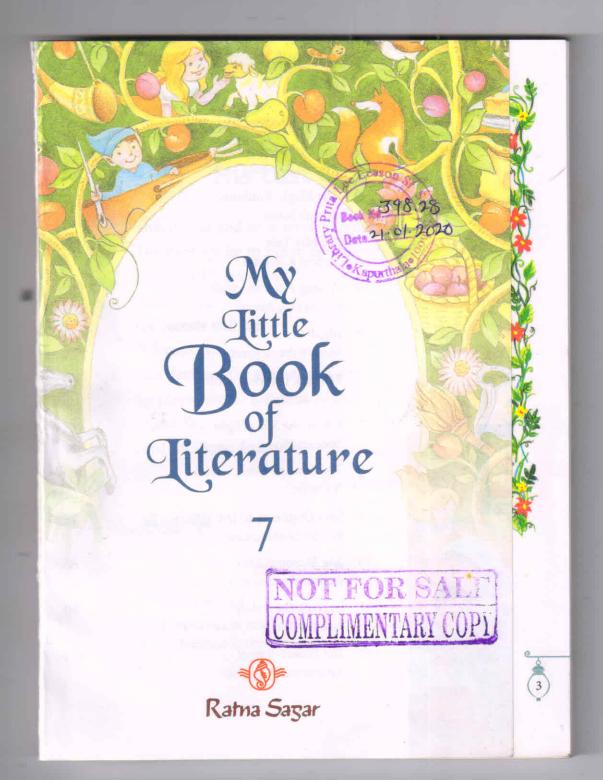


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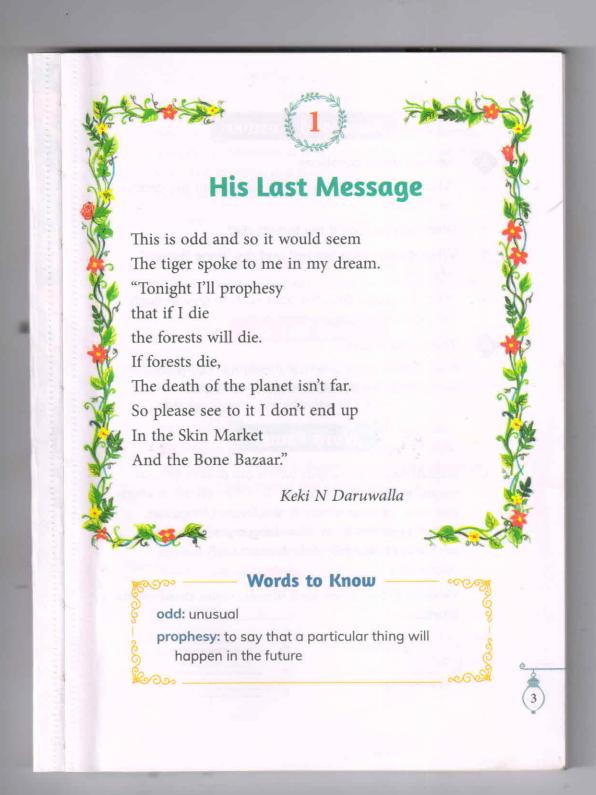




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Read and Answer

- Answer these questions.
- 1. What did the tiger say to the poet about the death of the forests?
- 2. What will happen if the forests die?
- 3. What do the 'Skin Market' and the 'Bone Bazaar' refer to?
- 4. What message does the poet wish to give through this poem?
- B Think and answer.

Give two reasons why we should not buy products made from the bones or skins of animals.

Word Power

 English has many words which are of non-English origin. 'Bazaar', for example, is a Persian word which has now become a part of the English language. Adapting words from other languages is one way which has helped English develop such a large vocabulary.

Think of a few more such words. Write them on the blanks.

1.	jungle	d
	7 77	

- b. _____ e. ____
- c. _____ f. ____





 The word prophesy is a verb. However, if you replace the letter s in it by c, the new word formed (prophecy) becomes a noun. Similarly, practise is a verb, but practice is a noun.

Write one more such verb-noun pair.

verb noun

3. What is a species that has been categorized as very likely to become extinct in the near future called?



One million children in India have pledged to save the tiger as part of the tiger conservation programme Kids for Tigers. Are you one of them?

Find out how many children in your (a) class (b) school (c) neighbourhood are part of this campaign. Visit the website www.kidsfortigers.org to know more about the programme.

 India has around 53 Tiger Reserves.
 Complete the names of the Tiger Reserves given below. The states where they are situated are mentioned alongside.

a.	R	N	PU	R

b. NA__D__P__A

c. K__N__A

d. C__R__E___

e. P__L___AU

Karnataka

Arunachal Pradesh

Madhya Pradesh

Uttarakhand

Jharkhand





The Magic Bonbons



This short story is about a series of amusing events which follow after a few unsuspecting people eat a box of bonbons. But what is it about the bonbons that makes everyone go crazy? Read this delightful story by L. Frank Baum. Be prepared to laugh as you read.



There lived in Boston an old and wise chemist by the name of Dr Daws, who dabbled somewhat in magic. There also lived in Boston a young lady by the name of Claribel Sudds, who possessed a lot of money, little wit, and an intense desire to go upon the stage. So Claribel went to Dr Daws and said:

"I can neither sing nor dance; I cannot recite verse nor play upon the piano; I am no acrobat nor high kicker; yet I wish to go upon the stage. What shall I do?"

"Are you willing to pay for such accomplishments?" asked the wise chemist.

"Certainly, Uncle Daws," answered Claribel, jingling her purse.

"Then come to me tomorrow at two o'clock," said he. All that night he practised what is known as chemical sorcery, so that when Claribel Sudds came next day at





two o'clock he showed her a small box filled with what closely resembled French bonbons.

"This is a progressive age," said the old man, "and your Uncle Daws keeps right along with the procession. Now, one of your old-fashioned sorcerers would have made you some nasty, bitter pills to swallow, but I have kept in mind your taste and convenience. Here are some magic bonbons. If you eat this one with the lavender colour you can dance thereafter as lightly and gracefully as if you had been trained a lifetime. After you consume the pink one you will sing like a nightingale. Eating the white one will enable you to become the finest elocutionist in the land. The chocolate piece will charm you into playing the piano better than Rubinstein, while after eating the lemon-yellow bonbon you can easily kick six feet above your head."

"How delightful!" exclaimed Claribel, who was truly enraptured. "You are certainly a most clever sorcerer!" And she held out her hand for the box.

"Ahem!" said the wise one, "a cheque, please."

"Oh, yes, to be sure! How stupid of me to forget it," she said.

Dr Daws retained the box in his own hand while she signed a cheque for a large amount of money, after which he allowed her to hold the box herself.

"Are you sure you have made them strong enough?" she inquired anxiously, "it usually takes a great deal to affect me."



"My only fear," replied Dr Daws, "is that I have made them too strong. For this is the first time I have ever been called upon to prepare these wonderful confections."

"Don't worry," said Claribel, "the stronger they act the better I shall act myself."

She went away after saying this, but while shopping in another store, she placed the precious box on the ribbon counter and forgot all about it.

Then little Bessie Bostwick came to the counter to buy a hair ribbon and laid her parcels beside the box. When she went away, she gathered up the box with her other bundles and trotted off home with it.

Bessie never knew, until after she had hung her coat in the hall closet and counted her parcels, that she had one too many. Then she opened it and exclaimed:

"Why, it's a box of candy! Someone must have mislaid it. But it is too small a matter to worry about; there are only a few pieces." So she dumped the contents of the box into a bonbon dish that stood upon the hall table, and picking out the chocolate piece – she was fond of chocolates – ate it daintily while she examined her purchases.

These were not many, for Bessie was only twelve years old and was not yet trusted by her parents to spend much money at the stores. But while she tried on the hair ribbon she suddenly felt a great desire to play the piano, and the desire at last became so overpowering that she went into the parlour and opened the instrument.





The little girl had, with infinite pains, learnt two pieces which she usually played with a jerky movement of her right hand and a left hand that forgot to keep up, and so made dreadful discords. But under the influence of the chocolate bonbon she sat down and ran her fingers lightly over the keys producing such exquisite harmony that she was filled with amazement at her own performance.

That was the prelude, however. The next moment she dashed into Beethoven's seventh sonata and played it magnificently.

Her mother, hearing the unusual burst of melody, came downstairs to see which musical guest had arrived, but when she discovered it was her own little daughter who was playing so divinely, she had an attack of palpitation of the heart (to which she was subject), and sat down on a sofa until it should pass away.

Meanwhile, Bessie played one piece after another with untiring energy. She loved music, and now found that all she needed to do was to sit at the piano and listen and watch her hands twinkle over the keyboard.

Twilight deepened in the room and Bessie's father came home and hung up his hat and overcoat and placed his umbrella in the rack. Then he peeped into the parlour to see who was playing.

"Great Caesar!" he exclaimed. But the mother came to him softly with her finger on her lips and whispered: "Don't interrupt her, John. Our child seems to be in a trance. Did you ever hear such superb music?"



"Why, she's an infant prodigy!" gasped the astounded father.

As they stood listening the senator arrived, having been invited to dine with them that evening. And before he had taken off his coat, the Yale professor—a man of great learning and scholarly attainments—joined the party.

Bessie played on, and the four elders stood in a silent and amazed group, listening to the music and waiting for the sound of the dinner gong.

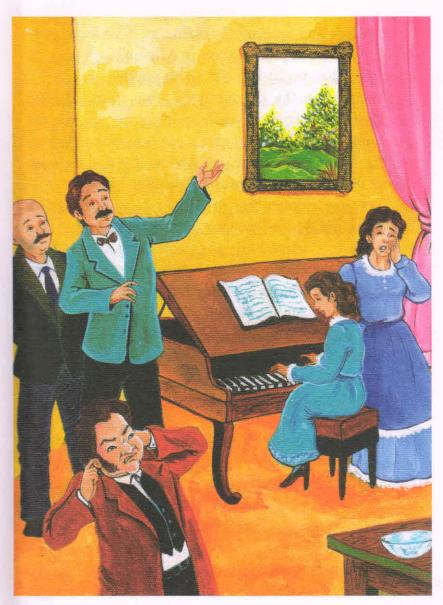
Mr Bostwick, who was hungry, picked up the bonbon dish that lay on the table beside him and ate the pink confection. The professor was watching him, so Mr Bostwick courteously held the dish towards him. The professor ate the lemon-yellow piece, and the senator reached out his hand and took the lavender piece. He did not eat it, however, thinking that it might spoil his dinner, and put it in his vest pocket. Mrs Bostwick, still intently listening to her daughter, and without thinking took the remaining piece, which was the white one, and slowly devoured it.

The dish was now empty, and Claribel Sudds' precious bonbons had passed from her possession forever!

Suddenly Mr Bostwick, who was a big man, began to sing in a shrill, tremolo soprano voice. It was not the same song Bessie was playing, and the discord was so shocking that the professor smiled, the senator put his hands to his ears, and Mrs Bostwick cried in a horrified voice:

"William!"





The senator put his hands to his ears, and Mrs Bostwick cried in a horrified voice: "William!"

Her husband continued to sing as if endeavouring to emulate the famous Christine Nilsson, and paid no attention whatever to his wife or his guests.

Fortunately, the dinner gong now sounded, and Mrs Bostwick dragged Bessie from the piano and ushered her guests into the dining room. Mr Bostwick followed, singing 'The Last Rose of Summer' as if it had been an encore demanded by a thousand delighted hearers.

The poor woman was in despair at witnessing her husband's undignified actions and wondered what she might do to control him. The professor seemed more grave than usual, the senator's face wore an offended expression, and Bessie kept moving her fingers as if she still wanted to play the piano.

