

INVITATION TO ENGLISH - 2 (NEW EDITION)
(Stories, Plays and Biographies)

*Approved by the Council of Higher Secondary Education, Odisha
Bhubaneswar for +2 Examination.*



Published by

**Odisha State Bureau of Textbook Preparation and Production,
Pustak Bhavan, Bhubaneswar**

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Published by

The Odisha State Bureau of Textbook Preparation and Production
Pustak Bhavan, Bhubaneswar, Odisha, India.

First Edition : 2012/ 1,00,000 Copies
Second Edition : 2013/1,00,000 Copies
Third Edition : 2014/50,000 Copies
Fourth Edition: 2015/1,20,000 Copies
Fifth Edition: 2016/1,00,000 Copies
Publication No : 104
ISBN : 81-8005-278-8

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Type Setting : SAI DTP CENTRE, Bhubaneswar
Printed at : Sri Nilakantha Press, Cuttack

Price : Rs.45/-(Rupees Forty five only)

FOREWORD

The Council of Higher Secondary Education, Odisha has restructured the Syllabus in Compulsory English for Arts, Science , Commerce and Vocational streams for +2 Examinations. Accordingly, the New Edition of *Invitation to English-2* with new course contents for intensive study has been prepared by a Board of Editors and Reviewers selected by the CHSE. It is hoped that this text book will serve its purpose.

On this occasion, I acknowledge my gratefulness to all the authors and publishers for incorporating their texts in this edition of the book. I record my gratitude to the Department of Higher Education, Govt. of Odisha for allowing the Bureau to publish this textbook. I thank the CHSE, Odisha for their cooperation in the preparation and production of the same. My thanks are due to the Editors and Reviewers for the pains they have taken in preparing this book within a short span of time. Finally I extend my thanks to the officers and staff of the Bureau for their whole-hearted support in bringing out this book.

We welcome any suggestion from students, teachers, and other stakeholders for improvement of this textbook.



(Dr. Geetika Patnaik)

Director

Odisha State Bureau of Text Book
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Pustak Bhavan, Bhubaneswar.

PREFACE

The syllabus in compulsory English for the Plus Two Higher Secondary students has been designed to develop Basic Interpersonal Communicative Skills (BICS) and Cognitive Academic Language Proficiency (CALP). In the entire academic career of a student Higher Secondary education plays a paramount role as astounding success at this stage opens up floodgates of career options for the students. Against the backdrop of this notion, the role of compulsory English has been given its legitimate priority and effort has been made to imbibe a sense of seriousness among the students. The syllabus is framed to develop language proficiency and aesthetic awareness of the learners, for which very exciting topics from different genres of literature viz; Short Stories, One-Act Plays and Biographies / excerpts from Autobiographies with perennial socio-cultural, moral and psychological significance have been prescribed. The topics chosen by the Editors, I am sure, shall provide both entertainment and enlightenment to the learners. As there is increasing importance of learning English in the present era, the students need to develop the four basic skills of language, such as Listening, Speaking, Reading and Writing. Further, in the Indian context, it is noticed that through Reading skills, other language skills such as Listening, Speaking and Writing skills can be developed. The learners need to have plenty of exposure to English, which can be conveniently acquired through the study of written texts based on exciting plots, humorous situations, interesting characters, enjoyable anecdotes and gripping incidents. It is also a fact that much of the English learnt by the Indians is picked up consciously or unconsciously from reading materials. Hence, it is needless to say that only a discerning and perceptive reader making independent study giving priority to understanding and enjoyment can become a successful learner of English. During the process of reading, a multiple range of language activity pertaining to interrelated skills of Listening, Speaking, Reading and Writing can be acquired. In this context, Arnold Bennet's observation in his seminal essay "Art of Reading"

deserves mention: "In your reading you must have in view some definite aim. Some aim other than the wish to derive pleasure. I conceive that to give pleasure is the highest end of any work of art because the pleasure procured from any art is tonic and transform the life into which it enters. But the maximum of pleasure can only be obtained by regular effort and regular effort implies the organization of the effort. Your paramount aim in poring over the literature is to enjoy, but you will not fully achieve that aim unless you also have a subsidiary aim which necessitates the measurement of your energy. Your subsidiary aim may be aesthetic, moral, political, religious, scientific, erudite. You may devote yourself to a man, a topic, an epoch, a notion, a branch of literature, an idea. You have the widest latitude in the choice of an objective, but a definite objective you must have."

In the light of the above, the learner has to make most of the reading by himself by making his five sense organs responsive. The learner may share his experience of reading with the teacher and it may unfold a very useful and lively discussion to elicit the various nuances of meaning of the text. The interesting instructional materials from various genres are expected to generate enthusiasm among the young learners to totally involve themselves in the skill of reading and churn out the best elements of the Text, which may be useful to them in later part of their life.

This Text Book is designed for non-detailed study/ extensive reading to enhance global comprehension of the learners. The learners need not concentrate on all the details in the text. The teachers are expected to play a pivotal role in explaining to the students the objectives of extensive reading. They may find out novel strategies to initiate the students into the domain of the text, by just narrating the gist of the story or play or biography in an interesting manner, so that the students may develop interest in the study of the texts independently at home and come prepared for useful discussion in the classroom.

Editors

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THREE QUESTIONS

Leo Tolstoy

Introducing the author

Leo Tolstoy (1828 –1910) was a Russian writer who primarily wrote novels and short stories. Later in life, he also wrote plays and essays. His *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*, are acknowledged as two of the greatest novels of all time.



Unit I

Warm Up

Can you guess from the title what the story is about? To what time does the story belong? Read the following unit of the text, note the questions that occurred to a certain king and see if they are still relevant today:

The Text

It once occurred to a certain king, that if he always knew the right time to begin everything; if he knew who were the right people to listen to, and whom to avoid; and, above all, if he always knew what was the most important thing to do, he would never fail in anything he might undertake.

And this thought having occurred to him, he had it proclaimed throughout his kingdom that he would give a great reward to anyone who would teach him what was the right time for every action, and who were the most necessary people, and how he might know what was the most important thing to do.

And learned men came to the King, but they all answered his questions differently.

In reply to the first question, some said that to know the right time for every action, one must draw up in advance, a table of days, months and years, and must live strictly according to it. Only thus, said they, could everything be done at its proper time. Others declared that it was impossible to decide beforehand the right time for every action; but that, not letting oneself be absorbed in idle pastimes, one should always attend to all that was going on, and then do what was most needful. Others, again, said that however attentive the King might be to what was going on, it was impossible for one man to decide correctly the right time for every action, but that he should have a Council of wise men, who would help him to fix the proper time for everything.

But then again others said there were some things which could not wait to be laid before a Council, but about which one had at once to decide whether to undertake them or not. But in order to decide that, one must know beforehand what was going to happen. It is only magicians who know that; and, therefore, in order to know the right time for every action, one must consult magicians.

Equally various were the answers to the second question. Some said, the people the King most needed were his councillors; others, the priests; others, the doctors; while some said the warriors were the most necessary.

To the third question, as to what was the most important occupation: some replied that the most important thing in the world was science. Others said it was skill in warfare; and others, again, that it was religious worship.

All the answers being different, the King agreed with none of them, and gave the reward to none. But still wishing to find the right answers to his questions, he decided to consult a hermit, widely renowned for his wisdom.

Glossary

occurred	came to mind
proclaimed	made known publicly or officially
pastimes	things done to pass time pleasantly

Think it out

1. What were the three questions that occurred to the king? What did he do get the answers to his questions?
2. What answers did the wise men give to his first question?
3. How did the wise men answer his second question?
4. What answers did the king get for his third question?
5. Why did he decide to consult a hermit?

Unit II**Warm Up**

Do you think the king called for the hermit to answer his questions? Did he call on the hermit for answers to his questions? Read the following unit of the text and follow what the king does:

The Text

The hermit lived in a wood which he never quitted, and he received none but common folk. So the King put on simple clothes, and before reaching the hermit's cell dismounted from his horse, and, leaving his body-guard behind, went on alone.

When the King approached, the hermit was digging the ground in front of his hut. Seeing the King, he greeted him and went on digging. The hermit was frail and weak, and each time he stuck his spade into the ground and turned a little earth, he breathed heavily.

The King went up to him and said: "I have come to you, wise hermit, to ask you to answer three questions: How can I learn to do the right thing at the right time? Who are the people I most need, and to whom should I, therefore, pay more attention than to the rest? And, what affairs are the most important, and need my first attention?"

The hermit listened to the King, but answered nothing. He just spat on his hand and recommenced digging.

"You are tired," said the King, "let me take the spade and work awhile for you."

“Thanks!” said the hermit, and, giving the spade to the King, he sat down on the ground.

When he had dug two beds, the King stopped and repeated his questions. The hermit again gave no answer, but rose, stretched out his hand for the spade, and said: “Now rest awhile—and let me work a bit.”

But the King did not give him the spade, and continued to dig. One hour passed, and another. The sun began to sink behind the trees, and the King at last stuck the spade into the ground, and said:

“I came to you, wise man, for an answer to my questions. If you can give me none, tell me so, and I will return home.”

“Here comes some one running,” said the hermit, “let us see who it is.”

The King turned round, and saw a bearded man come running out of the wood. The man held his hands pressed against his stomach, and blood was flowing from under them. When he reached the King, he fell fainting on the ground moaning feebly. The King and the hermit unfastened the man’s clothing. There was a large wound in his stomach. The King washed it as best he could, and bandaged it with his handkerchief and with a towel the hermit had. But the blood would not stop flowing, and the King again and again removed the bandage soaked with warm blood, and washed and rebandaged the wound. When at last the blood ceased flowing, the man revived and asked for something to drink. The King brought fresh water and gave it to him. Meanwhile the sun had set, and it had become cool. So the King, with the hermit’s help, carried the wounded man into the hut and laid him on the bed. Lying on the bed the man closed his eyes and was quiet; but the King was so tired with his walk and with the work he had done, that he crouched down on the threshold, and also fell asleep—so soundly that he slept all through the short summer night. When he awoke in the morning, it was long before he could remember where he was, or who was the strange bearded man lying on the bed and gazing intently at him with shining eyes.

“Forgive me!” said the bearded man in a weak voice, when he saw that the King was awake and was looking at him.

“I do not know you, and have nothing to forgive you for,” said the King.

“You do not know me, but I know you. I am that enemy of yours who swore to revenge himself on you, because you executed his brother and seized his property. I knew you had gone alone to see the hermit, and I resolved to kill you on your way back. But the day passed and you did not return. So I came out from my ambush to find you, and I came upon your bodyguard, and they recognized me, and wounded me. I escaped from them, but should have bled to death had you not dressed my wound. I wished to kill you, and you have saved my life. Now, if I live, and if you wish it, I will serve you as your most faithful slave, and will bid my sons do the same. Forgive me!”

The King was very glad to have made peace with his enemy so easily, and to have gained him for a friend, and he not only forgave him, but said he would send his servants and his own physician to attend him, and promised to restore his property.

Glossary

hermit	a holy person living alone
frail	weak and thin
revived	got well again
threshold	doorstep
intently	eagerly
executed	punished by death
ambush	hiding

Think it out

1. Where did the King meet the hermit? How did the hermit receive the King?
2. How did the King help the hermit?
3. How did the King nurse the wounded stranger?
4. Why did the wounded person desire to serve the King as his most faithful slave?

Unit III

Warm Up

Did the hermit answer the king's questions? Was the king satisfied with the hermit's answers? Read the following unit of the text and note how the hermit answers the king's questions:

The Text

Having taken leave of the wounded man, the King went out into the porch and looked around for the hermit. Before going away he wished once more to beg an answer to the questions he had put. The hermit was outside, on his knees, sowing seeds in the beds that had been dug the day before.

The King approached him, and said:

"For the last time, I pray you to answer my questions, wise man."

"You have already been answered!" said the hermit, still crouching on his thin legs, and looking up at the King, who stood before him.

"How answered? What do you mean?" asked the King.

"Do you not see," replied the hermit. "If you had not pitied my weakness yesterday, and had not dug those beds for me, but had gone your way, that man would have attacked you, and you would have repented of not having stayed with me. So the most important time was when you were digging the beds; and I was the most important man; and to do me good was your most important business. Afterwards when that man ran to us, the most important time was when you were attending to him, for if you had not bound up his wounds he would have died without having made peace with you. So he was the most important man, and what you did for him was your most important business. Remember then: there is only one time that is important- Now! It is the most important time because it is the only time when we have any power. The most necessary man is he with whom you are, for no man knows whether he will ever have dealings with any one else: and the most important affair is, to do him good, because for that purpose alone was man sent into this life!"

THINK IT OUT

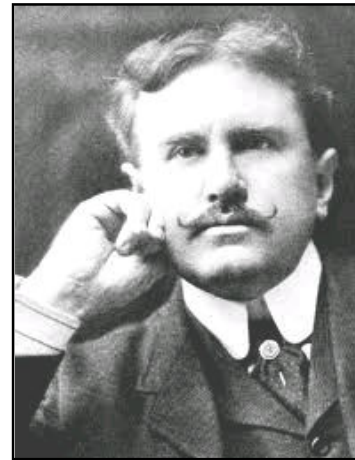
1. How did the hermit answer the king's questions?
2. Was the king satisfied with the hermit's answers? Give a reasoned answer.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS

O' Henry

Introducing the author

William Sydney Porter (1862 -1910), known by his pen name O Henry, was an American writer. His short stories are known for their wit, wordplay, warm characterization and surprise.



Unit I

Warm Up

Do you value personal relationship? What will you prefer if personal relationship comes in the way of your duty? O' Henry narrates this story to show - 'Devotion to duty triumphs over personal relationship'. The story depicts the irony and pathos of life in a subtle and dramatic manner.

Read the following unit of the text and note how two friends meet after twenty years at the appointed time and place:

The Text

The policeman on the beat moved up the quiet road smartly. His smartness was habitual and not for show, for spectators were few. The time was only 10 o'clock at night. But the locality was one that kept early hours, and chilly winds and a drizzle had almost depeopled the streets.

Examining closed doors as he went, making various interesting and playful movements with his small stick, the officer, with his stalwart figure and smart movements made a fine picture of the guardian of the law. He could see a few lights coming from a

cigar store, an all-night hotel, and one or two tailoring shops completing the day's work. The majority of the houses were business places that had long since been closed. Now and then he would suddenly turn about, and cast his watchful eye along the peaceful road. He was thinking of what his boss had said in the morning: "Pale face, square jaws, deep and dark eyes, and a little white scar near the right eyebrow." As a part of the police organization, he felt a little ashamed that the name of this notorious criminal was still unknown, and that he was still at large. Printing counterfeit notes was a serious affair, he knew; and the criminal must be caught. He took out his pocket-book under a lamp-post, and looked at the five-dollar note and the reconstructed photograph. He became thoughtful: Chicago - a thousand miles away. What chance?" Then he said to himself aloud, 'Never mind, my boy, you have been a dutiful one these last eighteen years, and luck owes you a debt.'

He was in the habit of talking to himself, sometimes, - when nobody was by. And he liked to refer to himself as a boy, though he was forty.

There was another thing in his mind. He looked at his watch, - a quarter past ten; fifteen minutes more. It was a long road; but there was enough time. After a minute he descried about five hundred metres ahead the outline of a man near the doorway of a darkened hardware store. He quickened his steps. The place was slightly dark, lying exactly midway between two lampposts. He was about to address the man, but changed his mind and allowed the man to begin. The man realised that the way he was standing there must look suspicious to one who didn't know his story. So he said, as the policeman walked up to him: 'It's all right, officer; I'm just waiting for a friend. It is an appointment made twenty years ago. It sounds a little funny to you, doesn't it? Well, I'll explain so as to remove all suspicion from your mind: About twenty years ago there used to be a restaurant where this store stands, "Brady's Restaurant."

'Until five years ago,' said the officer, 'It was torn down then.' He was about to take the hand of the stranger, but checked himself.

The man in the doorway struck a match and lit his cigar. The policeman had a chance to look at the face of the man.

Glossary

on the beat	on the route doing patrol duty
spectators	onlookers; viewers
kept early hours	went back home early in the night
depeopled	emptied of people
stalwart	sturdy; well-built
counterfeit	illegal
reconstructed photograph	picture of a person drawn by experts basing on the reports about his or her face
descried	saw (from a distance)

Think it out

1. How does the writer describe the atmosphere of the story?
2. How did the policeman perform his duties?
3. What picture of the wanted criminal do you get from the text?
4. How did the stranger try to interact with the policeman?
5. How did the policeman see the stranger's face?

Unit II**Warm up**

When old friends meet after a long period of time, they usually exchange pleasant words and talk about old times. Read the following unit of the text and note how two friends meet each other as agreed:

The Text

'Twenty years ago tonight,' said the man, 'I dined here at "Brady's with Jimmy Wells, my best chum, and the finest chap in the world. We were both born and brought up here in New York, just like two brothers. I was eighteen and Jimmy was twenty. The

next morning I was to start for the West to make my fortune, Jimmy was a homing bird. You couldn't have dragged Jimmy out of New York; he thought it was the only place on earth. Well, we agreed that night that we would meet here again exactly twenty years from that date and time, no matter what our conditions might be or from what distance we might have to come. We felt that in twenty years each of us would have had his career made, and got what life had to give.

'It sounds pretty interesting,' said the policeman. 'Rather a long time between meets, it seems to me. Haven't you heard from your friend since you left'?

'Well, yes, for a time we corresponded,' said the other. 'But after a year or two we lost track of each other. Though Chicago was, what you call, my headquarters, I kept moving around a lot. But I know Jimmy will meet me here if he's alive, for he always was the truest, staunchest old chap in the world. He'll never forget. I came a thousand miles to' stand at this door tonight. and it's worth it if my old partner turns up.'

The waiting man pulled out a handsome watch, the lid of it set with small diamonds.

'Ten twenty-five,' he said. 'It was exactly half past ten when we parted here at the restaurant door,' 'Made lots of money out in the West, didn't you?' asked the policeman.

'Well, it wasn't bad, I must admit. I hope Jimmy has done half so well. He was somewhat slow in the brain, though he was a good fellow. I've had to compete with some of the sharpest wits in the world to earn my dollars. A man gets into the rut in New York. The West requires fighting and teaches it.'

The policeman took a step or two. 'I hope your friend comes around all right,' he said. 'Are you going to wait for some time in case he doesn't turn up at the appointed time?' he asked.

