well known Literary Critic and Translator. He has published more than ten works of literary criticism. Translated Works: '*Art of Loving*', (Erich Fromm), '*This Matter of Culture*' (Jiddu Krishnamurthy), '*Iruvegalu*' (Oriya Short Stories), '*Baala Medhaavi*' (German Short Stories), '*Kappu Kavite*' (One Hundred Poems from Africa), '*Manju, Mannu, Mouna*' (Ted Kooser) and '*Hattu Dikkina Belaku*'. He is the recipient of many prestigious awards.



### **Glossary:**

Perceptible	: visible, noticeable
Lethargic	: lazy, sluggish
Diligent	: hard-working
Raison-de-etre (n)	
(French) (ರೇಸಾನ್ ಡೆಟ್ರೆ)	: reason, cause of life
Annihilate	: destroy

### **Comprehension I**

1. What qualities of the old man impressed the narrator?
2. Is it a significant factor that the old man came to the garden after walking hundreds of miles?
3. The owner of the garden became lethargic because
  - a. the income of the garden improved dramatically.
  - b. he had become dependent upon the gardener.
  - c. there was nothing much left for the owner to do.
4. Why did the owner's wife start worrying about the strange ways of her husband?
5. When did the old man decide to narrate his story?
6. Tammanna considers his rival, Sangoji/Basavaiah, an important possession because
  - a. competition helps in the development of an individual.
  - b. Sangoji/Basavaiah leads a more colourful life.
  - c. rivalry offers new possibilities of life for him.
7. "No, his name was not Sangoji, but Basavaiah" told the old man because
  - a. he had really forgotten the name.
  - b. he wanted to keep the identity of his rival a secret.
  - c. he was fictionalizing his past.

8. What unique strategy did Tammanna conceive to annihilate Basaviah?
9. Why does Basavaiah start inviting scholars and musicians to his place?
10. What was Basavaiah's ray of hope in his attempts to outwit Tammanna?
11. Tammanna decides to give up everything and leave the place because
  - a. he sees no purpose in living there.
  - b. he wants to create an impression that he is dead.
  - c. he wants to put an end to the rivalry.
12. Tammanna forgets his songs and ballads because
  - a. he finds them futile.
  - b. he doesn't need them anymore.
  - c. he avenges himself.

### **Comprehension II**

1. How did the owner's life style change after the arrival of the old man?
2. What advice did the supporters of Tammanna give for getting back his land?
3. How did Tammanna react to Basavaiah's encroachment of his land?
4. How did Basavaiah try to overcome his humiliation?

### Comprehension III

1. The rivalry between Tammanna and Basavaiah keeps moving from the visible domain to the invisible. Comment.
2. How does Tammanna adopt a counter strategy to challenge the material wealth of Basavaiah?
3. Tammanna turns reflective in the course of his life. What does this tell us about human nature?
4. How does the reference to Russia and America provide another dimension to the story?
5. Observe how the story employs multiple narratives. How does this technique unveil the mystery of human relationships?

### Vocabulary:

**Antonym** is a word opposite in meaning to a given word.

**Note the use of antonyms for the following words used in 'The Gardener'.**

- |               |   |            |
|---------------|---|------------|
| 1. Impoverish | × | enrich     |
| 2. Elaborate  | × | concise    |
| 3. Petty      | × | grand      |
| 4. Suffused   | × | removed    |
| 5. Lethargic  | × | active     |
| 6. Annihilate | × | preserve   |
| 7. Vengeful   | × | benevolent |
| 8. Agony      | × | ecstasy    |
| 9. Flourish   | × | languish   |

- |             |            |
|-------------|------------|
| 10. Wealth  | × poverty  |
| 11. Famous  | × obscure  |
| 12. Cruelty | × kindness |
| 13. Best    | × worst    |
| 14. Enemy   | × friend   |
| 15. Stiff   | × flexible |

***What do the following expressions from the lesson mean?***

1. in a flash
2. flesh and blood
3. out of hand
4. vanish into thin air

**Extended activity:**

- Work in groups and discuss the advantages and disadvantages of competition.

**Suggested reading:**

- |                                   |                           |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| • Noon Wine( novella )            | – Catherine Ann Porter    |
| • <i>Poison Tree</i> (poem)       | – William Blake           |
| • <i>Henne Fire</i> (short story) | – Isaac Bashevis Singer   |
| • ಎಲ್ಲಿಂದಲೋ ಬಂದವರು (ಚಲನಚಿತ್ರ)     | – ಪಿ. ಲಂಕೇಶ್              |
| • ಭೂತಯ್ಯನ ಮಗ ಅಯ್ಯ                 | – ಕನ್ನಡ ಚಲನಚಿತ್ರ          |
| • ಮೌನಿ (ಸಣ್ಣ ಕಥೆ)                 | – ಡಾ. ಯು. ಆರ್. ಅನಂತಮೂರ್ತಿ |

## Notes

This image shows a full page of blank white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page, providing a template for handwriting practice or general writing. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the page.

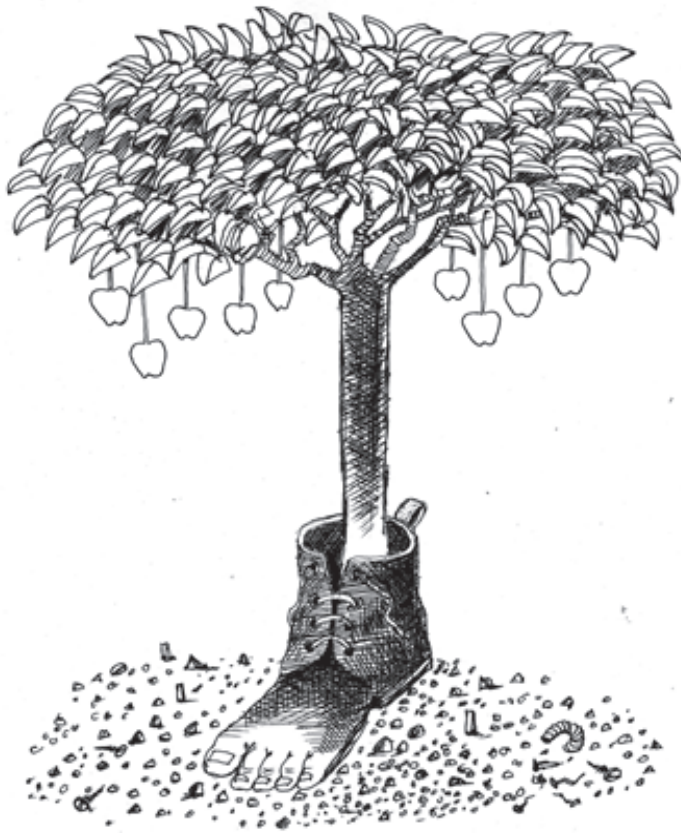
## 8. To the Foot from its Child

Pablo Neruda

### Pre-reading Activity:

- Some parts of the body are normally attributed metaphorically; Heart-emotions, head-reason, similarly what do these refer to – foot, shoulders, hand, eye etc.
- What do the following expressions mean?

*stand on one's own feet, to have a brave heart, in cold blood, take to one's heel*





The child's foot is not yet aware it's a foot,  
and would like to be a butterfly or an apple.

But in time, stones and bits of glass,  
streets, ladders,  
and the paths in the rough earth  
go on teaching the foot that it cannot fly,  
cannot be a fruit bulging on the branch.  
Then, the child's foot  
is defeated, falls  
in the battle,  
is a prisoner  
condemned to live in a shoe.

Bit by bit, in that dark,  
it grows to know the world in its own way,  
out of touch with its fellow, enclosed,  
feeling out life like a blind man.

These soft nails  
of quartz, bunched together,  
grow hard, and change themselves  
into opaque substance, hard as horn,  
and the tiny, petaled toes of the child  
grow bunched and out of trim,  
take on the form of eyeless reptiles  
with triangular heads, like worms.

Later, they grow callused  
and are covered  
with the faint volcanoes of death,  
a coarsening hard to accept.

But this blind thing walks  
without respite, never stopping  
for hour after hour,  
the one foot, the other,  
now the man's,  
now the woman's,  
up above,  
down below,  
through fields, mines,  
markets, and ministries,  
backwards,  
far afield, inward,  
forward,  
this foot toils in its shoe,  
scarcely taking time  
to bare itself in love or sleep;  
it walks, they walk,  
until the whole man chooses to stop.  
And then it descended  
underground, unaware,  
for there, everything, everything was dark.

It never knew it had ceased to be a foot  
or if they were burying it so that it could fly  
or so that it could become  
an apple.

**Translated by Alastair Reid**



**Pablo Neruda** (1904 –1973) is the pen name and, later, legal name of the Chilean poet, diplomat and politician **Neftali Ricardo Reyes Basoalto**. He chose his pen name after the Czech poet Jan Neruda. In 1971 Neruda won the Nobel Prize for Literature.

Neruda was recognized as a poet when he was a teenager. He wrote in a variety of styles including surrealist poems, historical epics, overtly political manifestos, a prose autobiography and erotically-charged love poems such as the ones in his 1924 collection *Twenty Love Poems and a Song of Despair*.



**Alastair Reid** (1926) is one of Scotland's foremost literary figures, admired as a craftsman in poetry, prose and translation. Since he left Scotland during World War II, he has lived variously in Spain, France, Switzerland, the United States and South America. Reid has published over 40 books

including essays, poetry, children's books and translations of many distinguished poets. His publications include 'Weathering' (1978), a book of his early selected poems & translations, and 'Oases' (1997), a collection of prose and poetry describing his friendship with writers such as Graves, Neruda and Borges.

**Glossary:**

- Quartz : a hard white colourless mineral consisting of silicon dioxide
- Opaque : not transparent
- Petaled : like petals
- Callus : thickened and hardened part of the skin
- Respite : a short period of rest

**Comprehension I**

1. What would the foot like to be?
2. Line 1 of the poem conveys
  - a. the immense possibilities of life.
  - b. the unrestricted nature of a child's imagination.
  - c. the child's ignorance of harsh realities.
3. What does time teach the child?
4. The line 'stones and bits of glass, streets, ladders and the paths in the rough earth'
  - a. indicates hardships one has to face in life.
  - b. provides a mere description of a road.
  - c. suggests the good and bad experiences of growing up.
5. Why does the child's foot feel defeated?
6. Mention the words that convey the real experiences of the foot.
7. Identify the lines in the poem that suggest transformation of the foot.

8. '... condemned to live in a shoe' suggests that the foot is
  - a. a prisoner.
  - b. a criminal.
  - c. forced to give up its dreams.
9. What does the line 'until the whole man chooses to stop' mean?

### **Comprehension II**

1. We think of a foot as a part of human body; but Neruda says 'To the Foot From its Child'. Explain.
2. Pick out the expressions that suggest the child's imagination is fertile.
3. What contrasting descriptions of the foot does the poem offer? Why?
4. The poem begins with the idea that child's foot is not yet aware that it is a foot; at the end the foot is unaware that it had ceased to be a foot. What is the poet trying to convey through these statements?
5. How does Neruda describe the busy life of the individual as represented by the foot?
6. What does the last stanza of the poem mean? Can you think of parallels in nature?

### **Comprehension III**

1. Examine how Neruda's poem works out the contrast between colourful dreams and humdrum reality of life.

2. Neruda's poem is a salute to the ordinary human being, who continues with life braving all odds. Do you agree? Give reasons.
3. Is Neruda criticizing how society crushes childhood dreams and forces people into rigid moulds?
4. 'Foot' is a key word in the poem. Comment on Neruda's skilful use of the word and its associations in terms of imagery to convey his ideas.

### **Suggested Reading:**

- Memoirs – Autobiography of Pablo Neruda
- Life's Beginning (poem) – Petrus Brovka
- ಮರಳಿ ಬರುವೆ (ನೆರೂಡ ಕವಿತೆಗಳ ಅನುವಾದ) – ತೇಜಸ್ವಿನಿ ನಿರಂಜನ
- ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಬರಿ ಮರ್ಯಾದಸ್ಥರೆ (ನೆರೂಡ ಕವಿತೆಗಳ ಅನುವಾದ) – ಕೆ.ಎಸ್. ನಿಸಾರ್ ಅಹಮದ್

**ಕನ್ನಡ ಅನುವಾದ :**

**ಪಾದದ ಮಗು ಪಾದಕ್ಕೆ ಹೇಳಿದ್ದು**

ಪುಟ್ಟ ಮಗುವಿನ ಪಾದಗಳಿಗೆ ಅರಿವಿಲ್ಲ ಇನ್ನೂ ತಾನು ಪಾದಗಳೆಂದು,  
ಬಯಸುತ್ತವೆ ಅವು ಚಿಟ್ಟೆಯೋ, ಸೇಬುಹಣ್ಣೋ ಆಗಲೆಂದು.

ಆದರೆ ದಿನಕಳೆದಂತೆ, ಕಲ್ಲುಗಳು, ಗಾಜಿನ ಚೂರುಗಳು,

ಹಾದಿಬೀದಿಗಳು, ಮೆಟ್ಟಿಲುಗಳು,

ಗಟ್ಟಿನೆಲದ ಕಾಲುದಾರಿಗಳು

ಕಲಿಸುತ್ತವೆ ಆ ಪಾದಗಳಿಗೆ ಪಾರವನ್ನು

ಅದು ಹಾರಲಾರದೆಂದು,

ಕೊಂಬೆಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಮಾಗಿ ಹಿರಿಯುವ ಹಣ್ಣಾಗಲಾರದೆಂದು.

ಆಮೇಲೆ, ಆ ಪಾದಗಳು

ಸೋಲುತ್ತವೆ, ಬೀಳುತ್ತವೆ  
ಕದನದಲ್ಲಿ,  
ಆಜೀವಪರ್ಯಂತ ಬೂಟಿನಲ್ಲಿ  
ಖೈದಿಯಾಗುತ್ತವೆ.

