



## The Constitution of India

### PREAMBLE

**“WE, THE PEOPLE OF INDIA**, having solemnly resolved to constitute India into a **SOVEREIGN SOCIALIST SECULAR DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC** and to secure to all its citizens :  
**JUSTICE**, social, economic and political;  
**LIBERTY** of thought, expression, belief, faith and worship;  
**EQUALITY** of status and of opportunity; and to promote among them all  
**FRATERNITY** assuring the dignity of the individual and the unity and integrity of the Nation;  
**IN OUR CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY** this twenty-sixth day of November, 1949, do **HEREBY ADOPT, ENACT AND GIVE TO OURSELVES THIS CONSTITUTION.**”

Directorate of Secondary Education

# LONGTHARAI

Text Book of English for Class X



Tripura Board of Secondary Education

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*Published by*

State Council of Educational Research and Training, Tripura

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## **LONGTHARAI**

*Text Book of English for Class X*

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## FUNDAMENTAL RIGHTS UNDER THE CONSTITUTION OF INDIA :

Following are the Fundamental Rights in India :

### *Right to Equality :*

- **Article 14** : Equality before law and equal protection of law.
- **Article 15** : Prohibition of discrimination on grounds only of region, race, caste, sex or place of birth.
- **Article 16** : Equality of opportunity in matters of public employment.
- **Article 17** : End of untouchability.
- **Article 18** : Abolition of titles, Military and academic distinctions are, however, exempted.

### *Right to Freedom :*

- **Article 19** : It guarantees the citizens of India the following six fundamental freedoms :
  1. Freedom of Speech and Expression.
  2. Freedom of Assembly
  3. Freedom of form Associations.
  4. Freedom of Movement.
  5. Freedom of Residence and Settlement.
  6. Freedom of Profession, Occupation, Trade and Business.
- **Article 20** : Protection in respect of conviction for offences.
- **Article 21** : Protection of life and personal liberty.
- **Article 22** : Protection against arrest and detention in certain cases.

### *Right Against Exploitation :*

- **Article 23** : Traffic in human being prohibited.
- **Article 24** : No child below the age of 14 can be employed.

### *Right to freedom of Religion :*

- **Article 25** : Freedom of conscience and free profession, practice and propagation of religion.
- **Article 26** : Freedom to manage religious affairs.
- **Article 27** : Prohibits taxes on religious grounds.
- **Article 28** : Freedom as to attendance at religious ceremonies in certain educational institutions.

### *Cultural and Educational Rights :*

- **Article 29** : Protection of interests of minorities.
- **Article 30** : Right of minorities to establish and administer educational institutions.
- **Article 31** : Omitted by the 44th Amendment Act.

### ***Right to constitutional Remedies :***

- **Article 32 :** The Right to move the Supreme Court in case of their violation (called Soul and heart of the Constitution by B.R. Ambedkar).
- Forms of Writ check.
- Habeas Corpus : Equality before laws and equal protection of law.

### **FUNDAMENTAL DUTIES OF AN INDIAN CITIZEN :**

- A Citizen of India expected to faithfully observe the following fundamental Duties.
- It shall be the duty of every citizen of India :
- To abide by the Constitution and respect its ideas and institutions, the National Flag and the National Anthem;
- To cherish and follow the noble ideals which inspired our national struggle for freedom;
- To uphold and protect the sovereignty, unity and integrity of India;
- To defend the country and render national service when called upon to do so;
- To promote harmony and spirit of common brotherhood among all the people of India, transcending religious, linguistic, regional or sectional diversities, to renounce practices derogatory to the dignity of women;
- To value and preserve the rich heritage of our composite culture;
- To protect and improve the natural environment including forests, lakes, river, and wildlife and to have compassion for living creatures;
- To develop the scientific temper, humanism and spirit of inquiry and reform;
- To safeguard public property and to abjure violence;
- To strive towards excellence in all spheres of individual and collective activities so that the nation constantly rises to higher levels of endeavour and achievement;
- To provide opportunities for education to his child or, as the case may be, ward between age of 6 and 14 years;
- The 11th point was adopted by 86th Constitutional Amendment Act, 2002.