Mrs Bostwick managed to get them all seated, although her husband had broken into another aria; and then the maid brought in the soup.

When she carried a plate to the professor, he cried in an excited voice:

"Hold it higher! Higher, I say!" And springing up he gave the plate a sudden kick that sent it nearly to the ceiling, from whence the dish descended to scatter soup over Bessie and the maid and to smash into pieces upon the crown of the professor's bald head.

At this atrocious act, the senator rose from his seat with an exclamation of horror and glanced at his hostess

For some time Mrs Bostwick had been staring straight ahead, with a dazed expression, but now, catching the



senator's eye, she bowed gracefully and began reciting 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' in forceful tones.

The senator shuddered. Such disgraceful rioting he had never seen nor heard before in a decent private family. He felt that his reputation was at stake, and, being the only sane person, apparently, in the room, there was no one to whom he might appeal.

The maid had run away to cry hysterically in the kitchen; Mr Bostwick was singing 'O Promise Me'; the professor was trying to kick the globes off the chandelier; Mrs Bostwick had switched her recitation to 'The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck'; and Bessie had stolen into the parlour and was pounding out the overture from the 'Flying Dutchman'.

The senator was not at all sure he would not go crazy himself, so he slipped away from the turmoil, and, taking his hat and coat, hurried from the house.

That night he sat up late writing a political speech he was to deliver the next afternoon at Faneuil Hall, but his experiences at the Bostwicks' had so unnerved him that he could scarcely collect his thoughts, and often he would pause and shake his head pityingly as he remembered the strange things he had seen in that usually respectable home.

The next day he met Mr Bostwick in the street, but passed him by with a stony glare. He felt he really could not afford to know this gentleman in the future. Mr Bostwick was naturally upset; yet in his mind there lingered a faint memory of some quite unusual occurrences at his dinner

party the evening before, and he did not know whether to resent the senator's behaviour or not.

The political meeting was the feature of the day, for the senator's eloquence was well known in Boston. So the big hall was crowded with people, and in one of the front rows sat the Bostwick family, with the learned Yale professor beside them. They all looked tired and pale and the senator was rendered so nervous by seeing them that he refused to look in their direction a second time

While the mayor was introducing him, the great man sat fidgeting in his chair; and, happening to put his thumb and finger into his vest pocket, he found the lavendercoloured bonbon he had placed there the evening before

"This may clear my throat," thought the senator, and slipped the bonbon into his mouth.

A few minutes afterwards he arose before the vast audience, which greeted him with enthusiastic applause

"My friends," began the senator, in a grave voice, "this is a most impressive and important occasion."

Then he paused, balanced himself upon his left foot and kicked his right leg into the air in the way favoured by ballet dancers!

There was a hum of amazement and horror from the spectators, but the senator appeared not to notice it. He whirled around upon the tips of his toes, kicked right and left in a graceful manner, and startled a bald-headed man in the front row by casting a longing glance in his direction.

Suddenly Claribel Sudds, who happened to be present



uttered a scream and sprang to her feet. Pointing an accusing finger at the dancing senator, she cried in a loud voice:

"That's the man who stole my bonbons! Seize him! Arrest him! Don't let him escape!"

But the ushers rushed her out of the hall, thinking she had gone suddenly insane; and the senator's friends seized him firmly and carried him out of the stage entrance to the street, where they put him into an open carriage and instructed the driver to take him home.

The effect of the magic bonbon was still powerful enough to control the poor senator, who stood upon the rear seat of the carriage and danced energetically all the way home, to the delight of the crowd of small boys who followed the carriage and the grief of the sober-minded citizens, who shook their heads sadly and whispered that "another good man had gone wrong."

It took the senator several months to recover from the shame and humiliation of this escapade; and, curiously enough, he never had the slightest idea what had induced him to act in so extraordinary a manner. Perhaps it was fortunate the last bonbon had now been eaten, for they might easily have caused considerably more trouble than they did.

Of course, Claribel went again to the wise chemist and signed a cheque for another box of magic bonbons. And she must have taken better care of these, for she is now a famous vaudeville actress.

L Frank Baum

Words to Know

dabbled: practised something in a casual way accomplishments: here, skills

sorcery: magic with the aim of controlling people and events

bonbons: candies with fruits or nuts in the centre, and coated with chocolate, etc, on the outside

progressive age: an age marked by new ideas and inventions

keeps right . . . procession: here, keeps himself informed of the latest inventions and discoveries

elocutionist: a skilled public speaker or reciter of verse

Rubinstein: Arthur Rubinstein was a famous classical pianist.

discords: harsh sounds with no harmony prelude: a short piece of music, especially an

introduction to a longer piece

Beethoven: Ludwig van Beethoven was a famous German composer and pianist. Although Beethoven was deaf, he composed many memorable musical pieces.

palpitation of the heart: rapid beating of the heart prodigy: a young person who is naturally talented at something and has exceptional skill for his or her age

senator: member of the American Senate



Yale: Yale University

tremolo: a special effect produced when a person repeats the same notes very quickly

soprano voice: the highest singing voice of a young man or a woman

emulate: imitate in an effort to equal or surpass

Christine Nilsson: Swedish opera singer with a soprano voice

encore: a repeat performance in response to the demand of the audience

aria: a solo vocal piece accompanied by an instrument

atrocious: very shocking and unpleasant

fidgeting: behaving in a restless or nervous manner

ushers: people employed to escort people to their seats in a hall or theatre

gone wrong: here, turned mad

escapade: a wild and reckless act

vaudeville: a popular form of entertainment in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, which included singing, dancing and comedy

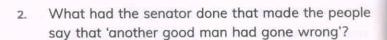
Read and Answer

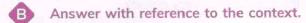


Answer these questions.

 Describe the events that took place at the Bostwick residence after Bessie brought home the box of bonbons.







- "I can neither sing nor dance; I cannot recite verse nor play upon the piano; I am no acrobat nor high kicker; yet I wish to go upon the stage. What shall I do?"
 - a. Who is the speaker here?
 - b. To whom is the speaker saying this?
 - c. How does the person help the speaker?
- "Why, she's an infant prodigy!" gasped the astounder father.
 - a. Who is the speaker talking about?
 - b. What had the 'infant prodigy' done?
 - c. Why was the speaker astounded?
- "That's the man who stole my bonbons! Seize him! Arrest him! Don't let him escape!"
 - a. Who is the speaker here?
 - b. Who is the speaker calling a thief and why?
 - c. What had the man done that made the speaker say these words?

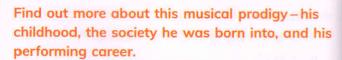


Tick (✓) the correct meaning.

- jingling her purse
 - a. emptying her purse
 - b. shaking her purse so that the coins jingled



2.	trotted off a. walked away in a lively manner b. ran off	
3.	one too many a. one more than the required number b. too many parcels for one to carry	
4.	had broken into another ariaa. had begun to sing againb. broke a song into another piece	
5.	collect his thoughts a. think quickly b. take time and think over something	
6.	stony glare a. angry look b. cold look	
7.	hum of amazement and horror a. murmur of shocked voices b. musical sound	
	Do and Learn	
1.	Have you ever done anything that has taken by surprise or seen someone behave very ode If you have, write about it.	
2.	While most of us may know about Beethoven and Rubinstein, many of us may not have ever heard about Thomas 'Blind Tom' Wiggins.	n &



 If you liked this somewhat real, somewhat magical story, read another story, 'The Glass Dog', by the same author. Write what you liked about it.

Know More

L Frank Baum was an American author known for his children's books.

L Frank Baum's first bestselling book was Father Goose: His Book. But he is best known for the Oz series, of which the first was The Wonderful Wizard of Oz.



A Fishy Tale

col mo

This play is adapted from an excerpt from Jerome K Jerome's novel Three Men in a Boat. The novel is a humorous account of a boating holiday undertaken by three friends – Jerome, George and Harris. This play recounts the tall stories fishermen spin in order to boast about their catch. The author is a British writer of the Victorian period, best known for his comic novels and plays.



CHARACTERS

GEORGE
JEROME
OLD MAN
PORTER
MAN
MIDDLE-AGED MAN
OWNER

(Jerome and George are standing outside a small inn.)

GEORGE: This looks like a nice inn, Jerome.

JEROME: All right, let's go in. It'll be good to sit down after that walk.

(Inside the Inn)

OLD MAN: Good evening, gentlemen! What a lovely

day it's been!

JEROME: Good evening! Yes, it was a nice day.



GEORGE: Good evening! Oh yes, and yesterday was fine too.

OLD MAN: And tomorrow . . .

GEORGE & JEROME: . . . is going to be fine too!

OLD MAN: Are you from these parts?

GEORGE: No, we are on a boating holiday. So we are here for just one day. Tomorrow we'll be off on our travels again!

JEROME: George, look! Have you ever seen a trout as big as that?

GEORGE: No! That's a monstrous fish!

OLD MAN: Ah! That is a fine fish, isn't it?

I caught it just below the bridge. And with only one little minnow!

JEROME: You caught that fish?

OLD MAN: Yes, I did. Sixteen years ago.

And how much do you think it weighed?

JEROME & GEORGE: How much?

OLD MAN: It weighed eighteen pounds and six ounces

GEORGE: Really?

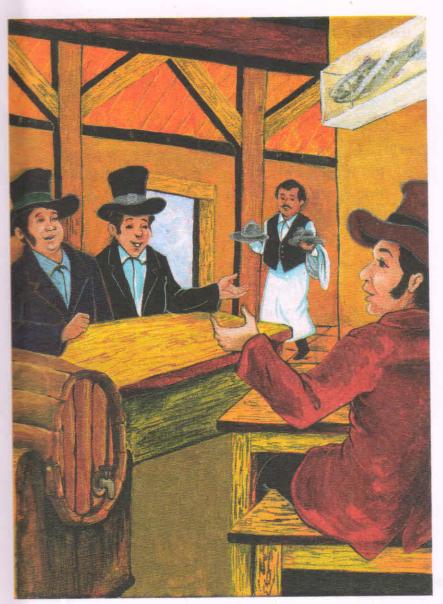
OLD MAN: Oh, yes. You don't see many fish of that size these days. Well, good night, gentlemen!

JEROME: Good night!

(Old Man goes. Porter comes in.)

GEORGE: What a fish that is!

PORTER: Oh, yes. Were you here the day that fish was caught?



"Oh, yes. You don't see many fish of that size these days."

JEROME: No, this is our first visit to this town.

GEORGE: We are only here for the day.

PORTER: So, you probably haven't heard the story of how that fish was caught.

JEROME: No, but . . .

PORTER: I caught that fish. Five years have passed but it seems like yesterday. I remember, it was a Friday afternoon. Can you guess how I caught it?

JEROME & GEORGE: No.

PORTER: With a fly! I caught a twenty-six pound fish with a fly. Well, good night!

(Porter goes. A man comes in.)

MAN: Ah! I see you are looking at the fish I caught.

JEROME & GEORGE: You caught that fish?

MAN: Oh, yes, I caught that trout early one morning. Anyway, good night gentlemen!

(Man goes. A middle-aged man comes in and sits down.

GEORGE: Good evening!

MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Good evening, gentlemen!

GEORGE: My friend and I were wondering . . .

MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Yes?

JEROME: Can you tell us how you caught that fish?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN: That fish? Who told you that caught it?

JEROME: Nobody did. But we just had a feeling that it was you who caught it.



MIDDLE-AGED MAN: (Laughing) It's amazing that you guessed it. Yes, I did catch that fish and I broke my rod catching it. But what an amazing experience that was. It took me half an hour to get that fish. And how much do you think it weighed? Thirty-four pounds! I know because I went home and weighed it.