ಜೊರು ಜೊರೇ, ಬೂಟಿನ ಆ ಕತ್ತಲಲ್ಲಿ  
ಬೆಳೆಯುತ್ತದೆ ಅದು ತನ್ನ ಬಗೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಲೋಕವನ್ನರಿಯುತ್ತ,  
ಸೆರೆಯಲ್ಲಿರುವ ತನ್ನದೇ ಜೊತೆಯ ಪಾದಕ್ಕೆ ಹೊರಗಿನವನಾಗಿ  
ಕುರುಡನಂತೆ ತಡಕಾಡಿ ನೋಡುತ್ತ.

ಸ್ವಟಿಕ ಶಿಲೆಯ ಆ ಮೃದು ಉಗುರುಗಳು,  
ಹರಳಿನ ಗೊಂಚಲ ಹಾಗೆ  
ಗಡುಸಾಗುತ್ತ, ಬದಲಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತವೆ ತಮ್ಮನ್ನು ತಾವು  
ಅಪಾರದರ್ಶಕ ವಸ್ತುವಿನ ಹಾಗೆ, ಗಡುಸು ಕೊಂಬಿನ ಹಾಗೆ,  
ಮಗುವಿನ ಪುಟ್ಟ, ಪಕಳೆಯ ಬೆರಳುಗಳು  
ಬೆಳೆಯುತ್ತವೆ ನುಜ್ಜಿಗುಜ್ಜಿ ಸುರುಟಿಕೊಂಡು  
ಕಣ್ಣಿಲ್ಲದ ಹಾವಿನ ಹಾಗೆ,  
ತ್ರಿಭುಜದಂಥ ಅದರ ತುದಿಗಳು ಹುಳುಗಳ ಹಾಗೆ.  
ಬೆಳೆಯುತ್ತ ಬೆಳೆಯುತ್ತ ಜಡ್ಡುಗಟ್ಟುತ್ತವೆ ಬೆರಳುಗಳೆಲ್ಲ  
ಸಾವಿನ ಅಸ್ಪಷ್ಟ ಜ್ವಾಲಾಮುಖಿ ಅವುಗಳ ಮೇಲೆಲ್ಲ,  
ಬಯಸದ ಕಠಿಣತೆ ಆವರಿಸುತ್ತದೆ ದಿನದಿನ ಹೀಗೆಲ್ಲ.

ಆದರೆ ಈ ಕುರುಡು ಪಾದ ಚಲಿಸುತ್ತಲೇ ಇರುತ್ತದೆ  
ಅರೆಗಳಿಗೆ ವಿಶ್ರಾಂತಿಯಿಲ್ಲದೆ, ಎಂದೂ ನಿಲ್ಲದೆ  
ಗಂಟೆಗಳು ಕಳೆದು ದಿನಗಳೂ ಕಳೆದು  
ಒಂದು ಪಾದದ ಹಿಂದೆ ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ಪಾದ,

ಮಗುವಲ್ಲ ಈಗ ಅದು, ಗಂಡಿನ ಪಾದ,  
 ಮತ್ತೀಗ ಹೆಣ್ಣಿನ ಪಾದ,  
 ಮೇಲೆದ್ದಿತು ಪಾದ ಕೆಳಗಿಳಿಯಿತು ಪಾದ  
 ಹೊಲಗಳಲ್ಲಿ, ಗಣಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿ,  
 ಮಾರ್ಕೆಟ್ಟುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ, ಮತ್ತು ಆಫೀಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ,  
 ಹಿಂದೆ  
 ಒಳಗೆ, ಹೊರಗೆ  
 ಮುಂದೆ,  
 ದುಡಿಯುತ್ತದೆ ಪಾದ ಬೂಟುಗಳ ಒಳಗೆ,  
 ಪುರಸೊತ್ತಿಲ್ಲ ಅದಕ್ಕೆ  
 ಬೆತ್ತಲಾಗಲಿಲ್ಲ ಅದು ಪ್ರೀತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ  
 ಅಥವಾ ನಿದ್ರೆಯಲ್ಲಿ;  
 ಒಂದು ಪಾದ ನಡೆಯಿತು  
 ಎರಡು ಪಾದಗಳು ನಡೆದವು,  
 ನಡೆಯುತ್ತಿರುವ ಇಡೀ ಮನುಷ್ಯ  
 ನಿಲ್ಲಲು ಬಯಸುವವರೆಗೆ.

ಇಳಿಯಿತು ಪಾದ ಆಗ ಕೆಳಗಿರುವ  
 ಮಣ್ಣಿನಾಳವನ್ನು, ಮೀರಿ ತನ್ನ ಅರಿವನ್ನೂ,  
 ಎಲ್ಲವಲ್ಲವೂ ಕತ್ತಲು ಅಲ್ಲಿ.  
 ಗೊತ್ತಿಲ್ಲ ಆ ಪಾದಕ್ಕೆ ಈಗ ತಾನು ಪಾದವಾಗಿ ಉಳಿದಿಲ್ಲವೆಂದು  
 ಮಣ್ಣಿನಾಳಕ್ಕೆ ಹೊಳಿದರೆ ತಾನು ರೆಕ್ಕೆಬಿಚ್ಚಿ ಹಾರಬಹುದೆಂದು  
 ಅಥವಾ ತಾನೊಂದು ಸೇಬುಹಣ್ಣಾಗಬಹುದೆಂದು.

– ಜ.ನಾ. ತೇಜಪ್ರೀ



## Notes

[illegible]

## 9. I Believe That Books Will Never Disappear

*Interview with Jorge Luis Borges*

### Pre-reading Activity:

- What is the difference between an interview and chatting?
- Think of different situations where people are interviewed (e.g., for job or for enrolment to a course etc.) How does it vary from situation to situation?



**ROBERTO ALIFANO** : What was your first literary reading, Borges?

**JORGE LUIS BORGES** : I believe my first reading was Grimm's *Fairy tales* in an English Version... I was educated by my father's library, perhaps more than by high school or the university.

**ALIFANO :** Can we talk about Dona Leonor, your mother?

**BORGES :** My mother was an extraordinary person. I should speak, above all, of her kindness toward me. I'll tell you a secret of mine. I feel somewhat guilty for not having been a happy man in order to have given her a deserved happiness. I feel guilty; perhaps I should have been more understanding of her. But I don't know; I suppose that it is true of all children that when our mother dies, we feel that we have taken her for granted as we do with the moon or the sun or the seasons: we feel we have abused her. Before her death, it doesn't dawn on us. My mother was an intelligent and a gracious woman who, I believe, had no enemies.

**ALIFANO :** Please forgive me, Borges, for asking you this: What is blindness to you?

**BORGES :** Well, now it is a way of life, a way of life that is not entirely unhappy. A writer-and, I believe, generally all persons-must think that whatever happens to him or her is a *resource*. All things have been given to us for a purpose, and an artist must feel this more intensely. All that happens to us, including humiliations, our misfortunes, our embarrassments, all is given to us as raw material as clay, so that we may shape our art.

**ALIFANO :** Homer wrote in *The Odyssey*: "The gods wrought and spun the skein of ruin for men, that there might be a song for those yet to be born".

**BORGES :** Well, it is the same idea. In one of my poems I say that humiliation, misfortune, discord were given to us so that we may transmute them, so that we may make from the miserable circumstance of our life eternal works or works that aspire to be so. A verse of Goethe comes to mind: "*Alles Nahe Werd Fern*" (All that is near becomes far). In this verse, Goethe refers not only to the sunset, but also to life. All things leave us. In my case, the visible world

has moved away from my eyes, surely forever, but, fortunately, it has been replaced by other things. My duty is to accept and, as far as possible, to enjoy those things... I still continue pretending that I am not blind. I still buy books... I still go on filling my house with books.

**ALIFANO :** There is a theme I would like us to speak about: the theme of books.

**BORGES :** Well, last night, in fact, I had a very strange dream. “I dreamed of the burning of a great library- which I believe may have been the library of Alexandria- with its countless volumes attacked by flames. Do you believe this dream may have some meaning?”

**ALIFANO :** Perhaps, Borges. Could it be that you owe your readers a book on the history of the book? Have you ever thought of writing such a book?

**BORGES :** Dear me, no! But it is an excellent idea. It would be wonderful to write a history of book. I’ll keep it in my mind; although I don’t know if an eighty-three- year-old man can set such a project for himself... However, I now remember that Spengler, in his *Decline of the West*, predates my attempt, for in it he writes remarkable comments on books.

**ALIFANO :** In one of your essays, you quote the words of Bernard Shaw: “Every book worth being re-read has been written by the spirit”.

**BORGES :** Ah, yes. I completely concur with that notion, since a book goes beyond its author’s intention... The author’s intention is a meager thing-a fallible thing. In a book- in every book-there is a need for something more, which is always mysterious. When we read an ancient book, it is as though we were reading all time that has passed from the day it was written to our present day. A book can be full of errors, we can reject its author’s opinions, disagree with him or her, but the book always retains something

sacred, something mortal, something magical which brings happiness.

**ALIFANO :** Borges, what is poetry? How would you define it?

**BORGES :** I believe that poetry is something so intimate, so essential, that it cannot be defined without oversimplifying it. It would be like attempting to define the color yellow, love, and the fall of leaves in the autumn... I believe that poetry is *the* aesthetic act; that poetry is not the poem, for the poem may be nothing more than a series of symbols. Poetry, I believe, is the poetic act that takes place when the poet writes it, when the reader reads it, and it always happens in a slightly different manner. When the poetic act takes place, it seems to me that we become aware of it. Poetry is a magical, mysterious, and unexplainable - although not incomprehensible-event. If one doesn't feel the poetic event upon reading it, the poet has failed.

**ALIFANO :** Borges, what is important in the art of poetry is finding the precise words...

**BORGES :** To a great extent. Those precise words are what elicit the emotion. I always remember that wonderful line in a poem by Emily Dickinson, which can exemplify this: "This quiet dust was gentlemen and Ladies". The idea is banal. The idea of dust, the dust of death (we will all be dust one day) is a cliché; but what surprises is the phrase "gentlemen and ladies", which gives the magic and poetic quality. If she had written "men and women", it would have failed as poetry; it would have been trivial. But, finding the precise words, she wrote, "This quiet dust was gentlemen and ladies."

**ALIFANO :** You have said that metaphors exist from our very beginnings. Could you expound on that concept, Borges?

**BORGES :** Yes, certainly. I believe that metaphors, if they are truly metaphors, exist from the beginning of time. But we express them differently. I have occasionally thought of

reducing all metaphors to five or six which seem to me to be the essential metaphors.

**ALIFANO :** What are those metaphors?

**BORGES :** Well, time and a river; life and dreams; death and sleep; stars and eyes; flowers and women. These would be, I believe, the essential metaphors that are found in all literatures; and then there are others that are whimsical. I believe that the poet's task is to discover metaphors, even though they may already exist.

**ALIFANO :** Borges, there are people who speak of the disappearance of books, and they assert that modern developments in communications will replace them with something more dynamic that will require less time than reading. What do you think of that?

**BORGES :** I believe that books will never disappear. It is impossible that that will happen. Among the many inventions of man, the book, without a doubt, is the most astounding: all the others are extensions of our bodies. The telephone, for example, is the extension of our voice; the telescope and the microscope are extensions of our sight; the sword and the plough are extensions of our arms. Only the book is an extension of our imagination and memory.

**ALIFANO :** Well, you state in a memorable passage that literature is a dream.

**BORGES :** It is true. Literature is a dream, a controlled dream. Now, I believe that we owe literature almost everything we are and what we have been, also what we will be. Our past is nothing but a sequence of dreams. What difference can there be between dreaming and remembering the past? Books are the great memory of all centuries. Their function, therefore, is irreplaceable. If books disappear, surely history would disappear, and surely man would disappear.

(Excerpts from ***Twenty four Conversations with Borges:*** Interviews by **Roberto Alifano**)



**Jorge Luis Borges** (ಹೊರ್ಹೆ ಲೂಯಿಸ್ ಬೊರ್ಹೆಸ್) – (1899 – 1986) is an Argentine short-story writer, essayist, poet and translator born in Buenos Aires. His work embraces the “character of unreality in all literature”.

His most famous books, *Ficciones* (1944) and *The Aleph* (*El Aleph*, 1949) are compilations of short stories interconnected with common themes, including dreams, labyrinths, libraries, mirrors, infinity, fictional writers, philosophy, religion and God.

**Roberto Alifano**, poet, storyteller, essayist and journalist, born in the city of General Pinto, province of Buenos Aires, in 1943. His books have been translated into several languages. From 1974 to 1985 he worked with Jorge Luis Borges.



### Glossary:

<i>Doña</i>	: used as a courtesy title before the name of a woman in a <i>Spanish</i> -speaking area
Whimsical	: fanciful
Odyssey	: Greek epic written by Homer
Library of Alexandria	: one of the largest libraries of the ancient World which was burnt
Spengler	: Oswald Spengler (1880-1936) German historian and philosopher

**Comprehension I**

1. 'I was educated more by my father's library' says Borges. He means \_\_\_\_\_.
  - a. school or the university did not educate him.
  - b. he was educated in his father's library too.
  - c. he learnt through private tuitions held in his father's library.
2. Why does Borges feel guilty about his mother?
3. According to Borges, blindness is \_\_\_\_\_.
  - a. just a physical handicap.
  - b. not a misfortune.
  - c. actually a resource.
4. Why does Borges prefer to believe that he is not blind?
5. Borges feels that when we read a book what matters is not the author's intention, but what sense we get out of it. True/False?
6. How according to Borges does the book go beyond the author's intention?
7. When does the poetic act happen, according to Borges?
8. What cannot be defined without oversimplifying it?
9. Which is the most astounding invention of man?

**Comprehension II**

1. Why does Borges feel remorseful after his mother's death regarding his relationship with her? Can this experience be generalised?
2. How does Borges elaborate on Goethe's words 'all that is near becomes far'?