## PREFACE

Tripura Board of Secondary Education has adopted the All India Pattern of Secondary Education with a view to bringing the students of Tripura at par with the students of the rest of India.

The instant book is the English text book for class X. The manuscript of this book has been prepared by a group of experts; we are grateful to them.

I specially acknowledge the guidance and help taken from Prof. Saroj Chaudhury.

The Board is also grateful to Sri Ratish Mazumder, Director, State Council for Educational Research & Training for helping us in getting the book printed.

*Mihir Kanti Deb.*

**President**

Tripura Board of  
Secondary Education.

Agartala,  
December, 2016

Directorate of Secondary Education



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# THE MIRROR

*Sylvia Plath*

(1932-1963)

☐ **About the poet :** Poet and novelist Sylvia Plath was born on October 27, 1932, in Boston, Massachusetts. Sylvia Plath was a gifted and troubled poet, known for the confessional style of her work. Her interest in writing emerged at an early age, and she started out by keeping a journal. After publishing a number of works, Plath won a scholarship to Smith College in 1950. A Fulbright Fellowship brought Sylvia Plath to Cambridge University in England. While studying at the university's Newnham College, she met poet Ted Hughes. The two married in 1956. A poet on the rise, Sylvia Plath had her first collection of poetry, *The Colossus*, published in England in 1960. That same year, she gave birth to her first child, a daughter named Freida. Two years later, Plath and Hughes welcomed a second child, a son named Nicholas. Unfortunately, the couple's marriage was falling apart. After Hughes left her in 1962, Sylvia Plath fell into a deep depression. Struggling with her mental illness, she wrote *The Bell Jar* (1963), her only novel, which was based on her life and deals with one young woman's mental breakdown. Plath published the novel under the pseudonym Victoria Lucas. She also created the poems that would make up the collection *Ariel* (1965), which was released after her death. Sylvia Plath committed suicide on February 11, 1963. She is still a highly regarded and much studied poet to this day. The story of Sylvia Plath - her troubled life and tragic death - was the basis for the 2003 biopic *Sylvia* starring Gwyneth Paltrow in the title role.

☐ **About the poem :** In this poem, a mirror describes its existence and its owner, who grows older as the mirror watches.

*Longtharai – X*

The mirror first describes itself as “silver and exact”. It forms no judgments, instead merely swallowing what it sees and reflecting that image back without any alteration. The mirror is not cruel, “only truthful”. It considers itself a four-cornered eye of a god, which sees everything for what it is.

Most of the time, the mirror looks across the empty room and meditates on the pink speckled opposite wall. It has looked at that wall for so long that it describes the wall as “part of my heart”. The image of the wall is interrupted only by people who enter to look at themselves and the darkness that comes with night. The mirror imagines itself as a lake. A woman looks into it, trying to discern who she really is by gazing at her reflection. Sometimes, the woman prefers to look at herself in candlelight or moonlight, but these are “liars” because they mask her true appearance. Only the mirror (existing here as lake) gives her a faithful representation of herself. Because of this honesty, the woman cries and wrings her hands. Nevertheless, she cannot refrain from visiting the mirror over and over again, every morning. Over the years, the woman has “drowned a young girl” in the mirror, and now sees in her reflection an old woman growing older day by day. This old woman rises toward her out of the mirror like “a terrible fish.”

§ am silver and exact. I have no preconceptions.

Whatever I see I swallow immediately  
Just as it is, unmisted by love or dislike.

I am not cruel, only truthful,

The eye of a little god, four-cornered.

Most of the time I meditate on the opposite wall.

It is pink, with speckles. I have looked at it so long

I think it is part of my heart. But it flickers.

Faces and darkness separate us over and over.

Now I am a lake. A woman bends over me,  
Searching my reaches for what she really is.