GEORGE: That's very impressive!

MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Yes, it is. Nice talking to you gentlemen. Good night!

(Middle-aged man goes out and the owner of the inn comes in.)

OWNER: Everything all right, gentlemen?

JEROME: Oh, yes.

GEORGE: We've been hearing stories from different people about how they caught that fish!

OWNER: (laughing) Imagine Jim and Joe and Mr Jones and old Billy telling you that they caught that fish! What stories they spin!

JEROME: But what is the real story of the fish? Who caught it?

OWNER: Why, I did of course! I was only a boy then but I was a determined fellow. I wasn't going to let a fish get away from me.

GEORGE: Well, you should be proud of yourself.
That's a truly magnificent fish!

OWNER: Thank you, Sirs. Now, if there's nothing



you need, I'll leave you to enjoy your evening.

(Owner goes out.)

JEROME: Aren't you glad we came into this inn, George? Otherwise we would have missed seeing that astonishing trout.

GEORGE: I want to take a closer look at it.

JEROME: Closer look? What do you mean? (George climbs up on a chair.)

JEROME: George, careful.

GEORGE: I am fine, Jerome.

JEROME: The chair is slipping. George, be careful! (With a crash, George falls down.

The case with the fish falls down too.)

JEROME: George! Oh, George, is the fish all right? Have you injured it?

GEORGE: I don't think so.

JEROME: Oh, no! George, look what you did. You broke the fish into a thousand pieces.

GEORGE: A thousand pieces? Don't be silly, Jerome. A fish can't break.

JEROME: It can, George.

GEORGE: No, it can't.

JEROME: A real fish can't break, George.

GEORGE: What do you mean?

JEROME: I mean that the fish wasn't real. It was made of plaster of Paris!



GEORGE: What? So what were all those stories we heard?

JEROME: Only tales. Fishy tales!

Adapted by Nandini Nayar

Words to Know

inn: a small hotel in a village where travellers can eat and stay

trout: a large, freshwater fish

monstrous: here, extremely large

eighteen pounds and six ounces: a little more than eight kilograms

minnow: a small fish used as bait to catch larger fish porter: here, carrier

fly: a feather-light, artificial object that looks like an insect and is used as bait to catch fish

plaster of Paris: A white powder that hardens when moistened and allowed to dry. It is commonly used by doctors to set broken bones or by artists to make statues.

Read and Answer



Answer these questions.

- 1. Where was the trout and why did it fascinate George and Jerome?
- 2. How many people claimed that they had caught the trout? Who were they?



- 3. Which four pieces of information did the porter give about how and when he caught the trout?
- B Answer with reference to the context.
 - "Yes, I did. Sixteen years ago. And how much do you think it weighed?"
 - a. Who said these words? Where were the speaker and the listeners sitting?
 - b. How much did the fish weigh according to the speaker?
 - c. Who came in after the speaker left?
 - 2. "... is the fish all right? Have you injured it?"
 - a. Who said these words and to whom?
 - b. What made the speaker say these words?
 - c. What truth did they learn about the fish from this incident?
- Think and answer.
 - 1. In what way is this play about a trout, a 'fishy' tale?
 - 2. How do you think George and Jerome felt after they discovered the truth about the trout?
 - 3. Which part of the story did you enjoy the most and why?

Word Power

Tick (✓) the correct meaning.

- 1. Are you from these parts?
 - a. Do you belong to this place?
 - b. Have you ever lived here?

- I did catch that fish and I broke my rod catching it.
 - a. I don't know how to catch fish.
 - b. The fish was very big and heavy.
- 3. What stories they spin!
 - a. How they make up false tales!
 - b. How they twist and turn their stories!

Do and Learn

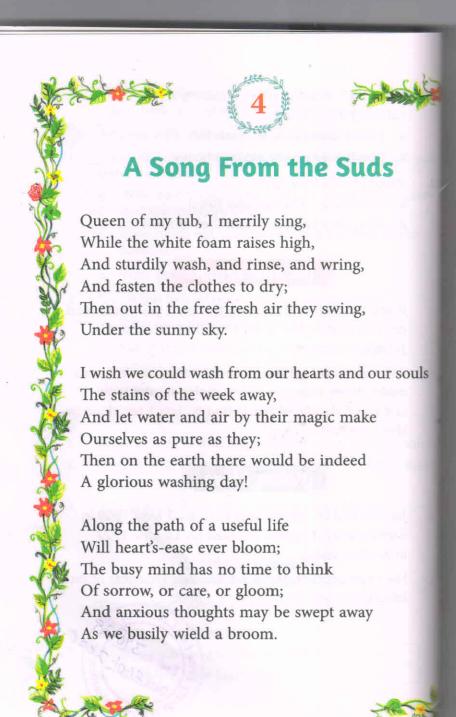
If you have enjoyed reading this play, you could read another part of the novel Three Men in a Boat by Jerome K Jerome.

Attempt to adapt the extract into a play. You may make minor changes to the dialogue and leave out some details of the action as has been done in this adaptation.

Know More

- Jerome Klapka Jerome was born on 2 May 1859 in Staffordshire, England. He died on 14 June 1927 in Northampton.
- His most popular works are The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow and Three Men in a Boat.







I am glad a task to me is given
To labour at day by day;
For it brings me health, and strength, and hope,
And I cheerfully learn to say—
'Head, you may think; heart, you may feel;
But hand, you shall work always!'

Louisa May Alcott

Words to Know

suds: foam

sturdily: here, energetically

wring: twist washed clothes to squeeze out water

stains of the week: unpleasant memories of the

week gone by

heart's-ease: small European wild flower, it has

various uses in herbal medicine

wield: to hold and use something

Read and Answer



Answer these questions.

- 1. Who is the speaker in the poem?
- What does the speaker wish to wash from her heart and her soul?

3. What value does the poem convey by referring to simple act of washing clothes? Why is the speaker glad that a task has been give to her? How does a busy life help us? B Think and answer. Tick (\checkmark) the correct answers. The 'Queen of my tub' is a. the washerwoman. b. the suds. c. the water. The 'stains of the week' are a. the dirt on the clothes. b. the troubles of the week. c. the days wasted during the week. A 'glorious washing day' is a day when a. the speaker will be able to clean the clothes properly. b. it will be sunny and the clothes will dry quickly. c. the hearts and minds of all will be rid of negative thoughts. Anxious thoughts are compared to a. a broom. b. a busy person.

c. dust and dirt.

5.	'heart's-ease' is the name of a flower, but in the
	poem it stands for

a. health and happiness.

b. our heart.

c. solution to every problem of life.



Identify words in the poem which are related to:

 The washing and drying of clothes, for example: foam

 The positive spirit of the speaker for example: merrily

Do and Learn

The poem talks about the advantages of being busy.
 When we are busy, we do not have time for gloomy thoughts or worries.

Have you ever felt that way? Write a few lines about it.

Read the poem 'Leisure' by William Henry Davies.
 It carries a very different message – the importance of leisure.

As a class, divide yourselves into two groups: the Washing Group and the Leisure Group. Take turns to debate the importance of work versus the importance of leisure.



Idgah

Con Conso

It is the morning of Id, and Hamid can't wait to go to the fair with his friends. But he is poor and has only three paise to spend on sweets and toys. So what does Hamid finally buy? Here is a heartwarming tale of a little boy who displays rare sensitivity and courage when faced with temptation. Idgah is a story that you will remember for a long, long time.

Id has come a full thirty days after Ramzan. What beautiful morning it is! The green fields, the blue sky, a dazzling sunshine, all seem to be celebrating the adverse of Id.

The entire village is full of hustle and bust. Preparations to go to the *Idgah* are in full swing. Someone kurta lacks a button. He runs to his neighbour's house borrow needle and thread. Someone else's leather shown have grown too hard to wear. He runs to the oil press for some oil to grease and soften the leather.

The bullocks are being hastily given their fodder because it will be afternoon by the time folks return from the Idgah. It is a good three miles from the village to say nothing of the time that will be taken in meeting and chatting with scores of people.



The boys are the most excited. Some of them had fasted once, during the month of Ramzan, but only till noon. Others hadn't even done that. But it did not matter. Fasts were for the aged. For youngsters, Id was the important thing and today the long-awaited day had finally arrived. Why wasn't everyone hurrying to go to the Idgah? The boys didn't care if there was milk and sugar in the house to cook *seviyan*, the Id speciality. They were only concerned with eating it!

They jingled the coins in their pockets, took them out to count them and put them joyfully. Mehmood had twelve paise. Mohsin had fifteen! With this treasure they were going to buy countless things – toys, sweets, bugles, balls and what not.

The happiest boy of all was Hamid. He was a poor, ill-clad, skinny child of four or five, whose father had died last year of cholera, and whose mother had wasted away and died of God knows what disease. Now Hamid slept in the lap of his old grandmother Amena and was as happy as he had always been. He believed his father would return with sackfuls of money. His mother, who had gone to Allah's abode, would come back with the loveliest gifts for Hamid. Then he will have much more than Mohsin, Noorey and Sammi!

Hamid runs into the house and tells his grandmother not to worry. He will be among the first to return from the Idgah. Amena's heart is aching. How can she let her little one go alone? What if he gets lost? How will a mite



like him trudge three miles barefoot? She cannot with him. A poor woman like her has yet to collect ingredients for making seviyan. And borrowing tamuch more time than buying.

The villagers finally leave for the Idgah, the childranning ahead. Hamid is with them. Closer to the to they walk past the houses and the gardens of the the law court, the college, the club, the police station-viewed by the children with the greatest curiosity.

As they approach the Idgah, they catch up with of groups of people heading the same way. People in *tong* people in cars, people on foot, all brightly dressed agog with anticipation.

Suddenly they spot the Idgah. It is shaded by tamaratrees and its cemented floor is covered with shee There are rows upon rows of worshippers stretchin well beyond the courtyard of the mosque. Along woother newcomers, the people from Hamid's village to their place in the back rows, after washing their ham and feet. Wealth and status do not matter here. In the eyes of Allah, all men are equal. What a beautiful signitis—the simultaneous bowing of thousands of heads prayer. So many worshippers standing erect together, the bowing down together and sitting on their knees. What a we-inspiring and heart-warming sight it is!

The *namaz* is over. People meet and embrace each other. Then they head for the toy shops and the sweshops. The villagers are as excited as little children. On



paise for a ride on the swing, taking you up into the air, then hurling you down to earth. And one paise for twenty-five rides on the roundabout. Mehmood, Mohsin, Noorey, and Sammi climb on to the wooden horses and camels and go round and round joyfully. Hamid stands apart. He has only three paise. He cannot afford to spend one-third of his precious money on a mere roundabout.

His friends dismount and run across to the row of toy shops. Mehmood buys a soldier in a khaki uniform and red turban, with a rifle on his shoulder, ready for action. Mohsin buys a smiling water-carrier, ready to sprinkle water on dusty roads. Noorey acquires a lawyer. How impressive he seems, attired in a black gown, with a gold watch-chain and a fat law book in his hand. Sammi buys a sturdy washerwoman.

All these toys cost two paise each, too expensive for Hamid to buy. "They are only of clay," he tells his friends. "One fall and they'll break!"

Yet he looks at the toys with envious eyes and wants to play with them. But boys are not very generous, especially when their toys are new. Hamid's desire remains unfulfilled.

From the toy shops, the boys move to the shops selling mithai. Here one of the boys buys reweries, the other buys gulab jamuns and a third buys sohan halwa. Hamid buys nothing. He has only three paise to spend. But he cannot help eyeing the sweets in the hands of his friends.