3. What according to Borges should one think of humiliations and misfortunes?
4. Discuss Borges' views on poetry and poem.
5. Why is it important for poetry to use language precisely? What example does Borges use to demonstrate this aspect of poetic language?
6. In spite of modern modes of communication, Borges believes that books will not disappear? Illustrate.

### Comprehension III

1. 'Poetry is magical, mysterious and unexplainable'. How does Borges explain the strange aspect of poetry?
2. How does Borges value literature? Why is it important for the future of mankind?

### Vocabulary:

#### Word Pairs:

Nonreversible word pairs always appear in the same order, e.g., back and forth. It would sound awkward if we read forth and back. The following is a list of some common word pairs.

1. Trial and Error
2. Pride and Prejudice
3. Null and Void
4. Flora and Fauna
5. Whims and Fancies

6. High and Dry
7. Time and Again
8. Pick and Choose
9. Time and Tide
10. Tooth and Nail
11. Forgive and Forget
12. Pros and Cons
13. Hale and Hearty
14. Hue and cry

Make a list of a few other word pairs.

### **Extended Activity:**

- Conduct an interview with a few important personalities of your area.

### **Suggested Reading:**

- Fragrance of Guava (Interview) – Conversations with Gabriel Garcia Marquez by Plinio Apuleyo Mendoza  
(ಕನ್ನಡದಲ್ಲಿ : ಸಿಬಿ ಸೊಗಡು – ಅನುವಾದ – ಎಸ್. ಗಂಗಾಧರಯ್ಯ)
- Work Builds, Charity Destroys (Baba Amte's Interview) – by Rajiv Mehrotra
- On His Blindness(Poem) – John Milton

## Notes

This image shows a full page of blank handwriting practice paper. It features multiple sets of horizontal lines spaced evenly down the page. Each set consists of three lines: a solid top line, a dashed middle line, and a solid bottom line, providing a guide for letter height and placement. The paper is otherwise completely blank, with no text or other markings.

## 10. Heaven, If You Are Not Here On Earth

*Kuvempu*

### Pre-reading Activity:

- Do you agree that one's life is what one makes of it?
- What comes to your mind when you think of the word 'heaven'?



Heaven, if you are not here on earth  
Where else could you be!

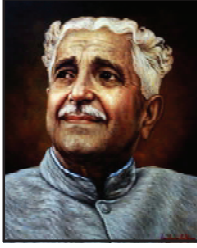
If we ourselves cannot be gods  
Then there can be no gods!  
If we ourselves aren't heavenly nymphs  
The nymphs are not elsewhere!

While this roaring stream rushes fast  
Rolling surf at the edge of waves  
The tender sunshine leans on verdant gardens  
And then the gentle Sun – make this earth, heaven!

In the splendour of harvest and of moonlight  
Heaven lies all over!  
Imbibing and spilling the song of nectar  
The poet does create heaven on earth!

**Translated by Prof. C. Naganna**

**K. V. Puttappa** (1904 – 1994): He is widely known by the pen name Kuvempu. He is acknowledged as the greatest poet of the 20th century Kannada literature. He is the first among eight recipients of Jnanpith Award for Kannada.



He is the second - after M. Govinda Pai - among Kannada poets to be revered as Rashtrakavi, a national poet. His work 'Sri Ramayana Darshanam', the rewriting of the great ancient Indian epic Ramayana in modern Kannada, is regarded as revival of the era of Mahakavya (Epic poetry) in a contemporary form and charm. He is immortalised by some of his phrases, and in particular for his contribution to Universal Humanism or in his own words 'Vishwa maanavataa Vaada'. He was conferred Padma Vibhushan by Government of India. He has penned the Karnataka State anthem 'Jaya Bharata Jananiya Tanujate'.

**Dr. C. Naganna** is a wellknown poet, critic and translator. He



has brought out more than twenty books in both Kannada and English so far. His Kannada translation of Chinua Achebe's *Things Fall Apart* as 'ಫಂ' and the English rendering of Kuvempu's discursive essays

'ನಿರಂಕುಶ ಮತಿಗಲಾಗಿ' as *Unsetter Your Minds and Other Essays* have been well received. He is a professor of Comparative literature and Translation Studies, besides being Director of Prasara, the publication division of the University of Mysore. A number of organizations have honoured him for his literary and cultural contributions.

**Glossary:**

nymph (ನಿಂಫ್)	:	damsel
Froth	:	foam, ಸೋರೆ
Verdant	:	green with grass or other rich vegetation
Nectar	:	the drink of the gods, ಅಮೃತ

**Comprehension I**

1. According to the poet 'heaven' is
  - a. on earth.
  - b. within us.
  - c. elsewhere.
2. The poet finds god in
  - a. nature.
  - b. earth.
  - c. temple.
3. What does the line 'Heaven lies all over!' suggest?
4. Who creates 'heaven on earth'?

**Comprehension II**

1. Describe the beauty in nature that makes the earth a heavenly place.
2. Why does the poet feel that earth is more beautiful than heaven?

**Comprehension III**

1. How does the poet explain the illusion of heaven in this poem?
2. How does the poem celebrate the power of the poet?

**Suggested Reading:**

- Ode on Intimations of Immortality – William Wordsworth
- Geetanjali (collection of poems) – Rabindranath Tagore
- ಎಲ್ಲೋ ಹುಡುಕಿದೆ ಇಲ್ಲದ ದೇವರ – ಜಿ.ಎಸ್. ಶಿವರುದ್ರಪ್ಪ

**Original Poem:**

ಸ್ವರ್ಗವೆ, ಭೂಮಿಯೊಳಿರದಿರೆ ನೀನು

ಕುವೆಂಪು

ಸ್ವರ್ಗವೆ, ಭೂಮಿಯೊಳಿರದಿರೆ ನೀನು  
ಮೇಣೆಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ನೀನಿಲ್ಲಾ ಇಲ್ಲಾ !

ದೇವತೆಗಳು ನಾವಾಗಲಾರದಿರೆ  
ದೇವತೆಗಳು ಇನ್ನಿಲ್ಲಾ ಇಲ್ಲಾ!  
ಅಪ್ಸರೆಯರು ನಾವಾಗಲಾರದಿರೆ  
ಅಪ್ಸರೆಯರು ಬೇರಿಲ್ಲಾ ಇಲ್ಲಾ !

ಮೊರೆಮೊರೆಯುತ ಓಡುವ ಈ ತೊರೆಯಿರೆ,  
ತೆರೆಗಳ ತುದಿಯಲಿ ತಿರುಗುವ ನೊರೆಯಿರೆ,  
ಹಸುರು ಬನಗಳಲಿ ಹೂಬಿಸಿಲೊರಗಿರೆ,  
ಕೋಮಲ ರವಿಯಿರೆ, ನಾಕವು ಈ ಧರೆ !

ಸುಗ್ಗಿಯ ಸೊಬಗಲಿ ತಿಂಗಳ ಬೆಳಕಲಿ  
ಸಗ್ಗವು ಬಿದ್ದಿರುವುದು ಅಲ್ಲಿ !  
ಕಬ್ಬಿಗನಿಂಚರ ಸೊದೆಯುಂಡು ಚೆಲ್ಲಿ  
ಸಗ್ಗವ ಮಾಳ್ವನು ಈ ಬುವಿಯಲ್ಲಿ !



## Notes

[illegible]

## 11. Japan And Brazil Through A Traveler's Eye

*George Mikes*

### Pre-reading Activity:

- Do you like travelling? Does it enhance one's mental horizon?
- Which of our behaviour/gestures do you think appear strange to a foreign visitor?
- Do you think living in a foreign city/visiting a foreign country makes us aware of our own culture?



## **Note on Travel Writing**

*Travel writing is about writing one's experiences of travelling and visiting alien places. As a genre of writing it is as old as 2<sup>nd</sup> Century when travellers to Greece recorded their experiences in the form of a diary. With the invention of new techniques of navigation and sea voyages during the 9<sup>th</sup> and 10<sup>th</sup> centuries, travel writing became popular as more number of people began to explore new places on the globe. Soon such trips started getting royal patronage and support. New adventures and voyages were even commissioned. Thus travel writing ceased to be just a description of a new place born out of curiosity and gained political overtones. Now even after much of the earth has been explored, and almost every piece on this earth has been written about, its popularity has not waned as can be seen by the immense viewership it has on modern media like TV and internet.*

*Travel writing has come under serious scholarly study in the past 50 years, and has become a part of cultural studies programme in many universities. Travel writing is no longer viewed as a product of some innocent curiosity or an attempt to understand an alien culture 'objectively'. Rather, these narratives are telling comments on how a culture gets represented by another, and in the process subtly uphold some cultural values as somehow superior and universal than the others.*

## **JAPANESE MANNERS**

A QUARTER of an hour in Japan will convince you that you are among exquisitely well-mannered people. People who live on a hopelessly overcrowded island have to respect one another's privacy- or rather, would have to if they had any privacy. But they don't. So courtesy has a double function: it is courtesy and it is substitute privacy. Take, for example, the little red telephones in the streets, shops, halls of hotels. The instrument is situated on a table or on a counter-they have no space to spare for booths. You conduct your most confidential business transactions, your intimate love-quarrels in public; yet in perfect privacy. Anybody, any passer-by, could listen-in, but nobody does. A man's telephone-receiver is his castle.

You will, of course, immediately notice their mania for bowing. Everybody keeps bowing to everybody else, with the ceremonious

solemnity of a courtier yet with a great deal of natural and inimitable grace. Bowing is neither less nor more silly than shaking hands or kissing the cheek, but it is quaint; more formal, more oriental; it is also infectious. After a few hours you start bowing yourself. But you bow too deeply or not deeply enough; you bow to the wrong man at the wrong time; you do not clasp your hands in front of you which is bad; or you do which is worse. You'll discover that the Japanese have a complicated hierarchy in bowing: who bows to whom, how deeply and for how long. One of the American states had an early traffic law which laid down that if two cars met at an intersection, neither was to move before the other had gone. Similarly, if two Japanese bow, neither is to straighten up before the other stands erect in front of him. A little complicated to us; they manage it without difficulty and even the smallest difference in rank, standing, age, social position will be subtly reflected in that split second one man's bow is shorter than the other's. In many cases there are clear-cut differences in position and no difficulties. The basic rules inside the family : 'The wife bows to her husband, the child bows to his father, younger brothers to elder brothers, the sister bows to all brothers of whatever age.' I saw babies carried in Japanese style on their mothers' backs in clever little saddles, and whenever mother bowed, baby bowed too, somewhat condescendingly, from his majestic height. Japanese stores employ bowing girls who stand at the top of escalators and whose only duty is to bow deeply and deferentially to all and sundry (the Japanese equivalent of our page-boys who turn revolving doors for us). On the famous and fast Tokaido Line between Tokyo and Osaka two conductors enter the carriage in a slightly theatrical scene. They march to the middle of the coach, bow ceremoniously in both directions and then start checking the tickets. In one of the parts of Nara I met a deer. I bought a pack of food for him. He came up to me, looked into my eyes and bowed deeply. It was no chance gesture: it was a proper and courteous bow. Perhaps deer are more imitative than I knew; perhaps if they see people bowing all the time they get into the habit too; perhaps it is something genetic and is in the blood of Japanese deer. I do not know; but I do know that the deer bowed to me, then jumped at me and snatched the little food-bag from my hand.

In this, too, the deer was a true Japanese. You can often see people bowing to each other with ceremonious serenity at bus-stops. As soon as the bus arrives, the bowing gentlemen are transformed into savages, they push each other aside, tread on each other's toes and shove their elbows into each other's stomachs...

### ***Eating Soup***

Eating soup has more dangers than almost anything else. When eating soup you must make a fearful noise. It is a sign of appreciation. If you don't, your hostess will think: 'What an ill-mannered lout.' But if you *do*, she will think: 'No reasonably well brought-up *European* makes such disgusting noises when eating soup. He must be an ill-mannered lout'.

### **TRAFFIC IN BRAZIL**

NOBODY hurries in Brazil. It does not really matter whether you reach your destination an hour too soon, a day late, or not at all. The grey pavements in the streets of Copacabana are often decorated with beautiful black mosaics – a unique type of decoration. Only a people alive to beauty in their surroundings and who have plenty of time for contemplation during their meditative, ambulatory exercises would take the trouble to decorate the pavements they walk on.

However, as soon as these easy going, leisurely characters get a steering wheel in their hands no speed is fast enough for them. You would then be inclined to believe that gaining a tenth of a second is a matter of grave importance for all of them all the time.

Motor cars are extremely expensive in Brazil, import duties being crippling and murderous. Only a few other, poorer, South American states are in a worse position in this respect. Complaints are universal: hardly anyone can afford a car. Yet this only means that the number of motor vehicles is growing by leaps and bounds, almost as if cars were distributed free of charge to all and sundry. Thus the pedestrian's life is becoming more hazardous every day.

It is not that drivers do not care about pedestrians. The trouble is that they do care about them; they are, in fact, on the look-out for them. As soon as a driver notices a pedestrian step off the pavement, he regards him as fair game: he takes aim and accelerates. The

pedestrian has to jump, leap, and run for dear life. He does not resent this in the least: driver and pedestrian – hunter and prey – smile amicably at each other. I win today – you will win tomorrow. Fair enough...

The war between drivers themselves is murderous but good-tempered. They cut in, they overtake on both sides, they force you to brake violently and commit all the most heinous crimes of the road and twenty times every hour. But they smile at you the same time – there is no anger, no hostility, no mad hooting...

The Avenida Presidente Vargas is the worst place of all. You stand there, trying to cross the road and contemplating the truly fascinating problem: how can crawling traffic proceed at such terrifying speed? As hour after hour passes, without a ray of hope of an auspicious crossing, you may witness a scene, something like this: a man, on your side of the Avenida Vargas suddenly catches sight of a friend of his on the other side and starts waving to him, at the same time looking completely mystified:

'How on earth did you get over there?' he shouts across, trying to make himself heard above the traffic.

It is the other fellow's turn to be surprised by this naïve question. He yells back:

'How? I was born on this side!'