Then she turns to those liars, the candles or the moon.  
I see her back, and reflect it faithfully.  
She rewards me with tears and an agitation of hands.  
I am important to her. She comes and goes.  
Each morning it is her face that replaces the darkness.  
In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me an old woman  
Rises toward her day after day, like a terrible fish.



#### A. WORD NOTES :

- **preconceptions** : an idea or opinion that is formed before you have enough information or experience
- **swallow** : to make food, drink, etc. go down your throat into your stomach
- **immediately** : without delay
- **unmisted** : unbiased
- **meditate** : to think deeply, usually in silence, especially for religious reasons or in order to make your mind calm
- **speckles )** : small coloured marks or spots on a background of a different colour
- **flickers** : (*of a light or a flame*) to keep going on and off as it shines or burns
- **separate** : forming a unit by itself; not joined
- **bends** : to lean, or make lean, in a particular direction
- **reaches** : the distance over which you can stretch your arms to touch something;

Longtharai – X

- **reflect** : to show the image on the surface of something such as a mirror, water or glass
- **faithfully** : accurately; carefully
- **rewards** : a thing that you are given because you have done something good, worked hard, etc
- **agitation** : worry and anxiety that you show by behaving in a nervous way
- **replaces** : to be used instead of something or somebody else
- **drowned** : to die because you have been underwater too long and you cannot breathe
- **terrible** : very unpleasant; making you feel very unhappy, upset or frightened

**B. Read the extracts given below and answer the following questions within 10 words each :**

1. “ *A woman bends over me,*

*Searching my reaches for what she really is.*

*Then she turns to those liars, the candles or the moon.”*

- a) What is the woman bending over?
- b) Why does the woman bend over?
- c) ‘me’ here means....
  - i) lake
  - ii) pond
  - iii) river
  - iv) sea

2. ***“ I am important to her. She comes and goes.  
Each morning it is her face that replaces the darkness.”***

- a) What is important and to whom?
- b) Where does she go every morning?
- c) ‘I’ here is
  - i) a girl
  - ii) a woman
  - iii) maid
  - iv) a lake

3. ***“ In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me an old woman  
Rises toward her day after day, like a terrible fish.”***

- a) “ In me she has drowned a young girl.....”. What do you mean by this line?
- b) What rises as ‘a terrible fish’?
- c) ‘drowned a young girl’ means
  - i) passing away of old age.
  - ii) passing away of infancy
  - iii) passing away of youth
  - iv) passing away of sad moment.

4. ***“I am silver and exact. I have no preconceptions.”***

- a) Who is the poet?
- b) Who is the speaker?
- c) When the poet says that the mirror has no preconceptions it means:
  - i) it reflects your image objectively.

*Longtharai – X*

- ii) it gives a biased view of the person.
- iii) it is emotionally involved with the person whose image it reflects.
- iv) it is emotionally involved with the person whose image it doesn't reflect.

5. ***“The eye of a little god, four-cornered.”***

- a) Who is the ‘the eye of a little god’?
- b) Name the poem and the poet.
- c) The mirror has been called a four cornered God because:
  - i) it is rectangular shaped
  - ii) like God it watches you unbiased and fair from all angles
  - iii) it faithfully reflects all that it sees.
  - iv) it is triangular shaped

6. ***“It is pink, with speckles. I have looked at it so long”***

- a) Where has the speaker looked at so long?
- b) Why has the speaker looked at it so long?
- c) The ‘pink speckles’ refer to:
  - i) the opposite wall that is pink.
  - ii) a person with a healthy pink face with freckles.
  - iii) spots made on the mirror with red paint.
  - iv) the floor.

C. **Answer the following questions briefly within 30-40 words each:**

1. Why has the mirror been described as being ‘unmistled’?
2. What is the image that the poet is trying to convey about the appearance of the mirror?