'I'll give him half an hour', said the other. 'If Jimmy is alive on earth he'll be here by the time. So long, officer.'

'Goodnight, sir,' said the policeman, passing on along his beat, examining doors as he went.

Glossary

a homing bird	a person who does not like to stay away from home
corresponded	wrote letters to each other
staunchest	very sincere
gets into the rut	becomes very ordinary
appointed	fixed earlier

Think it out

1. What was the appointment made between two friends twenty years before?
2. What information about the friends do you gather from their conversation?

Unit III**Warm up**

Writers often give an unexpected twist to their stories to surprise the readers. Does Saki do the same? Read the following unit of the text and note the irony of situation that a person comes from a long distance to meet his friend after twenty years but the friend gets him arrested:

The Text

The wind was growing more chilly, and the drizzle was thickening. The few people who were out quickened their steps, their coat collars turned up and hands pocketed. And near the door of the hardware store the man who had come a thousand miles to fill an appointment with the friend of his youth, smoked his cigar and waited.

About twenty minutes he waited, and then a tall man in a long overcoat, with collar turned up to his ears, hurried across from the opposite side of the street. He went directly to the waiting man. 'Is that you, Bob?' he asked doubtfully.

'Is that you, Jimmy Wells?' cried the man near the door.

'Bless my heart!' exclaimed the new arrival grasping both the other's hands with his own. 'It's Bob, sure as fate. I was certain I'd find you here if you were still in existence.'

Well, well, well, twenty years is a long time. The old restaurant is gone, Bob; I wish it had lasted, so that we could have had another dinner there. How has the West treated you, old man?’

‘Nothing to complain of, it has given me everything I asked for. You have changed a lot, Jimmy. You look taller by eight or ten centimetres than when we met last. Doing well in New York, Jimmy?’

‘Not so bad. I work in a departmental store as assistant manager. Good pay and other benefits. Come on. Bob, we’ll go round to a place I know of and have a good long talk about old times.’

The two men started up the streets, arm in arm. The man from the West, somewhat puffed up by success, was talking of his possessions and of his important friends in Chicago and elsewhere. The other, covered with his overcoat, was listening with rapt attention. They had not yet taken a good look at each other’s face. They neared a medicine store lit brilliantly, with electric lights. There each of them turned simultaneously to gaze at the other’s face.

The man from the West stopped suddenly and let go the other’s arm.

‘You’re not Jimmy Wells’, he faltered. ‘Twenty year is a long time, but not long enough to change a man’s sharp nose to a flat one?’

‘It sometimes changes a good man into a bad one’, said the tall man. ‘You’ve been under arrest for ten minutes, Bob, or whatever your name is. The Commissioner of police, Chicago, longs to have a chat with you in connection with some bundles of five-dollar notes, which have come his way. Come quietly, please, and no tricks. Before we go to the station, here’s a note I was asked to give you. It’s from Assistant Sub-Inspector Jimmy Wells’.

The man from the West unfolded the little piece of paper handed to him. His hand was steady when he began to read, but it trembled a little by the time he had finished. The note was rather short:

'Bob: I was at the appointed place on time. When you struck the match to light your cigar I saw it was the face of the man wanted in Chicago. Somehow I couldn't do it myself, so I went around and got a plain-clothes policeman to do the job'.

Glossary

sure as fate	very certain
puffed	feeling proud
rapt	deep

Think it out

1. How long did the man from the West wait? What was weather then?
2. How did the man from the West and the man in a long overcoat greet each other?
3. When did Bob realise that the tall man he had met was not Jimmy Wells?
4. Why did Jimmy get Bob arrested?
5. Did Jimmy keep his appointment with Bob after twenty years? What consideration did he show for his old friend?

THE OPEN WINDOW

Saki

Introducing the author

Hector Hugh Munro (18 December 1870 – 13 November 1916), better known by the pen name Saki, is an eminent English novelist and short story writer. His stories depict human behaviour in interesting and playful situations and are remarkable for gentle humour and sparkling wit.



Unit I

Warm up

Mark the title of the story and the dramatic opening. It is set in the drawing room of an upper-class village house. Mr. Nuttel is received by a young girl of fifteen when he calls on her aunt. When she comes to know that the guest knows nothing about her aunt but her name and address, the 'self-possessed young lady' narrates an eerie tale of family tragedy to shock the highly-strung visitor. Read the story and enjoy how the girl befools the adults with her pranks.

Read the following unit of the text and note how Mr. Nuttel arrives at Mrs. Sappleton's house and meets her niece during her absence.

The Text

"My aunt will be down presently, Mr. Nuttel," said a very self-possessed young lady of fifteen; "in the meantime you must try and put up with me."

Framton Nuttel endeavored to say the correct something which should duly flatter the niece of the moment without unduly discounting the aunt that was to come. Privately he doubted more than ever whether these formal visits on a succession of total strangers would do much towards helping the nerve cure which he was supposed to be undergoing.

"I know how it will be," his sister had said when he was preparing to migrate to this rural retreat; "you will bury yourself down there and not speak to a living soul, and your

nerves will be worse than ever from moping. I shall just give you letters of introduction to all the people I know there. Some of them, as far as I can remember, were quite nice."

Framton wondered whether Mrs. Sappleton, the lady to whom he was presenting one of the letters of introduction came into the nice division.

"Do you know many of the people round here?" asked the niece, when she judged that they had had sufficient silent communion.

"Hardly a soul," said Framton. "My sister was staying here, at the rectory, you know, some four years ago, and she gave me letters of introduction to some of the people here."

He made the last statement in a tone of distinct regret.

"Then you know practically nothing about my aunt?" pursued the self-possessed young lady.

"Only her name and address," admitted the caller. He was wondering whether Mrs. Sappleton was in the married or widowed state. An undefinable something about the room seemed to suggest masculine habitation.

"Her great tragedy happened just three years ago," said the child; "that would be since your sister's time."

"Her tragedy?" asked Framton; somehow in this restful country spot tragedies seemed out of place.

"You may wonder why we keep that window wide open on an October afternoon," said the niece, indicating a large French window that opened on to a lawn.

"It is quite warm for the time of the year," said Framton; "but has that window got anything to do with the tragedy?"

"Out through that window, three years ago to a day, her husband and her two young brothers went off for their day's shooting. They never came back. In crossing the moor to their favorite snipe-shooting ground they were all three engulfed in a treacherous

piece of bog. It had been that dreadful wet summer, you know, and places that were safe in other years gave way suddenly without warning. Their bodies were never recovered. That was the dreadful part of it.” Here the child’s voice lost its self-possessed note and became falteringly human. “Poor aunt always thinks that they will come back someday, they and the little brown spaniel that was lost with them, and walk in at that window just as they used to do. That is why the window is kept open every evening till it is quite dusk. Poor dear aunt, she has often told me how they went out, her husband with his white waterproof coat over his arm, and Ronnie, her youngest brother, singing ‘Bertie, why do you bound?’ as he always did to tease her, because she said it got on her nerves. Do you know, sometimes on still, quiet evenings like this, I almost get a creepy feeling that they will all walk in through that window—”

She broke off with a little shudder. It was a relief to Framton when the aunt bustled into the room with a whirl of apologies for being late in making her appearance.

Glossary

self-possessed	calm and confident
put up with	accept somebody unpleasant
flatter	praise highly with a motive
discount (v)	belittle
a succession of	a series of
rural retreat	a safe and quiet place in a country-side
moping	in a dull state of mind
masculine habitation	the dwelling of men
rectory	a house where the rector (priest) of a church lives
restful	peaceful
snipe-shooting	shooting at something from a hiding place

treacherous bog a marsh (an area of soft and wet land) with hidden dangers

Think it out

1. Why did Nuttel visit Mrs. Sappleton ?
2. What did the young lady say about her aunt's tragedy to Nuttel ?

Unit II

Warm up

Have you noticed the effect of Vera's narration of the family tragedy on Nuttel ? Mark his reaction when Mrs. Sappleton points to the open window and tells him that she is expecting her husband and brothers to return home soon.

Read the following unit of the text and note how Vera is capable of telling lies convincingly :

The Text

"I hope Vera has been amusing you?" she said.

"She has been very interesting," said Framton.

"I hope you don't mind the open window," said Mrs. Sappleton briskly; "my husband and brothers will be home directly from shooting, and they always come in this way. They've been out for snipe in the marshes today, so they'll make a fine mess over my poor carpets. So like you menfolk, isn't it?"

She rattled on cheerfully about the shooting and the scarcity of birds, and the prospects for duck in the winter. To Framton it was all purely horrible. He made a desperate but only partially successful effort to turn the talk on to a less ghastly topic, he was conscious that his hostess was giving him only a fragment of her attention, and her eyes were constantly straying past him to the open window and the lawn beyond. It was certainly an unfortunate coincidence that he should have paid his visit on this tragic anniversary.

“The doctors agree in ordering me complete rest, an absence of mental excitement, and avoidance of anything in the nature of violent physical exercise,” announced Framton, who labored under the tolerably widespread delusion that total strangers and chance acquaintances are hungry for the least detail of one’s ailments and infirmities, their cause and cure. “On the matter of diet they are not so much in agreement,” he continued.

“No?” said Mrs. Sappleton, in a voice which only replaced a yawn at the last moment. Then she suddenly brightened into alert attention - but not to what Framton was saying.

“Here they are at last!” she cried. “Just in time for tea, and don’t they look as if they were muddy up to the eyes!”

Framton shivered slightly and turned towards the niece with a look intended to convey sympathetic comprehension. The child was staring out through the open window with a dazed horror in her eyes. In a chill shock of nameless fear, Framton swung round in his seat and looked in the same direction.

In the deepening twilight three figures were walking across the lawn towards the window, they all carried guns under their arms, and one of them was additionally burdened with a white coat hung over his shoulders. A tired brown spaniel kept close at their heels. Noiselessly they neared the house, and then a hoarse young voice chanted out of the dusk: “I said, Bertie, why do you bound?”

Framton grabbed wildly at his stick and hat; the hall door, the gravel drive, and the front gate were dimly noted stages in his headlong retreat. A cyclist coming along the road had to run into the hedge to avoid imminent collision.

“Here we are, my dear,” said the bearer of the white mackintosh, coming in through the window, “fairly muddy, but most of it’s dry. Who was that who bolted out as we came up?”

“A most extraordinary man, a Mr. Nuttel,” said Mrs. Sappleton; “could only talk about his illnesses, and dashed off without a word of good-bye or apology when you arrived. One would think he had seen a ghost.”

“I expect it was the spaniel,” said the niece calmly; “he told me he had a horror of dogs. He was once hunted into a cemetery somewhere on the banks of the Ganges by a pack of pariah dogs, and had to spend the night in a newly dug grave with the creatures snarling and grinning and foaming just above him. Enough to make anyone lose their nerve.”

Romance at short notice was her speciality.

Glossary

briskly	quickly
rattle on	to talk continuously
coincidence	two things happening by chance at the same time
delusion	false belief or opinion
gravel drive	a road paved with small pebbles
headlong retreat	going back in great haste
collision	crash
mackintosh	a raincoat named after its inventor, Charles Mackintosh
cemetery	graveyard
pariah dogs	stray dogs
snarling	making angry sounds
romance	a story of excitement and adventure

Think it out

1. What did Mrs. Sappleton say about her husband and brothers to Mr. Nuttel?
2. How did Mr. Nuttel react to her ?
3. Why did Mr. Nuttel leave Mrs. Sappleton's house in a hurry ?
4. How did Vera explain the cause of Nuttel's sudden disappearance ?
5. How does Vera create romance at short notice in the story ?

THE DOCTOR'S WORD

R K Narayan

Introducing the author

Rasipuram Krishnaswami Iyer Narayanaswami (1906–2001), is an Indian English novelist and short story writer. His narratives highlight social context and provide a feel for his characters through everyday life. He has brought out the humour and energy of ordinary life, and displayed compassionate humanism in his fiction. He has created a fictional town called Malgudi that stood for reality.



Unit I

Warm up

A doctor saves lives both with his skill and more with his words. Do you agree? It is because the patient's will to survive is what matters. Soothing words of a doctor work miraculously for a patient even in a critical condition. Let's read the story and see if human life hangs on a doctor's word. Read the following unit of the story and acquaint yourself with the character of Dr. Raman:

The Text

People came to him when the patient was on his last legs. Dr. Raman often burst out, "Why couldn't you have come a day earlier?" The reason was obvious visiting fee twenty-five rupees, and more than that people liked to shirk the fact that the time had come to call in Dr. Raman ; for them there was something ominous in the very association. As a result, when the big man came on the scene it was always a quick decision one way

or another. There was no scope or time for any kind of wavering or whitewashing. Long years of practice of this kind had bred in the doctor a certain curt truthfulness; for that very reason his opinion was valued; he was not a mere doctor expressing an opinion but a judge pronouncing a verdict. The patient's life hung on his words. This never unduly worried Dr. Raman. He never believed that agreeable words ever saved lives. He did not think it was any of his business to provide unnecessary dope when as a matter of course Nature would tell them the truth in a few hours. However, when he glimpsed the faintest sign of hope, he rolled up his sleeve and stepped into the arena : it might be hours or days, but he never withdrew till he wrested the prize from Yama's hands.

Glossary

on his last legs	weak and likely to collapse
ominous	threatening
shirk	avoid, try to escape.
wavering	indecision
whitewashing	covering or hiding somebody's errors or unpleasant facts
curt	short, sharp reply
pronounce a verdict	express a decision or opinion after testing.
glimpsed	saw faintly or partly
roll up one's sleeve	prepare to work
wrest	take violently from a person's grasp
yama	Hindu God of departed spirits

Think it out

1. Why did the patients visit Dr. Raman only when they were hopeless?
2. What impression of Dr. Raman do you get from the passage?

Unit II

Warm up

Does the illness of a person dear to your heart upset you? Can you guess how a doctor feels for his ailing friend? Read the following unit of the text and note how Dr. Raman feels when he finds his bosom friend in a critical condition:

The Text

Today, standing over a bed, the doctor felt that he himself needed someone to tell him soothing lies. He mopped his brow with his kerchief and sat down in the chair beside the bed. On the bed lay his dearest friend in the world: Gopal. They had known each other for forty years now, starting with their Kindergarten days. They could not, of course, meet as much as they wanted, each being wrapped in his own family and profession. Occasionally, on a Sunday, Gopal would walk into the consulting room, and wait patiently in a corner till the doctor was free. And then they would dine together, see a picture, and talk of each other's life and activities. It was a classic friendship standing over, untouched by changing times, circumstances, and activities.

In his busy round of work, Dr. Raman had not noticed that Gopal had not called in for over three months now. He just remembered it when he saw GopaPs son sitting on a bench in the consulting hall, one crowded morning. Dr. Raman could not talk to him for over an hour. When he got up and was about to pass on to the operation room, he called up the young man and asked, " What brings you here, sir ? " The youth was nervous and shy. " Mother sent me here."

" What can I do for you ? "

" Father is ill ..."

Glossary

soothing

comforting

mopped

wiped, cleaned

classic friendship

excellent friendship

Think it out

1. How does the writer describe the friendship between Dr. Raman and Gopal?
2. How did Dr. Raman come to know about Gopal's illness?

Unit III**Warm up**

Do you know skillful doctors are always calm even in adverse situations? How do you think Dr. Raman would have reacted when he saw his friend? Read the following unit of the text and observe how smart Dr. Raman was in making the diagnosis and treating his patient:

The Text

It was an operation day and he was not free till three in the afternoon. He rushed off straight from the clinic to his friend's house, in Lawley Extension. Gopal lay in bed as if in sleep. The doctor stood over him and asked Gopal's wife, "How long has he been in bed ? "

" A month and a half, doctor."

" Who is attending him ? "

"A doctor in the next street. He comes down once in three days and gives him medicine."

"What is his name? " He had never heard of him. "Someone I don't know, but I wish he had had the goodness to tell me about it. Why, why, couldn't you have sent me word earlier? "

"We thought you would be busy and did not wish to trouble you unnecessarily." They were apologetic and miserable. There was hardly any time to be lost. He took off his coat and opened his bag. He took out an injection tube; the needle sizzled over the stove. The sick man's wife whimpered in a corner and essayed to ask questions. "Please don't ask questions," snapped the doctor.

He looked at the children who were watching the sterilizer, and said, "Send them all away somewhere, except the eldest."

He shot in the drug, sat back in his chair, and gazed on the patient's face for over an hour. The patient still remained motionless. The doctor's face gleamed with perspiration, and his eyelids drooped with fatigue. The sick man's wife stood in a corner and watched silently. She asked timidly, "Doctor, shall I make some coffee for you ? "

"No," he replied, although he felt famished, having missed his midday meal. He got up and said, " I will be back in a few minutes. Don't disturb him on any account." He picked up his bag and went to his car. In a quarter of an hour he was back, followed by an assistant and a nurse. The doctor told the lady of the house, "I have to perform an operation."

" Why, why ? Why ? " she asked faintly.

" I will tell you all that soon. Will you leave your son here to help us, and go over to the next house and stay there till I call you ? "

The lady felt giddy and sank down on the floor, unable to bear the strain. The nurse attended to her and led her out.

Glossary

whimper	utter weak, frightened sound
essay	try
fatigue	tiredness
famished	hungry
pull through	recover from illness
flash-up	a sudden ray of hope
ruminare	turn over in the mind

Think it out

1. Why didn't Gopal's wife call for Dr. Raman earlier?
2. What steps did the doctor take to save his friend from death?

Unit IV

Warm up

Do doctors let the near relatives know about the seriousness of their patient's condition ? Dr. Raman was frank. What does he do in case of his bosom friend? Read the following unit of the text for your answers:

The Text

At about eight in the evening the patient opened his eyes and stirred slightly in bed. The assistant was overjoyed. He exclaimed enthusiastically, "Sir, he will pull through." The doctor looked at him coldly and whispered: "I would give anything to see him through but, but the heart . . ."

"The pulse has improved, Sir."

"Well, well," replied the doctor. "Don't trust it. It is only a false flash-up, very common in these cases." He ruminated for a while and added, "If the pulse will keep up till eight in the morning, it will go on for the next forty years, but I doubt very much if we shall see anything of it at all after two tonight."