**George Mikes** (ಜಾರ್ಜ್ ಮಿಕೇಸ್) (1912-1987) is an artist, author, publisher, illustrator and journalist from Hungary. Studied Law and received his doctorate at Budapest University.



His books include '*The Hungarian Revolution*', '*Über Alles*', '*Shakespeare and Myself*', '*Italy for Beginners*', '*How to be An Artist*', '*How to be Inimitable*', '*How to scrape Skies*' and '*How To Tango*', '*How To Be An Alien*'.

These excerpts are chosen from '*The Land of the Rising Yen*' and '*How To Tango*'.

**Glossary:**

Mania	: obsession, craze
Condescend	: stoop, humiliate
Genetic	: hereditary, inherited
Subtly	: delicate, cunning, elusive
Tokaido, Osaka and Tokyo	: places in Japan (ಟೋಕೈಡೋ, ಒಸಾಕಾ, ಟೋಕಿಯೋ)
Serenity	: peacefulness, calmness
Heinous	: hateful, wicked
Copacabana, Avenida	
Presidente Vargas	: places in Brazil (ಕೊಪಕೆಬಾನ, ಅವೆನಿಡಾ ಪ್ರೆಸಿಡೆಂಟೆ ವರ್ಗಾಸ್)

**Comprehension I**

1. 'Exquisitely well-mannered people' refers to
  - a. Indians.
  - b. Japanese.
  - c. Americans.
2. What behaviour substitutes privacy in Japan?
3. The reference to public telephone suggests
  - a. how overcrowded Japan is.
  - b. how Japanese respect privacy.
  - c. how busy Japanese are.
4. Hierarchy in bowing demands \_\_\_\_\_
  - a. youngsters bow to their elders.
  - b. wife bows to her husband.
  - c. sisters bow to their brothers.
5. How does one show appreciation while eating soup?

6. How are pavements in Brazil decorated? What does it tell us about the people there?
7. What happens when leisurely people in Brazil get a steering wheel in their hands?
8. Who do the drivers look out for when they are driving? Why?
9. What remarkable attitude is seen in the war between drivers?

### **Comprehension II**

1. Why is bowing in Japan a complicated process?
2. Why does bowing, a natural practice in Japanese culture, look so 'quaint' and puzzling to the author?
3. Do you think the author is finding fault with/making fun of the culture of bowing in Japanese and speeding cars in Brazil?

### **Comprehension III**

1. 'Bowing in Japan is quainter; more formal, more oriental.' Do you agree?
2. Describe how traffic in Brazil leads to humorous observations.
3. What aspects of our social life, do you think, would appear quaint and odd to a foreign tourist?

### **Vocabulary:**

**Synonyms** are words with the same or similar meanings.

***Provide Synonyms for the following words. You may consult a dictionary:***

1. Intimate
2. Quaint
3. Majestic



4. Deferential
5. Solemn
6. Amicably
7. Mystify
8. Murderous
9. Auspicious
10. Hostility
11. Expensive
12. Savages
13. Accelerate
14. Import
15. Complicated

***Note the Noun/Verb/Adjective form of the following words:***

- |                  |                |
|------------------|----------------|
| 1. Solemn        | – solemnity    |
| 2. Infection     | – infectious   |
| 3. Ceremoniously | – ceremony     |
| 4. Appreciation  | – appreciate   |
| 5. Amicable      | – amicably     |
| 6. Hostile       | – hostility    |
| 7. Accelerate    | – acceleration |
| 8. Ambulatory    | – ambulate     |
| 9. Naïve         | – naiveté      |
| 10. Fascinate    | – fascination  |
| 11. Adhere       | – adherence    |
| 12. Dynamic      | – dynamism     |
| 13. Deprive      | – deprivation  |
| 14. Eminent      | – eminence     |
| 15. Generous     | – generosity   |

**Note the use of the following expressions in the travelogue.**

- |                   |                  |                        |
|-------------------|------------------|------------------------|
| 1) all and sundry | 2) cut in        | 3) by leaps and bounds |
| 4) listen-in      | 5) fair game     | 6) get into            |
| 7) look out       | 8) for dear life | 9) be one's castle     |
| 10) clear cut     | 11) easy going   |                        |

**Meaning of each expression is given below. Match the expression with its meaning looking at the context in which it is used.**

- a) definite to see or identify
- b) relaxed and happy to accept things
- c) everyone
- d) to move suddenly in front of another vehicle
- e) a place where one can be private and safe
- f) very quickly; in large amounts
- g) as hard or as fast as possible
- h) to listen to a conversation that you are not supposed to hear
- i) to develop a particular habit
- j) someone or something that should be allowed to be criticized
- k) to keep trying to find something or meet somebody

### **Extended Activity:**

- Write your experiences about the places you have visited.

### **Suggested Reading:**

- Idle Hours – R.K. Laxman
- The Motorcycle Diaries – Ernesto 'Che' Guevara
- ಪೆರುವಿನ ಕಣಿವೆಯಲ್ಲಿ – ನೇಮಿಚಂದ್ರ
- ಎತ್ತಣ ಮಾಮರ ಎತ್ತಣ ಕೋಗಿಲೆ – ಸಿದ್ದು ಯಾಪಲಪರವಿ
- ಇಂಗ್ಲೆಂಡಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಅಲೆಮಾರಿ – ಎಸ್. ರಾಮಸ್ವಾಮಿ

## Notes

[illegible]

## 12. The Voter

*Chinua Achebe*

### Pre-reading Activity:

- Do you have a voting system in your college?
- To what extent is voting important for democracy?



Rufus Okeke – Roof for short – was a very popular man in his village. Although the villagers did not explain it in so many words, Roof's popularity was a measure of their gratitude to an energetic young man who, unlike most of his fellows nowadays, had not

abandoned the village in order to seek work, any work, in the towns. And Roof was not a village lout either. Everyone knew how he had spent two years as a bicycle repairer's apprentice in Port Harcourt, and had given up of his own free will a bright future to return to his people and guide them in these difficult times. Not that Umuofia needed a lot of guidance. The village already belonged *en masse* to the People's Alliance Party, and its most illustrious son, Chief the Honourable Marcus Ibe, was Minister of Culture in the outgoing government (which was pretty certain to be the incoming one as well). Nobody doubted that the Honourable Minister would be elected in his constituency. Opposition to him was like proverbial fly trying to move a dunghill. It would have been ridiculous enough without coming, as it did now, from a complete nonentity.

As was to be expected Roof was in the service of the Honourable Minister for the coming elections. He had become a real expert in election campaigning at all levels – village, local government or national. He could tell the mood and temper of the electorate at any given time. For instance he had warned the Minister months ago about the radical change that had come into the thinking of Umuofia since the last national election.

The villagers had had five years in which to see how quickly and plentifully politics brought wealth, chieftaincy titles, doctorate degrees and other honours some of which, like the last, had still to be explained satisfactorily to them; for in their naivety they still expected a doctor to be able to heal the sick. Anyhow, these honours and benefits had come so readily to the man to whom they had given their votes free of charge five years ago that they were now ready to try it a different way.

Their point was that only the other day Marcus Ibe was a not too successful mission school teacher. Then politics had come to their village and he had wisely joined up, some said just in time to avoid imminent dismissal arising from a female teacher's complaint. Today he was Chief the Honourable; he had two long cars and had just built himself the biggest house anyone had seen in these parts. But let it be said that none of these successes had gone to Marcus's head

as well they might. He remained devoted to his people. Whenever he could he left the good things of the capital and returned to his village which had neither running water nor electricity, although he had lately installed a private plant to supply electricity to his new house. He knew the source of his good fortune, unlike the little bird who ate and drank and went out to challenge his personal spirit. Marcus had christened his new house “Umuofia Mansions” in honour of his village, and he had slaughtered five bulls and countless goats to entertain the people on the day it was opened by the Archbishop.

Everyone was full of praise for him. One old man said: “Our son is a good man; he is not like the mortar which as soon as food comes its way turns its back on the ground.” But when the feasting was over, the villagers told themselves that they had underrated the power of the ballot paper before and should not do so again. Chief the Honourable Marcus Ibe was not unprepared. He had drawn five months’ salary in advance, changed a few hundred pounds into shining shillings and armed his campaign boys with eloquent little jute bags. In the day he made his speeches; at night his stalwarts conducted their whispering campaign. Roof was the most trusted of these campaigners.

“We have a Minister from our village, one of our own sons,” he said to a group of elders in the house of Ogbuefi Ezenwa, a man of high traditional title. “What greater honour can a village have? Do you ever stop to ask yourselves why we should be singled out for this honour? I will tell you; it is because we are favoured by the leaders of PAP. Whether or not we cast our paper for Marcus, PAP will continue to rule. Think of the pipe-borne water they have promised us . . .”

Besides Roof and his assistant there were five elders in the room. An old hurricane lamp with a cracked, sooty, glass chimney gave out yellowish light in their midst. The elders sat on very low stools. On the floor, directly in front of each of them, lay two shilling pieces. Outside beyond the fastened door, the moon kept a straight face.

“We believe every word you say to be true,” said Ezenwa. “We shall, every one of us, drop his paper for Marcus. Who would leave

an ozo feast and go to a poor ritual meal? Tell Marcus he has our papers, and our wives' papers too. But what we do say is that two shillings is shameful." He brought the lamp close and tilted it at the money before him as if to make sure he had not mistaken its value. "Yes, two shillings is too shameful. If Marcus were a poor man which our ancestors forbid – I should be the first to give him my paper free, as I did before. But today Marcus is a great man and does his things like a great man. We did not ask him for money yesterday; we shall not ask him tomorrow. But today is our day; we have climbed the iroko tree today and would be foolish not to take down all the firewood we need."

Roof had to agree. He had lately been taking down a lot of firewood himself. Only yesterday he had asked Marcus for one of his many rich robes –and had got it. Last Sunday Marcus's wife (the teacher that nearly got him in trouble) had objected (like the woman she was) when Roof pulled out his fifth bottle of beer from the refrigerator; she was roundly and publicly rebuked by her husband. To cap it all Roof had won a land case recently because, among other things, he had been chauffeur-driven to the disputed site. So he understood the elders about the firewood.

"All right," he said in English and then reverted to Ibo. "Let us not quarrel about small things." He stood up, adjusted his robes and plunged his hand once more into the bag. Then he bent down like a priest distributing the host and gave one shilling more to every man; only he did not put it into their palms but on the floor in front of them. The men, who had so far not deigned to touch the things, looked at the floor and shook their heads. Roof got up again and gave each man another shilling.

"I am through," he said with a defiance that was no less effective for being transparently faked. The elders too knew how far to go without losing decorum. So when Roof added; "Go cast your paper for the enemy if you like!" they quickly calmed him down with a suitable speech from each of them. By the time the last man had spoken it was possible, without great loss of dignity, to pick up the things from the floor...



The enemy Roof had referred to was the Progressive Organization Party (POP) which had been formed by the tribes down the coast to save themselves, as the founders of the party proclaimed, from “total political, cultural, social and religious annihilation.” Although it was clear the party had no chance here it had plunged, with typical foolishness, into a straight fight with PAP, providing cars and loud-speakers to a few local rascals and thugs to go around and make a lot of noise. No one knew for certain how much money POP had let loose in Umuofia but it is said to be very considerable. The local campaigners would end up very rich, no doubt.

Up to last night everything had been “moving according to plan,” as Roof would have put it. Then he had received a strange visit from the leader of the POP campaign team. Although he and Roof were well known to each other, and might even be called friends, his visit was cold and business-like. No words were wasted. He placed five pounds on the floor before Roof and said, “We want your vote.” Roof got up from his chair, went to the outside door, closed it carefully and returned to his chair. The brief exercise gave him enough time to weigh the proposition. As he spoke his eyes never left the red notes on the floor. He seemed to be mesmerized by the picture of the cocoa farmer harvesting his crops.

“You know I work for Marcus,” he said feebly. “It will be very bad...”

“Marcus will not be there when you put in your paper. We have plenty of work to do tonight; are you taking this or not?”

“It will not be heard outside this room?” asked Roof.

“We are after votes not gossip.”

“All right,” said Roof in English.

The man nudged his companion and he brought forward an object covered with a red cloth and proceeded to remove the cover. It was a fearsome little affair contained in a clay pot with feathers stuck into it.

“The *iyi* comes from Mbanta. You know what that means. Swear that you will vote for Maduka. If you fail to do so, this *iyi* take note.”



Roof's heart nearly flew out when he saw the iyi; indeed he knew the fame of Mbanta in these things. But he was a man of quick decision. What could a single vote cast in secret for Maduka take away from Marcus's certain victory? Nothing.

"I will cast my paper for Maduka; if not this iyi take note."

"Das all," said the man as he rose with his companion who had covered up the object again and was taking it back to their car.

"You know he has no chance against Marcus," said Roof at the door.

"It is enough that he gets a few votes now; next time he will get more. People will hear that he gives out pounds, not shillings, and they will listen."

Election morning. The great day every five years when the people exercise power. Weather-beaten posters on walls of houses, tree trunks and telegraph poles. The few that were still whole called out their message to those who could read. Vote for the People's Alliance Party! Vote for Progressive Organization Party! Vote for PAP! Vote for POP! The posters that were torn called out as much of the message as they could.

As usual Chief the Honourable Marcus Ibe was doing things in grand style. He had hired a highlife band from Umuru and stationed it at such a distance from the voting booths as just managed to be lawful. Many villagers danced to the music, their ballot papers held aloft, before proceeding to the booths. Chief the Honourable Marcus Ibe sat in the "owner's corner" of his enormous green car and smiled and nodded. One enlightened villager came up to the car, shook hands with the great man and said in advance, "Congrats!" This immediately set the pattern. Hundreds of admirers shook Marcus's hand and said "Corngrass!"

Roof and the other organizers were prancing up and down, giving last minute advice to the voters and pouring with sweat.

"Do not forget," he said again to a group of illiterate women who seemed ready to burst with enthusiasm and good humour, "our sign is the motor-car..."