*The Mirror*

3. How does the mirror 'swallow'? What is the poetic device used here?
4. What disturbs its contemplation of the opposite wall?
5. In the second stanza the mirror is compared to another object. What is it? Why do you think this comparison has been made?
6. What is the woman searching for in the depths of the pool?
7. Why does 'she' start crying?
8. Why does the poet refer to the fish in the last line? Why has it been described as being 'terrible'?
9. How does the mirror usually pass its time?
10. Why have the candles and the moon been called 'liars'?
11. How does the mirror describe its nature?
12. The mirror says, 'I am not cruel.' – Explain.

**D. Answer the following questions within 60-80 words each :**

1. Give the substance of the poem.
2. Do you think the title of the poem justified? Discuss.
3. Find the various instances of personification used in this poem.
4. Why has the mirror been called a four cornered - God? Why is the mirror compared to a lake?
5. How does the mirror usually pass its time?

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**E. Read the following poem by Sylvia Plath for further advancement.**

## **APPREHENSIONS**

There is this white wall, above which the sky creates itself-  
Infinite, green, utterly untouchable.

Angels swim in it, and the stars, in indifference also.

They are my medium.

The sun dissolves on this wall, bleeding its lights.

A grey wall now, clawed and bloody.

Is there no way out of the mind?

Steps at my back spiral into a well.

There are no trees or birds in this world,

There is only sourness.

This red wall winces continually :

A red fist, opening and closing,

Two grey, papery bags-

This is what i am made of, this, and a terror  
Of being wheeled off under crosses and rain of pieties.

On a black wall, unidentifiable birds

Swivel their heads and cry.

There is no talk of immorality among these!

Cold blanks approach us :

They move in a hurry.



# THE HERO

*Rabindranath Tagore*

(1861-1941)


☐ **About the poet :** Rabindranath Tagore, grandson to Prince Dwarkanath Tagore, was the youngest son of Debendranath Tagore. Debendranath was a great learned spiritual personality and leader of the reformist religion group Brahmo Samaj. Rabindranath was educated at home, and although at seventeen he was sent to England for formal schooling, he did not finish his studies there. His literary abilities were evident from an early age and in mature years he emerged as a versatile literary genius. His sympathies were with Indian Nationalist Movement and at different phases of the movement he participated in it in his own visionary ways.

Rabindranath was knighted by the ruling British Government in recognition of his genius, but he renounced the honour as protest against the British atrocities in India, with reference to the Jalianwala Bagh massacre in particular. Rabindranath became famous as a poet in Bengali at quite an early age. With the translation of some of his poems in English, he became rapidly known in the West. His fame attained a luminous height. He was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature in 1913.

Although Rabindranath wrote successfully in all literary genres, he was, first of all, a poet. Among his fifty odd volumes of poetry are *Manashi*, *Sonar Rati*, *Balaka*, *Geetanjali*, *Geetimalya* and others. His

*Longtharai – X*

major plays are Raja, Dakghar, Aohalaytan, Muktheadhara and Raktakarabi. He authored several volumes of short stories and essay. He wrote several novels, among them are Gora, Ghare Bairey, Yogayog. Besides, he also wrote travel diaries and two autobiographies-one in his middle years and the other shortly before his death in 1941. He wrote musical plays and dance dramas and thousands of song, for which he composed the music himself. He has left behind numerous drawings and paintings which have earned wide acclaim from critics all over the world. Rabindranath established the Visva Bharati University. He had a special affectionate relationship with the kings of Tripura spread over four generations. He died on August 7,1941.

 **About the poem :** The narrative poem ‘The Hero’ was written by Rabindranath Tagore. Set in a young boy’s imaginations this narrative has all the necessary elements and is rich in imagery. The characters, plot, setting, theme, climax and idea are all very clearly outlined.