He sent away the assistant and sat beside the patient. At about eleven, the patient opened his eyes and smiled at his friend. He showed a slight improvement, he was able to take in a little food. A great feeling of relief and joy went through the household. They swarmed around the doctor and poured out their gratitude. He sat in his seat beside the bed, gazing sternly at the patient's face, hardly showing any signs of hearing what they were saying to him. The sick man's wife asked, "Is he now out of danger?" Without turning his head the doctor said, "Give glucose and brandy every forty minutes; just a couple of spoons will do." The lady went away to the kitchen. She felt restless. She felt she must know the truth whatever it was. Why was the great man so evasive? The suspense was unbearable. Perhaps he could not speak so near the patient's bed. She beckoned to him from the kitchen doorway. The doctor rose and went over. She asked, "What about him now? How is he?" The doctor bit his lips and replied, looking at the floor, "Don't get excited. Unless you must know about it, don't ask now." Her eyes opened wide in terror. She clasped her hands together and implored: "Tell me the truth." The doctor replied, "I would rather not talk to you now." He turned round and went back to his chair. A terrible wailing shot through the still house; the patient stirred and looked about in bewilderment. The doctor got up again, went over to the kitchen door, drew it in securely and shut off the wail.

Glossary

gratitude	thankfulness.
evasive	avoiding a straight, honest answer

wailing	cry
implored	requested
beckon	call somebody by a movement of the hand
bewilderment	confusion

Think it out

1. What was Dr. Raman's reaction when his assistant said "Sir, he will pull through?"
2. What was Dr. Raman's response when Gopal's wife asked about his condition?

Unit V**Warm up**

Does a doctor ever let a patient know how serious his condition is? Wasn't Dr. Raman feared for his frankness? What did he do in case of his friend Gopal? Read the following unit of the text for your answers:

The Text

When the doctor resumed his seat the patient asked in the faintest whisper possible, "Is that someone crying?" The doctor advised, "Don't exert yourself. You mustn't talk." He felt the pulse. It was already agitated by the exertion. The patient asked, "Am I going? Don't hide it from me." The doctor made a deprecating noise and sat back in his chair. He had never faced a situation like this. It was not in his nature to whitewash. People attached great value to his word because of that. He stole a look at the other. The patient motioned a finger to draw him nearer and whispered, "I must know how long I am going to last. I must sign the will. It is all ready. Ask my wife for the despatch box. You must sign as a witness."

"Oh!" the doctor exclaimed. "You are exerting yourself too much. You must be quieter." He felt idiotic to be repeating it. "How fine it would be," he reflected, "to drop the whole business and run away somewhere without answering anybody any question!" The patient clutched the doctor's wrist with his weak fingers and said, "Ramu, it is my good fortune that you are here at this moment. I can trust your word. I can't leave my property unsettled. That will mean endless misery for my wife and children. You know all about Subbiah and his gang. Let me sign before it is too late. Tell me. . . ."

“ Yes, presently,” replied the doctor. He walked off to his car, sat in the back seat and reflected. He looked at his watch. Midnight. If the Will was to be signed, it must be done within the next two hours, or never. He could not be responsible for a mess there ; he knew too well the family affairs and about those wolves, Subbiah and his gang . . . But what could he do ? If he asked him to sign the Will, it would virtually mean a death sentence and destroy the thousandth part of a chance that the patient had of survival. He got down from the car and went in. He resumed his seat in the chair. The patient was staring at him appealingly. The doctor said to himself, “If my word can save his life, he shall not die. He will be damned.” He called, “ Gopal, listen.” This was the first time he was going to do a piece of acting before a patient, simulate a feeling and conceal his judgment. He stooped over the patient and said with deliberate emphasis, “Don’t worry about the will now. You are going to live. Your heart is absolutely sound.” A new glow suffused the patient’s face as he heard it. He asked in a tone of relief, “ Do you say so? If it comes from your lips it must be true . . .”

The doctor said, “ Quite right. You are improving every second. Sleep in peace. You must not exert yourself on any account. You must sleep very soundly. I will see you in the morning.” The patient looked at him gratefully for a moment and then closed his eyes. The doctor picked up his bag and went out shutting the door softly behind him.

Glossary

deprecating	expressing disapproval
conceal	hide
simulate	pretend
deliberate	intentional, on purpose
suffused	spread slowly over

Think it out

1. Why did Gopal ask Dr. Raman “ Am I going ?” What was he anxious about?
2. Was Dr. Raman upset at this question? Give your reasons.
3. Why did Dr. Raman decide to tell a lie?
4. How did he answer Gopal’s question?
5. How did Gopal accept Dr. Raman’s words?

Unit VI

Warm up

Does a patient's life hang on a doctor's word? Was it true in case of Dr. Raman? How did he realize the truth of the words: "There is a divinity that shapes our ends"? Read the concluding unit of the text for your answers:

The Text

On his way home he stopped for a moment at his hospital, called out his assistant, and said, "That Lawley Extension case. You might expect the collapse any second now. Go there with a tube of ... in hand, and give it in case the struggle is too hard at the end. Hurry up!"

Next morning he was back at Lawley Extension at ten. From his car he made a dash for the sick bed. The patient was awake and looked very well. The assistant reported satisfactory pulse. The doctor put his tube at his heart, listened for a while, and told the sick man's wife, "Don't look so unhappy, lady. Your husband will live to be ninety." When they were going back to the hospital, the assistant sitting beside him in the car asked, "Is he going to live, sir?"

"I will bet on it. He will live to be ninety. He has turned the corner. How he has survived this attack will be a puzzle to me all my life," replied the doctor.

Glossary

tube

stetho

turn the corner

pass a critical point in an illness

Think it out

1. Did Dr. Raman believe that his patient would recover that night? Why do you think so?.
2. "Don't look so unhappy, lady" – why does Dr. Raman say so?
3. Does human life hang on a doctor's word? Give a reasoned answer.



NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE

Oscar Wilde

Introducing the author

Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde (1854 -1900) is a gifted poet, playwright, novelist and short story writer from Ireland. His stories are marked by sparkling wit, genial humour and an insight into human nature.



Unit I

Warm up

You are acquainted with fairy tales. A fairy tale usually relates a fantasy in which often animals, birds and even non-living beings speak human voice and share human joys and sorrows. This story is written in the fairy tale tradition. In this story a nightingale is so moved by sympathy for a young student that she sacrifices her life to gift him a red rose. Have you seen a nightingale? The nightingale is a migratory bird seen in Britain from April to September. It is a small brown bird famous for its enchanting sad song : 'a throe of the heart' and the 'voice of desire'.

Read the following unit of the story and see how a nightingale feels pity for a young student in love:

The Text

"She said that she would dance with me if I brought her red roses," cried the young Student; "but in all my garden there is no red rose."

From her nest in the oak tree the Nightingale heard him, and she looked out through the leaves, and wondered.

"No red rose in my entire garden!" he cried, and his beautiful eyes filled with tears. "Ah, happiness depends on such little things! I have read all that the wise men have written, and all the secrets of philosophy are mine, yet for want of a red rose is my life made wretched."

"Here is a true lover," said the Nightingale. "His hair is dark as the night and his lips are red as the rose of his desire; but passion has made his face like pale ivory, and sorrow is upon his brow."

"The Prince gives a ball to-morrow night," murmured the young Student, "and my love will be there. If I bring her a red rose she will dance with me till dawn. If I bring her a red rose, I shall hold her in my arms, and she will lean her head upon my shoulder, and her hand will be clasped in mine. But there is no red rose in my garden, so I shall sit lonely, and she will pass me by. She will dance only with others, and my heart will break."

"Night after night have I sung of love," thought the Nightingale, "and what I sing of, he suffers - what is joy to me, to him is pain. Surely Love is a wonderful thing. It is more precious than emeralds, and dearer than fine opals. Pearls and pomegranates cannot buy it, nor is it for sale in the marketplace. It may not be purchased from the merchants, nor can it be weighed out in exchange for gold."

"The musicians will play upon their stringed instruments," said the young Student, "and my love will dance to the sound of the harp and the violin. She will dance so lightly that her feet will not touch the floor, and the courtiers in their gay dresses will throng round her. But with me she will not dance, for I have no red rose to give her"; and he flung himself down on the grass, and buried his face in his hands, and wept.

"Why is he weeping?" asked a little Green Lizard, as he ran past him with his tail in the air.

"Why, indeed?" said a Butterfly, who was fluttering about after a sunbeam.

"He is weeping for a red rose," said the Nightingale.

"For a red rose?" they cried; "how very ridiculous!"

But the Nightingale understood the secret of the Student's sorrow, and she sat silent in the oak-tree, and thought about the mystery of Love.

Glossary

wretched

miserable

ball

a large formal occasion at which people dance

Think it out

1. Why does the young student pine for a red rose?
2. Why does the nightingale admire the young student?
3. How does the nightingale wonder at the mystery of love?

Unit II

Warm up

The nightingale was moved to pity by the young Student's sorrow. She wished to find a red rose as a gift for him. Read the following unit of the story and see how frantically she is looking for a red rose:

The Text

Suddenly she spread her brown wings for flight, and soared into the air. She passed through the grove like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed across the garden. In the centre of the lawn was standing a beautiful Rose-tree, and when she saw it she flew over to it and lit upon a spray.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song."

But the Tree shook its head.

"My roses are white," it answered; "as white as the foam of the sea, and whiter than the snow upon the mountain. But go to my brother who grows beneath the student's window, and perhaps he will give you what you want."

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing beneath the student's window.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song."

But the Tree shook its head.

"My roses are red," it answered, "as red as the feet of the dove, and redder than the great fans of coral that wave and wave in the ocean-cavern. But the winter has chilled my veins, and the frost has nipped my buds, and the storm has broken my branches, and I shall have no roses at all this year."

"One red rose is all I want," cried the Nightingale, "only one red rose! Is there no way by which I can get it?"

"There is a way," answered the Tree; "but it is so terrible that I dare not tell it to you."

"Tell it to me," said the Nightingale, "I am not afraid."

"If you want a red rose," said the Tree, "you must build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with your own heart's-blood. You must sing to me with your breast against a thorn. All night long you must sing to me, and the thorn must pierce your heart, and your life-blood must flow into my veins, and become mine."

"Death is a great price to pay for a red rose," cried the Nightingale, "and Life is very dear to all. Yet Love is better than Life, and what is the heart of a bird compared to the heart of a man?"

So she spread her brown wings for flight, and soared into the air. She swept over the garden like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed into her tree.

Glossary

spray a very small branch of a tree

Think it out

1. What does the nightingale do to get a red rose?
2. How does the Rose-tree growing beneath the student's door agree to give her a red rose?
3. Why does the nightingale decide to get a red rose at the cost of her life?

Unit III

Warm up

The Nightingale came near the young Student and promised to bring him a rose but she wanted an assurance from him in return. Read the following unit of the story and note what she expected from him:

The Text

The young Student was still lying on the grass, where she had left him, and the tears were not yet dry in his beautiful eyes.

"Be happy," cried the Nightingale, "be happy; you shall have your red rose. I will build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with my own heart's-blood. All that I ask of you in return is that you will be a true lover, for Love is wiser than Philosophy, though he is wise, and mightier than Power, though he is mighty. Flame-coloured are his wings, and coloured like flame is his body. His lips are sweet as honey, and his breath is like frankincense."

The Student looked up from the grass, and listened, but he could not understand what the Nightingale was saying to him, for he only knew the things that are written down in books.

But the Oak-tree understood, and felt sad, for he was very fond of the little Nightingale who had built her nest in his branches.

"Sing me one last song," he whispered; "I shall feel very lonely when you are gone."

So the Nightingale sang to the Oak-tree, and her voice was like water bubbling from a silver jar.

When she had finished her song the Student got up, and pulled a note-book and a lead-pencil out of his pocket.

"She has form," he said to himself, as he walked away through the garden - "but has she got feeling? I am afraid not. In fact, she is like most artists; she is all style, without sincerity. She would not sacrifice herself for others. She thinks merely of music. Still, it must be admitted that she has some beautiful notes in her voice. What a pity it is

that they do not mean anything, or do any practical good." And he went into his room, and lay down on his little wooden bed, and began to think of his love; and, after a time, he fell asleep.

Think it out

1. What does the nightingale expect from the student in exchange of a red rose?
2. What does the student write about the nightingale in his notebook ?

Unit IV

Warm up

The nightingale flew to the Rose-tree growing beneath the student's door when the Moon shone in the heavens. Read the following unit of the story and observe how she has to suffer to get a red rose:

The Text

And when the Moon shone in the heavens the Nightingale flew to the Rose-tree, and set her breast against the thorn. All night long she sang with her breast against the thorn, and the cold crystal Moon leaned down and listened. All night long she sang, and the thorn went deeper and deeper into her breast, and her life-blood ebbed away from her.

She sang first of the birth of love in the heart of a boy and a girl. And on the top-most spray of the Rose-tree there blossomed a marvellous rose, petal following petal, as song followed song. Pale was it, at first, as the mist that hangs over the river - but the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. "Press closer, little Nightingale," cried the Tree, "or the Day will come before the rose is finished."

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and louder and louder grew her song, for she sang of the birth of passion in the soul of a man and a maid.

And a delicate flush of pink came into the leaves of the rose, like the flush in the face of the bridegroom when he kisses the lips of the bride. But the thorn had not yet reached her heart, so the rose's heart remained white, for only a Nightingale's heart's-blood can crimson the heart of a rose.

And the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. "Press closer, little Nightingale," cried the Tree, "or the Day will come before the rose is finished."

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and the thorn touched her heart, and a fierce pang of pain shot through her. Bitter, bitter was the pain, and wilder and wilder grew her song, for she sang of the Love that is perfected by Death, of the Love that dies not in the tomb.

And the marvellous rose became crimson, like the rose of the eastern sky.

But the Nightingale's voice grew fainter, and her little wings began to beat, and her eyes became dim. Fainter and fainter grew her song, and she felt something choking her in her throat.

Then she gave one last burst of music. The red rose heard it, and it trembled all over with ecstasy, and opened its petals to the cold morning air.

"Look, look!" cried the Tree, "the rose is finished now"; but the Nightingale made no answer, for she was lying dead in the long grass, with the thorn in her heart.

Think it out

1. What does the nightingale do to get a red rose?
2. What kind of songs does the Nightingale sing ?
3. What is the effect of each song ?

Unit V

Warm up

All fairy tales end with the expression: "And they lived happily ever after." Read the following unit of the story and mark how the story comes to an end:

The Text

And at noon the Student opened his window and looked out.

"Why, what a wonderful piece of luck!" he cried; "here is a red rose! I have never seen any rose like it in all my life. It is so beautiful that I am sure it has a long Latin name"; and he leaned down and plucked it.

Then he put on his hat, and ran up to the Professor's house with the rose in his hand.

The daughter of the Professor was sitting in the doorway winding blue silk on a reel, and her little dog was lying at her feet.

"You said that you would dance with me if I brought you a red rose," cried the Student. "Here is the reddest rose in all the world. You will wear it to-night next your heart, and as we dance together it will tell you how I love you."

But the girl frowned.

"I am afraid it will not go with my dress," she answered; "and, besides, the Chamberlain's nephew has sent me some real jewels, and everybody knows that jewels cost far more than flowers."

"Well, upon my word, you are very ungrateful," said the Student angrily; and he threw the rose into the street, where it fell into the gutter, and a cart-wheel went over it.

"Ungrateful!" said the girl. "I tell you something: you are very rude; and, after all, who are you? Only a Student. Why, I don't believe you have even got silver buckles to your shoes as the Chamberlain's nephew has!" And she got up from her chair and went into the house.

"What a silly thing Love is," said the Student as he walked away. "It is not half as useful as Logic, for it does not prove anything, and it is always telling one of things that are not going to happen, and making one believe things that are not true. In fact, it is quite unpractical, and, as in this age to be practical is everything, I shall go back to Philosophy and study Metaphysics."

So he returned to his room and pulled out a great dusty book, and began to read.

Think it out

1. What does the student do with the red rose?
2. How does the professor's daughter respond to the student's gift of the red rose?
3. Why does the student return to his books?

Post-reading activity

Read the following poem and enjoy.

Nightingales

Robert Bridges

Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come,
And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams wherefrom
Ye learn your song:
Where are those starry woods? O might I wander there,
Among the flowers, which in that heavenly air
Bloom the year long!.

Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams:
Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams,
A throe of the heart,
Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes profound,
No dying cadence, nor long sigh can sound,
For all our art.

Alone, aloud in the raptured ear of men
We pour our dark nocturnal secret; and then,
As night is withdrawn
From these sweet-springing meads and bursting boughs of May,
Dream, while the innumerable choir of day
Welcome the dawn.

MYSTERY OF THE MISSING CAP

Manoj Das

Introducing the author

Manoj Das is a prolific author. He writes in both Odiya and English, and is a Professor of English at the Sri Aurobindo International University, Pondicherry. He has an unusually keen insight into human nature. He blends realism with fantasy, satire with deep compassion, humour and pathos in his short fiction.



Unit I

Warm up

Does the title suggest that the story is a crime thriller? Do you get any hint from the title that the story is written in a lighter vein to create humour? Read the story, note the author's treatment of human nature, and enjoy the humour. The following unit presents two leading characters of the story - a Minister, and a village patriot of the post-independent India. Notice how the writer portrays them.

The Text

It is certainly not my motive, in recounting this episode of two decades ago to raise a laugh at the expense of Sri Moharana or Babu Virkishore, then the Hon'ble Minister of Fisheries and Fine Arts of my state. On the contrary, I wish my friends and readers to share the sympathy I have secretly nurtured in my heart for these two men over all these years.

Sri Moharana was a well-to-do man. His had the only pukka house in an area of twenty villages. Whitewashed on the eve of India achieving independence, the house shone as a sort of tourist attraction for the folks of the nearby villages. They stopped and looked at it whenever they passed by, for none could overlook the symbolism in this operation that had been carried out after nearly half a century.

Sri Moharana had a considerable reputation as a conscientious and generous man. He was an exemplary host with two ponds full of choice fish and a number of well cared for cows. He was a happy villager.

Came independence. As is well-known, the ancient land of India has had four major castes from time immemorial. But during the days immediately preceding independence, a new caste was emerging all over the country of patriots. The 15th of August 1947 gave a big boost to their growth. In almost every village, beside the Brahmins, Kshatriyas, Vaisyas, and Sudras a couple of patriots came into being.

It was observed that the small fisheries of Sri Moharana were often exercised in honour of these new people. And observers began to notice that Sri Moharana himself was fast becoming a patriot. As I found out later, he had even nursed the ambition to become a Member of the State Legislature. The incident I now relate occurred at the outset of his endeavour in that direction. I witnessed the incident as a small boy, in my maternal uncle's house which I frequently visited being just near Sri Moharana's. When I narrate it, I do so, naturally, with the understanding which has matured in me with time.