“Like the one Marcus is sitting inside.”

“Thank you, mother,” said Roof. “It is the same car. The box with the car shown on its body is the box for you. Don’t look at the other with the man’s head: it is for those whose heads are not correct.”

This was greeted with loud laughter. Roof cast a quick and busy-like glance towards the Minister and received a smile of appreciation.

“Vote for the car,” he shouted, all the veins in his neck standing out. “Vote for the car and you will ride in it!”

“Or if we don’t, our children will,” piped the same sharp, old girl.

The band struck up a new number: “Why walk when you can ride...”

In spite of his apparent calm and confidence Chief the Honourable Marcus was a relentless stickler for detail. He knew he would win what the news papers called “a landslide victory” but he did not wish, even so, to throw away a single vote. So as soon as the first rush of voters was over he promptly asked his campaign boys to go one at a time and put in their ballot papers.

“Roof, you had better go first”, he said.

Roof’s spirits fell; but he let no one see it. All morning he had masked his deep worry with a surface exertion which was unusual even for him. Now he dashed off in his springy fashion towards the booths. A police man at the entrance searched him for illegal ballot papers and passed him. Then the electoral officer explained to him about the two boxes. By this time the spring had gone clean out of his walk. He sidled in and was confronted by the car and the head. He brought out his ballot paper from his pocket and looked at it. How could he betray Marcus even in secret? He resolved to go back to the other man and return his five pounds...Five pounds! He knew at once it was impossible. He had sworn on that *iyi*. The notes were red; the cocoa farmer busy at work.

At this point he heard the muffled voice of the policeman asking the electoral officer what the man was doing inside. “Abi na pickin im de born?”

Quick as lightning a thought leapt into Roof's mind. He folded the paper, tore it in two along the crease and put one half in each box. He took the precaution of putting the first half into Maduka's box and confirming the action verbally: "I vote for Maduka."

They marked his thumb with indelible purple ink to prevent his return, and he went out of the booth as jauntily as he had gone in.

**Chinua Achebe** (1930–2013) is a Nigerian novelist, poet, professor, and critic. Achebe's novels focus on the traditions of Igbo society, the effect of Christian influences, and the clash of Western and traditional African values during and after the colonial era. His style relies heavily on the Igbo oral tradition, and combines straightforward narration with representations of folk stories, proverbs,



and oratory. He also published a number of short stories, children's books, and essay collections. Some of his works are: 'Things Fall Apart', 'Arrow Of God', 'No Longer At Ease', 'Enemy Of The People', 'Girls At War'.

### Glossary:

Port Harcourt	: the capital of Rivers State, Nigeria
Umuofia	: one of a fictional group of nine villages in Nigeria, inhabited by the Igbo people
en masse	: in one group or body; all together
ozo feast	: Highest and most important magico-religious festival in the Igbo clan of Nigeria
iroko tree	: is a large hardwood tree from the west coast of tropical Africa
iyi	: Native deity
landslide victory	: a victory by a large margin; a very substantial victory, particularly in an election

**Comprehension I**

1. Roof was a popular young man because he
  - a. had not abandoned his village.
  - b. wanted to guide his people.
  - c. was forced to return to his village.
2. Why was Marcus considered rich and powerful?
3. Marcus Ibe had earlier been a
  - a. doctor.
  - b. school teacher.
  - c. politician.
4. The fact that Marcus Ibe left the good things of the capital and returned to his village whenever he could, shows,
  - a. his devotion to his people and love for the place.
  - b. he enjoyed all the comforts of the city in his village.
  - c. he wanted to improve the amenities of his village.
5. After the feasting the villagers
  - a. praised Marcus' faithfulness and generosity.
  - b. intended to demand more for their votes.
  - c. realized Marcus' wealth.
6. The 'whispering campaign' is
  - a. secret campaigning at night.
  - b. bargaining for votes.
  - c. clandestine distribution of money.
7. The village elder Ezenwa, tilted the lamp a little because
  - a. he could not see properly.
  - b. the place was too dark.
  - c. he wanted to confirm the amount paid to each.

8. "Fire wood" refers to –
  - a. Roof taking advantage of the situation.
  - b. the advantages of being a voter.
  - c. the benefits the elders received.
9. Roof and the leader of the POP campaign team were –
  - a. friends.
  - b. strangers.
  - c. acquaintances.
10. Roof was mesmerized by
  - a. the red notes on the floor.
  - b. the picture of the Cocoa farmer.
  - c. the POP campaign leader.
11. Roof's act of inserting torn ballot papers in the two boxes signifies
  - a. keeping his promise.
  - b. appeasing Iyi.
  - c. absolving himself of his guilt.

### Comprehension II

1. Trace the change in the attitude of the villagers before the second election. Give reasons.
2. What was the justification for the formation of the POP?
3. 'Roof is an intelligent manipulator'. Justify with reference to the story.

### Comprehension III

1. The POP campaign leader's meeting with Roof shows the misuse of transparency in a democratic set up. Discuss.
2. 'To every human comes a time of reckoning'. How does Roof's dilemma on the day of election reflect this?

3. What comment does the story offer on electoral system? Is it relevant?
4. 'Democracy is more than holding elections regularly.' Do you think the story highlights this statement?

**Vocabulary:*****Use suitable prefixes to form antonyms:***

A Prefix is an affix which is placed before the stem of a word. Adding it to the beginning of a word changes its meaning. For e.g., when the prefix *un-* is added to the word *happy*, we get the word *unhappy*.

Prefix – In-, Un-, Im-, Dis-

1. Gratitude
2. Certain
3. Install
4. Personal
5. Honour
6. Disputed
7. Correct
8. Mask
9. Lawful
10. Grateful
11. Wavering
12. Regard
13. Perturb
14. Tolerant

**Typical African Proverbial Expressions:**

1. Fly trying to move a dunghill
2. Little bird who ate and drank and went out to challenge his personal spirit
3. We have climbed the iroko tree today and would be foolish not to take down all the firewood we need.
4. He is not like the mortar which as soon as food comes its way turns its back on the ground.
5. Who would leave an ozo feast and go to a poor ritual meal?

**Extended Activity:**

- Prepare a write up on your views on election.

**Suggested Reading:**

- A Man of the People – Chinua Achebe
- ಮತದಾನ (ಕಾದಂಬರಿ) – ಎಸ್. ಎಲ್. ಭೈರಪ್ಪ

## African Words Pronounced in Kannada

Port Harcourt	—	ಪೋರ್ಟ್ ಹಾರ್ ಕೋರ್ಟ್
Umulofia	—	ಉಮೋಫಿಯಾ
Ozo feast	—	ಒಝೋ ಫೀಸ್ಟ್
Iroko	—	ಇರೋಕೋ
Iyi	—	ಇಯಿ
Chinua Achebe	-	ಚಿನುವಾ ಅಚೀಬೆ
Roofus Okeke	—	ರೂಫಸ್ ಒಕೀಕೆ
Marcus Ibe	-	ಮಾರ್ಕಸ್ ಐಬಿ
Maduka	—	ಮಡೂಕಾ
Mbanta	-	ಎಂಬಾಂಟಾ
Ogbuefi Ezenwa	—	ಆಗ್ಬುಯೆಫಿ ಎಜೆನ್ವಾ
Ibo	-	ಇಬೊ
Umuru	-	ಉಮುರು



### 13. Where There Is A Wheel

*P Sainath*

#### Pre-reading Activity:

- What does this title remind you of?
- List some of the simple things that have changed the lives of people.



PUDUKKOTTAI (Tamil Nadu): Cycling as a social movement? Sounds far-fetched. Perhaps. But not all that far – not to tens of thousands of neo-literate rural women in Pudukkottai district. People find ways, sometimes curious ones, of hitting out at their backwardness, of expressing defiance, of hammering at the fetters that hold them.

In this, one of India's poorest districts, cycling seems the chosen medium for rural women. During the past eighteen months, over 100,000 rural women, most of them neo-literates, have taken to bicycling as a symbol of independence, freedom and mobility. If we exclude girls below ten years of age, it would mean that over one-fourth of all rural women here have learnt cycling. And over 70,000 of these women have taken part in public 'exhibition-cum-contests' to proudly display their new skills. And still the 'training camps' and desire to learn continue.

In the heart of rural Pudukkottai, young women zip along the roads on their bicycles. Jameela Bibi, who has taken to cycling, told me: 'It's my right. We can go anywhere. Now I don't have to wait for a bus. I know people made dirty remarks when I started cycling, but I paid no attention.'

Fatima is a secondary school teacher, so addicted to cycling that she hires a bicycle for half an hour each evening (she cannot yet afford to buy one-each costs over Rs.1,200). She said: 'There is freedom in cycling. We are not dependent on anyone now. I can never give this up.' Jameela, Fatima and their friend Avakanni, all in their early twenties, have trained scores of other young women from their community in the art of cycling.

Cycling has swept across this district. Women agricultural workers, quarry labourers and village health nurses are among its fans. Joining the rush are balwadi and anganwadi workers, gem-cutters and school teachers. And gramsevikas and mid-day meal workers are not far behind. The vast majority are those who have just become literate. The district's vigorous literacy drive, led by the Arivoli Iyakkam (Light of Knowledge Movement) has been quick to tap this energy. Every one of the neo-literate, 'neo-cyclist' women I spoke to saw a direct link between cycling and her personal independence.

'The main thing,' said N. Kannammal, Arivoli central coordinator and one of the pioneers of the cycling movement, 'was the confidence it gave women. Very importantly, it reduced their dependence on

men. Now we often see a woman doing a four-kilometre stretch on her cycle to collect water, sometimes *with* her children. Even carting provisions from other places can be done on their own. But, believe me, women had to put up with vicious attacks on their character when this began. So many made filthy remarks. But Arivoli gave cycling social sanction. So women took to it.'

Early among them, Kannammal herself. Though a science graduate, she had never mustered the 'courage' to cycle earlier.

Visiting an Arivoli 'cycling training camp' is an unusual experience. In Kilakuruchi village all the prospective learners had turned out in their Sunday best. You can't help being struck by the sheer passion of the pro-cycling movement. They *had to know*. Cycling offered a way out of enforced routines, around male-imposed barriers. The neo-cyclists even sing songs produced by Arivoli to encourage bicycling. One of these has lines like: 'O sister come learn cycling, move with the wheel of time ...'

Very large numbers of those trained have come back to help new learners. They work free of charge for Arivoli as (oddly named) 'master trainers'. There is not only a desire to learn but a widespread perception among them that *all women ought to learn cycling*. In turn, their experience has enriched the literacy movement. The neo-cyclists are bound even more passionately than before to Arivoli.

The whole phenomenon was the brainchild of the popular former district collector, Sheela Rani Chunkath. Her idea in 1991 was to train female activists so that literacy would reach women in the interior. She also included *mobility* as a part of the literacy drive. This flowed from the fact that lack of mobility among women played a big role in undermining their confidence. Chunkath pushed the banks to give loans for the women to buy cycles. She also got each block to accept specific duties in promoting the drive. As the top official in the district, she gave it great personal attention.

First the activists learned cycling. Then neo-literates wanted to learn. *Every* woman wanted to learn. Not surprisingly, this led to a

shortage of 'ladies' cycles. Never mind. 'Gents' cycles would do just as nicely, thank you. Some women preferred the latter as these have an additional bar from the seat to the handle. You can seat a child on that. And to this day, thousands of women here ride 'gents' cycles. Thousands of others dream of the day they will be able to afford any bicycle at all.

After the International Women's Day in 1992, this district can never be the same. Flags on the handle bars, bells ringing, over 1,500 female cyclists took Pudukkottai by storm. Their all-women's cycle rally stunned the town's inhabitants with its massive showing.

What did the males think? One who had to approve was S. Kannakarajan, owner of Ram Cycles. This single dealer saw a rise of over 350 per cent in the sale of 'ladies' cycles in one year. That figure is probably an underestimate for two reasons. One, a lot of women, unable to wait for 'ladies' cycles, went in for men's cycles. Two, Kannakarajan shared his information with me with great caution. For all he knew, I was an undercover agent of the sales tax department.

In any case, not all males were hostile. Some were even encouraging. Muthu Bhaskaran, a male Arivoli activist, for instance. He wrote the famous cycling song that has become their anthem.

When, in the blazing heat of Kudimianmalai's stone quarries, you run into Manormani, twenty-two, training others, you know it's all worth it. A quarry worker and Arivoli volunteer herself, she thinks it vital that her co-workers learn cycling. 'Our areas are a little cut off,' she told me. 'Those who know cycling, they can be mobile.' In a single week in 1992, more than 70,000 women displayed their cycling skills at the public 'exhibition-cum-contests' run by Arivoli. An impressed UNICEF sanctioned fifty mopeds for Arivoli women activists.

Cycling has had very definite economic implications. It boosts income. Some of the women here sell agricultural or other produce

within a group of villages. For them, the bicycle cuts down on time wasted in waiting for buses. This is crucial in poorly connected routes. Secondly, it gives you much more time to focus on selling your produce. Thirdly, it enlarges the area you can hope to cover. Lastly, it can increase your leisure time too, should you choose.

Small producers who used to wait for buses were often dependent on fathers, brothers, husbands or sons to even reach the bus stop. They could cover only a limited number of villages to sell their produce. Some walked. Those who cannot afford bicycles still do. These women had to rush back early to tend to the children and perform other chores like fetching water. Those who have bicycles now combine these different tasks with nonchalance. Which means you can, even along some remote road, see a young mother, child on the bar, produce on the carrier. She could be carrying two, perhaps even three, pots of water hung across the back, and cycling towards work or home.

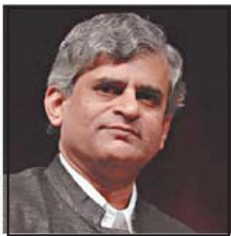
Yet, it would be very wrong to emphasize the economic aspect over all else. The sense of self-respect it brings is vital. ‘Of course it’s not economic,’ said Fatima, giving me a look that made me feel rather stupid. ‘What money do I make from cycling? I lose money. I can’t afford a bicycle. But I hire one every evening just to feel that goodness, that independence.’ Never before reaching Pudukkottai had I seen this humble vehicle in that light-the bicycle as a metaphor for freedom.