The Hero depicts the journey of a mother and her son. They are travelling through far off foreign lands. The son is riding on a chestnut horse and the mother is in a palanquin. On the way when it gets dark suddenly they are attacked by dacoits i.e. bandits. The mother gets scared and asks her son to flee. But the boy gallops his horse and fights a fearful battle. His mother remains in the palanquin, afraid to look outside, thinking that her son might have been killed. Some of the dacoits are killed in the fight, the rest flee. The boy then returns to her mother. The mother is overjoyed to see her son alive. She hugs him. It is dream of every boy to be a hero in the eyes of the world, especially his mother. He does not want the world to think that he is weak or delicate. He wants the world to acknowledge his bravery and valour. He has a faithful and sincere love for his mother, proved by his willingness to save her at the cost of his own life. It is this, says the poem, that transforms him into a real hero.

*The Hero*

Mother, let us imagine we are travelling, and passing through a strange and dangerous country.

You are riding in a palanquin and I am trotting by you on a red horse.

It is evening and the sun goes down. The waste of Joradighi lies wan and grey before us. The land is desolate and barren.

You are frightened and thinking - "I know not where we have come to."

I say to you, "Mother, do not be afraid."

The meadow is prickly with spiky grass, and through it runs a narrow broken path.

There are no cattle to be seen in the wide field; they have gone to their village stalls.

It grows dark and dim on the land and sky, and we cannot tell where we are going.

Suddenly you call me and ask me in a whisper, "What light is that near the bank?"

Just then there bursts out a fearful yell, and figures come running towards us.

You sit crouched in your palanquin and repeat the names of the gods in prayer.

The bearers, shaking in terror, hide themselves in the thorny bush

I shout to you, "Don't be afraid, mother, I am here."

With long sticks in their hands and hair all wild about their heads, they come nearer and nearer.

I shout, "Have a care! you villains! One step more and you are dead men."

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They give another terrible yell and rush forward.

You clutch my hand and say, “Dear boy, for heaven’s sake, keep away from them.”

I say, “Mother, just you watch me.”

Then I spur my horse for a wild gallop, and my word and buckler clash against each other.

The fight becomes so fearful, mother, that it would give you a cold shudder could you see it from your palanquin.

Many of them fly, and a great number are cut to pieces.

I know you are thinking, sitting all by yourself, that your boy must be dead by this time.

But I come to you all stained with blood, and say, “Mother, the fight is over now.”

You come out and kiss me, pressing me to your heart, and you say to yourself,

“I don’t know what I should do if I hadn’t my boy to escort me.”

A thousand useless things happen day after day, and why couldn’t such a thing come true by chance?

It would be like a story in a book.

My brother would say, “Is it possible? I always thought he was so delicate!”

Our village people would all say in amazement, “Was it not lucky that the boy was with his mother?”



## A. WORD NOTES

- palanquin** : covered litter for one person, carried on poles by two or more men.
- **trotting** : fairly quick movement of horse.
  - **joradighi** : two tanks located side by side.
  - **wan** : looking pale, weak or tired.
  - **desolate** : empty, where there are no people.
  - **meadow** : a field with wild grass and flowers
  - **prickly** : covered with thin sharp points leaves.
  - **stalls** : an enclosed area in a building for animal such as cow or horse.
  - **whisper** : to speak or say something very quietly, privately or secretly.
  - **yell** : a loud shout.
  - **crouched** : to lower one's body bending the knees completely.
  - **clutch** : to hold something tightly.
  - **spur** : prick a sharp pointed object on the heel of a rider's boot into the body of the horse to encourage the horse to go faster.
  - **gallop** : the movement of a horse at its fastest speed.
  - **buckler** : a piece of metal used for fastening the two ends of a belt.
  - **shudder** : shake for a short time out of fear.
  - **delicate** : careful or sensitive.
  - **amazement** : a feeling of great surprise, astonishment.