In those early days of Swadeshi ministries, there were no deputy or sub-deputy ministers. All were full-fledged Hon'ble Ministers, and Babu Virkishore, who held the portfolios of Fisheries and Fine Arts, hailed from our district. The sponsors of Sri Moharana thought it proper that his debut into politics should have the blessings of Babu Virkishore,

In those days a minister's daily life was largely made up of speech-making at public receptions. A reception was arranged for Babu Virkishore with Sri Moharana as the Chairman of the Reception Committee. Sri Moharana's huge ancestral cane chair was laid with a linen cover, upon which the best village seamstress had laced a pair of herons with two big fish in their beaks. For a fortnight every day the children of the village lower primary school devoted the afternoon to the practice of the welcome song. Among the many strange phenomena wrought by the great spirit of the time was the composition of this song: for the composer, the head-pundit of the school, had lived sixty-seven years without any poetic activity. The refrain of the song still raises echoes in me. Its literal translation would be;

O mighty minister, tell us, do tell us,
How do you nurse this long and broad universe!

The rest of the song catalogued the great changes nature and humanity experienced on the occasion of the minister's coming; how the sun almost blushed in romantic happiness that morning, how each and every bird recited a particular raga, and with what eagerness and throbbing of heart the womenfolk waited to blow their conch-shells when the minister stepped into the village.

I know that nowadays ministers do not enjoy such glory. But it was very different then. We the rustic children wrangled over several questions: What does minister eat? What does he think? Does he sleep or not? Does he ever suffer from colic or colds?

Sri Moharana himself was hectically excited. He used to sleep for a full hour in the afternoon. But he gave up this habit at last ten days prior to the reception. All his time passed in examining and re-examining details of the arrangements. Yet he seemed nervously uncertain.

Glossary

episode	event
nurtured	developed, helped to develop
well-to-do	wealthy
folks	people
the symbolism	The white-washed house stood as a symbol of a new, independent India
reputation	fame
conscientious	(of a person) guided by a sense of duty
generous	(of a person) ready to give freely
exemplary	serving as a model
boost	to increase

sponsor	a person who first puts forward a proposal
debut	first appearance
endeavour	effort
seamstress	a woman who can sew
catalogued	made a list of things
wrangled	argued

Think it out

1. What impression of Sri Moharana do you get from the text?
2. Who is Babu Virkishore? How does the narrator describe him?
3. What idea of the narrator do you get from this unit of the text?
4. How does the narrator recount the preparation for the Minister's reception?

Unit II**Warm Up**

Could you notice how exciting the preparation for the meeting of the Minister was? Did you enjoy the convention of arranging a meeting for a VIP in the village? Read the following unit of the text and note how the Minister is received in the village:

The Text

At last the big day came. The minister got down from his jeep when it entered the very first welcome arch on the outskirts of the village. There he was profusely garlanded by Sri Moharana but was requested to re-enter the jeep as his destination was still a furlong away. But the minister smiled and made some statement which meant that great though destiny had made him, he loved to keep his feet on the ground! At that Moharana and his friends looked ecstatic.

While hundreds applauded and shouted Babu Virkishore ki jai and bharat mata ki jai, etc. the elephantine minister plodded through the street to the embarrassment of the poor, naked earth, it seemed.

And I still remember the look of Sri Moharana when the minister's long round arm rested on his shrunken neck - a look which I have seen only once or twice later in life in the faces of dying people who have lived a contented and complete life. Sri Moharana's look suggested: 'What more, what more, O my mortal life, could you expect from the world? My, my!'

All the people - even invalids - for many of whom it was the experience of a lifetime - were alternately shouting slogans and gaping. We the half-naked, pot-bellied, uncivilised children, walked parallel to the minister at a safe distance and could not help feeling extremely small and guilty.

At Sri Moharana's house the minister and his entourage were treated to tender-coconut juice, followed by the most luxurious lunch I had ever seen, with about twenty dishes around the sweetened, ghee-backed rice.

Soon the minister retired to the cabin set apart for him. Though it was summer, the cabin's window being open to a big pond and a grove, there was enough air to lull this giant of man to sound sleep: volunteers had been posted to see that noise whatever would originate from anywhere in the village to disturb the ministerial repose.

I had by then separated myself from my companions. Being rather ambitious, I was eager to be as physically close to the great man as possible. And the minister sleeping seemed a most ideal condition for achieving my goal.

Mustering all my self-confidence, I slowly approached the window facing the pond. This was the rear side of the house. The minister's P. A. and entourage were on the opposite side.

Glossary

applauded	expressed praise by clapping
plodded	walked slowly with heavy steps
embarrassment	shy, awkward, ashamed
contented	pleased
entourage	people who follow an important person
repose	rest

Think it out

1. How does the narrator describe the procession of the Minister in the village?
2. How did Sri Moharana entertain his guests?

Unit III**Warm Up**

Was the narrator curious about the minister? What did he do to satisfy his curiosity? Read the following unit of the text and note how an extraordinary incident that took place before the eyes of the narrator made him speechless:

The Text

While I stood near the window, suffering the first shock of disillusionment of my life regarding the great man - for the minister was snoring like any ordinary man - something most extraordinary happened. Speechless I was already; the incident rendered me witless.

Through the window I had observed that the minister's egg-bald head rested on a gigantic pillow while his white cap lay on a table near his bed. Now I saw the notoriously irresponsible Jhandoo bounce towards the window like a bolt from the blue and pick up the cap. Throwing a meaningful glance at me, he disappeared into the grove.

Even when my stupefaction passed I was unable to shout, partly because of my deep affection for Jhandoo (knowing that the consequences of his crime could be fatal to him), and partly for fear that the minister's snoring might cease. I was in a dilemma as to which I should value more - the great man's cap or his snoring.

I returned home pensive. But before long I heard a suppressed yet excited noise. Crossing into Sri Moharana's compound I saw the minister's P.A. flitting about like a butterfly and heard his repeated mumbling, "Mysterious, mysterious !" The minister was obviously inside the cabin. But nobody dared go in. Sri Moharana stood thunderstruck, as did the other patriots. The Public Relations Officer was heard saying, "The Hon'ble Minister does not mind the loss of the cap so much as the way it disappeared. Evidently there is a deep-rooted conspiracy. The gravity of the situation

can hardly be exaggerated. In fact, I fear, it may have devastating effects on the politics of our country."

I could see Sri Moharana literally shaking. He was sweating like an ice-cream stick, so profusely that I was afraid, at that rate he might completely melt away in a few hours.

When I saw Sri Moharana's condition, the conflict within me, as to whether I should keep the knowledge of the mystery a secret or disclose it, was resolved. I signalled him to follow me, which he eagerly did. A drowning man will indeed clutch at a straw. I told him what had happened. He stood dumb for a moment, eyes closed. Then wiping sweat from his forehead, he smiled like a patient whose disease has been diagnosed all right, but is known to be incurable. He then patted me and said, "My son, nice you told me. But keep it strictly to yourself, I will reward you later."

The incident had thrown a wet blanket on the occasion. From the sepulchral silence of the minister's room all that could be heard was his intermittent coughing. And every time he coughed, anxiety damped the spirit of the people in the courtyard and on the veranda,

I went away to join my friends. They were full of anxiety. One said that if the thief were caught, the police would hang him on the big banyan tree beside the river. "Some twigs have already been cut off," someone said. "Perhaps all the villagers will be thrown into jail," said another. Among us there were even such naives who believed that the minister's cap was a sort of Aladdin's lamp, that anyone who put it on would possess ministerial power.

Glossary

witless	clueless
a bolt from the blue	an unexpected event
stupefaction	astonishment
consequences	outcome, results
fatal	deadly

dilemma	any difficult situation or problem
pensive	sad
P.A.	Personal Assistant
thunderstruck	stunned
throw a wet blanket	spoil the fun
sepulchral	serious or sad and rather frightening
intermittent	periodic
devastating	damaging, causing a lot of harm

Think it out

1. How did the minister's cap disappear?
2. How did the minister's officials react to the disappearance of the cap?
3. How did Sri Moharana feel about the loss of the cap?
4. How did he feel when he came to know the cause of the missing of the cap?
5. What was the effect of disappearance of the cap on the ceremony?
6. How did the narrator's pals react to the situation?

Unit IV**Warm Up**

Sri Moharana was aware of the mystery behind the missing cap. So he was not clueless to the mystery. He acted smartly. Read the following unit of the text and see how cleverly he manages the crisis to his advantage:

The Text

But the situation changed suddenly. I saw the minister and Sri Moharana coming out to the veranda. I did not know how Sri Moharana had explained the matter to the minister. But the minister was all smiles. It was the most remarkable smile he had hitherto displayed. By then at least half a dozen caps had been procured for him. But

appeared with his head bare. Even to a boy like me it was obvious that his bald head wore an aura of martyrdom.

No less than five thousand people had gathered before the specially constructed stage when the minister ascended it, that remarkable smile still clinging to his face. Sri Moharana's niece, the lone High-School-educated girl of the area, garlanded the minister. A prolonged thunderous applause greeted the event; for, that was the first time our people saw what they had only heard in the tales of the ancient Swayamvaras, a grown-up girl garlanding a man in public. Then the chorus 'O mighty minister' was sung to the accompaniment of two harmoniums, a violin, and a khol. It had been tuned in the Kirtan style.

Then it was Sri Moharana's turn to say a few words of welcome as the Chairman of the Reception Committee. I saw him (I was standing just below the stage) moving his legs and hands in a very awkward fashion. Certainly that was nervousness. But with a successful exercise of will-power he grabbed the glittering mike and managed to speak for nearly an hour giving a chronological account of Babu Virkishore's achievements and conveying gratitude, on behalf of the nation, to the departed soul of the minister's parents but for whom the world would have been without the minister.

I was happy that Sri Moharana did well in his maiden speech. But the greatest surprise was yet to come--in the concluding observation of Sri Moharana.

Well, many would take Sri Moharana as a pukka politician. But I can swear that it was out of his goodness--a goodness unbalanced by excitement--that Sri Moharana uttered the lie. He said, his voice raised in a crescendo, 'My brothers and sisters, you all must have heard about the mysterious disappearance of the Hon'ble Minister's cap. You think that the property is stolen, don't you ? Naturally. But not so, ladies and gentlemen, not so!'

Sri Moharana smiled mysteriously. The minister nodded his big, clean head which glowed like a satellite. Sri Moharana resumed, 'You all are dying to know what happened to the cap. Isn't that so ? Yes, yes, naturally. You are dying. Well, it is like this : a certain nobleman of our area has taken it away. Why? Well, to preserve it is as a sacred memento. He was obliged to take it away secretly because otherwise the Hon'ble Minister of Fisheries and Fine Arts, who is a burning example of humility,

would never have permitted our friend the nobleman to view the cap as anything sacred !"

Sri Moharana stopped and brought out of his pocket a handkerchief full of coins and, holding it before the audience, said, "Well, ladies and gentlemen, our friend the nobleman has requested me to place this humble amount of one hundred and one rupees at the disposal of the Hon'ble Minister for some little use in his blessed life's mission, the service of the people, through fish and fine arts."

Sri Moharana bowed and handed over the money to the minister who, with a most graceful gesture, accepted it. Applause and words of wonder and appreciation broke out like a hurricane. Even the minister and Sri Moharan clapped their hands. Then, of course, the minister spoke for two and a half hours, drinking a glass of milk in between, at the end of which he declared that as a mark of respect to the unknown admirer of his, he had decided to remain bare-headed for that whole night although the good earth did not lack for caps and, in fact, a surge of caps had already tried to crown his undaunted head

Soon my shock gave way to double-edged feeling for Sri Moharana; an appreciation of his presence of mind and a sadness for his having to spend one hundred and one rupees to cover Jhandoo, the monkey's mischief.

That night all the respectable people of the area partook of the dinner that the Reception Committee threw in honour of the minister, Glances of awe and esteem were frequently cast at the minister's head and homage paid to the honourable thief.

Bul when I saw Sri Moharana in the morning, I could immediately read in his eyes the guilt that haunted him - at least whenever he saw me. Sri Moharana perhaps had never uttered a lie; but when at last he uttered, he did so before thousands of people. God apart, at last there was one creature, that is myself, who knew that he was no longer a man of truth.

The minister, however, looked extremely delighted. He did not seem to notice with what constraint Sri Moharana was conducting himself before him.

Glossary

chronological account	containing an account of events in the order of time
crescendo	a gradual increase in loudness
memento	a reminder of the past
applause	praise publicly by clapping
hurricane	a violent storm
undaunted	fearless
awe and esteem	mixed feeling of respect and fear
homage	honour
constraint	control

Think it out

1. How does the narrator describe the opening ceremony?
2. How did Sri Moharana explain the reason behind the missing of the cap?
3. What impression of Sri Moharana do you get from this unit of the text?

Unit V

Warm Up

The success of the story lies in suspense and surprise. Read the following unit of the text and note how the writer creates an anticlimax to add humour to the story:

The Text

At last came the moment of the minister's departure. He was served with a glass of sweetened curd in his cabin. While sipping it slowly, he said, in voice choked with curd and emotion, "Well, Moharana, ha ha! the way things are moving, ha ha! I am afraid, ha ha! people would start snatching away my clothes ha ha! and ha ha! I may have to go about, ha ha ! naked! ha ha ha! But I don't mind ha ha! I That is the price of love ha ha ha!"

The minister finished his curd and came out to the rear veranda facing the pond and the grove, to wash his mouth. Sri Moharana followed him with water in a mug. There was nobody in the veranda except me. My presence was not accidental. - A few minutes before I had observed that the rascal Jhandoo playing with the minister's cap, was slowly approaching the veranda. Seldom had I wished for anything so ardently as I wished then for Jhandoo to go unnoticed by the minister. He was a monkey not in a figurative sense, but a real little monkey. When he was an infant his mother had taken shelter inside Sri Moharana's house in order to save her male child from the usual wrath of his father. Sri Moharana had not been at home and his servants killed the mother monkey. Sri Moharana became extremely sad, did not eat for one and a half days and, to compensate for the wrong done, nurtured the baby monkey, christened it Jhandoo, with great affection.

After Jhandoo had grown up a little he often escaped into the grove. He was half-domesticated and half-wild. He played with everybody, and everybody tolerated him. We children were extremely fond of him.

Then to my horror, I saw Jhandoo rushing towards us from the other side of the pond. I made an effort to warn Sri Monarana, but in vain. Jhandoo got there in the twinkling of an eye. He sat down between the minister and Sri Moharana. He put the cap once on his own head and then taking it off, offered it to the minister with a very genial gesture.

My heartbeat had trebled. Looking at Sri Moharana's face I saw an extremely pitiable image-pale as death. The surprised minister mumbled out, "Er...er...isn't this one the very cap taken away by the nobleman"

And something most fantastic came out of the dry lips of Sri Moharana who seemed to be on the verge of collapsing. "Yes, this is the nobleman...."

His eyes bulging out, the minister managed to say. "What...What did you say?...Well?"

But Sri Moharana was no longer in a position to say anything. He broke into tears. Next moment I saw the Hon'ble Minister of Fisheries and Fine Arts weeping too.

The P A.'s voice was heard from the opposite varanda, "Sir, the jeep is ready."

The minister gulped the mugful of water and walked towards the jeep. Sri Moharana followed him. Their reddened eyes and drawn faces were interpreted as marks of sorrow of separation.

Sri Moharana's political endeavour is not known to have gone any farther. And it is strange that the Hon'ble Minister, Babu Virkishore, who was willing to be robbed his clothes was soon completely forgotten in politics. I strongly feel that it was this episode of the cap that changed the course of their lives.

Glossary

compensate	to pay for the loss
christened	named
genial	friendly

Think it out

1. How did the minister find out the mystery of the missing cap?
2. What role did Jhandoo play in the story? Did he bring an anticlimax to the story? Give your reasons.

THE ONE AND ONLY HOUDINI

Robert Lado

Introducing the author

Dr. Robert Lado (1915-1995) is the author of over 60 books and many articles on topics ranging from linguistics to language testing and cross-cultural understanding. His struggle to learn English as an adult helped him develop an understanding and sensitivity to the challenges confronting people learning English as a second language.



Warm up

What does 'the one and only' mean? What kind of person do you think Houdini was? Read the text of the play and find out the kind of person that Houdini was. Also, notice what an ordinary human can achieve through determination and hard work.

The Text

Time : August 5, 1926.

Place : The swimming pool at New York's Shelton Hotel.

A

REPORTER : They've just placed the iron box near the edge of the pool. In a few minutes Houdini will be sealed in the box and lowered underwater. People are beginning to gather around the pool. Here comes James Collins, one of Houdini's assistants. Mr. Collins, is Houdini serious about being buried alive?

COLLINS: He is. After Houdini gets inside the box, the cover will be soldered on. The box will be airtight.

REPORTER: I noticed that there's a telephone and an alarm bell with batteries inside the box. Is that to make the trick seem dangerous?

COLLINS: The telephone and alarm bell are there for emergencies. This is no trick. Houdini may call for help. Now, if you'll excuse me ...

REPORTER: One last question, Mr. Collins. How long does Houdini plan to stay in the box?

COLLINS: Houdini says he'll go without air for over an hour. And Houdini does what he says.

REPORTER: Thanks, Mr. Collins. It's hard to believe that a man can live without air for over an hour. Oh, here come the doctors.

Dr. McConnell, have you seen Houdini?

DR. MCCONNELL: Yes, I just checked his blood pressure and pulse rate. They're both normal.

REPORTER: How long do you think Houdini will last without air?

DR. MCCONNELL: That's a difficult question. When they seal the box, there will be enough oxygen inside for the average man to take fifty breaths. Houdini says he knows how to breathe easily and save the oxygen. He is in good condition, but still he's fifty-two years old. I'd guess he might be able to get by without air for fifteen minutes.

REPORTER: And after that?

DR. MCCONNELL: After that Houdini had better telephone for help or ring his alarm bell-if he still has the strength.

REPORTER: Are you doctors worried?

DR. MCCONNELL: Well, we're concerned. Houdini's no fool. He isn't trying to kill himself. But there's always the danger that he'll pass out before he can signal for help.

REPORTER: There's Houdini now ! He's wearing a black swimming suit. For a man his age, his build is great. He's smiling. He seems sure of himself. Now he's motioning for silence !