‘It is difficult for people to see how big this is for rural women,’ said Kannammal. ‘It’s a Himalayan achievement, like flying an aero plane, for them. People may laugh. Only the women know how important it is.’

### **Postscript**

When I returned to Pudukkottai in April 1995, the craze was still on. But a large number of women were unable to afford bicycles – each now cost around Rs.1,400. And a new generation was coming up that was too young to gain from the first round. But Pudukkottai remains unique among Indian districts for the stunning proportion of women who have taken to cycling. And the enthusiasm for gaining the skill among the rest.

**Palagummi Sainath** is an Indian journalist and Photo journalist focusing on social problems, rural affairs, poverty and aftermaths of globalization in India. He is the Rural Affairs Editor of *The Hindu*. A regular contributor to *The Telegraph* in Kolkata, he also writes for the fortnightly *Frontline* and the daily *Business Line* in Chennai.



This essay is taken from his book 'Everybody Loves a Good Drought'.

### Glossary:

- neo-literate : new literates
- gramsevikas : women social workers in villages
- phenomenon : a fact or an event in nature or society
- brainchild : an idea or invention of one person
- non-chalance : indifference; unmoved

### Comprehension I

1. What does cycling as a symbol of social mobility mean?
2. When Jameela Bibi says, "It is my right. We can go anywhere", she is
  - a. asserting her right to move freely.
  - b. suggesting mobility leading to liberation.
  - c. expressing her indifference to dirty remarks.
  - d. boasting about her cycling skill.
3. What does bicycle represent for the rural women?

4. What is common between neo-literates and neo-cyclists?
5. 'Enforced routine' and 'male imposed barrier' refer to
  - a. confining women to kitchen.
  - b. subjecting women to drudgery.
  - c. status of women in patriarchal society.
  - d. lack of freedom of movement.
6. How did the men react when women took to cycling?
7. What do the phrases 'flags on the handle bar' and 'bells ringing' suggest?
8. Why did UNICEF sanction mopeds to Arivoli women activists?
9. Why is the cycle called 'the humble vehicle'?

### **Comprehension II**

1. What is the role of Arivoli Iyakkam in liberating women?
2. In what different ways does the cycle empower rural women?
3. Why does the author describe the Arivoli 'cycling training camp' as an unusual experience?
4. Do you think neo-literate women taking to cycling contribute to literacy movement?
5. How does Sheela Rani Chunkath, the district collector, promote the empowerment of women?
6. How did the women react to the shortage of ladies' cycles?

### **Comprehension III**

1. How does P. Sainath show that cycling brings about changes beyond economic gains?



2. 'O sister come learn cycling, move with the wheel of time...' How does the song suggest that the cycle could be an instrument of social change and progress?

### **Vocabulary:**

#### **A. Idioms or phrases:**

Idiom is the special use of language. Idioms do not give the literal meaning of the words used in the idiom.

E.g. 'a change of heart' would literally mean a heart transplant. However, idiomatically it would mean 'a change in one's attitude or feelings'.

- i. Look at the following pairs of idiomatic expressions. The meanings of the first pair are given in brackets. Find out the missing ones.
  1. a. to the day (exactly)  
b. to this day (even now )
  2. a. take by storm (capture by sudden or violent attack)  
b. the calm before the storm ( )
  3. a. for all one knows (considering how little one knows.)  
b. before one knows where one is ( ).
  4. a. at/behind the wheel (in control of the situation)  
b. put a spoke in somebody's wheel ( )
  5. a. turn out in one's best (be well-dressed)  
b. as things turned out ( )
- ii. Identify the sentences in which these expressions have been used in this lesson.
- iii. Use the others in your own sentences suitably.



**B. Phrasal verbs** are expressions which have a combination of a verb and a preposition. (See the workbook for more information.)

Some of these used in this article are given below. With the help of the teacher / dictionary find out their meanings and use them in sentences of your own.

Take to, give up, run into, hit out at, sweep across, put up with.

### Extended Activity:

- How do you appreciate the schemes of the Government to provide bicycles to school going children?
- Do you think people's initiative to bring about a social change should be complemented by the policies of the government?

### Suggested Reading:

- ಕಿರಗೂರಿನ ಗಯ್ಯಾಳಿಗಳು - ಕೆ.ಪಿ. ಪೂರ್ಣಚಂದ್ರ ತೇಜಸ್ವಿ
- ಬರ ಅಂದ್ರೆ ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ಇಷ್ಟ - ಜಿ.ಎನ್. ಮೋಹನ್

## Notes

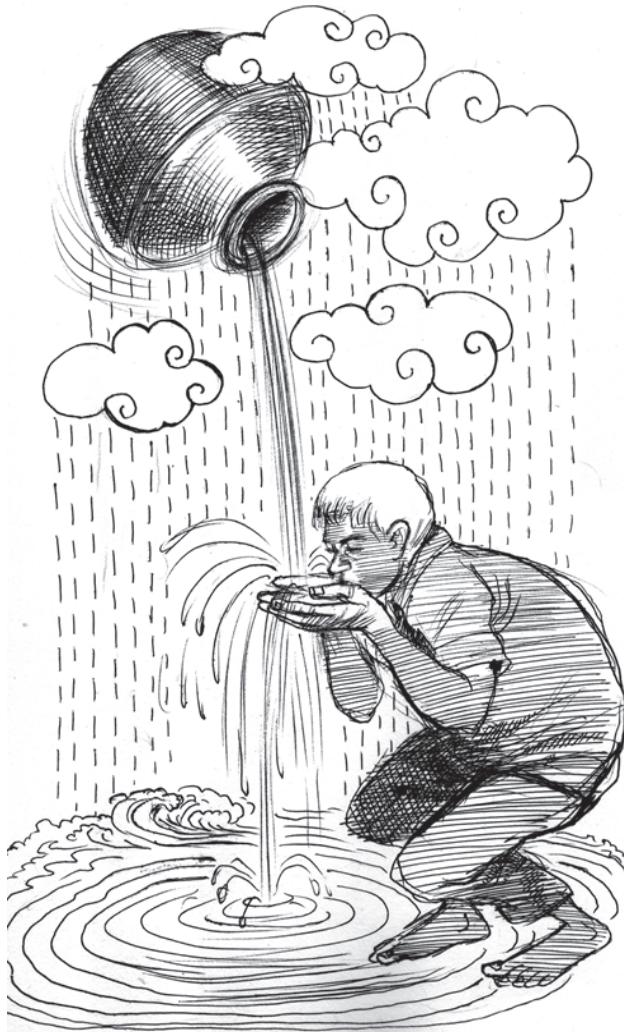
[illegible]

## 14. Water

*Challapalli Swaroopa Rani*

### **Pre-reading Activity:**

- Recall the poems you have read where water has been used as a metaphor.
- Water is both preserver and destroyer. Discuss.



Just as the water knows  
the ground's incline,  
it knows the generations-old strife  
between the village and the wada.  
Like the dampness on the well's edge that never dries,  
It knows that untouchability never disappears.

The water knows everything.  
It knows the difference of race  
between the Samaria woman and Jesus the Jew.  
It also knows the sub-caste difference  
between leather and spool.

It knows the agony of the panchama,  
who, not having the right to draw a pot of water,  
waits all day near the well  
with his empty pot  
until a shudra arrives.

It knows the humiliation  
of the wada girl  
when he who poured the water from a distance,  
falls all over and touches her.

It knows the righteous rage  
of Karamchedu Suvarthamma  
who opposed the kamma landlords  
with her water pot  
when they asked her not to pollute the pond water.

The water is witness  
to centuries of social injustice.

When I see water  
I remember  
how my wada which would thirst all day  
for a glass of water.

For us, water is not simply H<sub>2</sub>O,  
for us, water is a mighty movement.  
It is the Mahad struggle at the Chadar tank.  
A single drop of water embodies  
tears shed over several generations.  
In the many battle we fought  
for a single drop of water,  
our blood flowed like streams.  
But we never managed to win  
even a small puddle of water.

When I see water,  
I remember  
how we welcomed our weekly bath  
as if it was a wondrous festival !  
While the entire village bathed luxuriously—  
twice a day.

When I see water,  
I remember  
my childhood,

when we walked miles  
to reach the big canal  
and carried back heavy pots,  
With the muscles and veins on our necks straining, bursting.

I remember,  
its thatched roofs aflame,  
the Malapalle burning to ashes  
for want of a pot of water.

Water is not a simple thing!  
It can give life  
but it can also devour lives.  
The water that refused to quench parched throats  
became the killer tsunami wave,  
that swallowed whole  
village after village.

The poor are but playthings  
in its vicious hands.  
Often, it turns villages into dry deserts  
and sometimes it drowns them in floods.

Between the village and the wada  
between one state and another,  
this water can ignite many struggles and strife.  
It can make blood run in streams.  
But it can also sit innocently  
in a Bisleri bottle.

This water from our village well  
that forces us to do many a circus feat,  
now slowly, surreptitiously,  
dances its way into the Pepsi man's bottle.  
With its new name 'mineral water'  
it takes to the skies,  
it raises a storm.

Now  
water is no mean matter.  
It's a multinational market commodity.

As they say  
water is omniscient.  
It contains the world.

***Translated by Uma Bhrugubanda***



**Challapalli Swaroopa Rani** (1968) began writing about her experiences. She moved from personal to the social and attained confidence and clarity. Her mature poetry consciously deals with issues of gender and caste. 'Neeli Meghalu', 'Chikkanavuthunna Pata', are some of her works.

**Uma Bhrugubanda** teaches at the Centre for Cultural Studies at the English and Foreign Languages University, Hyderabad. She is currently writing her doctoral dissertation on Telugu cinema and the production of religious and secular subjectivities.



**Glossary:**

- Wada : locality where dalits live (ಕೇರಿ or ಹಟ್ಟಿ)
- Samaria woman : benevolent woman
- Panchama : fifth category in the varna system

**Note: Karamchedu** is a village in Chirala taluk in Prakasham District. On July 16, 1985, following a petty quarrel that began in a tank, members of the dominant community killed six dalits.

This is how Kathi Padmarao, a prominent Dalit writer and activist, describes the incident: Two youth were washing dirty buckets they had used to feed their buffaloes in the drinking **water tank** in **Madigapalle**. This was objected to by a Dalit boy which angered the youth. They were about to beat up the boy when Munnangi **Suvaartha**, a Dalit woman, who had come to the tank to collect water tried to protect the boy from the attack. She lifted the vessel she was carrying to ward off the hunters. Her act of lifting the vessel was in self-defence. This led to attack on Dalits.

**Comprehension I**

1. The expression 'generations-old strife' suggests
  - a. the bane of caste system.
  - b. politics of revenge.
  - c. differences among humans.
2. "It also knows the sub-caste difference between leather and spool."  
 'leather and spool' stands for
  - a. pure and impure.
  - b. higher and lower.
  - c. cobbler and weaver.



3. How is water a witness to the humiliation caused to the dalits?
4. What does the speaker remember when she sees water?
5. "circus feat" refers to
  - a. hardship to fetch water.
  - b. balancing the water pots on the head.
  - c. efforts to secure basic needs.
  - d. struggle surrounding water.
6. 'Water' is a
  - a. liquid called water.
  - b. catalyst for a movement.
  - c. witness to strife.
  - d. life giver and destroyer.
  - e. means to practice untouchability.
  - f. profit making commodity.

## Comprehension II

1. Discuss the travails suffered by the wada people to get water.
2. 'For us, water is not simply H<sub>2</sub>O', suggests
  - a. its chemical significance.
  - b. it is a common resource available for all.
  - c. it is a symbol of struggle against discrimination.
3. What does the contrast 'some taking bath once a week and others twice a day' connote?
4. Why does water become a matter of dispute?
5. Look at the expressions 'many a circus feat' and 'dances its way into the Pepsi man's bottle.' What contrast do you notice between the two?

**Comprehension III**

1. How does the poem demonstrate the disparity and discrimination in society using water as a symbol?
2. How are the poor affected by
  - a. lack of water?
  - b. denial of water?
  - c. the fury of nature?
3. Trace the journey of water from ancient times as a symbol of purity to the age of multinational market where it is a commodity.

**Extended activity:**

- Find out about the struggle against bottled water in Plachimada in Kerala.
- Have you heard of Narmada Bachao Andolan? Do you think big dams should be banned?

**Suggested Reading:**

- ಸಾವಿರಾರು ನದಿಗಳು (ಕವನ ಸಂಕಲನ) – ಡಾ. ಸಿದ್ದಲಿಂಗಯ್ಯ
- ಚೋಮನದುಡಿ (ಕಾದಂಬರಿ) – ಡಾ. ಕೆ. ಶಿವರಾಮ ಕಾರಂತ
- ಇಳಿದು ಬಾ ತಾಯಿ ಇಳಿದು ಬಾ (ಕವಿತೆ) – ಡಾ. ದ.ರಾ. ಬೇಂದ್ರೆ

## Notes

[illegible]

## Design of the Question Paper

A. Length	Marks
a. Very Short Answer (VSA) (a word /phrase / sentence)	47
b. Paragraph Answer (middle-length 80 to 100 words)	42
c. Long Answer (LA) (in about 200 words)	11
<b>B. Level of Response (I to VII)</b>	
a. Easily Accessible	39
b. Moderately Challenging	45
c. Highly Challenging	16

### C. Rationale to be followed in the Question Paper

#### **Section I**

This should contain 4 questions on poetry and 8 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, 7 shall be set on prose units including the play and 3 on poems. A student has to answer at least 2 questions on poems.

#### **Section III**

In this section an internal choice shall be provided with two questions set on prose units and one on poems. This question is aimed at testing the learner's critical and analytical approach. The learner shall be provided an opportunity to come up with his/her personal views, stance and world view. The questions set in this section shall aim to do so.