**B. Read the extracts given below and answer the following questions within 10 words each :**

1. *“You are riding in a palanquin and I am trotting  
By you on a red horse  
It is evening and the sun goes down.  
The waste of Joradighi lies wan and grey before us.  
The land is desolate and barren.”*

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- a) Who was riding in a palanquin ?
- b) What did the speaker ride upon ?
- c) You are riding
  - i) in a palanquin
  - ii) on a horse
  - iii) in a coach
  - iv) on a cart

2. ***“ You are frightened and thinking” I know not  
Where we have come to  
I say to you, “Mother, do not be afraid.”***

- a) Why is the mother frightened?
- b) What did the speaker tell his mother?
- c) I say to you
  - i) do not be afraid
  - ii) take rest
  - iii) look out
  - iv) sleep

3. ***“ The meadow is prickly with spiky grass, and  
through it runs a narrow broken path.  
There are no cattle to be seen in the wide field;  
they have gone to their village stalls.”***

- a) What grew on the meadow?
- b) Where had the cattle gone?
- c) The narrow broken path means
  - i) a wide metalled road
  - ii) open village road
  - iii) a road for vehicles
  - iv) of a small width and broken surface.

4. ***“The fight becomes so fearful, mother, that it  
Would give you a cold shudder could you see it  
from your palanquin.***



***Many of them fly, and a great number are cut to Pieces.”***

- a) What was the fight?
- b) What happened to the attackers?
- c) ‘cold shudder’ means
  - i) a feeling of joy
  - ii) a feeling of fear
  - iii) a feeling of happiness
  - iv) a feeling of sorrow

5. ***Our village people would all say in amazement, “was it not lucky that the boy was with his mother?”***

- a) How would the village people feel?
- b) Why did the village people consider it luck that the boy was with his mother
- c) ‘amazement’ means
  - i) surprise
  - ii) sorrow
  - iii) anger
  - iv) bitterness

**C. Answer the following questions briefly within 30-40 words each:**

1. How was the mother feeling when they were passing beside the Joradighi?
2. How did the mother predict the danger?
3. How did the villains look like?
4. What was the reaction of the boy when he saw the villains coming nearer to them?
5. What is the impression of the boy towards his younger brother?
6. What did the speaker ask his mother to imagine?
7. How was the land they were travelling over?

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8. Why did the speaker assure his mother not to be afraid?
9. What happened after the mother noticed a light near the bank?
10. What did the speaker shout to the attackers?

**D. Answer the following questions within 60-80 words each :**

1. Write the substance of the poem.
2. Point out the valour and fearlessness of the boy's attitude?
3. Narrate in your own words the scene of fearful battle between the decoits and the fearless boy?
4. How did the mother behave during the whole crisis period?
5. Write in your own words the reaction of mother, younger brother and the villagers when the battle was over?

**E. Read another famous poem by Rabindranath Tagore for further advancement.**

### **Heaven of Freedom**

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;  
Where knowledge is free;  
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments  
by narrow domestic walls;  
Where words come out from the depth of truth;  
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection;  
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into  
the dreary desert sand of dead habit;  
Where the mind is led forward by Thee into ever-widening  
thought and action-  
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country  
awake.



## LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

*William Wordsworth*

(1770-1850)

☐ **About the poet :** William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth Cumberland in the Lake Districts of North-West England. He was educated at Hawkshead and in Cambridge. After Cambridge and a short stay in France, he returned to spend most of his life in the Lake Districts. He was deeply influenced by the French Revolution, but in later years he became frustrated and disillusioned with the Reign of Terror.

In 1798 Wordsworth published the *Lyrical Ballads* in collaboration with Samuel Taylor Coleridge. This publication marked the beginning of a totally new kind of poetry called the Romantic poetry. His poems mainly deal with incidents and characters taken from humble life and describe them, as far as possible “in a selection of language really used by men”. Wordsworth is one of the greatest nature poets and is, in his own words, “a worshipper of nature”.

Wordsworth was appointed the Poet Laureate in succession to Robert Southey.

☐ **About the poem :** The poem was written at Alfoxden in 1798 and published the same year in 1798 in the “*Lyrical Ballads*”, with the title “*Lines Written in Early Spring*”. The poet, as he sat reclining in a grove, heard the myriad voices and songs of birds and insects and rustling leaves. He was in a pleasant mood of mind and a pleasant mood of mind may sometimes invite unhappy thoughts. The unhappy thought that came to the poet’s mind was : What man has made of man.(man has separated himself from the sources of happiness in nature). His own

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soul seemed to be drawn absorbed into the joy and beauty of nature and the poet could not help thinking that man's creed had taught him to be unhappy. The flowers and birds all seemed to breathe of joy, to be the emanations of joy.