"Here, Hamid," says Mohsin. "Have some of my reweries."



Does Mohsin really mean it? Hamid is not sur Nevertheless he stretches out his hand. Mohsin por the reweries into his own mouth and smirks. The other laugh. Hamid is crestfallen.

After the mithai shops are some hardware stores are some shops selling jewellery. The boys are not attracted to these. They move on. But Hamid stops before a pair of chimtas or iron tongs. His grandmother doesn't have a pair of tongs. Each time she makes chapatis, she burn her fingers. How happy she will be if he buys a pair tongs for her! There will be one useful thing in the house Toys are worthless in comparison. You tire of them they break.

Hamid looks at his friends who are all drinking sherbet at a nearby stall. How greedy they are! The have eaten so many sweets and not given me even one. And then they say, play with us, do this for us, do the for us. Now I'll see how anyone asks me to do anything. Let them eat their sweets. They'll break out in boils are pimples. I won't.

When Amma sees the chimta I have bought for he she will shower me with a thousand blessings. She will run and show the chimta to our neighbours. The who village will talk about it. Everyone will say, "What a goo boy Hamid is!"

If these boys want to laugh at me for buying a chimblet them. When Abbajan and Ammi come with lots toys and sweets then I'll be the one who will laugh!



Hamid asks the shopkeeper, "How much is this chimta?"

"Six paise," is the reply.

Hamid's heart sinks. But he says boldly, "Three paise. Take it or leave it."

To his surprise, the shopkeeper gives the chimta to him. Hamid struts up to his friends, with the chimta on his shoulder.

"What will you do with this, you fool?" laughs Mohsin. Hamid flings his tongs on the ground and challenges Mohsin to throw down his clay water-carrier in the same way. Mohsin cannot. The toy will break.

"Do you think this chimta is some kind of toy?" sneers Mehmood.

"Why not?" says Hamid. "Put it on your shoulder, it becomes a gun. Hold it in your hand, it becomes the tongs singing *fakirs* use instead of cymbals. One hit from my chimta and all your toys will break. But none of them can harm my lion-hearted warrior!"

Sammi is impressed. He offers to exchange the tambourine he bought for eight paise with Hamid's tongs. But Hamid refuses. His tongs have fascinated all the boys. But what can they do? They have no money left and anyway it is time to return home. Hamid is a clever fellow! Now his friends know why he didn't spend his money earlier.

"Your chimta can't fill water like my water-carrier can!" says Mohsin, desperately trying to regain his superiority.

"One shout from my tongs and your water-carrier will come running to his door," asserts Hamid.

Mohsin has no answer. Mehmood comes to his rescue "What if we get caught for doing something wrong! We'll definitely need Noorey's lawyer then."

For a moment Hamid is nonplussed. Then he says, "But who will arrest us?"

"Mehmood's soldier will," says Noorey confidently.

"That poor creature?" Hamid's tone is scornful "Come on then, let's see who is stronger – my chimta or Mehmood's soldier!"

Mehmood is defeated but he tries again. "Your chimta will burn his face in the fire every day," he jeen at Hamid.

"So what?" says Hamid promptly. "Only the courageous can jump into a fire! Your toys will hide in the house."

Mehmood tries again. "Our lawyer will sit in style on a chair. Your tongs will only lie on the kitchen floor

"My tongs won't lie on the floor. They'll knock your lawyer down and stuff his law down his throat!" Hamid rejoinder is rather wild but somehow it clears the field for him. Now no one has anything to say. Hamid's chimta the undisputed champion!

The boys are anxious to handle the champion. In exchange they offer their toys to Hamid for his examination. What beautiful toys they are! "I was only pulling your leg," says Hamid. "How can a pair of tong compare with such lifelike toys?"



But the boys are not convinced. No one, not even Hamid, can now challenge the superiority of the tongs.

On the way home, Mehmood feels hungry. His father buys him bananas. He shares them only with Hamid.

It is eleven o'clock. Those who had gone to the Idgah have just returned. The village is agog with excitement. Mohsin's younger sister runs to him and snatches the water-carrier from his hand. As she jumps for joy, the toy slips from her grasp, falls, and breaks into pieces. Brother and sister come to blows. Both howl. Both are smacked by their angry mother.

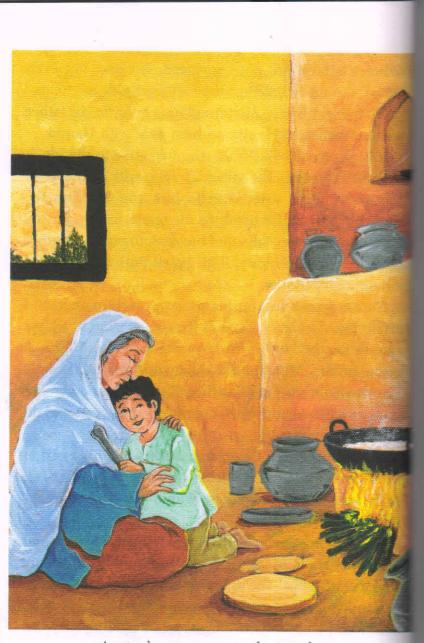
Noorey fixes a seat for his lawyer, seats him on it, and fans him with a bamboo leaf. Is it a gust of wind or a blow from the fan that throws the lawyer to the ground? That is the end of him. Mehmood's soldier survives but manages to break a leg while guarding the village. Mehmood breaks his other leg so that the poor man can at least sit and do his duty in comfort!

Hamid's grandmother Amena runs to him as soon as she hears his voice and takes him lovingly in her lap. She is startled to see the tongs. Hamid tells her he bought the tongs for three paise.

What a peculiar child! He remained hungry and thirsty the whole morning, and all he could find to buy was a pair of tongs! She upbraids him for his foolishness.

Hamid's feelings are hurt. In an injured voice he says, "Every day you burn your fingers while making chapatis. That is why I bought the chimta for you."





Amena's annoyance melts into love.

Amena's annoyance melts into love. A love so deep that it cannot be expressed in words. To think that a little child could be so selfless, so generous! How must he have felt when he saw his friends enjoying themselves! In the midst of all that festivity, he still thought of his old grandmother!

Amena breaks down and weeps. It is strange! Hamid, the little boy, had become Hamid the adult. Now Amena, the old woman, has become Amena the child. Tears fall unceasingly from her eyes as she blesses Hamid a thousand times! Little Hamid! How can he understand the storm of emotions in Amena's heart!

Munshi Premchand (Translated by Anupa Lal)

Words to Know

advent of Id: coming of Id

Idgah: a large, open place where people offer prayers on the morning of Id

seviyan: vermicelli cooked with milk and sugar, made especially on Id

wasted away: here, became thin and weak due to illness

abode: home

mite: here, a small child

trudge: walk tiredly

tongas: horse carriages

agog: very excited

anticipation: to look forward to something

namaz: prayers as per Islamic practice, to be offered

five times daily

roundabout: merry-go-round

khaki: a greenish or yellowish brown cloth, used especially for making military uniforms

reweries: Indian candy with sesame seeds

smirks: smiles in a sneering or scornful way

crestfallen: sad and disappointed

struts: walks proudly with head held high and chest

puffed out

flings: throws with force

fakirs: wandering ascetics who live on alms

cymbals: small round metal plates that are struck together to produce rhythmic sound

tambourine: a hand-held drum-like instrument with metal jingles around the edge

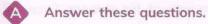
nonplussed: not knowing what to think, say, or do

smacked: slapped

upbraids: scolds

unceasingly: non-stop; continuously

Read and Answer



- Why was there so much hustle and bustle in the village?
- 2. Why was Hamid's grandmother worried about him?
- 3. What did Hamid's friends buy with their money?
- 4. What did Hamid buy? How was it different from what his friends bought?
- 5. How did Hamid's grandmother react when she saw what Hamid had bought for her?
- B Give reasons for the following:
 - 1. "They are only of clay," Hamid tells his friends.
 - 2. Hamid flings his tongs on the ground.
 - 3. Hamid's chimta is the undisputed champion.
 - 4. Hamid's grandmother upbraids him for his foolishness.
 - 5. Amena's annoyance melts into love.

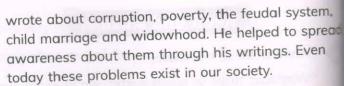
C Think and answer.

Explain the lines: 'Hamid, the little boy, had become Hamid the adult. Now Amena, the old woman, has become Amena the child.'

Do and Learn

Munshi Premchand touched upon many problems of society through his novels and short stories. He





Go through newspapers over a week or a month, and collect clippings of articles that have reported such problems. Discuss them in the class.

Know More

Munshi Premchand (1880–1936) was a literary giar of pre-independence India. He is said to have perfected the style of writing short stories in Hindustani literature.

Many of his novels and short stories have been adapted into film and television. The award-winning film Shatranj ke Khiladi (The Chess Players), directed by Satyajit Ray is based on Premchand's short stories by the same name.



Mowgli, the Wolf-Child

The Jungle Book by Rudyard Kipling tells the story of a little boy who is saved by a family of wolves from the man-eating tiger Shere Khan. He is named Mowgli by his adoptive parents and grows up in the jungle – playing, hunting, and eating with the wolves and other animals. But Shere Khan does not forget his prey, and when Mowgli grows up, Shere Khan turns the younger wolves of the pack against him. With great sorrow, Mowgli decides to leave the jungle and live amongst the mysterious things called men.

When Mowgli left the wolf's cave after the fight with the Pack at the Council Rock, he went down to the ploughed lands where the villagers lived, but he would not stop there because it was too near to the jungle. So he hurried on, keeping to the rough road that ran down the valley, and followed it at a steady jog-trot for nearly twenty miles, till he came to a country that he did not know. The valley opened out into a great plain dotted over with rocks and cut up with ravines. At one end stood a little village, and at the other the thick jungle came down in a sweep to the grazing grounds, and stopped there as though it had been cut off with a hoe. All over the plain, cattle and buffaloes were grazing, and when the little boys in charge of the

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herds saw Mowgli they shouted and ran away, and the yellow dogs that hang about every Indian village barked. Mowgli walked on, for he was feeling hungry, and when he came to the village gate he saw the big thorn bust that was drawn up before the gate at twilight, pushed to one side.

"Umph!" he said, for he had come across more that one such barricade in his night rambles after things to eat. "So men are afraid of the People of the jungle her too." He sat down by the gate, and when a man came of he stood up, opened his mouth, and pointed down it show that he wanted food. The man stared, and ran bar up the street of the village shouting for the priest. The priest, who was a big, fat man dressed in white, with red and yellow mark on his forehead, came to the gate and with him came at least a hundred people, who stare and talked and shouted and pointed at Mowgli.

"They have no manners, these Men Folk," said Mowato himself. "Only the grey ape would behave as they do So he threw back his long hair and frowned at the crowat

"What is there to be afraid of?" said the priest. "Loo at the marks on his arms and legs. They are the bites wolves. He is but a wolf-child run away from the jungle

Of course, in playing together, the cubs had often nipped Mowgli harder than they intended, and there we white scars all over his arms and legs. But he would have been the last person in the world to call these bites, in he knew what real biting meant.



"Arre, arre!" said two or three women together. "To be bitten by wolves, poor child! He is a handsome boy. He has eyes like red fire. Messua! Is he not like your boy who was taken by the tiger?"

"Let me look," said a woman with heavy copper rings on her wrists and ankles, and she peered at Mowgli closely. "Indeed he is. He is thinner, but he has the very look of my boy."

The priest was a clever man, and he knew that Messua was wife to the richest man in the village. So he looked up at the sky for a minute, and said solemnly: "What the jungle has taken the jungle has restored. Take the boy into your house, my sister, and forget not to honour the priest who sees so far into the lives of men."