Houdini: Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for coming. As you know, it has often been written that a man can live only three minutes without air. I'm going to prove that that is wrong. If I die, it will be by the will of God and my own foolishness.

REPORTER: Houdini's in the box now. Several men are putting the iron cover in place. This is it! A man is soldering the cover. The box will be lowered into the shallow end of this pool. Then a team of swimmers will stand on the box to keep it level beneath the surface of the water. So far, the only person I've seen who doesn't look nervous is Houdini. Well, they're lowering the box. It's under! Joseph Rinn, the official timekeeper, has started the clock. Mr. Rinn, what are your plans?

RINN: I'll call out the time every five minutes for the first hour. After that, if Houdini is still in the box, I'll call off each minute.

REPORTER: Do you think he'll be under more than an hour, Mr. Rinn?

RINN: I have my doubts. But we'll see.

REPORTER: Thanks, Mr. Rinn. The swimmers are standing on the cover of the box. They will try to keep it level so Houdini will not be rocked around. The less he moves, the less air he will have to breathe. You have to admire the man. I certainly hope nothing happens to him.

B

RINN: Five minutes are up!

REPORTER: If Houdini succeeds, the story will go out to newspapers all over the world. Houdini is famous for his magic tricks, but this performance does not appear to be a trick. The man has amazing control over his body. He can dislocate his shoulders, for example, which helps him get out of straitjackets. He has spent years building this kind of control. His real name is Ehrich Weiss, and he was born in Appleton, Wisconsin, in 1874. His father was a poor rabbi. Ehrich went to work at an early age to help support the family. At the same time, he became interested in magic.

RINN: Ten minutes!

REPORTER: While working for a locksmith Ehrich learned how to open handcuffs with small picks. He also learned quite a bit about magic by reading about Robert-Houdini, the famous French magician. Finally, he decided to quit his job and become a professional magician under the name of Harry Houdini. Houdini means like Houdin, and Houdin was Ehrich's idol.

RINN: Fifteen minutes!

REPORTER: Well, Houdini is going past the limit suggested by Dr. McConnell ! I wonder how his wife, Bessie, is taking this. I haven't been able to catch sight of her. She's also a magician. After she married Houdini, they both had an act that played in many theatres. She dropped out after Houdini became famous for his escapes from handcuffs and jails throughout the country and in Europe. She still helped him, though. Once, after Houdini had been searched and handcuffed to the bars in a jail cell, she kissed him for good luck. It was more than good luck she offered. She also passed a lock pick from her mouth to his. Several minutes later, Houdini surprised his jailers by walking into their office.

RINN: Twenty minutes!

REPORTER: The tension here is growing. But tension has followed Houdini through most of his career. Take his underwater box escape, for example. He is handcuffed and chained. Then he's put in a wooden box and it's nailed shut. After that the box is dropped Underwater. Minutes later Houdini swims to the surface. In that act, though, he uses tricks He has lock picks and other special tools hidden on him or in the box. But there's always the risk that the picks or tools will fail. Most people Wouldn't try Houdini's escape tricks even if they knew how to do them.

RINN: Twenty..five minutes !

REPORTER: Well, one can only wonder how he's doing in the box. He still has a long time to go. Of course, he is unusual Did you know that he can tie and untie rope with either foot? That won't help him now, but it's another

example of his body control. He also has great control of his chest muscles. Before he's bound into a straitjacket, he fills his chest with air. Later, when he relaxes, he can move around inside the jacket. Perhaps it sounds easy. But others have tried the same trick and failed. There's only one Houdini!

RINN: Thirty minutes!

REPORTER: Oh - oh! There's trouble! One of the swimmers standing on the box has lost his balance. He's falling into the water! Now the other swimmers are falling, too. The box has bobbed up above the water level. I wonder if Houdini caused the box to move. Mr. Collins, is Houdini all right?

COLLINS: Quiet, sir, I'm calling Houdini. Harry, can you hear me?

HOUDINI: Yes.

COLLINS: The swimmers fell off the box. They're getting back on now. That's what caused the movement of the box. Are you all right?

HOUDINI: Fine.

REPORTER: Mr. Collins, Houdini's voice sounded faint. Is he well?

COLLINS: That's what he said. I believe him.

RINN : Thirty-five minutes

REPORTER: Houdini's training seems to be paying off. According to sources around here, he has been training for three weeks. Also, he probably learned a lot about holding his breath while doing his underwater escapes. Anyway, it's no secret that Houdini always trains long and hard before he does anything for the public. He wants to be sure that he can do anything he claims he will do. And right now he seems on his way to an amazing success.

RINN: Forty minutes!

REPORTER: When I was talking before about Houdini's chest muscles, I failed to mention his stomach. Quite often, he lets local strongmen punch him in the stomach as hard as they can. Of course, his stomach muscles are

tensed, but they have to be almost as hard as steel to withstand the fists of big, strong men.

RINN: Forty-five minutes!

C

REPORTER : Well, whether he lasts for over an hour doesn't seem so important right now. People are worried about his well-being. Everybody seems on edge. The doctors seem especially fearful. I'll try to get an opinion from Dr. McConnell. Doctor, how is he doing it

DR. MCCONNELL: I really don't know. We know it must be about 100 degrees inside that box now. If he's awake in there, he must be suffering from extreme exhaustion.

REPORTER : Thank you, Doctor.

RINN : Fifty minutes!

REPORTER : Some of the other reporters here are rushing for the phones. My guess is that they're calling in stories that Houdini was able to go without air for over an hour today. I'm not "superstitious, but I'll wait. By this time, every second must seem like an hour to Houdini. I wonder what he's thinking about.

RINN: Fifty-five minutes!

REPORTER : A group of doctors have approached James Collins, Houdini's assistant. They look grim. In fact, they seem to be arguing. Let's see if we can pick up their conversation.

COLLINS : I'm sorry, gentlemen, but I take my orders from Houdini.

DOCTOR : Be sensible, man. Houdini will kill himself in that box. When the sixty minutes are up, pull him out of there.

COLLINS : I can't!

DOCTOR: You must!

RINN : One hour!

DOCTOR: Well, at least call him and tell him that he's passed an hour.

COLLINS : All right. Houdini, can you hear me? You have just passed an hour. The doctors are urging me to pull you out. What do you say?

HOUDINI I'll let you know when I'm ready.

RINN : One hour and one minute!

COLLINS : Well, you heard him, gentlemen. He seems to be doing well.

REPORTER : Rinn's going to be calling out each minute from here on. I'll get back to him. Meanwhile, I'd like to hear from one of the doctors. Is this a world's record, Doctor ?

DOCTOR : As far as I know, it is. If I weren't here, I don't think I would believe it. Houdini's an amazing man!

REPORTER : He certainly is, Doctor, and thank you. Well, people are whispering to one another around the pool. When Houdini passed the hour mark, some of the crowd seemed to relax somewhat. Still Houdini is far from safe. I'm going to try to pick up the time.

RINN: One hour and thirteen minutes!

REPORTER : Did you hear that ? What a man Wait I Collins has a call from Houdini.

COLLINS : Had enough, sir ?

HOUDINI : No. The box has sprung a leak. But there's no danger. Only a slight trickle of water is coming in.

COLLINS : Are you sure ?

HOUDINI: Yes.

REPORTER: Houdini has nerves of steel. He's under there with no air, and the water is leaking in on him. Yet he's going to stay.

RINN : One hour and twenty-five minutes

REPORTER: I must say, I wish he would come up. I'm probably more nervous than he is. Even Collins seems to be showing some concern.

- RINN : One hour and thirty minutes
- REPORTER : This may be it ! Collins has a call.
- HOUDINI: Jim, get me up
- REPORTER : They're raising the box. Now they're opening it. I wish they'd hurry.
- RINN : One hour and thirty-one minutes
- REPORTER : Dr. McConnell has Houdini's arms. He's checking the magician's pulse and blood pressure. How is he, Doctor ?
- DR. MCCONNELL : His pulse and blood pressure are very low. The man's suffering from exhaustion.
- HOUDINI: Nonsense ! I feel a little dizzy, that's all! If I do an hour r so of exercise, I'll feel fine.
- REPORTER : Mr. Houdini, congratulations ! How did you do it? Was it a trick?
- HOUDINI: It was no trick. I took a series of deep breaths before the cover was soldered on. I made very few body movements while in the box and took short breaths. That's all. I certainly hope that trapped coal miners and deep- sea divers take a lesson from this.
- REPORTER : How can they take a lesson from your performance, Mr. Houdini?
You're in perfect physical condition.
- HOUDINI : They must learn not to panic. If you panic, your body needs more air. I have trained myself to remain calm in all situations. Everyone should do the same.
- COLLINS: Let's go, sir.
- HOUDINI : All right. Will you please excuse me ?
- REPORTER :Yes, sir, and thank you. You're a fantastic man, Mr. Harry Houdini !

Glossary

sealed	closed tightly
soldered	firmly fixed with solder (solder is easily melted metal)

emergencies	sudden happenings which make it necessary to act without delay
concerned	anxious
build (n)	general shape or size of a person's body
motioning	making a sign
rocked	moved backwards and forwards
dislocate	put out of Position
straitjacket	kind of garment once used to prevent a madman from struggling
rabbi	Jewish priest
locksmith	one who makes locks
picks	small, sharp-pointed instruments
quit	give up
idol	somebody greatly admired or loved
cell	small room
career	way of making a living; profession
bobbed up	moved up quickly
sources	places from which information comes or is got
claims	says, declares
punch (v)	strike hard with the fist
tensed	stiffened or hardened
grim	(here) anxious, unhappy
trickle	weak or thin flow
dizzy	feeling as if everything were turning round, as if unable to balance

panic (v)	be frightened (suddenly)
fantastic	wonderful

THINK IT OUT

1. What was the feat that Houdini took up in Hotel Shelton?
2. What were Houdini's purposes behind doing this miraculous act?
3. Discuss how he prepared to do the act.
4. Focus on the role of the reporter during Houdini's performance.
5. Describe some of Houdini's previous achievements.
7. Why does the reporter say to Houdini, You're a fantastic man?
6. Bring out the important aspects of Houdini's character.

BEHOLD THE STAR

Harry Houdini died of appendicitis on October 31, 1926. It was brought on by punches to his stomach, punches delivered before he had time to tense his stomach muscles. He was buried in the iron box in which he had gone without air for one hour and thirty-one minutes. As far as anyone knows, it was the only box from which the great magician did not escape.



THE MONKEY'S PAW

W. W. Jacobs, dramatized by Mara Rockliff



Introducing the author

William Wymark Jacobs (8 September 1863 - 1 September 1943), is an English author of short stories and novels. Although much of his work is humorous, he is most famous for a horror story, "The Monkey's Paw".

Warm up

Have you ever read a chilling story? You will find one in "The Monkey's Paw" of W. W. Jacobs. 'His horror is wild, but it is a sane horror.' Read the text of the play.

The Text

Characters

Mr. White

Mrs. White

Herbert, their son, about nineteen years old.

Sergeant Major Morris, a tall, heavy man with a ruddy complexion who served with the British Army in India for 21 years.

Stranger

Setting: The White family's home, in a newly developed English suburb, around 1920.

Scene 1

A dark and stormy winter night.

The sound of heavy rain can be heard and an occasional thunderclap. The Whites' living room is cozy and bright. MR. WHITE and HERBERT play chess, while MRS. WHITE knits by the fire. HERBERT is winning.

Herbert. Not looking too good for you, is it, Dad?

Mr. White. Could you please be quiet? I'm trying to concentrate. (He pauses another moment, then makes a move.) Listen to that wind howling out there.

Herbert (keeping his attention on the chessboard). I hear it.

Mr. White. He won't show up in a storm like this, I bet.

Herbert. Maybe, maybe not. (He moves.) Check . . .

[MR. WHITE reaches for a chess piece.]

Herbert (triumphant). . . . Mate! [MR. WHITE pulls his hand back.]

Mr. White (angrily). That's what I can't stand about living out in the middle of nowhere like this! Every time it rains, the road gets flooded and no one can get out here. And what do those politicians in town do about it? Nothing! I suppose our three votes just don't count.

Mrs. White (soothingly). Never mind, dear. Maybe you'll win the next game.

[MR. WHITE looks up sharply and sees MRS. WHITE and HERBERT smiling at him in amusement. His annoyance fades, and he smiles guiltily. A gate bangs, and heavy footsteps are heard approaching the door.]

Herbert. Sounds like he made it after all!

[MR. WHITE goes to the door and greets SERGEANT MAJOR MORRIS, who comes in and begins wiping his feet, shaking out his umbrella, etc.]

Mr. White (introducing them). Sergeant Major Morris, my wife, and this is our son, Herbert.

[They shake hands, and the three older people sit down while HERBERT goes to fix tea.]

Mr. White. Glad you made it. We didn't know if you'd come out in this storm.

Morris. Storm? This little shower? (Chuckles) You wouldn't think much of this if you'd ever been holed up in Bombay during the monsoon season. Now there are some storms, let me tell you.

Mrs. White. Did you live in India a long time, Sergeant Major?

Mr. White. Twenty-one years he's been gone. When he joined up with the army, he wasn't a day older than Herbert there-and neither was I, for that matter. We started out in the warehouse together.

Morris. Well, time flies, time flies.

Herbert (bringing the tea). I'd like to go to India. See the old temples, maybe catch one of those holy men performing miracles.

Morris (shaking his head and sighing). You're better off here.

Herbert. But you must have all kinds of great stories to tell-the places you saw, the people you met. . . .

Mr. White. Does he ever! What was that story you started telling me the other day, Morris? About a monkey's paw or something?

Morris (quickly). Nothing, really. Nothing worth hearing.

Mrs. White. A monkey's paw?

Morris. Well, it's just a bit of what you might call magic, I guess.

Herbert. Magic!

[The WHITES look at MORRIS with interest.]

Morris (fumbling in his pocket). It looks like just an ordinary little paw all dried up.

[He pulls a mummified monkey's paw out of his pocket and holds it out. MRS. WHITE draws back in horror, but HERBERT takes the paw and looks at it curiously.]

Mr. White. So what's so special about it? (He takes the paw from HERBERT and examines it, then puts it down on the table.)

Morris (solemnly). It had a spell put on it by an old holy man. He wanted to show that fate ruled people's lives, and that anyone who tried to interfere with fate would be sorry. He put a magic spell on the paw so that three people could each have three wishes from it.

[MR. WHITE laughs uneasily.]

Herbert. Well, why don't you wish on it, then?

Morris (sadly). I have.

Mrs. White. And did you really have your three wishes granted?

Morris. I did.

Mrs. White. And has anyone else wished on it?

Morris (seriously). The first owner had three wishes, yes. I don't know what the first two were for, but the third was for death. That's how I got the paw.

Mr. White (after a pause). If you've had your three wishes, that thing's no good to you now, then, Morris. What do you keep it for?

Morris (shaking his head and shrugging). No good reason, I guess. I did have some idea of selling it, but I don't think I will. It's caused enough trouble already. Besides, no one will buy it. Some people think it's just a fairy tale, and the ones who do think anything of it want to try it first and pay me afterward.

Herbert. If you could have another three wishes, would you use them?

Morris. I don't know. (Pauses) I don't know.

(He takes the paw, dangles it between his finger and thumb, then suddenly throws it into the fire.)

Mr. White. Hey! (He jumps up and grabs the paw out of the fire before it starts to burn.)

Morris (solemnly). Better let it burn.

Mr. White. If you don't want it, Morris, give it to me.

Morris (stubbornly). I won't. I threw it on the fire. If you keep it, don't blame me for what happens. If you're smart, you'll throw it back in the fire.

Mr. White (shaking his head and looking closely at the paw). How do you do it?

Morris. Hold it in your right hand and wish out loud. But I'm warning you, you won't like the consequences.

Mrs. White. Sounds like the Arabian Nights. Why don't you wish for a few extra pairs of hands for me?

[She gets up to set the table for supper. MR. WHITE starts to raise his arm, and **MORRIS**, alarmed, jumps forward to stop him. The three WHITES laugh.]

Morris. If you must wish, for heaven's sake, wish for something sensible. But I don't want to be here to see it.

[The four sit down and eat supper. The monkey's paw forgotten for the moment, the WHITES listen eagerly to more of MORRIS'S adventures. After supper, MORRIS rises. MR. WHITE accompanies him to the door and they say their goodbyes. MR. WHITE returns to the fireside and sits down.]

Herbert. Well, Morris is quite a storyteller. For a minute there he almost had me believing that one about the monkey's paw.

Mrs. White. Did you give that disgusting thing back to him?

Mr. White. I tried to, but he wouldn't take it. And he told me again to get rid of it.

Herbert (in mock horror). Get rid of it! And give up our chance to be rich and famous and happy? Wish to be an emperor, Dad, to start off with-then Mum can't boss you around.

Mrs. White. Thanks a lot!

Mr. White (taking the paw from his pocket and looking at it doubtfully). I don't know what to wish for, and that's a fact. (Looking fondly at his wife and son) It seems to me I've got all I want already.

Herbert. You'd like to pay off the mortgage, though, wouldn't you? Well, wish for two hundred pounds, then. That'll do it.

Mr. White. This is ridiculous. (Smiling shamefacedly) No harm trying, though, I

suppose. (He holds up the paw as HERBERT taps a drumroll on the table with his hands.)

Mr. White (loudly). I wish for two hundred pounds.

[HERBERT finishes with a dramatic flourish. MR. WHITE cries out, shuddering, and drops the paw. His wife and son run toward him.]

Mr. White. It moved! When I wished, it twisted in my hand, like a snake!

Herbert. Well, I don't see the money, and I bet I never will. (He picks up the paw and puts it on the table.)

Mrs. White (to MR. WHITE, anxiously). You must have imagined it.

Mr. White (shaking his head). I felt it move. Never mind, though. I'm all right.

[They sit down by the fire. A depressing silence settles over them. The howling of the wind grows louder. A door bangs, startling them all. HERBERT laughs.]

Mrs. White. I don't know why we listened to that nonsense. How could wishes be granted in real life? And if they could, how could two hundred pounds hurt you, anyway?

Herbert. It could drop on his head from the sky!

Mr. White. Morris said the things happened so naturally that you might think it was coincidence.

Mrs. White. Well, I've had enough of magic and fate and monkey's paws for one night. It's time for bed.

Herbert. Well, good night, then. (Teasing) You'll probably find the money tied up in a big bag in the middle of your bed, Dad-and some horrible creature squatting up on top of the dresser, watching you as you pocket your ill-gotten gains.