¶ HEARD a thousand blended notes,  
While in a grove I sate reclined,  
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts  
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link  
The human soul that through me ran;  
And much it grieved my heart to think  
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,  
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;  
And 'tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,  
Their thoughts I cannot measure:-  
But the least motion which they made,  
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,  
To catch the breezy air;  
And I must think, do all I can,  
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,  
If such be Nature's holy plan,  
Have I not reason to lament  
What man has made of man?



**A. WORD NOTES**

- **blended** : combined, mixed
- **notes** : songs, sounds
- **grove** : cluster of trees, clump
- **reclined** : relaxed, rested
- **pleasant** : comfortable, happy
- **fair works** : beautiful creations
- **link** : connect, unite
- **grieved** : caused to feel great sadness/sorrow
- **primrose** : plant bearing pale yellow spring flower
- **tufts** : number of grass-blades growing or joined together in cluster
  
- **bower** : a leafy, shady place
- **periwinkle** : evergreen trailing plant with light -blue flower
- **trailed** : pulled (something behind) usually along the ground
- **wreaths** : garlands, arrangements of flowers and/or leaves in the shape of a circle
  
- **faith** : belief, conviction
- **hopped** : moved by jumping with feet together
- **measure** : guess, assess
- **motion** : movement
- **thrill** : a strong feeling of excitement
- **budding twigs** : small very thin branches growing out of larger branches on a bush or tree
  
- **fan** : “Wordsworth was perhaps thinking of chestnut leaf, which is like a fan in shape”
  
- **holy** : sacred, connected with God
- **lament** : to feel or express great sadness about something, to mourn, to wail

**B. Read the extracts given below and answer the following questions within 10 words each :**

1. *“ I heard a thousand blended notes*

*While in a grove i sat reclined,*

*In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts*

*Bring sad thoughts to the mind.”*

- a) Where is the above extract taken from? Who is the speaker?
- b) Where did the speaker sit and what did he hear?
- c) ‘grove’ means
  - i) clump
  - ii) shade
  - iii) bush
  - iv) wide field

2. *“ To her fair works did Nature link*

*The human soul that through me ran;*

*And much it grieved my heart to think*

*What man has made of man.”*

- a) Whose “fair works” are spoken of here?
- b) What did nature link to her fair work?
- c) It grieves the heart of the poet to think
  - i) of nature
  - ii) of what man has made of man
  - iii) of human soul
  - iv) of the link done by nature

3. *“ The birds around me hopp’d and play’d’*

*Their thoughts I cannot measure:-*

*But the least motion which they made*

*It seem’d a thrill of pleasure”.*

- a) What did the birds do around the poet ?
- b) How did the poet feel when the birds were happy?

- c) The birds around the poet
  - i) sang
  - ii) flew
  - iii) hopped and played
  - iv) chirped

4. ***“The budding twigs spread out their fan  
To catch the breezy air;  
And I must think, do all I can,  
That there was pleasure there”***

- a) What do you understand by the “budding twigs”?
- b) How do the budding twigs catch leafy breeze?
- c) What did budding twigs catch
  - i) fan
  - ii) dust
  - iii) sunlight
  - iv) breezing air

5. ***“Have I not reason to lament  
What man has made of man?”***

- a) What does the poet consider a valid reason to lament?
- b) How does the poet feel about “What man has made of man?”
- c) ‘lament’ means
  - i) to mourn
  - ii) to shout
  - iii) to call
  - iv) to sing

**C. Answer the following questions briefly within 30-40 words each:**

1. Where did the poet hear ‘a thousand blended notes’?
2. In that sweet mood what other thoughts are brought by pleasant thoughts?