"By the Bull that bought me," said Mowgli to himself, "all this talking is like another looking-over by the Pack! Well, if I am a man, a man I must be."

The crowd parted as the woman took Mowgli to her hut, where there was a red lacquered bedstead, a great earthen grain-chest with funny raised patterns on it, half a dozen copper cooking-pots, a little prayer alcove, and a real looking-glass on the wall, such as they sell at the country fairs.

She laid her hand on his head and looked into his eyes, for she thought that he might perhaps be her real son come back from the jungle where the tiger had taken him. So she said: "Nathoo, O Nathoo!" Mowgli did not show that he knew the name. "Do you not remember



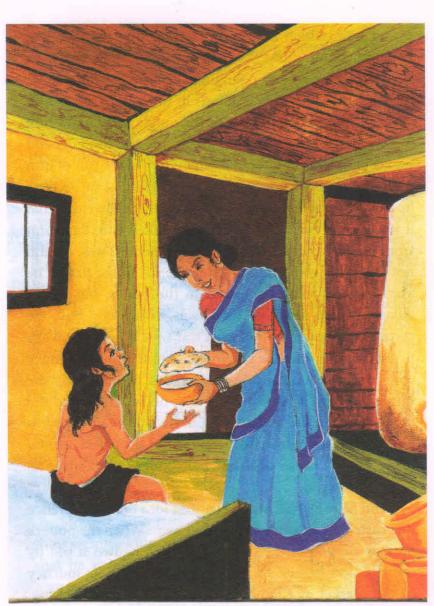
the day when I gave you your new shoes?" She touche his foot and it was almost as hard as horn. "No," sh said sorrowfully, "those feet have never worn shoes, be you are very like my Nathoo, and you shall be my son Then she gave him milk and some bread.

Mowgli was uneasy because he had never been under a roof before, but as he looked at the thatch, he saw the he could tear it out any time if he wanted to get away, and that the window had no fastenings. "What is the good of man," he said to himself at last, "if he does not understand man's talk? Now I am as silly and dumb as a man would be with us in the jungle. I must speak their talk."

He had learnt while he was with the wolves to imitate the challenge of bucks in the jungle and the grunt the little wild pig for fun. So, as soon as Messu pronounced a word, Mowgli would imitate it almost perfectly, and before dark he had learnt the name of marthings in the hut.

There was a difficulty at bedtime, because Mowg would not sleep under anything that looked so like panther trap as that hut, and when they shut the door hwent out through the window. "Give him his will," sa Messua's husband. "Remember he has never till now sleep on a bed. If he is indeed sent in the place of our son, hwill not run away."

For three months after that night Mowgli hardever left the village gate, he was so busy learning the ways and customs of men. First, he had to wear a clot



... she gave him milk and some bread.

round him, which annoyed him horribly; then he ha to learn about money, which he did not in the least understand, and about ploughing, of which he did not se the use. Then the little children in the village made him very angry. Luckily, the law of the jungle had taught him to keep his temper, for in the jungle, life and food depen on keeping your temper. But when they made fun of him because he would not play games or fly kites, or because he mispronounced some word, only the knowledge the it was unsportsmanlike to kill little naked cubs kept him from picking them up and breaking them in two. He di not know his own strength in the least. In the jungle h knew he was weak compared to the beasts, but in the village, people said that he was as strong as a bull. H certainly had no notion of what fear was. When the village priest told him that the god in the temple would be angr with him if he ate the priest's mangoes, he picked up the image, brought it over to the priest's house, and asked the priest to make the god angry and he would be happy fight him. It was a horrible scandal, but the priest hushed it up, and Messua's husband paid much good silver comfort the god.

And Mowgli had not the faintest idea of the difference that caste makes between man and man. When the potter donkey slipped in the clay pit, Mowgli hauled it out be the tail, and helped to stack the pots for their journes to the market at Khanhiwara. That was very shocking too, for the potter is a low-caste man, and his donkey



worse. When the priest scolded him, Mowgli threatened to put him on the donkey, too. The priest told Messua's husband that Mowgli had better be set to work as soon as possible, and the village headman told Mowgli that he would have to go out with the buffaloes next day, and herd them while they grazed. No one was more pleased than Mowgli. That night, because he had been appointed to a job in the village, he went off to sit in a circle that met every evening on a platform under a great fig tree. It was the village club, and the headman and the watchman and the barber, who knew all the gossip of the village, and old Buldeo, the village hunter, who had a Tower musket, met here. The monkeys sat and talked in the upper branches, and there was a hole under the platform where a cobra lived, and he had his little platter of milk every night because he was sacred. The old men sat around the tree and talked, till far into the night. They told wonderful tales of gods and men and ghosts; and Buldeo told even more wonderful ones of the ways of beasts in the jungle, till the eyes of the children sitting outside the circle bulged out of their heads. Most of the tales were about animals, for the jungle was always at their door.

Mowgli, who naturally knew something about what they were talking of, had to cover his face not to show that he was laughing, while Buldeo, the Tower musket across his knees, climbed from one wonderful story to another, and Mowgli's shoulders shook.

Buldeo was explaining how the tiger that had carried



away Messua's son was a ghost-tiger, and his body wa inhabited by the ghost of a wicked old moneylender wh had died some years ago. "And I know that this is true he said, "because Purun Dass always limped from the blow that he got, and the tiger that I speak of limps to for the tracks of his pads are unequal."

"True, true, that must be the truth," said the greybeard nodding together.

"Are all these tales such cobwebs and moon-talk?" sall Mowgli. "That tiger limps because he was born lame, everyone knows. To talk of the soul of a moneylender a beast is child's talk."

Buldeo was speechless with surprise for a moment and the headman stared.

"Oho! It is the jungle brat, is it?" said Buldeo. "Tall not when thy elders speak!"

Mowgli rose to go. "All the evening I have lain her listening," he called back, over his shoulder, "and, except once or twice, Buldeo has not said one word of truth concerning the jungle, which is at his very doors. How then shall I believe the tales of ghosts, and gods, and goblins which he says he has seen?"

Rudyard Kiplin



Words to Know

Council Rock: The Council Rock was the place where the Wolf Pack had its meetings.

jog-trot: faster than a walk but slower than a run

ravines: deep and narrow passages created by rivers

hoe: an agricultural tool for cutting weeds

barricade: a structure put up to protect oneself from an attack; here, the thorn bush that is used to keep animals away

rambles: wanderings

nipped: bitten

lacquered: coated with lacquer, a secretion of the lac insect, used to polish and decorate wood

alcove: a small hollow in the wall of a room for keeping things, such as books or objects of worship

cubs: here, the children

scandal: an incident that offends everyone and causes a lot of gossip

clay pit: a pit from which clay is extracted by the potter

Tower musket: a type of musket or rifle

Mowgli's shoulders shook: Mowgli's shoulders shook with laughter

tracks of his pads: footprints of the tiger

cobwebs and moon-talk: talk that is full of nonsense

Read and Answer



Answer these questions.

- 1. Who were the 'People of the jungle'? How did the people react when Mowgli came into the village? Why do they react like that?
- What did the priest say when he looked at Mowgli? What did the women of the village say?
- 3. Why did Mowgli find it difficult to sleep in Messua's hut?
- 4. What created a horrible scandal in the village?
- 5. Why did Mowgli laugh when Buldeo told his tales in the village club under the tree?
- B Answer with reference to the context.
- 1. "... but he would not stop there because it was too near to the jungle."
 - a. Who was 'he'?
 - b. Why didn't he want to stop too near to the jungle
 - c. What had he decided to do?
- "What the jungle has taken the jungle has restored. Take the boy into your house, my sister, and forget not to honour the priest who sees so far into the lives of men."
 - a. What had the jungle 'taken' and 'restored'?
 - b. Whose house was the boy to be taken to?
 - c. Why did the speaker choose this particular person for the boy?



- "No," she said sorrowfully, "those feet have never worn shoes, but you are very like my Nathoo, and you shall be my son."
 - a. Who is the speaker here?
 - b. Whose feet is she talking about?
 - c. Why were the feet as 'hard as horn'?
- 4. "How then shall I believe the tales of ghosts, and gods, and goblins which he says he has seen?"
 - a. Who is the speaker here?
 - b. Why does the speaker find it difficult to believe the tales of ghosts and gods?
 - c. Who had said that he had seen ghosts, gods and goblins?

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Think and answer.

- Mowgli faced some difficulties in the village. Why do you think he had difficulty in understanding:
 - a. the use of money
 - b. the need for ploughing
 - c. the difference of caste
- 2. "... forget not to honour the priest who sees so far into the lives of men." What kind of 'honour' do you think the priest hints at here?
- What according to Mowgli is 'child's talk'? Do you agree with him? Give reasons for your answer.
- 4. The children listened eagerly to Buldeo's wonderful tales of ghosts, gods, and goblins. What reason did Mowgli have for not believing them?



Word Power

In the village, Mowgli experiences a whole new work with people and customs that he does not understand Given below are some words that Mowgli would use to describe the villagers. Match the characters to the words. You can match a character to more than one word.

CHARACTERS	WORDS
1. village men	affectionate
	mocking
2. village priest	opportunistic
	wise- twent dewold
	corrupt
3. village children	hopeful
	astonished
4. Messua5. Messua's husband	afraid
	unruly
	understanding
	caring
	gossiping
	sorrowful

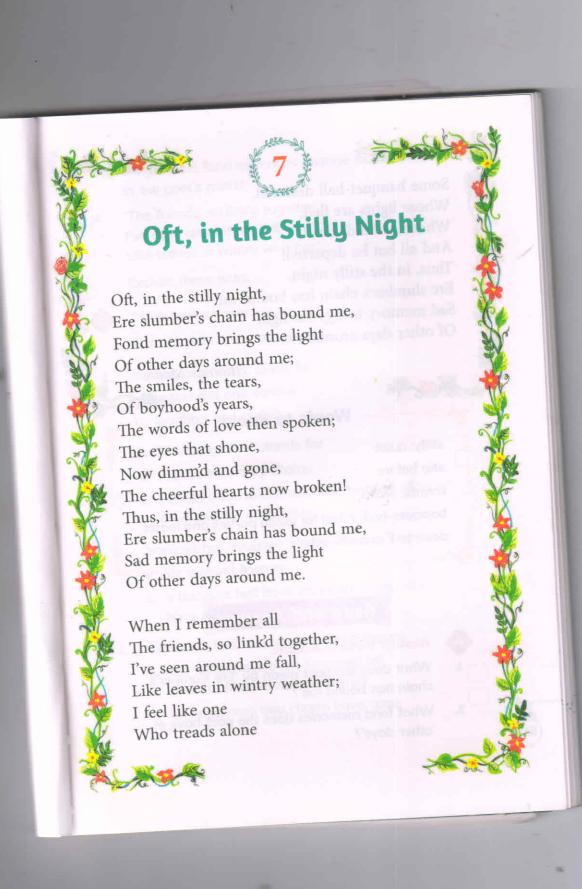
2.	Tick (✓) the option that is closest in meaning to these words and phrases from the story.		
	a. dotted over		
	i. covered with		
	ii. occurring at intervals		
	b. far into the night		
	i. late into the night		
	ii. travel far in the night		
	c. at their door		
	i. outside their door		
	ii. very close		
	d. greybeards		
	i. men with grey beards		
	ii. old men		
	e. What is the good of a man		
	i. What is the point of being a man		
	ii. How do we know a good man		
	A trace pro latera the light		
	Do and Learn		
	In this story, we are told that Messua's little son was taken away by a man-eating tiger.		
	Do you know that tigers are not naturally man-eaters? Often injured by hunters, they slow down and can no		
	longer chase deer and other animals. They then turn		
	to preying on humans. But they are soon		
	tracked and killed for our safety.		