**Section IV**

An unseen passage of moderate length is to be selected for this section. Ten questions on this passage are to be set. Along with questions on factual details, a few inferential questions shall be set. These inferential questions shall not be consecutive.

The questions set on lines chosen from the poem shall be aimed at testing extensive reading comprehension rather than testing the learner's ability to appreciate. The lines from the poem shall be chosen from among the ones given in the Reading Unit of the Work Book.

**Section V**

This section shall contain questions on reported speech, use of the passive, dialogue writing, use of expressions and linkers. The questions set to test learning at these areas shall be contextualised.

**Section VI**

In this section questions on composition skills like note making, letter writing, speech writing and report writing shall be set. The letter shall be a job application. An internal choice shall be provided between speech writing (expansion) and report writing. For report writing, a bar chart, pie chart or line graph shall be given with a variety of data.

**Section VII**

This section aims to test the learner's understanding of the pronominal words. For this purpose a short paragraph from the passage given at Q.No. 24 shall be given.

The question on jumbled segments shall have a minimum of five segments and shall be chosen from one of the prose units in the Course Book.

**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 II YEAR PUC QUESTION PAPER (Model-1)**

Subject : English  
Subject Code : 02

Max. Marks: 100

Time: 3 Hours 15 Minutes

[illegible]

**OBJECTIVES:** — Knowledge - 25% Comprehension - 40% Expression - 30% Appreciation - 05%

**Model Question Paper – 1****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. Answers to question numbers 24 (a-j) and 25 (i- iii) should be in sequence and at one place.*
- e. For multiple choice questions choose the correct answer and rewrite it.*

**I. Answer the following in a word, a phrase or a sentence each.****12 × 1 = 12**

1. What does Romeo intend to do after the measure is done?
2. Who according to the Council, was a brother Monarch in 'Too Dear'?
3. Whom does the word 'bows' refer to in 'On Children'?
4. Where, according to Vandana Shiva, should we look for 'lessons in freedom'?
5. Laura Lorenta was called, \_\_\_\_\_ in that locality in her young days.
  - a. 'The Silver Maiden'
  - b. 'Sovereign beauty'
  - c. 'a dream'
6. What does the speaker want his beloved to do sitting by the fire in, 'When You Are Old'?
7. When, according to the narrator, does man lose his name in 'The Gardener'?

8. What did the foot find when it descended underground?
9. Mention any one of the things that Borges continued to do even after becoming blind.
10. Whom do the Japanese stores employ?
11. Roof had given up being a bicycle repairer's apprentice in order to
  - a. contest elections.
  - b. guide his people.
  - c. campaign for Marcuss.
12. Name the Arivoli activist who penned the famous cycling song.

**II. Answer any eight of the following (choosing at least two from poetry) in a paragraph of 80-100 words.  $8 \times 4 = 32$**

13. How does Romeo glorify Juliet's flawless beauty?
14. What were the arguments put forth by the prisoner for not going out of the prison in 'Too Dear'?
15. How does Rabindranath Tagore highlight the importance of forest according to Vandana Shiva?
16. How do Laura and Gonzalo conceal their identity?
17. Why does Tammanna feel that human nature can be strange?
18. Bring out the contrast between illusion and reality in 'To the Foot from its Child'.
19. 'A poet's task is to discover metaphors.' How does Borges explain this in 'Books will never Disappear'?
20. What makes Mikes feel that the drivers in Brazil are on look out for pedestrians?
21. Bring out the nature of freedom gained in Pudukottai with the introduction of cycle.
22. Give an account of the humiliation and craving felt in the poem, 'Water'



**III. Answer the following in about 200 words.****1 × 6 = 6**

23. 'Heaven is creation of one's own mind.' Explain with reference to 'Heaven, If you are not on Earth'.

OR

Bring out the changes in Gonzalo's attitude before and after occupying the bench in the park.

OR

Do you think that Roof is right in tearing the ballot paper into two? Explain.

**IV. Read the following passage and answer the questions set on it.****10 × 1 = 10**

In 1989 an earthquake almost flattened Armenia, killing over 20,000 people in less than four minutes.

In the midst of utter devastation and chaos, a father left his wife securely at home and rushed to the school where his son was supposed to be, only to discover that the building had collapsed. After the initial shock, he remembered the promise he had made to his son, "No, matter what, I'll always be there for you". His eyes began to fill with tears. He looked at the pile of debris that once was the school, it looked hopeless, but he kept remembering his commitment to his son. He began to remember where he left his son at school every morning. Remembered that his son's classroom was at the back right corner of the building, he rushed there and started digging through the rubble.

As he was digging, other parents arrived clutching their hearts saying. "My Son! My Daughter!" others tried to pull him off saying, "It is too late!"

"They're dead!".

"You cannot help!"

"Go home!"

"Come on, face reality, there's nothing you can do!"

“You are just going to makes things worse!”

To each parent he responded with one line, “Are you going to help me now?” And then he proceeded to dig for his son, stone by stone.

The fire chief tried to pull him off saying ‘Fires are breaking out, explosions are happening everywhere. You’re in danger. We’ll take care of it. Go home’. To which this loving, caring Armenian father asked, “Are you going to help me now?”

The police said, “You’re angry, distraught and it’s over. You are endangering others. Go home, we’ll handle it!”. No one helped; courageously he proceeded alone because he needed to know for himself. ‘Is my boy alive or is he dead?’

Six hours.....twelve hours.....sixteen hours.....twenty four hours.....thirty six hours...he went on digging, at the thirty eighth hour ..., he pulled back a boulder and heard his son’s voice. He screamed his son’s name, “Armand!” he heard back “Dad? It’s me, Dad”. The father then heard his son screaming with joy.”Dad! I told the others not to worry. I told them if you are alive, you’d save me and when you saved me, they’d be saved. You promised, “No matter what, I’ll always be there for you” you did it Dad!”

“There are fourteen of us left out of thirty three, Dad. We are scared, hungry, thirsty and thankful you’re here. When the building collapsed, it made a wedge, like triangle and it saved us.”

“Come on out, Boy!”

“No Dad, let the other kids come out first. I know you’ll get me! No matter what, I know you’ll always be there for me!”

- a. Where did the incident take place?
- b. What did the father find in the place of his son's school?
- c. What was the father’s promise to his son?
- d. Whom did the forlorn parents call out for?

- e. How did the father respond to each parent?
- f. Add prefix to the word 'secure' to make its antonym.
- g. They could hear \_\_\_\_\_ (explosives/explosions) all around.
- h. Name the boy mentioned in the passage.
- i. How many children were trapped alive inside?
- j. What had saved the boys from dying?

**25. Read the following lines and answer the questions.  $3 \times 1 = 3$**

I met a traveler from an antique land  
 Who said: two vast and trunkless legs of stone?  
 Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,  
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown...

- i) Where had the traveler come from?
- ii) What did he see standing in the desert?
- iii) What was the expression on the shattered visage?

**V. 26. Complete the following by filling the blanks using the right form of the verb given in brackets.  $3 \times 1 = 3$**

A fence \_\_\_\_\_ (build) around Tammanna's land by Basavaiah.  
 Both of them \_\_\_\_\_ (encourage) by their supporters. Tammanna  
 \_\_\_\_\_ (advise) by his supporters about the various means  
 available for getting back his land.

**27. Report the following conversation.  $5 \times 1 = 5$**

Dona Laura : Are you coming tomorrow?

Don Gonzalo : Most certainly, if it is a sunny morning. And  
 not only will I not scare away the birds, but I  
 will bring a few crumbs.

Dona Laura : Thank you very much. Birds are grateful and  
 repay attention.

**28. Complete the following dialogue.****4 × 1 = 4**

Stranger : Excuse me, \_\_\_\_\_ (Ask for direction)

Resident : \_\_\_\_\_ (Giving direction)

Stranger : Is it far?

Resident : \_\_\_\_\_  
(Approximate distance)Stranger : \_\_\_\_\_ (Express gratitude/  
Leave taking)**29. Fill in the blanks by choosing the appropriate expression given in bracket:****2 × 1 = 2***(turn a deaf ear, to come off, as a part of )*

Sheela Rani Chunkath included mobility \_\_\_\_\_ the literacy drive. The neo-cyclists \_\_\_\_\_ to the hostile remarks from some men.

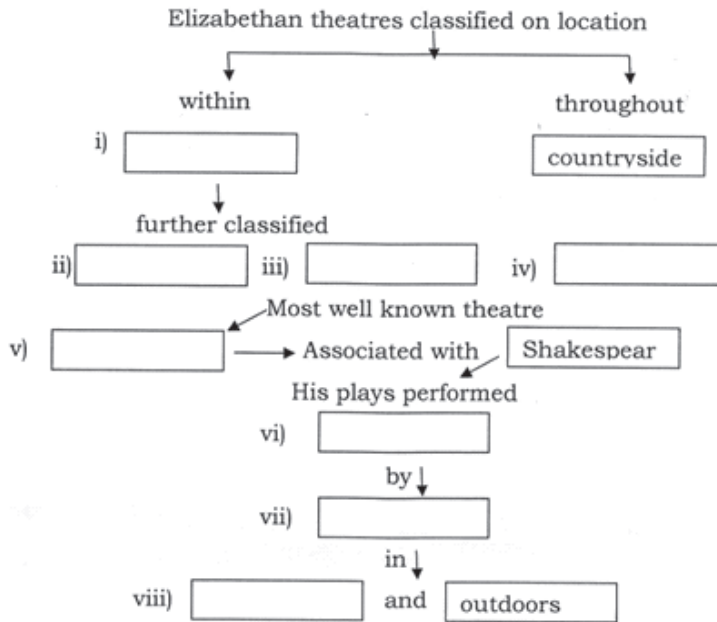
**30. Fill in the blanks with the right linker.****4 × 1 = 4**

Logging had led to landslides and floods \_\_\_\_\_ scarcity of water, fodder, and fuel. \_\_\_\_\_ women provide these basic needs, the scarcity meant longer walks to satisfy the needs. Women knew that the real value of forests was not the timber from a dead tree \_\_\_\_\_ the springs and streams. The women declared \_\_\_\_\_ they would hug the trees.

*(but, that, since, and)***VI. 31. Read the following passage and make notes by drawing and filling the boxes given below.****8 × ½ = 4**

We can classify Elizabethan theatres into two main groups – those within the London district and those located throughout the English countryside. The theatres within the London district can be further classified as playhouses, inn yards, and private theatres. The Globe was the most well known of all the Renaissance stages associated with Shakespeare. Besides the Globe, during his lifetime, Shakespeare's

plays were performed outside London by touring theatre companies all over the country in town halls and outdoors.



**32. Write a letter of application in response to the following advertisement which appeared in 'The Hindu' dated 20 January 2014.** **5**

Leading Multinational company is looking out for talented and dynamic MBA graduates (any branch of specialization) to handle a unit at a new location. Apply within a week with all details to Pidilight Industries, Plot No. 2315, Gandhi Nagar, Gujarat.

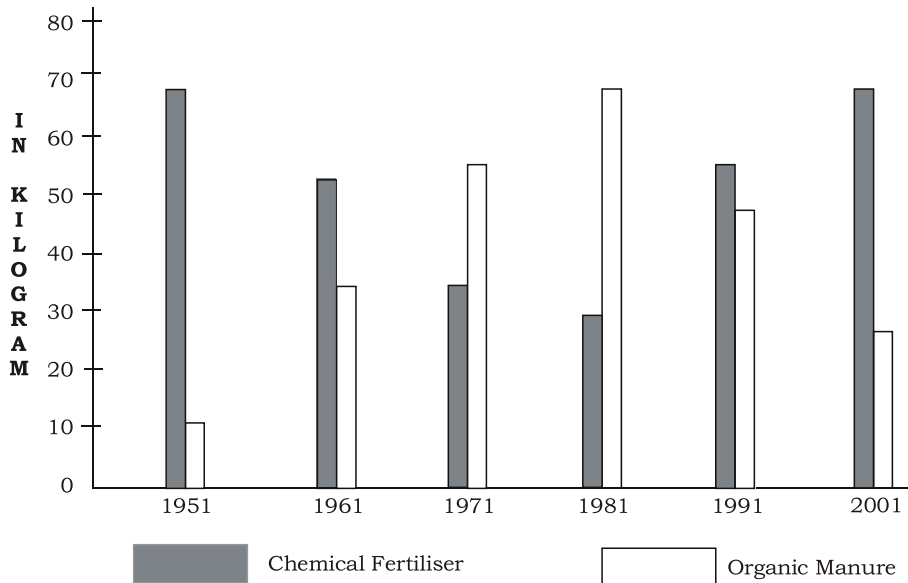
**33. Imagine you are the college union President. On the occasion of college day you are given the responsibility of presenting the welcome address. The chief Guest is Dr. Sagar Diwakar.** **5**

Native of : Karnataka  
 Education : CA 2008 20<sup>th</sup> rank, IAS 2010 34<sup>th</sup> rank  
 Present post : Commissioner, Zilla Panchayat,  
 Uttara Kannada.

**Based on the information write a speech in about 100 words to introduce the guest at the function.**

OR

A survey was conducted on the use of chemical fertilisers and organic manure per acre from 1951 to 2001. The findings of the survey have been represented in the following bar chart. Using the information, write a report in about 120 words.



**VII. 34. What do the underlined words in the following extract refer to?**  $4 \times 1 = 4$

The earthquake had destroyed the school building. The father started searching for his son. The parents of other children stood there shocked to see him digging through the debris. They pleaded him to go home, but he continued frantically till he heard his son's voice calling out to him. He told him that there were other children also stuck there, in the rubble.

- i. his : \_\_\_\_\_
- ii. they : \_\_\_\_\_
- iii. he : \_\_\_\_\_
- iv. there : \_\_\_\_\_

**35. Rearrange the jumbled segments to form a meaningful sentence.**  $1 \times 1 = 1$

Every five years/held/their leader/once in/to elect/elections are.