Scene 2**The next afternoon.**

The sun shines into the living room. MR. and MRS. WHITE are drinking tea and sorting through the day's mail. The paw lies on a shelf, ignored.

Mrs. White. Plenty of bills so far, but no check for two hundred pounds. I suppose Herbert will have more of his funny remarks for you when he gets home from the factory.

Mr. White. I'm sure he will. But the thing moved in my hand-I'd swear to that.

Mrs. White (soothingly). You thought it did.

Mr. White. It did! There was no thought about it. I had just-What is it?

[MRS. WHITE is looking past him, out the window.]

Mrs. White. There's somebody outside. A man in a business suit. I've never seen him before. . . . He's acting very strange-as if he can't decide whether to open the gate or not. Here he comes up the path now.

[There is a knock at the door and MRS. WHITE goes to let the STRANGER in. Inside, the STRANGER stands silently for a moment, looking uncomfortable.]

Stranger. I-I was asked to come see you. I come from Maw and Meggins.

Mrs. White (alarmed). Is anything wrong? Has something happened to Herbert? What is it? What is it?

Mr. White. Now, now. Calm down. No point jumping to conclusions. (Looking hopefully at the STRANGER) I'm sure our visitor hasn't brought us any bad news.

Stranger. I'm sorry . . .

Mrs. White (frantic). Is he hurt?

Stranger (nods). Badly hurt. But he is not in any pain.

Mrs. White. Oh, thank goodness! Thank goodness for that! Thank-

[She breaks off, suddenly understanding, and stares at the STRANGER in growing horror. The STRANGER looks at the floor. MRS. WHITE turns to her husband and takes his hand. There is a long pause.]

Stranger (in a low voice). He was caught in the machinery.

Mr. White (dazed). Caught in the machinery. Yes. (He squeezes his wife's hand and stares blankly out the window, then turns to the STRANGER.)

Mr. White. He was our only child, you know. It is hard.

Stranger (clearing his throat). The company wants me to convey their sincere sympathy with you in your great loss. I hope you understand that I'm just doing my job. (Pauses) I'm supposed to tell you that Maw and Meggins disclaim all responsibility. They admit no liability, but in consideration of your son's work, they would like to give you a certain sum as compensation.

Mr. White (barely able to speak). A certain sum . . . How much?

Stranger. Two hundred pounds.

[MRS. WHITE screams. MR. WHITE holds out his hands and falls to the floor in a faint.]

Scene 3

Night time, a week and a half later.

[MRS. WHITE stands in the doorway, weeping as she looks out into the darkness. MR. WHITE comes downstairs. He goes to her and closes the door, then puts his arms around her.]

Mr. White (gently). Come back to bed. It's cold out there tonight.

Mrs. White. It is colder for my son. (She sobs. Suddenly she straightens and turns, clutching her husband's arms.)

Mrs. White (wildly). The paw! The monkey's paw!

Mr. White. What? Where?

Mrs. White. I want it. You didn't get rid of it, did you?

Mr. White. It's upstairs, I think. Why?

Mrs. White (crying and laughing hysterically). I only just thought of it. Why didn't I think of it before? Why didn't you think of it?

Mr. White. Think of what?

Mrs. White. The other two wishes. We've only had one.

Mr. White (fiercely). Wasn't that enough?

Mrs. White. No! We'll have one more. Go get it down and wish our boy alive again.

Mr. White (stepping back in horror). You're insane!

Mrs. White. I want my son back. I want to see my son

Mr. White. You don't know what you're saying.

Mrs. White. We had the first wish granted! Why not the second?

Mr. White. It was a coincidence.

Mrs. White. Go and get it and wish!

Mr. White (facing her and taking her by the arms). He's been dead ten days, and besides . . . I didn't want to tell you this, but I could only recognize him by his clothes. He was mangled in the machinery. If he was too terrible for you to see then, how would it be now?

Mrs. White. Bring him back! Do you think I would fear my own son?

[MR. WHITE goes slowly upstairs, followed by his wife. He takes the paw and stares at it.]

Mrs. White. Wish!

Mr. White (weakly). It is foolish and wicked.

Mrs. White. Wish!

Mr. White (holding up the paw). I wish my son alive again.

[He drops the paw and sinks trembling into a chair. MRS. WHITE runs to the window and stands looking out. The clock ticks. A stair creaks. MRS. WHITE comes and sits by her husband. Finally, a quiet knock is heard. MRS. WHITE jumps up.]

Mrs. White. What's that?

Mr. White (shakily). A mouse. It's just a mouse in the wall.

[Another knock, louder this time.]

Mrs. White. It's Herbert! It's our son! (She starts toward the stairs, but MR. WHITE grabs her by the arm.)

Mr. White. What are you going to do?

Mrs. White. It's Herbert! What are you holding me for? Let go so I can open the door.

Mr. White (hoarsely). Don't let it in.

Mrs. White. How can you be afraid of your own son? Let me go.

[The knocking is louder and louder. She breaks free and runs down to the door.]

Mrs. White. I'm here, Herbert, I'm right here!

[As she struggles with the lock, MR. WHITE falls to his knees. He picks up the monkey's paw from the floor and holds it up in his right hand. His lips move, but we can't hear him over the thunderous knocking. He drops the paw. At once the knocking stops, and the door springs open. There is a pause, and then a long, loud wail from MRS. WHITE. Beyond her, the road is empty.]

Think it out

Scene 1

1. Describe the weather and its influence on the theme.
2. What was special about the monkey's paw?
3. How did the first owner of the monkey's paw use it?
4. Why couldn't Morris sell the monkey's paw?
5. How did the Whites get the monkey's paw?
6. How does Morris describe the monkey's paw?
7. What did Morris say about how to use the monkey's paw? What was his warning to the Whites?
8. What were the things mentioned by Sergeant Major hinted at the Whites' fate?

9. What was the first wish? How was it made?
10. Compare Mr. White's and Herbert's attitudes toward the monkey's paw. Why was it logical that Herbert would be the victim of the first wish?

Scene 2

11. What was the effect of the first wish?

Scene 3

12. Why didn't Mr. White want to make the second wish?
13. "Bring him back! Do you think I would fear my own son?" Why does Mrs. White say so?
14. What was the final wish?
15. Did the Whites get what they really wanted? Give reasons for your answer.
16. What role did the author want the monkey's paw to play here?
17. What did the holy man want to prove to people by putting the spell on the paw?
18. In your opinion, did the holy man make his point? Why or why not?

BEHOLD THE STAR

William Wymark Jacobs (1863 -1943) is an English author of short stories and novels

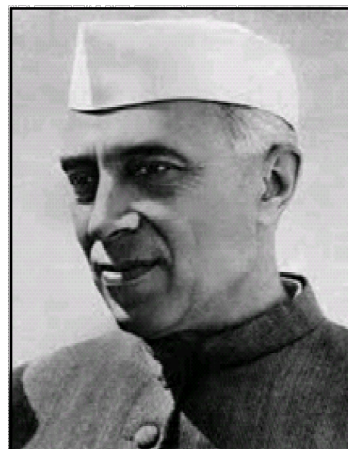


CHILDHOOD

Jawaharlal Nehru

Introducing the Author

Jawaharlal Nehru (1889 -1964), a freedom fighter and statesman is the first Prime Minister of independent India (1947-64). He is highly respected for his instinctive sense of diplomacy and great knowledge of international affairs. He is a prolific writer in English and wrote a number of books, such as *The Discovery of India*, *Glimpses of World History*, and his autobiography, *Toward Freedom*.



Unit I

Warm up

"Childhood" is an excerpt from Nehru's autobiography. Read the following unit of the text and acquaint yourself with how Nehru felt about the presence of Englishmen in India during his childhood.

The Text

My childhood was thus a sheltered and uneventful one. I listened to the grown-up talk of my cousins without always understanding all of it. Often this talk related to the overbearing character and insulting manners of the English people, as well as Eurasians, towards Indians, and how it was the duty of every Indian to stand up to this and not to tolerate it. Instances of conflicts between the rulers and the ruled were common and were fully discussed. It was a notorious fact that whenever an Englishman killed an Indian he was acquitted by a jury of his own countrymen. In railway trains compartments were reserved for Europeans and however crowded the

train might be - and they used to be terribly crowded - no Indian was allowed to travel in them, even though they were empty. Even an unreserved compartment would be taken possession of by an Englishman and he would not allow any Indian to enter it. Benches and chairs were also reserved for Europeans in public parks and other places. I was filled with resentment against the alien rulers of my country who misbehaved in this manner, and whenever an Indian hit back I was glad. Not infrequently one of my cousins or one of their friends became personally involved in these individual encounters and then of course we all got very excited over it. One of the cousins was the strong man of the family and he loved to pick a quarrel with an Englishman, or more frequently with Eurasians, who, perhaps to show off their oneness with the ruling race, were often even more offensive than the English official or merchant. Such quarrels took place especially during railway journeys.

Much as I began to resent the presence and behaviour of the alien rulers, I had no feeling whatever, so far as I can remember, against individual Englishmen. I had had English governesses and occasionally I saw English friends of my father's visiting him. In my heart I rather admired the English.

Glossary

sheltered	protected
uneventful	dull
overbearing	arrogant, proud
Eurasians	Europeans and Asians
conflicts	difference
acquitted	not found guilty,
resentment	anger
alien	foreigner
infrequently	occasionally
encounters	meeting
offensive	rude

Think it out

1. Why did Nehru resent the behaviour of Englishmen in general in India?
2. How did he feel about the individual Englishman in India?

Unit II**Warm up**

Nehru had high regards for his father. He loved, admired and feared his father. Read the following unit of the text and note how Nehru pays his tributes to his father Motilal Nehru:

The Text

In the evenings usually many friends came to visit father and he would relax after the tension of the day and the house would resound with his tremendous laughter. His laugh became famous in Allahabad. Sometimes I would peep at him and his friends from behind a curtain trying to make out what these great big people said to each other. If I was caught in the act I would be dragged out and, rather frightened, made to sit for a while on father's knee. Once I saw him drinking claret or some other red wine. Whisky I knew. I had often seen him and his friends drink it. But the new red stuff filled me with horror and I rushed to my mother to tell her that father was drinking blood.

I admired father tremendously. He seemed to me the embodiment of strength and courage and cleverness, far above all the other men I saw, and I treasured the hope that when I grew up I would be rather like him. But much as I admired him and loved him I feared him also. I had seen him losing his temper at servants and others and he seemed to me terrible then and I shivered with fright, mixed sometimes with resentment, at the treatment of a servant. His temper was indeed an awful thing and even in after years I do not think I ever came across anything to match it in its own line. But, fortunately, he had a strong sense of humour also and an iron will, and he could control himself as a rule. As he grew older this power of control grew and it was very rare for him to indulge in anything like his old temper.

Glossary

resound	echo
embodiment	a typical example

treasure (v)	to keep something as extremely valuable
fright	fear
indulge in	to do something that one likes

Think it out

1. How did Nehru's father spend his evenings in Allahabad?
2. How does Nehru express his admiration for his father?

Unit III**Warm Up**

You have noted in the previous unit that Motilal Nehru was famous for his strong sense of humour and furious temper. Read the following unit of the text and observe how Nehru recollects an incident of his father's anger:

The Text

One of my earliest recollections is of this temper, for I was the victim of it. I must have been about five or six then. I noticed one day two fountain-pens on his office table and I looked at them with greed. I argued with myself that father could not require both at the same time and so I helped myself to one of them. Later I found that a mighty search was being made for the lost pen and I grew frightened at what I had done, but I did not confess. The pen was discovered and my guilt proclaimed to the world. Father was very angry and he gave me a tremendous thrashing. Almost blind with pain and mortification at my disgrace I rushed to mother, and for several days various creams and ointments were applied to my aching and quivering little body.

I do not remember bearing any ill-will towards my father because of this punishment. I think I must have felt that it was a just punishment, though perhaps overdone. But though my admiration and affection for him remained as strong as

ever, fear formed a part of them. Not so with my mother. I had no fear of her, for I knew that she would condone everything I did, and, because of her excessive and indiscriminating love for me, I tried to dominate over her a little. I saw much more of her than I did of father and she seemed nearer to me and I would confide in her when I would not dream of doing so to father. She was petite and short of stature and soon I was almost as tall as she was and felt more of an equal with her. I admired her beauty and loved her amazingly small and beautiful hands and feet. She belonged to a fresher stock from Kashmir and her people had only left the homeland two generations back.

Glossary

recollections	memory
confess	admit
proclaim (v)	declare
mortification	shame
disgrace	dishonour
quivering	trembling
admiration	praise
forgive	forgive
indiscriminating	overwhelming
dominate	influence

Think it out

1. Narrate briefly how Nehru became a victim of his father's temper. What was the effect of this incident on him?
2. What impression of Nehru's mother do you get from this unit?

Unit IV

Warm Up

Nehru has high regards for senior members of the family. Read the following unit of the text and note how Nehru treated his seniors and what he learnt from them:

The Text

Another of my early confidants was a munshi of my father's, Munshi Mubarak Ali. He came from a well-to-do family of Badaun. The Revolt of 1857 had ruined the family and the English troops had partly exterminated it. This affliction had made him gentle and forbearing with everybody, especially with children, and for me he was a sure haven of refuge whenever I was unhappy or in trouble. With his fine grey beard he seemed to my young eyes very ancient and full of old-time lore, and I used to snuggle up to him and listen, wide-eyed, by the hour to his innumerable stories - old tales from The Arabian Nights or other sources, or accounts of the happenings in 1857 and 58. It was many years later, when I was grown up, that "Munshiji" died, and the memory of him still remains with me as a dear and precious possession.

There were other stories also that I listened to, stories from the old Hindu mythology, from the epics, the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, that my mother and aunt used to tell us. My aunt, the widow of Pandit Nand Lal, was learned in the old Indian books and had an inexhaustible supply of these tales, and my knowledge of Indian mythology and folklore became quite considerable.

Glossary

confidant	trusted person
exterminate (v)	destroy
affliction	suffering
forbearing	patient
haven	safe place
refuge	shelter
lore	knowledge
snuggle up	get closer
Arabian Nights	1001 Thousand One Night's Tale of the Arabian Nights

Inexhaustible never-ending

Think it out

1. How does Nehru cherish the memory of Mubarak Ali?
2. How did Nehru acquire the knowledge of Indian folklore and mythology during his childhood?

Unit V**Warm up**

Nehru had hazy notions of religion during his childhood. Read the following unit of the text and learn how festivals were observed in India during those days:

The Text

Of religion I had very hazy notions. Father and my older cousins treated the question humorously and refused to take it seriously. The women of the family indulged in various ceremonies and pujas from time to time and I rather enjoyed them, though I tried to imitate to some extent the casual attitude of the grown-up men of the family. Sometimes I accompanied my mother or aunt to the Ganges for a dip, sometimes we visited temples in Allahabad itself or in Benares or elsewhere, or went to see a sanyāsi reputed to be very holy. But all this left little impression on my mind.

Then there were the great festival days-the Hōli, when all over the city there was a spirit of revelry and we could squirt water at each other; the Divali, the festival of light, when all the houses were lit up with thousands of dim lights in earthen cups; the Janmashtami to celebrate the birth in prison of Krishna at the midnight hour (but it was very difficult for us to keep awake till then); the Dasehra and Ram Lila when tableaux and processions reenacted the old story of Ramachandra and his conquest of Lanka and vast crowds assembled to see them. All the children also went to see the Mohurrum processions with their silken ālums and their sorrowful celebration of the tragic story of Hasan and Husain in distant Arabia. And on the two Id days Munshiji would dress up in his best attire and go to the big mosque for prayers, and I would go to his house and consume sweet vermicelli and other dainties. And then there were

the smaller festivals of which there are many in the Hindu calendar, Rakshābandhan, Bhayya dūj, etc. Amongst us and the other Kashmiris there were also some special celebrations which were not observed by most of the other Hindus. Chief of these was the Naoroz, the New Year's Day according to the Samvat calendar. This was always a special day for us when all of us wore new clothes, and the young people of the house got small sums of money as tips.

Glossary

hazy	not clear
notions	ideas
revelry	noisy fun, merrymaking
conquest	victory
attire	dress
dainties	tasty food

Think it out

1. How does Nehru recall the religious atmosphere in his home during his childhood?
2. How did Nehru family observe various festivals when he was a child?

Unit VI

Warm up

Nehru had great fascination for his birthdays, and other festivities in his family. Read the following unit of the text and notice how festive occasions were celebrated in his family: during those days:

The Text

But more than all these festivals I was interested in one annual event in which I played the central part—the celebration of the anniversary of my birth. This was a day of great excitement for me. Early in the morning I was weighed in a huge balance against some bagfuls of wheat and other articles which were then distributed to the poor; and then I arrayed myself in new clothes and received presents, and later in the day there was a party. I felt the hero of the occasion. My chief grievance was that my

birthday came so rarely. Indeed I tried to start an agitation for more frequent birthdays. I did not realize then that a time would come when birthdays would become unpleasant reminders of advancing age.

Sometimes the whole family journeyed to a distant town to attend a marriage, either of a cousin of mine or of some more distant relation or friend. Those were exciting journeys for us, children, for all rules were relaxed during these marriage festivities and we had the free run of the place. Numerous families usually lived crowded together in the shādi-khânâ, the marriage house, where the party stayed, and there were many boys and girls and children. On these occasions I could not complain of loneliness and we had our heart's fill of play and mischief, with an occasional scolding from our elders.

Glossary

array (v)	put on ceremonial dress
grievance	complaint

Think it out

1. How did Nehru enjoy his birthdays during his childhood?
2. What was his grievance against this occasion?

Unit VII

Warm up

Nehru is critical of the extravagant wedding ceremonies in India. Read the following unit of the text and learn how Nehru makes his observations on Indian marriages:

The Text

Indian marriages, both among the rich and the poor, have had their full share of condemnation as wasteful and extravagant display. They deserve all this. Even apart from the waste, it is most painful to see the vulgar display which has no artistic or aesthetic value of any kind. (Needless to say there are exceptions.) For all this the really guilty people are the middle classes. The poor are also extravagant, even at the cost of burdensome debts, but it is the height of absurdity to say, as some people do,

that their poverty is due to their social customs. It is often forgotten that the life of the poor is terribly dull and monotonous, and an occasional marriage celebration, bringing with it some feasting and singing, comes to them as an oasis in a desert of soulless toil, a refuge from domesticity and the prosaic business of life. Who would be cruel enough to deny this consolation to them, who have such few occasions for laughter? Stop waste by all means, lessen the extravagance (big and foolish words to use for the little show that the poor put up in their poverty!), but do not make their life more drab and cheerless than it is.