Isn't it sad that we turn tigers into man-eaters and then kill them?

Read *Man Eaters of Kumaon* written by hunternaturalist, Jim Corbett. Find out more about what makes tigers turn into man-eaters.

Know More

Rudyard Kipling was born on 30 December 1865 in Mumbai, India. He wrote short stories, poems and novels based on his experiences of native India under the British Rule.



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Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

Thomas Moore

Words to Know

stilly: quiet ere: before

treads: walks

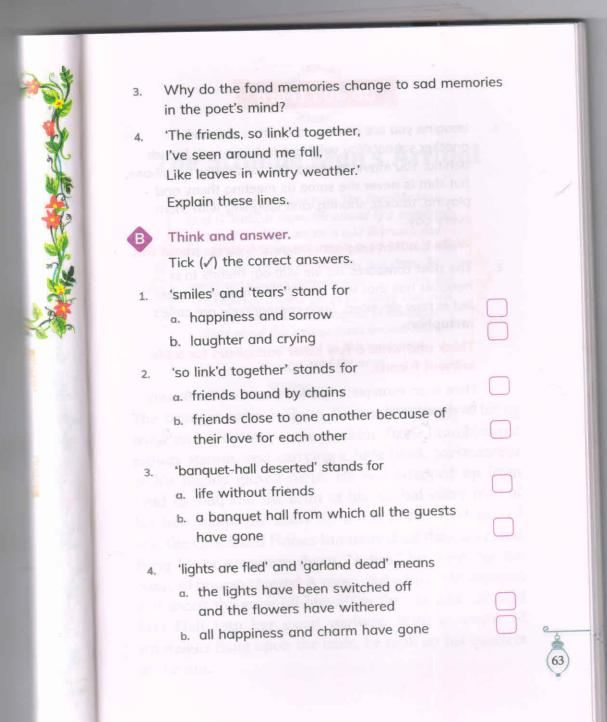
banquet-hall: a hall for lavish parties and feasts

deserted: abandoned

Read and Answer

Answer these questions.

- 1. What does the poet mean by 'Ere slumber's chain has bound me'?
- What fond memories does the poet have of 'other days'?



Do and Learn

 Imagine you are moving to another city and another school. You will have to leave your friends behind. You intend to remain in touch over the phobut that is never the same as meeting them, and playing, talking, sharing, and laughing with them every day.

Write a note or a poem on your feelings about the

 The poet compares his life without friends to a banquet hall that was once full of happy people but is now deserted. Such comparisons are called metaphors.

Think and write a few other metaphors for a life without friends.

Here is an example: a garden where all the flowers have withered.





The Strange Man's Arrival

This extract is taken from The Invisible Man by H G Wells. It shows the arrival of a mysterious man at a village inn on a cold February day. We are not told where he has come from and why. Stranger still are his manners and dress – he seems unwilling to communicate with others and is completely covered up, to the extent that even his face and ears are wrapped in bandages! Read about this strange man's arrival, and if you are captivated by this mysterious

The stranger came early in February, through a biting wind and a driving snow, walking from Bramblehurst railway station, and carrying a little black portmanteau in his thickly gloved hand. He was wrapped up from head to foot, and the brim of his hat hid every inch of his face except the shiny tip of his nose. He staggered into the Coach and Horses Inn more dead than alive, and flung his portmanteau down. "A fire," he cried, "in the name of human charity! A room and a fire!" He stamped and shook the snow off himself in the bar, and followed Mrs Hall into her guest parlour. With a couple of sovereigns flung upon the table, he took up his quarters in the inn.

stranger, read the novel.



Mrs Hall lit the fire and left him there while she went to prepare him a meal with her own hands. A guest stopping at Iping in the wintertime was a very lucky thing to happen, let alone a guest who was no 'haggler,' and she was resolved to show herself worthy of her good fortune. As soon as the food was done, she carried the cloth, plates, and glasses into the parlour and began to lay them on the table in style. Although the fire was burning briskly, she was surprised to see that her visitor still wore his hat and coat, standing with his back to her and staring out of the window at the falling snow in the yard. His gloved hands were clasped behind him, and he seemed to be lost in thought. She noticed the melting snow dripping from his shoulders on to her carpet. "Can I take your hat and coat, sir?" she asked, "and dry them out in the kitchen?"

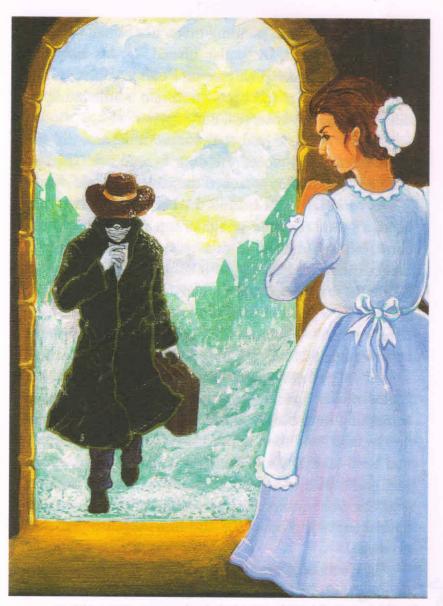
"No," he said without turning.

She was not sure she had heard him, and was about to repeat her question. He turned his head and looked at her over his shoulder. "I prefer to keep them on," he said with emphasis, and she noticed that he wore big blue goggles, and had side-whiskers that completely hid his cheeks and face above the coat collar.

"Very well, sir," she said. "As you like. In a bit the room will be warmer."

He made no answer, and turned his face away from her again; and Mrs Hall, feeling that her efforts at conversation were ill-timed, laid the rest of the table things quickly and whisked out of the room. When she





He was wrapped up from head to foot . . .

returned he was still standing there, like a man of stone, his back hunched, his collar turned up, his hat-brim turned down, hiding his face and ears completely. She put down the eggs and bacon, and said a little loudly to him, "Your lunch is served, Sir."

"Thank you," he said at the same time, and did not stir until she had closed the door behind her. Then he swung round and approached the table eagerly.

As Mrs Hall went behind the bar to the kitchen she heard a sound repeated at regular intervals. Chirk, chirk, chirk, it went, the sound of a spoon whisking round a bowl. "There! I clean forgot it," she muttered, thinking about the mustard that she had forgotten to give her guest—a new guest at that and one who wanted to stay! She quickly filled the mustard pot, and, putting it grandly upon a gold and black tea-tray, carried it into the parlour.

She rapped and entered promptly. As she did so her visitor moved quickly, bending down as if to pick up something from the floor. She put down the mustard pot on the table, and then noticed that the overcoat and hat had been taken off and put over a chair in front of the fire, and a pair of wet boots stood against the fireplace grill. She went to these things resolutely. "I suppose I may have them to dry now," she said in a voice that brooked no denial.

"Leave the hat," said her visitor, in a muffled voice, and turning she saw he had raised his head and was sitting and looking at her.



For a moment she stood gaping at him, too surprised to speak.

He held a white cloth—it was a napkin he had brought with him—over the lower part of his face, so that his mouth and jaws were completely hidden, and that was the reason for his muffled voice. But it was not that which startled Mrs Hall. It was the fact that all his forehead above his blue glasses was covered by a white bandage, and that another covered his ears, leaving not a scrap of his face exposed, except his pink, peaked nose. It was bright, pink, and shiny just as it had seemed at first. He wore a dark-brown velvet jacket with a high, black collar turned up about his neck. The thick black hair, escaping below and between the bandages, stuck out like tails and horns, giving him the strangest appearance. This muffled and bandaged head was so unlike what she had expected, that for a moment she stood unmoving.

He did not remove the napkin, but stood holding it, as she saw now, with a brown gloved hand, and regarded her from behind his blue glasses. "Leave the hat," he said, speaking very clearly through the white cloth.

Her nerves began to recover from the shock they had received. She placed the hat on the chair again by the fire. "I didn't know, sir," she began, "that—" and she stopped embarrassed.

"Thank you," he said drily, glancing from her to the door and then at her again.

"I'll have them nicely dried, sir, at once," she said, and



carried his clothes out of the room. She glanced at his bandaged head and blue goggles again as she was going out of the door, but his napkin was still in front of his face. She shivered a little as she closed the door behind her. "I never," she whispered.

The visitor sat and listened to her retreating feet. He glanced inquiringly at the window before he removed his napkin, and resumed his meal. He took a mouthful, glanced suspiciously at the window, then rose and, taking the napkin in his hand, walked across the room and pulled the blind down. This left the room in a twilight. This done, he returned with an easier air to the table and his meal.

"The poor soul's had an accident or an operation or something," said Mrs Hall. "What a surprise those bandages did give me, to be sure!" She put on some more coal, unfolded the clothes stand, and lay the traveller's coat upon it. "And the goggles! Why, he looked more like a diving helmet than a man!" She hung his muffler on a corner of the stand. "And holding that handkerchief over his mouth all the time. Talking through it! Perhaps his mouth was hurt too—maybe."

When Mrs Hall went to clear away the stranger's lunch, her idea that his mouth must also have been cut or disfigured in an accident was confirmed, for he was smoking a pipe, and all the time that she was in the room, he never loosened the silk muffler he had wrapped round the lower part of his face. He sat in the corner with his



back to the window and spoke now, having eaten and drunk and being comfortably warm, with less curtness than before.

"I have some luggage," he said, "at Bramblehurst station," and he asked her how he could have it sent. He bowed his bandaged head quite politely at her explanation. "Tomorrow?" he said. "There is no speedier delivery?" and seemed quite disappointed when she answered, "No." Was she quite sure? No man with a carriage who would go over?

Mrs Hall willingly answered his questions and developed a conversation. "It's a steep road by the down, sir," she said in answer to the question about a carriage; and then, snatching at an opening, said, "It was there that a carriage upturned, a year or so ago. A gentleman killed, besides his coachman. Accidents, sir, happen in a moment, don't they?"

But the visitor was not to be drawn so easily. "They do," he said through his muffler, eyeing her quietly through his blue glasses.

"But they take a long time to get well, don't they? There was my sister's son, Tom, just cut his arm with a scythe, tumbled on it in the hayfield, and, bless me! He was three months tied up, sir. You'd hardly believe it. It's given me a dread of the scythe ever since, sir."

"I can quite understand that," said the visitor.

"He was afraid, at one point, that he'd have to have an operation – he was that bad, sir."



The visitor laughed abruptly, a bark of a laugh that he seemed to bite and kill in his mouth. "Was he?" he said.

"He was, sir. And no laughing matter for those who had to take care of him, as I had to do-my sister being busy with her little ones so much. There were bandages to do, sir, and bandages to undo. So, if I may be so bold as to ask you, sir-"

"Will you get me some matches?" said the visitor, quite abruptly. "My pipe is out."

Mrs Hall was pulled up suddenly. It was certainly rude of him, after telling him all she had done. She gasped at him for a moment, and remembered the two sovereigns. She went for the matches.

"Thanks," he said briefly, as she put them down, and turned his shoulder upon her and stared out of the window again. It was altogether too discouraging. Clearly he was sensitive about the topic of operations and bandages. But his snubbing had irritated her, and Millie, her maid, faced her bad temper because of it that afternoon.