## Model Question Paper – 2

**Time: 3Hrs. 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. Answers to question numbers 24 (a-j) and 25 (i-iii) should be in sequence and at one place.*
- e. For multiple choice questions choose the correct answer and rewrite it.*

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

**12 × 1 = 12**

1. What does Juliet want Romeo to be after her death?
2. How much did the French Government expect for a machine and an expert in 'Too Dear'?
3. What does the phrase 'living arrows' refer to in 'On Children'?
4. According to women of Garhwal, 'the real value of forests' was \_\_\_\_\_
  - a. timber from a dead tree.
  - b. springs and streams.
  - c. fodder and fuels.
5. Who had occupied Gonzalo's usual bench in the park?
6. Where, according to the speaker, had love hidden his face, in 'When You Are Old'?
7. When did Tammanna forget all his songs and ballads?
8. Mention one of the things that the child's foot would like to be.

9. When, according to Borges, would history and man disappear?
10. What does Mikes call, 'A man's castle', in Japan?
11. Who had formed the Progressive Organization Party, in "The Voter"?
12. Name the village that was burnt to ashes for want of water.

**II. Answer any eight of the following (choosing at least two from poetry) in a paragraph of 80-100 words.  $8 \times 4 = 32$**

13. How does Juliet want people to forget the shining sun? Why?
14. Why was the murderer finally subjected to life imprisonment in, 'Too Dear'?
15. How does the writer bring out the importance of 'The Earth Democracy' in 'Everything I Need to Know I Learned in the Forest'? Explain.
16. How effectively does Gonzalo account for the love his cousin had for Laura's friend?
17. What measures did Tammanna adopt to humiliate Basavaiah? Explain.
18. Why does the poet refer to the 'Foot' as being a blind man in 'To the Foot from its Child'?
19. How does Borges reconcile with his blindness? Explain.
20. 'People respect each other's privacy.' Explain with reference to Japan in Mikes Travel writing.
21. How has cycle transformed the lives of many women in Pudukottai?
22. How is the destructive nature of Water brought out in the poem, 'Water'?



**III. Answer the following in about 200 words.**

**1 × 6 = 6**

23. Trace the incidents where Laura and Gonzalo secretly guess about each other's identity.

OR

How does Roof conceal his betrayal of Marcus in the election? Elucidate.

OR

'Heaven lies all over.' How is this brought out in 'Heaven, if you are not on Earth'?

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

**10 × 1 = 10**

Gabriel García Márquez was born on March 6, 1928, in Aracataca, Colombia. His father was Gabriel Eligio Garcia and mother Luisa Santiaga Marquez Iguaran. The famous author and journalist is known to his readers as simply Gabo. He has been recognized as one of the most remarkable storytellers of the 20<sup>th</sup> century.

Luisa's parents did not approve of her marriage to a telegraph operator, and her son Gabriel, the oldest of twelve children, was sent to live with his maternal grandparents. Marquez later said that his love of story-telling came from his grandparents.

On April 9, 1948, the assassination of the Liberal presidential candidate led to three days of riots. Marquez's house was burnt and his manuscripts were destroyed. The National University was closed, and Marquez was forced to go elsewhere. He went to the university in Cartagena and took up journalism to support himself. In 1950 he abandoned his legal studies and began writing columns and stories for *El Herald*, a Liberal newspaper. In 1954 he returned to Bogota as a reporter for *El Espectador*.

'One Hundred Years of Solitude' is commonly accepted as Marquez's greatest literary masterpiece. It became known as the turning-point work between modernism and post-modernism, and it helped to revive the novel. The publication of this work marked the end of Western domination of the novel.

In 1982, he won the Nobel Prize for Literature. He used the money that came with the prize to start a daily newspaper, *El Otro*, in Colombia, after the Colombian government promised him that he would be safe in Colombia.

24. a) How is Marquez known to his readers?  
b) To which century did Gabriel Marquez belong?  
c) The telegraph operator mentioned in the passage is Marquez's  
    i) father.      ii) grandfather.      iii) friend.  
d) From whom did Marquez inherit his love for story-telling?  
e) How long did the riot in 1948 last?  
f) What did Marquez do after giving up his legal studies?  
g) Add prefix to the word 'approve' to form its antonym.  
h) 'One Hundred Years of Solitude' is Marquez's greatest \_\_\_\_\_ (literary/literature) masterpiece.  
i) Mention the name of the newspaper for which Marquez worked as a reporter.  
j) What did Marquez do with the money that came with the Nobel Prize?

**25. Read the following lines and answer the questions set on it.**

**3 × 1 = 3**

Child,

Child, how happy you are sitting in the dust, playing with a broken twig all the morning!

I smile at your play with that little bit of a broken twig.

I am busy with my account, adding up figures by the hour.

- i. Where is the child sitting?  
ii. The child is playing with \_\_\_\_\_  
iii. What is the speaker doing?

**26. Complete the following by filling the blanks using the right form of the verb given in brackets.** **3 × 1 = 3**

In the Toy Kingdom a council \_\_\_\_\_ (call) to consider what \_\_\_\_\_ (could, do) and it \_\_\_\_\_ (decide) to send a letter to the King of Italy.

**27. Report the following conversation.** **5 × 1 = 5**

She sat thinking, "All this is none of my concern."

The old man went on, "His name was not Sangoji, but Basavaiah. I am amazed at how facts take on such varied guises when it is narrated as fiction."

**28. Complete the following dialogue.** **4 × 1 = 4**

*(A telephonic conversation)*

Mr. Rao : Hello. Is it 3456789?

Mr. Prakash : \_\_\_\_\_ (Reply)

Mr. Rao : Could I speak to the Manager?

Mr. Prakash : \_\_\_\_\_ (Inform absence)

Mr. Rao : Who am I speaking to?

Mr. Prakash : \_\_\_\_\_ (Give introduction)

Mr. Rao : \_\_\_\_\_ (Thanks giving and leave taking)

**29. Fill in the blanks by choosing the appropriate expression given in bracket:** **2 × 1 = 2**

*(to be in high spirits, to throw away, pass by)*

Marcus knew that he would win but he did not want \_\_\_\_\_ a single vote. All the while Roof, weighed down with guilt, pretended \_\_\_\_\_.

**30. Fill in the blanks with the right linker.** **4 × 1 = 4**

Look at any waste garbage dump \_\_\_\_\_ vegetable waste, paper and broken glass, you will find a considerable amount of plastic material \_\_\_\_\_ shampoo bottles, bags \_\_\_\_\_

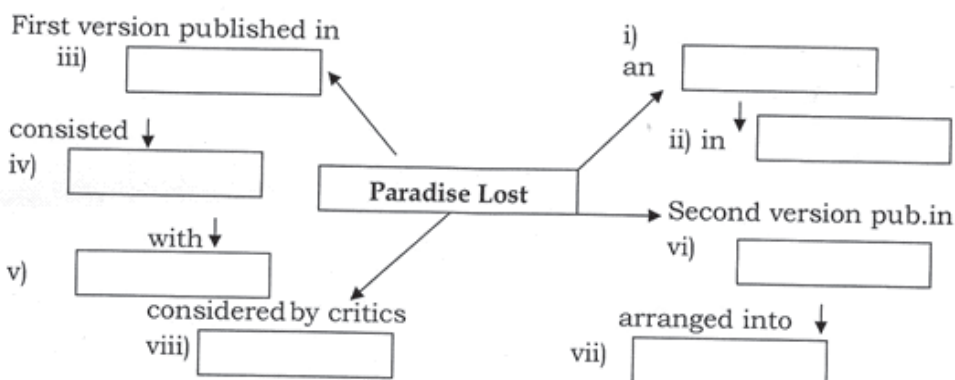
worn out shoes. Vegetable scraps and paper are biodegradable \_\_\_\_\_ glass and plastic continue to accumulate and harm the environment.

(but, such as, and, in addition to)

**31. Read the following passage and make notes by drawing and filling the boxes given below.**

$8 \times \frac{1}{2} = 4$

Paradise Lost is an epic poem in blank verse by the 17th-century English poet John Milton. The first version, published in 1667, consisted of ten books with over ten thousand lines of verse. A second edition followed in 1674, arranged into twelve books with minor revisions throughout and a note on the versification. It is considered by critics to be Milton's major work, and helped solidify his reputation as one of the greatest English poets of his time.



**32. Write a letter of application in response to the following advertisement which appeared in 'The Hindu' dated 2 February 2014.**

5

**WANTED**

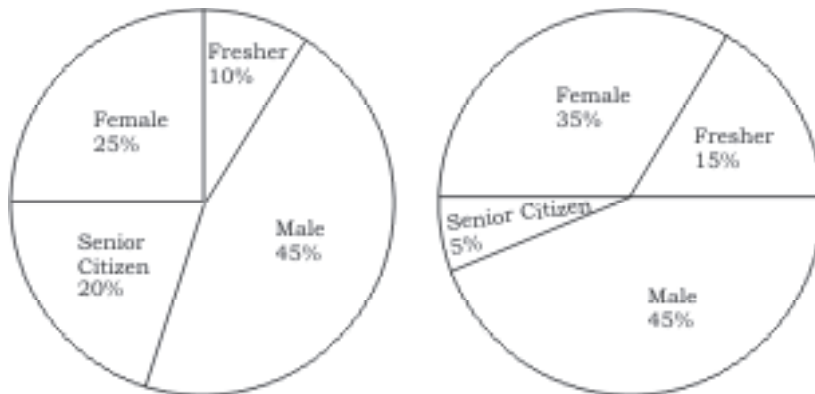
Prerana Pre University College, Dharwad invites application from qualified individuals for the post of lecturer in biology. Apply within 10 days to, 'The Secretary, Prerana Education trust, Dharwad. Candidate with experience and good communication skill will be given preference.

**33. Imagine you are the Secretary of Eco Club of your college. On the occasion of World Environment Day you are required to**

give a speech on the need for awareness to preserve nature. Points to be included: need for conservation, cause of destruction, depletion of ozone layer, health hazards. Based on the information write a speech in about 100 words. **5**

OR

The following pie charts represent information about the voters' turn out in the general elections held in post-independence India over a span of more than fifty years. Use this data to write a report on the polling trends in about 120 words.



**34. What do the underlined words in the following extract refer to?** **4 × 1 = 4**

Luisa's parents did not approve of her marriage to a telegraph operator, and her son Gabriel, the oldest of twelve children, was sent to live with his maternal grandparents. Marquez later said that his love of story-telling came from his grandparents. After the riots he went to the university in Cartagena where he took up journalism to support himself.

- i. her : \_\_\_\_\_
- ii. his : \_\_\_\_\_
- iii. where : \_\_\_\_\_
- iv. himself : \_\_\_\_\_

**35. Rewrite the jumbled segments to form a meaningful sentence.** **1 × 1 = 1**

terrible/to get/you want/Delhi's/don't/heat?/away from

## Mini Dictionary

Abandon	: give up; forsake
Agony	: extreme mental or physical suffering
Annihilate ( <i>v</i> )	: destroy completely
Apprehensive	: fearful
Ballad ( <i>n</i> )	: poem narrating a story
barrier	: obstruction; obstacle
Bedeck ( <i>v</i> )	: decorate
Bidding	: command, request, invitation
Boast	: to talk with too much pride
Clout	: influence
Conceive	: imagine, think
Confront	: face the situation
conservative	: opposed to sudden social change, ಸಂಪ್ರದಾಯಸ್ಥ
Coronation	: ceremony of crowning prince
Council	: Committee
Criminal	: person guilty of crime
Critic	: person who reviews literature
Defiance	: open disobedience; disregard
Diligently	: showing care and effort in work or duty
Drown	: submersion in water
Elaborate	: explain in detail

Embankment ( <i>n</i> )	: wall built around well
Emigrate	: to leave one's own country
Encounter	: meet unexpectedly
Executioner	: official who carries out a death sentence
fetters	: shackle for feet; bond
Flourish	: prosper
Foliage	: leaves of a tree or plant
Folklore	: traditions and stories of a country or community
Forbid	: prohibit, refuse to allow
Frontier	: border between two countries
Genesis	: origin, mode of birth
Grove ( <i>n</i> )	: group of trees
Grudge	: feeling of anger or dislike
Guisse	: external appearance
Hit upon	: find by chance
Hitch	: problem, drawback
hostile	: unfriendly
Impoverish	: make poor
Inevitable	: unavoidable
Invade	: attack
Jurymen	: members giving verdict
Lethargic	: lazy

Overseer	: supervisor
Palatial ( <i>adj</i> )	: like a palace, splendid
Pardon	: forgive for an offence
Peaceable	: peaceful, calm
Pension	: regular payment after retirement
Perception	: way of noticing things with senses
Petty	: small, minor
Philosopher	: expert in philosophy
pioneer	: beginner of any enterprise
Pitch	: height, degree, intensity
Plight	: difficult or sad situation
Prosecutor	: lawyer, person instituting legal proceedings
Quarry	: place of stone extraction
Rage	: violent anger
Raison-de-etre	: reason, cause
Rascal	: (old fashioned) dishonest person
Reckon	: calculate
Recourse	: resort to possible source of help
Reputation	: respect
Revenue	: return, income
Rival ( <i>n</i> )	: competitor
Sentence	: decision of law court
Shied ( <i>v</i> )	: (pt, pp of shy) nervous or embarrassed



Shore	: coast
Stakes	: sum of money wagered on an event
Suck-in	: involve oneself against will
Suffuse ( <i>v</i> )	: to spread all over
Summon	: order to appear in law court
Surpass	: outdo, be better or greater than
Umpteen ( <i>adj</i> )	: very many
Undercover	: working secretly
Underestimate	: undervalue, take too lightly
undermine	: weaken, demoralize
Vengeful	: seeking vengeance
Vice	: immoral conduct
Well-versed	: experienced, skilled

## Notes

[illegible]

## Notes

[illegible]

## Notes

This image shows a blank sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

## Notes

[illegible]

## Notes

[illegible]