So also for the middle classes. Waste and extravagance apart these marriages are big social reunions where distant relations and old friends meet after long intervals. India is a big country and it is not easy for friends to meet, and for many to meet together at the same time is still more difficult. Hence the popularity of the marriage celebrations. The only rival to them, and it has already excelled them in many ways even as a social reunion, is the political gathering, the various conferences, or the Congress!

Glossary

condemnation	blame
extravagant	spending a lot of money
display	show
aesthetic	showing artistic taste
burdensome	hard to bear
monotonous	boring
toil	hard work

Think it out

1. How did Nehru enjoy himself when his family visited relatives living in distant towns to take part in wedding ceremonies?
2. How does Nehru view customs of Indian marriages?
3. Why is he sympathetic to the poor with regard to their extravagant wedding ceremonies?

4. What is Nehru's observation on the brighter side of wasteful marriage ceremonies?

Unit VIII

Warm Up

During those days Kashmiri women enjoyed greater freedom in the society than many others in North India. Read the following unit of the text and learn how Nehru depicts the status of Kashmiri women in the society:

The Text

Kashmiris have had one advantage over many others in India, especially in the north. They have never had any purdah, or seclusion of women, among themselves. Finding this custom prevailing in the Indian plains, when they came down, they adopted it, but only partly and in so far as their relations with others and non-Kashmiris were concerned. That was considered then in northern India, where most of the Kashmiris stayed, an inevitable sign of social status. But among themselves they stuck to the free social life of men and women, and every Kashmiri had the free entrée into any Kashmiri house. In Kashmiri feasts and ceremonies men and women met together and sat together, though often the women would sit in one bunch. Boys and girls used to meet on a more or less equal footing. They did not, of course, have the freedom of the modern West.

So passed my early years. Sometimes, as was inevitable in a large family, there were family squabbles. When these happened to assume unusual proportions, they reached my father's ears and he was angry and seemed to think that all such happenings were due to the folly of women. I did not understand what exactly had happened but I saw that something was very wrong, as people seemed to speak in a peculiarly disagreeable way or to avoid each other. I felt very unhappy. Father's intervention, when it took place, shook us all up.

One little incident of those early days stands out in my memory. I must have been about seven or eight then. I used to go out every day for a ride accompanied by a sawar from a cavalry unit then stationed in Allahabad. One evening I had a fall and my pony—a pretty animal, partly Arab—returned home without me. Father was

giving a tennis party. There was great consternation and all the members of the party, headed by father, formed a procession in all kinds of vehicles, and set out search of me. They met me on the way and I was treated as if I had performed some heroic deed!

Glossary

inevitable	unavoidable
squabble	quarrel
intervention	interference

Think it out

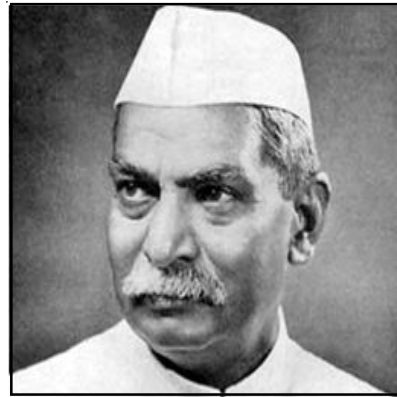
1. How does Nehru focus on the status of Kashmiri women in the society?
2. How does he record his adventure with horse-riding during his childhood?

MARRIAGE

Dr. Rajendra Prasad

Introducing the Author

Rajendra Prasad (3 December 1884 – 28 February 1963) is one of the architects of the Indian Republic. He was the first President of independent India. He was President of the Constituent Assembly; President of Congress in 1943 and 1939.



“Marriage” is an excerpt from the autobiography of Dr. Rajendra Prasad

Unit I

Warm up

A century ago, marriages in the family were decided by the elders. Neither the groom nor the bride had a say in it. Read the following unit of the text and note how the author describes the rituals of his wedding ceremony:

The Text

I was perhaps in the fifth standard and was thirteen when my marriage was arranged. I had gone to Zeradei for the summer holidays. The bride’s father, a Mukhtiar in Arrah, and his younger brother, a lawyer in Ballia, who had come to our village, visited our house to see me. My father sent for me. The visitors put me some questions and after a while I retired. They were satisfied and signified their approval of the match. After a few days, the *Tilak* (the symbol of betrothal) was received, and, according to custom, clothes, utensils and a cash present of Rs. 2,000. My father was not keen on the cash present, but since the bride’s party insisted on it, he accepted it.

Two thousand rupees then was considered to be a fairly good sum. The greater the present on the occasion of betrothal, the greater must be the pomp and show in the marriage procession and the costlier the customary offering of ornaments, etc., for the bride. Our financial position was not very sound at the time. The deaths in the family had brought us considerable financial strain; the zamindari was not quite profitable owing to famine conditions and our expenses had gone up, what with our education and the protracted litigation in which the family was involved. Despite these difficulties, in order to maintain the prestige of our family, my father decided to make the marriage a grand affair. He spent generously on ornaments. Other expenditures were equally lavish.

Glossary

Zeradei	native village of the author in Siwan district of Bihar
retire (v)	to leave a place
betrothal	engagement ceremony
customary	according to custom
considerable	huge
protracted	longer than usual
litigation	court case, lawsuit
lavish	large in amount, profuse

Think it out

1. How was the author's marriage finalised?
2. What idea of the ritual of *Tilak* do you get from the passage?
3. What was the financial condition of the author's family? Did it affect the pomp and show of the author's wedding?

Unit II

Warm up

Marriage processions, almost a century ago, were elaborate and grand. Read the following unit of the text and enjoy how the author recollects the details of his marriage procession:

The Text

We had a custom of taking out elaborate marriage processions with horses and elephants. The day of my marriage being an exceptionally auspicious day and there being many marriages on that day, horses and elephants were in great demand and so we were able to procure only one elephant and a few horses.

The marriage was to be held in Dalan-Chapra in Ballia district, 40 miles from Zeradei. This meant two days' journey. The party being big and there being only one elephant and a few horses, many *palkies* were pressed into service. My brother came riding on a sturdy horse, my father and other relatives in *palkies* and I in a special *palki*. The bridegroom's *palki* was a funny affair. Made of silver, it was a very heavy burden for the bearers. Open at the top, it had a canopy to protect the rider from the hot June sun. The wind blew up the canopy, turning it into a sort of balloon and made the progress of the bearers difficult. What with the sun and the hot winds, riding in a *palki* was no fun.

In the evening, we encamped in a village on the bank of the Sarju. We rested for the night and the next morning we started crossing the river. The luggage, the *palkies*, the horses, and the bullock carts were transported on boats while the elephant was made to swim across. But the elephant had other ideas on the subject. It seemed to be bent on going back home. The mahout tried his best to set it on its course; the elephant would go forward a little but would turn back. After an hour of hide and seek like this, efforts were made to tie it to the boats and tow it across, but it was of no avail. With the elephant having decided views, we reluctantly abandoned the idea of taking it with us. The mahout returned with his elephant. To my father it was a wrench. His own marriage procession having been distinguished by the presence of scores of elephants, he was naturally dejected that his son's marriage party should not have been honoured even by a single tusker. But already we were behind time; so we set off at a brisk pace. In the evening, however, my father's wish was gratified. When we were nearing our destination, we saw a few elephants coming towards us. They had been engaged by another marriage party and were returning after the wedding was over. A few words to the mahouts and the matter was settled; the elephants joined our party. We reached the bride's place at 11 in the night.

The bride's party were getting nervous because of the delay in our arrival and though relieved when at last we arrived, they were a bit disappointed as our party was not to their expectation in pomp and show. But their spirits revived when they saw the

ornaments, dresses, sweets and other presents, which we had brought for the bride. Whether they felt happy to see the bridegroom too, I do not know!

Glossary

elaborate	carefully prepared and organised
auspicious	showing signs of future success,
procure	get with difficulty, obtain
reluctantly	unwillingly
abandon (v)	give up,
wrench	sad parting
scores	sets of twenty
dejected	sad, gloomy
tusker	a male elephant

Think it out

1. How does the author describe his marriage party?
2. Why was the author's father unhappy? How was his wish fulfilled?

Unit III

Warm up

As the author was a teenager, the marriage ceremony was child's play for him a family affair. Read the following unit of the text and note how the author describes his experiences of his wedding ceremony:

The Text

As I said, when our party arrived at the journey's end, it was late in the night and I had fallen asleep in the *palki*. The pre-nuptial ceremonies had to be gone through and it was quite a job for my people to wake up the boy bridegroom. After two days' tedious journey, it was with a Herculean effort that I managed to keep my eyes open through the ceremonies. The wedding took place the same night.

Details of the ceremonies I do not recollect. When a child, I used to join my sister in the game of dolls' marriages. To me, my own marriage was not much different. I neither understood the importance of the marriage nor felt its responsibility. I had had no

hand in settling the match. I went through the ceremonies like an automaton, doing whatever the Pandit or the women of the house told me to do. I could hardly understand what had happened. All that I knew was that someone would come into my house as my wife just as my brother's wife had come.

After the marriage is over, sometimes the bride does not accompany the groom to his home immediately. Some time later, another small party goes to fetch the girl. This ceremony is known as *Duragman*. This was so in my case. We returned home after two days' stay in the bride's house. *Duragman* was performed a year later when my wife came into our house.

We were strict observers of *purdah*. I remember when my brother's wife came to our house, she brought two maidservants, and she could talk only to them. She had a room to herself and she never came even into the verandah. None was permitted to enter the courtyard except the cook and tender aged boy servants who, along with their mothers, had frequented the place in their childhood. The cook had to give a loud warning before he could walk across the courtyard to the kitchen. If he required anything, a maidservant got it for him. When my sister-in-law wanted to go for her bath, everyone was cleared out of the courtyard. Not even a boy was allowed to hang around. For added protection, two maid-servants would carry bedsheets as curtains on either side when at last she walked to the bath. She would pull on her veil even when my mother, aunt or sister entered her room. No maid-servant of Zeradei could go to her room. Except for once or twice as a boy, I had never seen her face.

When my wife came to Zeradei, she had to act likewise, but after a long time, the rules were relaxed.

Glossary

nuptial	wedding ceremony
automaton	automatic machine

Think it out

1. What are the author's remarks on his marriage?
2. How does the author describe the ritual of *Duragman*?
3. How does he narrate the custom of *purdah* observed by his sister-in-law?

MY MOTHER

Charlie Chaplin

Introducing the Author

Sir Charles Spencer Chaplin (1889 - 1977), an English comic actor, film director and composer, is usually known by his stage name Charlie Chaplin. He was one of the most creative and influential personalities of the silent-film era. He used mime, slapstick and other visual comedy routines, and continued well into the era of the talkies.



Unit I

Warm up

Have you seen movie of Charlie Chaplin? Chaplin is one of the greatest comedians of the silent movies. This text is an excerpt from his book *My Autobiography*. Read the following unit of the text and note how he remembers his parents:

The Text

I was hardly aware of a father, and do not remember him having lived with us. He too was a vaudevillian, a quiet, brooding man with dark eyes. Mother said he looked like Napoleon. He had a light baritone voice and was considered a very fine artist. Even in those days he earned the considerable sum of forty pounds a week. The trouble was that he drank too much, which Mother said was the cause of their separation.

It was difficult for vaudevillians not to drink in those days, for alcohol was sold in all theatres, and after a performer's act, he was expected to go to the theatre bar and drink with the customers. Some theatres made more profit from the bar than

from the box office, and a number of stars were paid large salaries not alone for their talent but because they spent most of their money at the theatre bar. Thus many an artist was ruined by drink- my father was one of them. He died of alcoholic excess at the age of thirty-seven. Mother would tell stories about him with humour and sadness. He had a violent temper when drinking, and during one of his tantrums, she ran off to Brighton with some friends, and in answer to his frantic telegram: 'What are you up to? Answer at once!' she wired back: 'Balls, parties and picnics, darling!'

What degree of feeling she had for my father I never knew, but whenever she spoke of him it was without bitterness, which makes me suspect she was too objective to have been deeply in love. Sometimes she would give a sympathetic account of him, and at other times talk of his drunkenness and violence. In later years, whenever angry with me she would ruefully say: 'You'll finish up in the gutter like your father.'

What other facts besides drink were involved I do not know, but a year after my birth my parents separated. Mother did not seek alimony. Being a star in her own right, earning twenty-five pounds a week, she was well able to support herself and her children. Only when ill fortune befell her did she seek relief; otherwise, she would never have taken legal steps.

She had been having trouble with her voice. It was never strong and the slightest cold brought on laryngitis, which lasted for weeks; but she was obliged to keep working, so that her voice grew progressively worse. She could not rely on it. In the middle of singing, it would crack or suddenly disappear into a whisper and the audience would laugh and start booing. The worry of it impaired her health and made her a nervous wreck. As a consequence, her theatrical engagements fell off until they were practically nil.

Glossary

Vaudevillian	an entertainer who performs a dramatic or musical work for an audience
Vaudeville	variety entertainment consisting of short acts such as acrobatic turns, song-and-dance routines, animal acts, etc.

brooding	thoughtful
baritone	Grave and deep (male voice)
tantrums	childish outburst of temper
ruefully	regretfully, sadly
alimony	maintenance; means of living
laryngitis	inflammation of the larynx
booing	a sound uttered to show dislike, scorn, or disapproval
impaired	weak

Think it out

1. What does Chaplin speak about his father?
2. What account of the vaudevillians do you get from the text?
3. What is the mother's attitude towards Charlie's father?
4. Why did his mother's theatrical engagements fall off?

Unit II**Warm up**

Read the following unit of the text and note how Chaplin made his first appearance on stage:

The Text

It was owing to her vocal condition that at the age of five I made my first appearance on the stage. Mother usually brought me to the theatre at night in preference to leaving me alone in rented rooms. She was playing the Canteen at Aldershot at the time, a grubby, mean theatre catering mostly to soldiers. They were a rowdy lot and wanted little excuse to deride and ridicule. To performers, Aldershot was a week of terror.

I remember standing in the wings when Mother's voice cracked and went into a whisper. The audience began to laugh and sing falsetto and to make catcalls. It was all vague and I did not quite understand what was going on. But, the noise

increased until Mother was obliged to walk off the stage. When she came into the wings, she was very upset and argued with the stage manager who, having seen me perform before Mother's friends, said something about letting me go on in her place.

And in the turmoil I remember him leading me by the hand and, after a few explanatory words to the audience, leaving me on the stage alone. And before a glare of footlights and faces in smoke, I started to sing, accompanied by the orchestra, which fiddled about until it found my key. It was a well-known song called Jack Jones.

Half-way through, a shower of money poured on to the stage. Immediately I stopped and announced that I would pick up the money first and sing afterwards. This caused much laughter. The stage manager came on with a handkerchief and helped me to gather it up. I thought he was going to keep it. This thought was conveyed to the audience and increased their laughter, especially when he walked off with it with me anxiously following him. Not until he handed it to Mother did I return and continue to sing. I was quite at home. I talked to the audience, danced, and did several imitations including one of Mother singing her Irish march song that went as follows:

Riley, Riley, that's the boy to beguile ye,

Riley, Riley, that's the boy for me.

In all the Army great and small,

There's none so trim and neat

As the noble Sergeant Riley

Of the gallant Eighty-eight.

And in repeating the chorus, in all innocence I imitated Mother's voice cracking and was surprised at the impact it had on the audience. There was laughter and cheers, then more money-throwing; and when Mother came on the stage to carry me off, her presence evoked tremendous applause. That night was my first appearance on the stage and Mother's last.

When the fates deal in human destiny, they heed neither pity nor justice. Thus they dealt with Mother. She never regained her voice. As autumn turns to winter, so our circumstances turned from bad to worse. Although Mother was careful and had

saved a little money, that very soon vanished, as did her jewellery and other small possessions which she pawned in order to live, hoping all the while that her voice would return.

Glossary

Aldershot	a town in south central England
excuse	plea,
deride	treat with scorn
ridicule	make fun of , laugh at
falsetto	A false or artificial loud voice

Think it out

1. How and why did Charlie first go to the theatre?
2. Why did his mother walk off the stage?
3. How did Charlie make his debut on the stage?
4. How did the audience respond to his first performance on the stage?
5. How did his mother make her living when her career on the stage ended?

Unit III

Warm up

Chaplin and his mother had to undergo a lot of hardship when she gave up stage performance. Read the following unit of the text and note how Chaplin and his mother suffered:

The Text

Meanwhile from three comfortable rooms we moved into two, then into one, our belongings dwindling and the neighbourhoods into which we moved growing progressively drabber.

She turned to religion, in the hope, I suppose, that it would restore her voice. She regularly attended Christ Church in the Westminster Bridge Road, and every Sunday I was made to sit through Bach's organ music and to listen with aching

impatience to the Reverend F. B. Meyer's fervent and dramatic voice echoing down the nave like shuffling feet. His orations must have been appealing, for occasionally I would catch Mother quietly wiping away a tear, which slightly embarrassed me.

Well do I remember Holy Communion on one hot summer's day, and the cool silver cup containing delicious grape-juice that passed along the congregation - and Mother's gentle restraining hand when I drank too much of it. And how relieved I was when the Reverend closed the Bible, for it meant that the sermon would soon end and they would start prayers and the final hymn.

Since Mother had joined the church, she seldom saw her theatrical friends. That world had evaporated, had become only a memory. It seemed that we had always lived in wretched circumstances. The interim of one year seemed a lifetime of travail. Now we existed in cheerless twilight; jobs were hard to find and Mother, untutored in everything but the stage, was further handicapped. She was small, dainty and sensitive, fighting against terrific odds in a Victorian era in which wealth and poverty were extreme, and poorer-class women had little choice but to do menial work or to be the drudges of sweatshops. Occasionally she obtained the work of nursing, but such employment was rare and of short duration. Nevertheless, she was resourceful: having made her own theatrical costumes, she was expert with her needle and able to earn a few shillings dressmaking for members of the church. But it was barely enough to support us.