H G Wells



Words to Know

portmanteau: a large travelling bag which opens in two halves

staggered: walked unsteadily

more dead than alive: here, terribly tired

sovereigns: gold coins, which were the currency

in England

took up his quarters: went to his room

haggler: one who argues (over the price of something)

side-whiskers: the hair on a man's cheeks; sideburns

resolutely: with determination

brooked no denial: allowed no scope for refusal

muffled voice: voice that is not clear or loud enough

gaping: with mouth wide open in surprise

in a twilight: here, with very faint light

with an easier air: feeling more relaxed

disfigured: damaged

down: here, grassy treeless land

snatching at an opening: here, taking the opportunity

to say something and ask questions

scythe: a tool with a curved blade, used to cut

standing crop

pulled up: here, stopped abruptly

snubbing: rude behaviour



Read and Answer



Answer these questions.

- Describe the manner in which the stranger arrived at the inn.
- 2. Why did Mrs Hall consider it 'good fortune' to have the stranger at the inn?
- 3. What did Mrs Hall do to show that she was worthy of her good fortune?
- 4. Why was Mrs Hall surprised when she went into the parlour the second time?
- 5. What did Mrs Hall think was the reason behind the bandages on the stranger's head?
- 6. What happened when Mrs Hall tried to ask the stranger about the bandages?
- B Number the events in the order in which they occur in the story.
- The stranger refused to part with his hat and coat.
- Mrs Hall saw that his face was covered with a white bandage.
- Mrs Hall filled the mustard pot.
- The stranger asked how he could get his luggage from the station.
- The stranger arrived at the inn.
- The stranger thanked Mrs Hall for the matches.
- Mrs Hall laid the table.

Mrs Hall was too surprised to speakMrs Hall took the wet boots and coat away.Mrs Hall prepared a meal for the stranger.

Word Power

An idiom is a phrase where the words together have a meaning that is different from the meanings of the individual words. Given below are some idiomatic expressions from the extract. Try to use them in sentences of your own.

- pulled up
- snatching at an opening
- with an easier air
- in a twilight
- more dead than alive

Do and Learn

 The novel, The Invisible Man, is about a scientist (the stranger in the extract) who makes himself invisible after years of research and experiment.

Divide yourselves into two groups. Each group will write down the advantages and disadvantages of being invisible, and then share it with the class.

After all the points have been shared, each group will state their stand—should invisibility be accepted or should it be shunned?



In the novel, before becoming invisible himself, the scientist tests his invention on a cat. The cat becomes completely invisible except for his claws and the coloured part of his eyes. The cat is then set free by the scientist. Now imagine this invisible cat roaming about at large.

Write down the events of one day in the life of this invisible cat.

3. The Invisible Man belongs to a class of writing called science fiction – stories that show us what the progress of science can do. Read more science fiction by H G Wells such as The Time Machine and The War of the Worlds. Read books by Arthur C Clarke, Ray Bradbury, and Isaac Assimov too – all great writers of this exciting genre.





Says Dogberry to the Watch

Con Marco

The following extract (paraphrased) from Shakespeare's Much Ado About Nothing is a hilarious conversation between a Master Constable and members of his night watch. The Master Constable instructs the watchmen about their duties in a self-important manner, but what he says is the silliest advice one could ever give.

Moreover, he confuses one word for another, which adds to the comedy.

CHARACTERS

DOGBERRY, the Master Constable VERGES, the Headborough WATCHMEN

ACT 3 SCENE 3

A street in Messina

Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watchmen

DOGBERRY: Are you good and faithful men?

VERGES: Yes, otherwise it would be a pity for they would suffer salvation of the body and soul.

DOGBERRY: No, that would be a punishment too good for them, if they should have any loyalty in them, being chosen for the Prince's guard.



VERGES: Well, tell them their duties, neighbour Dogberry.

DOGBERRY: First, who do you think is the most desartless man to be a constable?

FIRST WATCHMAN: Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacole, for they can read and write.

DOGBERRY: Come here, neighbour Seacole. God has blessed you with a favourable reputation. To be a good-looking man is the gift of fortune, but to read and write is the gift of nature.

SECOND WATCHMAN: Both of which, master constable—DOGBERRY: You have. I knew that would be your answer. Well, for your good looks, sir, why, thank God and do not boast of it. For your ability to read and write, let that show where there is no need for such vanity. You are thought of here as the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the Watch. Therefore, you carry the lantern. This is your duty. You shall comprehend all vagrant men, and in the name of the Prince, bid them halt.

SECOND WATCHMAN: What if he will not halt?

DOGBERRY: Why, then ignore him, and let him go.

Then call the rest of the Watch together at once and thank God that you are rid of a knave.

VERGES: If he will not stop when he is ordered to, he is not a subject of the Prince.



DOGBERRY: True, and they are to deal only with the Prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets, for the Watch to chatter and talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

SECOND WATCHMAN: We will rather sleep than talk. We know what the duty of the Watch is.

DOGBERRY: Why, you speak like a wise and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should be an offence. Only, take care that your weapons are not stolen. Well, you are to visit all the ale-houses and tell those who are drunk to go to bed.

FIRST WATCHMAN: What if they will not?

DOGBERRY: Why, then leave them alone till they are sober. If they do not give you a better answer even then, you may say they are not the men you thought they were.

FIRST WATCHMAN: Well, sir.

DOGBERRY: If you meet a thief, you may suspect him to be a dishonest man, as per your duty.

And for such kind of men, the less you deal with them, the better it is for your honesty.

SECOND WATCHMAN: If we know he is a thief, should we not arrest him?

DOGBERRY: Going by your job, you certainly may.

But to touch dirt is to make yourself dirty, so I
think you should avoid the company of evil men.



The most peaceful way for you to deal with a thief is to let him act as a thief, and slip out of your company.

VERGES: You have always been called a merciful man, partner.

DOGBERRY: To be honest, I would not hang a dog willingly, much less a man who is honest.

VERGES: If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call the nurse and ask her to comfort and quieten it.

SECOND WATCHMAN: What if the nurse is asleep and does not hear us?

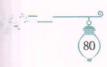
DOGBERRY: Then leave in peace, and let the child wake her up with its crying. For the ewe that does not hear her lamb when it cries will never respond to a calf when it bleats.

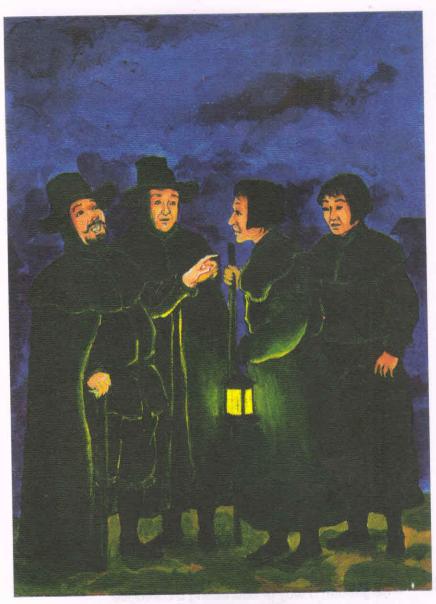
VERGES: It is very true.

DOGBERRY: This is the sum of your duty. You, constable, are to represent the Prince himself. If you meet the Prince in the night, you may stop him.

VERGES: No, by our lady, I think he cannot do that.

DOGBERRY: I will bet five shillings to one on this, with any man who knows the statues, that the constable may stop the Prince. By Mary, not unless the Prince is willing, for, indeed, the watch should not offend any man, and it is an offence





"To be honest, I would not hang a dog willingly, much less a man who is honest."

to stop a man against his will.

VERGES: By our lady, I think it is so.

DOGBERRY: Ha, ah, ha! Well, masters, good night!

And if any matter of importance happens, call
me. Listen to your friends' advice and your
own, and good night. Come, neighbour.

SECOND WATCHMAN: Well, masters, we have heard what our duty is. Let us go sit there on the church bench till two, and then all go to bed.

DOGBERRY: One word more, honest neighbours,
I beg you to watch over Signior Leonato's door.
Because of the wedding that is happening
there tomorrow, there is a great bustle tonight.
Goodbye! Be on your guard, I beg you.

[Exit Dogberry and Verges]

William Shakespeare

Words to Know

salvation: Verges actually means 'damnation', i.e. being condemned to hell. Dogberry and Verges often use a word in place of a word that sounds similar; for example: auspicious instead of suspicious.

desartless: undeserving, Dogberry actually means 'deserving'.

neighbour: a way of addressing a colleague



let that ... vanity: let the ability to read and write show itself when you do not need to boast of it

senseless: Dogberry means 'sensible'

comprehend: Dogberry actually means 'apprehend',

meaning, to arrest

vagrant men: tramps; vagabonds

knave: rogue; crook

tolerable: Dogberry means 'intolerable'

ale-houses: places where ale, a kind of beer, is sold

sober: here, not drunk

ewe: female sheep

the ewe...bleats: Dogberry implies that if the nurse is not awakened by the cries of her baby, she will not wake up to the cry of anyone else.

statues: Dogberry means 'statutes', i.e. laws

By our lady: By Mother Mary bustle: excitement and activity

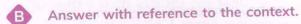
Read and Answer



Answer these questions.

- 1. What advice did Dogberry give to the watchmen regarding thieves?
- Write a paragraph on the comic role of Dogberry in this extract in not more than 150 words.





- 1. "You are thought of here as the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the Watch. Therefore, you carry the lantern. This is your duty. You shall comprehend all vagrant men, and in the name of the Prince, bid them halt."
 - a. Who says these words and to whom?
 - b. Identify two examples of word confusion in the given passage.
 - c. What does Dogberry say when the second watchman asks what they should do if a 'vagrant' man does not stop in the Prince's name?
- "We will rather sleep than talk. We know what the duty of the Watch is."
 - a. Who says these words and to whom?
 - b. What instruction is given to the speaker just before these lines?
 - c. What advice is given to the speaker after these lines?

Do and Learn

Suppose the watchmen do meet a thief after Dogberry and Verges leave.

Write a short skit on the encounter based on the advice that Dogberry has given to the watchmen regarding thieves.



Some points you may include are:

- The watchmen catch the thief, and then hint that he should slip away.
- The thief is thoroughly puzzled as to why the watchmen would want him to escape.
- The thief suspects that the guards are up to something, and refuses to move.
- The guards look at each other, not knowing what to do with the thief.

Know More

As you have read in this extract, Dogberry acts in a very self-important way but says all kinds of nonsensical things. He confuses one word for another, a fault known as **malapropism**. In many of his word confusions, Dogberry says the very opposite of what he means. One runs the risk of having malapropisms in speech when one tries to show off by using difficult words. Dogberry, the pompous Master Constable, trips while trying to do the same.



The Morning After

There was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods;
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain-drops; – on the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

William Wordsworth from Resolution and Independence



Words to Know

Stock-dove: a kind of wild pigeon

broods: here, sits on the eggs to hatch them;
Both parents in the Stock-dove family share the
duty of hatching the eggs and feeding the young
ones. Here, it is the male Stock-dove.

Jay, Magpie: birds of the crow family

makes answer: answers

noise of waters: the sounds made by brooks, streams, and rivers

mirth: joy

plashy earth: wet ground, with puddles of water

Raises a mist: The feet of the running hare throw up fine water droplets in their wake, which look like a rising mist.

doth: does

Read and Answer

Answer these questions.

- Describe the behaviour of various birds and animals on the morning after the storm.
- 2. How does the morning differ from the night before? Is there anything we can learn from this?
- Explain the lines:
 - a. There was a roaring in the wind all night.



- b. The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters.
- c. The sky rejoices in the morning's birth.



Identify words and phrases in the poem that describe or denote the following:

1. stormy night	
3. wet ground	
4. happy birds	



Do and Learn

The poem has beautiful images of a calm and bright morning that dawns after a stormy night. It also creates a vivid image of the night that is lashed by a storm. Read the poem more than once, and as you read, try to picture the images in your mind—the dark stormy night, the lashing wind and rain, the chirping of birds on a clear, bright morning, the raindrops glittering on the grass, the hare splashing water as it runs on the wet ground, etc.

Now try to illustrate any one of these scenes—the stormy night, or the clear dawn, or the running hare, or the twittering birds. Use water colours or any other medium you prefer.

2. William Wordsworth is said to be the greatest nature poet in English literature. Read the poem 'Tintern Abbey' in which the poet talks about his childhood memories of nature, and how the memories comfort him in his later life when he lives in crowded towns and cities.



Leaving the Valley

coll des

Buck leads the happy life of a domesticated dog at a ranch in California. However, his life of comfort is soon turned upside down when he is stolen from home and sold to a life of brutal labour as a sled dog. Set in the Yukon Territory of north-west Canada during the nineteenth century Klondike Gold Rush, The Call of the Wild by Jack London narrates Buck's life of hardship and struggle for survival, and ultimately his emergence as a leader in the wild. This extract from the novel describes his kidnapping by the treacherous garden help, Manuel.

Buck did not read the newspapers, or he would have known that trouble was brewing, not just for himself, but for every dog that was strong of muscle and with warm, long hair, from Puget Sound to San Diego. Because men, groping in the Arctic darkness, had found a yellow metal, and because steamship and transportation companies were booming the find, thousands of men were rushing into the Northland. These men wanted dogs, and the dogs they wanted were heavy dogs, with strong muscles by which to toil, and furry coats to protect them from the frost.

Buck lived at a big house in the sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley. Judge Miller's place, it was called. It stood



back from the road, half hidden among the trees, through which glimpses could be caught of the wide cool veranda that ran around its four sides. The house was approached by gravelled driveways which wound about through wide-spreading lawns under the boughs of tall poplars. At the back, things were on an even more spacious scale than at the front. There were great stables, where a dozen grooms and boys held forth, rows of vine-clad servants' cottages, an endless line of outhouses, long grape arbours, green pastures, orchards, and berry patches. Then there was the pumping plant for the well, and the big cement tank where Judge Miller's boys took their morning plunge and kept cool in the hot afternoon.

And over this great demesne Buck ruled. Here he was born, and here he had lived the four years of his life. It was true, there were other dogs. There could not but be other dogs on so vast a place, but they did not count. They came and went, resided in the kennels, or lived obscurely in the recesses of the house after the fashion of Toots, the Japanese pug, or Ysabel, the Mexican hairless – strange creatures that rarely put nose out of doors or set foot to ground. On the other hand, there were the fox terriers, a score of them at least, who yelped fearful promises at Toots and Ysabel looking out of the windows at them and protected by a legion of housemaids armed with brooms and mops.

But Buck was neither house dog nor kennel dog. The whole realm was his. He plunged into the swimming



tank or went hunting with the Judge's sons; he escorted Mollie and Alice, the Judge's daughters, on long twilight or early morning rambles; on wintry nights he lay at the Judge's feet before the roaring library fire; he carried the Judge's grandsons on his back, or rolled them in the grass, and guarded their footsteps through wild adventures down to the fountain in the stable yard, and even beyond, where the paddocks were, and the berry patches. Among the terriers he walked imperiously, and Toots and Ysabel he utterly ignored, for he was king – king over all creeping, crawling, flying things of Judge Miller's place, humans included.

His father, Elmo, a huge St Bernard, had been the Judge's inseparable companion, and Buck was fair to follow in the way of his father. He was not so large - he weighed only one hundred and forty pounds - for his mother, Shep, had been a Scotch shepherd dog. Nevertheless, one hundred and forty pounds, to which was added the dignity that comes of good living and universal respect, enabled him to carry himself in right royal fashion. During the four years since his puppyhood he had lived the life of a satisfied aristocrat; he had a fine pride in himself, was even a trifle egotistical, as country gentlemen sometimes become because of their insular situation. But he had saved himself by not becoming a mere pampered house dog. Hunting and such other outdoor delights had kept down the fat and hardened his muscles, and to him the love of water had been a tonic and a health preserver.





Buck escorted Mollie and Alice, the Judge's daughters, on long twilight or early morning rambles . . .

And this was the life of Buck in the fall of 1897, when the Klondike strike dragged men from all the world into the frozen North. But Buck did not read the newspapers, and he did not know that Manuel, one of the gardener's helpers, was an unreliable acquaintance. Manuel had one besetting sin. He loved to play Chinese lottery. But to play required money, and the wages of a gardener's helper did not cover the needs of a wife and numerous children.

The Judge was at a meeting of the Raisin Growers' Association, and the boys were busy organizing an athletic club, on the night of Manuel's treachery. No one saw him and Buck go off through the orchard on what Buck imagined was merely a stroll. And with the exception of a solitary man, no one saw them arrive at the little flag station known as College Park. This man talked with Manuel, and money chinked between them.

"You might wrap up the goods before you deliver them," the stranger said gruffly, and Manuel doubled a piece of stout rope around Buck's neck under the collar.

"Twist it, and you'll choke them plenty," said Manuel, and the stranger grunted in agreement.

Buck had accepted the rope with quiet dignity. To be sure, it was an unwanted thing, but he had learnt to trust the men he knew, and give them credit for a wisdom that was beyond his own. But when the ends of the rope were placed in the stranger's hands, he growled menacingly. He had merely shown his displeasure, in his pride believing that to show his displeasure was



enough. But to his surprise the rope tightened around his neck, shutting off his breath. In quick rage he sprang at the man, who met him halfway, grappled him close by the throat, and with a deft twist threw him over on his back. Then the rope tightened mercilessly, while Buck struggled in a fury, his tongue lolling out of his mouth and his great chest panting futilely. Never in all his life had he been so vilely treated, and never in all his life had he been so angry. But his strength ebbed, his eyes glazed, and he knew nothing when the train was flagged and the two men threw him into the baggage car.

Jack London

Words to Know

trouble was brewing: there was likely to be some trouble soon

Puget Sound: an inlet of the Pacific Ocean in the US state of Washington

yellow metal: gold

booming: here, helping to grow rapidly

gravelled: covered with gravel or small pebbles

poplars: tall and straight trees with soft wood

grooms: persons employed to take care of horses

arbours: a shady place (here, formed by the grape

vines) under which people can sit

demesne: a piece of land attached to a large house



kennels: doghouses

obscurely: here, hidden

recesses: remote corners

legion: here, a very large number

paddocks: fenced areas used for grazing horses

imperiously: in a royal fashion

insular: isolated; detached

Klondike strike . . . frozen North: The Klondike is an area of the Yukon Territory of north-west Canada where gold had been discovered in 1897, leading to the Klondike gold rush, when many people from the US travelled north to the region in the hope of finding gold.

besetting: constantly troubling

flag station: a station at which trains do not stop unless signalled to do so by the waving of a flag

grappled: held firmly

vilely: horribly

ebbed: went out

Read and Answer



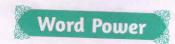
Answer these questions.

- Describe the 'realm' in Santa Clara Valley that Buck ruled over.
- Name the various activities that Buck participated in at the Judge's place.



3.	What were the other dogs at Judge Miller's place like? Select one word from the following to describe Buck's attitude towards them: pity, irritation, disdain.	
4.	Who was Manuel? Why did he kidnap Buck?	
5.	Why did Buck not struggle when Manuel put the rope around his neck? What made him protest later?	
B	Think and answer.	>
1.	Tick (/) the correct answers. Trouble was brewing for every strong dog because a. gold had been discovered in the North. b. they had long hair. c. men were buying dogs to keep them company in the cold and remote North.	Sept. And Sept.
2.	Manuel was an unreliable acquaintance because a. he was a gambler, and gamblers can do anything for money. b. he was poor. c. he did not know how to take care of dogs.	
3.	'money chinked between them' means a. they fought over money. b. they exchanged money between themselves. c. the coins in their pockets jingled when they moved.	
4.	'You might wrap up the goods before you deliver them' means a. you could put Buck on a leash. b. you could cover up Buck so that nobody suspects anything.	

- c. you could make sure that the goods are delivered in good condition.
- Buck thought his growl of displeasure was enough because
 - a. it was a menacing growl that would frighten the stranger.
 - Buck was used to his slightest discomfort being taken care of.
 - c. whenever Buck growled, others obeyed.



Look up a dictionary and find synonyms for these words.

1. stout	
2. solitary	
3. grope	
4. trifle	
5. gruff	
6. futile	
7. deft	

Do and Learn

 Identify any five breeds of dogs and collect a picture of each. Write a short note on the characteristics of each.



Novels such as The Call of the Wild help us to see the world through the eyes of animals. We understand how we appear to them, that is something we never think of. This understanding helps us to become better human beings. We realize our faults – intolerance, cruelty, and greed. We grow more sensitive to the needs of the weak and powerless. Read White Fang by the same author or Black Beauty by Anna Sewell for more insights into the animal world.

Write what you feel about the story in general, or any particular thing that influenced you.





The Flower-School

When storm-clouds rumble in the sky and June showers come down,

The moist east wind comes marching over the heath to blow its bagpipes among the bamboos.

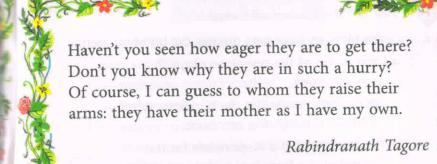
Then crowds of flowers come out of a sudden, from nobody knows where, and dance upon the grass in wild glee.

Mother, I really think the flowers go to school underground.

They do their lessons with doors shut, and if they want to come out to play before it is time, their master makes them stand in a corner.

When the rains come they have their holidays. Branches clash together in the forest, and the leaves rustle in the wild wind, the thunder-clouds clap their giant hands and the flower children rush out in dresses of pink and yellow and white.

Do you know, mother, their home is in the sky, where the stars are.



Words to Know

June showers come down: it begins to rain heath: shrubland the thunder-clouds clap there giant hands: here, the sounds of thunder before it rains

Read and Answer

- Answer these questions.
 - 1. When do the flowers come rushing out? Why do they dance upon the grass in wild glee?
 - 2. When are the flowers joyous and colourful?
- 3. According to the poet, where is the home of the flowers?

1	Tick (✓) the correct answers.	
1.	to blow its bagpipes among the bamboo m	eans
	 a. the music of the bagpipes plays in the bamboos. 	
	 the wind sounds like the bagpipes when it blows through the bamboos. 	
	 the bamboos are responsible for the sound of the bagpipes. 	
	 someone blows the bagpipes in the bamboos. 	
2.	Mother, I really think the flowers go to school underground. They do their lessons with doors shut, and if they want to come out to play before it is time, their master makes them stand in a corn	ner.
	The poet is comparing flowers with	
	a. schools in India.	
	b. parents of young children.	$\overline{\bigcirc}$
	c. schoolchildren.	
	d. classrooms in schools.	
3.	and if they want to come out to play before it is time.	
	The 'time' refers to when the	
	a. flowers bloom.	
	b. school lets out.	
	c. flowers can go home.	
	d. games period starts.	





Explain the meanings of these phrases in your own words.

- branches clash together
- the thunder-clouds clap their giant hands
- leaves rustle in the wild wind
- flower children rush out in dresses of pink, yellow and white



- Write a short poem about something that has touched you – it could be a painting, an advertisement or a story. Remember these tips before you begin:
 - Think about and picture the theme in your mind.
 - Note down the words or phrases that come to your mind.
 - Expand the words or phrases into sentences.
 - You may use rhyming words.

You may begin like this:

The setting of sun is a serene sight. It gives me such joy and delight.

Or

The rain falls on the ground Making a comforting sound.