Glossary

dwindling	going down
nave	long central part of a church
congregation	gathering
travail	painful work
evaporated	faded
drudges	menial work like the job of an attendant

Think it out

1. Why did Charlie's mother turn to religion?
2. How does Charlie remember the Holy Communion on one hot summer's day?
3. Give an account of his mother's suffering.

Tail-piece

Read the following song that Chaplin sang on the stage on debut:

Jack Jones

Jack Jones well and known to everybody

Round about the market, don't yer see,

I've no fault to find with Jack at all,

Not when 'c's as 'e used to be.

But since 'c's had the bullion left him

'E has altered for the worst,

For to see the way he treats all his old pals

Fills me with nothing but disgust.

Each Sunday morning he reads the Telegraph,

Once he was contented with the Star.

Since Jack Jones has come into a little bit of cash,

Well, 'e don't know where 'e are.

STAY HUNGRY. STAY FOOLISH.

Steve Jobs

Introducing the Author

Steven Paul "Steve" Jobs (1955 - 2011) is an American businessman, designer and inventor. He is best known as the Co-Founder, Chairman, and Chief Executive Officer of Apple Inc. He is one of the greatest visionaries of our times, a revolutionary who changed the way people experience technology today. Through Apple, he has been widely recognized as a charismatic pioneer of the personal computer revolution and for his influential career in the computer and consumer electronics fields.



Unit I

Warm Up

The article is Steve Jobs' commencement address at Stanford University in 2005. It is one of his most quoted speeches. It has been described as 'life-changing' and 'career-transforming'. In the course of his speech, he narrates three stories to give an account of his life. The first story is about his birth, upbringing, and education. Read the text below for the details:

The Text

I am honored to be with you today at your commencement from one of the finest universities in the world. I never graduated from college. Truth be told, this is the closest I've related stories ever gotten to a college graduation. Today I want to tell you three stories from my life. That's it. No big deal. Just three stories.

The first story is about connecting the dots.

I dropped out of Reed College after the first 6 months, but then stayed around as a drop-in for another 18 months or so before I really quit. So why did I drop out?

It started before I was born. My biological mother was a young, unwed college graduate student, and she decided to put me up for adoption. She felt very strongly that I should be adopted by college graduates, so everything was all set for me to be adopted at birth by a lawyer and his wife. Except that when I popped out they decided at the last minute that they really wanted a girl. So my parents, who were on a waiting list, got a call in the middle of the night asking: "We have an unexpected baby boy; do you want him?" They said, "Of course." My biological mother later found out that my mother had never graduated from college and that my father had never graduated from high school. She refused to sign the final adoption papers. She only relented a few months later when my parents promised that I would someday go to college.

And 17 years later I did go to college. But, I naively chose a college that was almost as expensive as Stanford, and all of my working-class parents' savings were being spent on my college tuition. After six months, I couldn't see the value in it. I had no idea what I wanted to do with my life and no idea how college was going to help me figure it out. And here I was spending all of the money my parents had saved their entire life. So I decided to drop out and trust that it would all work out OK. It was pretty scary at the time, but looking back it was one of the best decisions I ever made. The minute I dropped out, I could stop taking the required classes that didn't interest me, and begin dropping in on the ones that looked interesting.

It wasn't all romantic. I didn't have a dorm room, so I slept on the floor in friends' rooms, I returned coke bottles for the 5¢ deposits to buy food with, and I would walk the 7 miles across town every Sunday night to get one good meal a week at the Hare Krishna temple. I loved it. And much of what I stumbled into by following my curiosity and intuition turned out to be priceless later on. Let me give you one example: Reed College at that time offered perhaps the best calligraphy instruction in the country.

Throughout the campus every poster, every label on every drawer, was beautifully hand calligraphed. Because I had dropped out and didn't have to take the normal classes, I decided to take a calligraphy class to learn how to do this. I learned about serif and sans serif typefaces, about varying the amount of space between different letter combinations, about what makes great typography great. It was beautiful, historical, artistically subtle in a way that science can't capture, and I found it fascinating.

None of this had even a hope of any practical application in my life. But ten years later, when we were designing the first Macintosh computer, it all came back to me. And we designed it all into the Mac. It was the first computer with beautiful typography. If I had never dropped in on that single course in college, the Mac would have never had multiple typefaces or proportionally spaced fonts. And since Windows just copied the Mac, it's likely that no personal computer would have them. If I had never dropped out, I would have never dropped in on this calligraphy class, and personal computers might not have the wonderful typography that they do. Of course, it was impossible to connect the dots looking forward when I was in college. But, it was very, very clear looking backwards ten years later. Again, you can't connect the dots looking forward; you can only connect them looking backwards. So you have to trust that the dots will somehow connect in your future. You have to trust in something - your gut, destiny, life, karma, whatever. This approach has never let me down, and it has made all the difference in my life.

Glossary

commencement	A ceremony at which academic degrees or diplomas are conferred
drop out	a student who withdraws before completing a course
drop-in	visitor

relent (v)	to finally agree after refusing
naively	innocently
scary	frightening
dorm room	a room for several people to sleep
stumbled into	to become involved in something by chance
calligraphy	art of producing beautiful handwriting
typeface	a visual representation a set of characters In typography
serif and sans serif	a kind typeface
typography	the art of designing how text will appear when it is printed
Macintosh computer	a popular model of computer made by Apple Compute introduced in 1984
fonts	Size of typefaces
Windows	operating systems in a computer

Think it out

1. What does Jobs say about his mother?
2. How did his foster parents adopt him?
3. What does he say about his studies at Reed College?
4. Why did he drop out from college?
5. What difficulties did he face after he dropped out?
6. Why did he decide to learn calligraphy?

7. How did his knowledge of calligraphy help him?

8. What does he mean by connecting the 'dots' ?

Unit II

Warm Up

Read this section of the text for the second story of the author and find out how he suffered in his public life and how he recovered:

The Text

My second story is about love and loss.

I was lucky - I found what I loved to do early in life. Woz and I started Apple in my parents garage when I was 20. We worked hard, and in 10 years Apple had grown from just the two of us in a garage into a \$2 billion company with over 4000 employees. We had just released our finest creation - the Macintosh - a year earlier, and I had just turned 30. And then I got fired. How can you get fired from a company you started? Well, as Apple grew we hired someone who I thought was very talented to run the company with me, and for the first year or so things went well. But then our visions of the future began to diverge and eventually we had a falling out. When we did, our Board of Directors sided with him. So at 30 I was out. And very publicly out. What had been the focus of my entire adult life was gone, and it was devastating.

I really didn't know what to do for a few months. I felt that I had let the previous generation of entrepreneurs down - that I had dropped the baton as it was being passed to me. I met with David Packard and Bob Noyce and tried to apologize for screwing up so badly. I was a very public failure, and I even thought about running away from the valley. But something slowly began to dawn on me - I still loved what I did. The turn of events at Apple had not changed that one bit. I had been rejected, but I was still in love. And so I decided to start over.

I didn't see it then, but it turned out that getting fired from Apple was the best thing that could have ever happened to me. The heaviness of being successful was replaced by the lightness of being a beginner again, less sure about everything. It freed me to enter one of the most creative periods of my life. During the next five years, I started a company named NeXT, another company named Pixar, and fell in love with an amazing woman who would become my wife. Pixar went on to create the world's first computer animated feature film, Toy Story, and is now the most successful animation studio in the world. In a remarkable turn of events, Apple bought NeXT, I returned to Apple, and the technology we developed at NeXT is at the heart of Apple's current renaissance. And Laurene and I have a wonderful family together.

I'm pretty sure none of this would have happened if I hadn't been fired from Apple. It was awful tasting medicine, but I guess the patient needed it. Sometimes life hits you in the head with a brick. Don't lose faith. I'm convinced that the only thing that kept me going was that I loved what I did. You've got to find what you love. And that is as true for your work as it is for your lovers. Your work is going to fill a large part of your life, and the only way to be truly satisfied is to do what you believe is great work. And the only way to do great work is to love what you do. If you haven't found it yet, keep looking. Don't settle. As with all matters of the heart, you'll know when you find it. And, like any great relationship, it just gets better and better as the years roll on. So keep looking until you find it. Don't settle.

Glossary

Woz	Steve Wozniak, a schoolmate of Steve Jobs
diverge	go in different directions
devastating	causing a lot of damage
screwing up	doing something badly, spoiling something
renaissance	A rebirth or revival
fired	dismissed from job

Think it out

1. How did Jobs set up the Apple Inc.?
2. How did he lose his position in the Apple Inc.?
3. How did he feel about his dismissal?
4. How did he return to the Apple Inc.?

Unit III**Warm Up**

In this section of the text, Jobs narrates his third story. Read the following unit of the text and note how he brushed with death:

The Text

My third story is about death.

When I was 17, I read a quote that went something like: "If you live each day as if it was your last, someday you'll most certainly be right." It made an impression on me, and since then, for the past 33 years, I have looked in the mirror every morning and asked myself: "If today were the last day of my life, would I want to do what I am about to do today?" And whenever the answer has been "No" for too many days in a row, I know I need to change something.

Remembering that I'll be dead soon is the most important tool I've ever encountered to help me make the big choices in life. Because almost everything - all external expectations, all pride, all fear of embarrassment or failure - these things just fall away in the face of death, leaving only what is truly important. Remembering that you are going to die is the best way I know to avoid the trap of thinking you have something to lose. You are already naked. There is no reason not to follow your heart.

About a year ago I was diagnosed with cancer. I had a scan at 7:30 in the morning, and it clearly showed a tumor on my pancreas. I didn't even know what a pancreas was. The doctors told me this was almost certainly a type of cancer that is incurable, and that I should expect to live no longer than three to six months. My doctor advised me to go home and get my affairs in order, which is doctor's code for prepare to die. It means to try to tell your kids everything you thought you'd have the next 10 years to tell them in just a few months. It means to make sure everything is buttoned up so that it will be as easy as possible for your family. It means to say your goodbyes.

I lived with that diagnosis all day. Later that evening I had a biopsy, where they stuck an endoscope down my throat, through my stomach and into my intestines, put a needle into my pancreas and got a few cells from the tumor. I was sedated, but my wife, who was there, told me that when they viewed the cells under a microscope the doctors started crying because it turned out to be a very rare form of pancreatic cancer that is curable with surgery. I had the surgery and I'm fine now.

This was the closest I've been to facing death, and I hope it's the closest I get for a few more decades. Having lived through it, I can now say this to you with a bit more certainty than when death was a useful but purely intellectual concept:

No one wants to die. Even people who want to go to heaven don't want to die to get there. And yet death is the destination we all share. No one has ever escaped it. And that is as it should be, because Death is very likely the single best invention of Life. It is Life's change agent. It clears out the old to make way for the new. Right now the new is you, but someday not too long from now, you will gradually become the old and be cleared away. Sorry to be so dramatic, but it is quite true.

Your time is limited, so don't waste it living someone else's life. Don't be trapped by dogma - which is living with the results of other people's thinking. Don't let the noise of others' opinions drown out your own inner voice. And most important, have the courage to follow your heart and intuition. They somehow already know what you truly want to become. Everything else is secondary.

When I was young, there was an amazing publication called The Whole Earth Catalog, which was one of the bibles of my generation. It was created by a fellow named Stewart Brand not far from here in Menlo Park, and he brought it to life with his poetic touch. This was in the late 1960's, before personal computers and desktop publishing, so it was all made with typewriters, scissors, and polaroid cameras. It was sort of like Google in paperback form, 35 years before Google came along: it was idealistic, and overflowing with neat tools and great notions.

Stewart and his team put out several issues of The Whole Earth Catalog, and then when it had run its course, they put out a final issue. It was the mid-1970s, and I was your age. On the back cover of their final issue was a photograph of an early morning country road, the kind you might find yourself hitchhiking on if you were so adventurous. Beneath it were the words: "Stay Hungry. Stay Foolish." It was their farewell message as they signed off. Stay Hungry. Stay Foolish. And I have always wished that for myself. And now, as you graduate to begin anew, I wish that for you.

Stay Hungry. Stay Foolish.

Thank you all very much.

Glossary

embarrassment	awkwardness
hitchhiking	to travel by asking for free rides in other peoples cars
Stay Hungry	do not feel contended with what you have already achieved but always feel hungry to do more
Stay Foolish	never think that you have learnt all; when you think that you are still foolish

Think it out

1. How did the quotation on death affect Jobs?
2. How did consciousness of death inspire him?
3. What was the doctor's advice to him when he was diagnosed with cancer?
4. How does Jobs view death?
5. What is most important in face of death?
6. What was Jobs' farewell message?

**Syllabus for Higher Secondary Education in
ENGLISH for +2 Arts, Science and Commerce Stream.
(2016 Admission Batch)**

+2 Ist year (Detailed Syllabus)

UNIT-I : PROSE

- | | |
|--|------------------------|
| i. Standing Up for Yourself | Yevgeny Yevtushenko |
| ii. The Legend behind a Legend | Hariharan Balakrishnan |
| iii. The Golden Touch | Nathaniel Hawthorne |
| iv. In London In Minus Fours | Louis Fischer |
| v. The Cancer Fight, from Hiroshima to Houston | Ritsuko Komaki |

UNIT-II : POETRY

- | | |
|---|--------------------|
| i. Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening | Robert Frost |
| ii. Oft. in the Stilly Night | Thomas Moore |
| iii. The Inchcape Rock | Robert Southey |
| iv. To My True Friend | Elizabeth Pinard |
| v. Fishing | Gopa Ranjan Mishra |

Unit-III : NON DETAILED STUDY

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------|
| i. Three Questions | Leo Tolstoy |
| ii. After Twenty Years | O. Henry |

iii. The Open Window	Saki
iv. The Open and only Houdini	Robert Lado
v. Childhood	Jawaharlal Nehru
vi Marriage	Dr. Rajendra Prasad

UNIT-IV : WRITING SKILLS

- ii. Writing a Paragraph
- iii. Developing Ideas into Paragraphs
- iiii. Writing Personal Letters and Notes
- iv. Writing Applications, Official Letters and Business letters
- v. Writing Telegrams, E-mails, Personal Advertisements, and Short Notices
- vi. Using Graphics

UNIT-V : GRAMMER

- ii. Countable and Uncountable Nouns
- iii. Tense Patterns
- iiii. Modal Verbs
- iv. Prepositions
- v. The Imperatives

Book Prescribed : Invitation to English - 1,2,3 & 4, Published by Odisha State Bureau of Text Book Preparation and Production, Bhubaneswar.

A. QUESTION PATTERN AND DISTRIBUTION OF MARKS

English +2, 1st years (For College Level Examination)

Full Mark : 100

Time : 3 Hrs.

1. Reading Comprehension

(a) Prescribed Prose Pieces.

(5 questions to be answered, each carrying 2 marks) 10 marks

(b) Prescribed Poems

(5 questions to be answered each carrying 2 marks) 10 marks

(c) Prescribed Extensive Reading Texts

(2 questions to be answered carrying 5 marks each; only global inferential and evaluative questions to be set) 10 marks

2. Reading - related skills

(a) Vocabulary skills 5 marks

(b) Information Transfer 5 marks

(Converting Verbal information to non-verbal forms, such as diagrams, charts and tables)

- (c) Reordering/sequencing sentences 5 marks
- (d) Dictionary/Reference skills
(2 marks on using a dictionary, and 3 marks meanings of a word) 5 marks
- (e) Cohesive Devices 5 marks

3. Writing skills

- (a) Letter Writing (personal/official/commercial : Word limit : 150) 10 marks
- (b) Description of object/event/process (Word limit : 150) 10 marks
- (c) Slogan/telegram/caption writing (Word limit : 10) 5 marks

4. Grammar in context 10 marks

5. Translation/story-developing 10 marks

ENGLISH

2nd Year No of Period : Yearly 80

UNIT-I : PROSE

- i. My Greatest Olympic Prize Jesse Owens
- ii. On Examinations Winston S. Churchill
- iii. The Portait of a Lady Khushwant Singh
- iv. The Magic of Teamwork Sam Pitroda
- v. Development of Polio Vaccines Bonnie A.M. Okonek and Linda Morganstein

Unit -II : POETRY

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------|
| i. Daffodils | William Wordsworth |
| ii. The Ballad of Father Gilligan | William Butler Yeats |
| iii. A Psalm of Life | Henry W. Longfellow |
| iv. Television | Roald Dahl |
| v. Money Madness | D.H. Lawrence |

Unit -III : NON DETAILED STUDY

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------|
| i. The Doctor's Word | R.K. Narayan |
| ii. The Nightingale and the Rose | Oscar Wilde |
| iii. Mystery of the Missing Cap | Manoj Das |
| iv. The Monkey's Paw | W.W. Jacobs |
| v. My Mother | Charlie Chaplin |
| vi. Stay Hungry. Stay Fit | Steve Jobs |

Unit -IV : WRITING SKILLS

- i. Interpreting Graph, Charts, Tables and diagrams etc
- ii. Reporting Events and Business Matters
- iii. Note-making and summarizing
- iv. Extended Writing

Unit -V : GRAMMAR

- i. Revision of 'Tense Pattern's and 'Modal Verbs'
- ii. Conditionals
- iii. The Passive
- iv. Direct and Reported Speech
- v. Interrogatives
- vi. Phrasal Verbs

Book Prescribed : *Invitation to English - 1,2,3 & 4* , Published by Odisha State Bureau of Text Book Preparation and Production, Bhubaneswar.

QUESTION PATTERN AND DISTRIBUTION OF MARKS

English +2, 2nd year

Full Mark : 100

Time : 3 Hrs.

1. Reading Comprehension

- (a) Prescribed Prose Pieces.
(5 questions to be answered, each carrying 2 marks) 10 marks
- (b) Prescribed Peoms
(5 questions to be answered each carrying 2 marks) 10 marks
- (c) Prescribed Extensive Reading Texts 10 marks
(2 questions to be answered carrying 5 marks each; only global inferential and evaluative questions to be set on a passage of about 250 words)

(d) Unseen Prose passage

(5 questions including inferential ones, carrying 2 marks each) 10 marks

2. Reading - related skills

(a) Vocabulary skills (to be tested on the unseen passage) 5 marks

(b) Information Transfer (70 words) 5 marks

(Converting non-Verbal information into verbal form)

(c) Dictionary/Reference skills 5 marks

3. Writing Skills

(a) Report Writing (200 words) 10 marks

(b) Guided Note making on a given passage 7 marks

(c) Summarizing on the same passage 8 marks

(d) Essay writing (250 words - on given outlines) 10 marks

4. Grammar in Context 10 marks