*Longtharai – X*

3. What did Nature link 'to her fair works'?
4. Where does the poet find the human soul?
5. What are the flowers the poet noticed in blossoms?
6. What does the poet think when every flower enjoys?
7. What did the birds do around the poet?
8. Could the poet make out the thought of the birds?
9. What seemed 'a thrill of pleasure' to the poet?
10. How did the budding twigs catch the breezy air?

**D. Answer the following questions within 60-80 words each :**

1. Give the substance of the poem.
2. What does the poet mean by 'What man has made of man'?
3. What things in nature didn't make the poet feel happy?
4. What is 'nature's holy plan'?
5. Bring out the picture of Nature in spring as you find in the poem.

**E. Read the following poem for further advancement.**

### **DAFFODILS**

I WANDERED lonely as cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,



*Lines Written in Early Spring*

They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed - and gazed - but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.



## SONG OF A DREAM

*Sarojini Naidu*  
(1879-1949)

☐ **About the poet :** Sarojini Naidu was born in Hyderabad to Aghornath Chattopadhyay and Baroda Sundari Devi on 13 Feb, 1879. Her father, a doctorate in science from Edinburgh University was the founder and administrator of the Hyderabad College, presently known as the Nizam College in Hyderabad. Her Mother was a poetess who used to write poems in Bengali.

Sarojini passed the matriculation examination from the University of Madras at the age of 12 and acclaimed national fame. She was proficient in languages like Urdu, Persian, English, Telugu, Bengali etc. She began writing poems at the age of 12. Impressed by her Persian play **Maher Muneer** the Nizam of Hyderabad offered her scholarship to study abroad. At the age of 16 Sarojini went to England for study first at King's College, London and later at Girton College, Cambridge. There she met several distinguished persons both British and Indian, one of whom was Dr. Naidu. At the age of 19 she married Mythale Govindarajulu Naidu, a doctor by profession.

Coming back to India Sarojini joined the Indian national movement and played a leading role. After independence she served as the first Governor of Uttar Pradesh from 1947 to 1949. She was the first woman to become the governor of an Indian State.

In spite of her busy schedule of political career the bird inside Sarojini could not but sing time to time, and its singing was the outcome of her poetry. Three volumes of her poems were published successively - (1) The Golden Threshold (19.....) (2) The Bird of Time (1912), (3) The

Broken Wing(1917). Another collection of her poems **The Feather of the Dawn** was edited and published posthumously by her daughter Padmaja Naidu who also was a prominent figure and was the governor of West Bengal from 3 feb,1956 to 1 June,1967.

Sarojini Naidu died of heart attack while working in her office in Lucknow on 2 March,1949.The poetry of Sarojini Naidu made her mark of prominence in the arena of Indian poetry in English and is an important part of women's writing. Lyricism symbolism, imagery, mysticism are the remarkable qualities of her poetry. Her poetry is marked with "Indianness" as they reflect the varied colours of tradition and culture of Indian folk life. She is called the 'Nightingale of India' as she always sang of the humble folk of her country.

☐ **About the poem :** 'Song of a Dream' is a poem in which the poet tells about a dream. In the dream she visualised three natural objects - birds, stars and streams. The birds sang, the stars glowed and the streams flowed. But the sleep world cast such a magic spell over her that they seemed to her to be not just worldly objects, rather they seemed to be the spirits of truth, love and peace respectively. These spirits are the necessary ingredients of a healthy world. In the dream the poetess attained great mental peace which she was in search of. The repeated use of the word 'magical' in the poem indicates that the sleep world had a special soothing, restorative and spiritual effect on her.

Once in the dream of a night I stood  
Lone in the light of a magical wood  
Soul-deep in visions that poppy-like sprang  
And spirits of Truth were the birds that sang  
And spirits of Love were the stars that glowed  
And spirits of Peace were the streams that flowed  
In that magical wood in the land of sleep

*Longtharai – X*

Lone in the light of that magical grove  
I felt the stars of the spirits of Love  
Gather and gleam round my delicate youth  
And I heard the song of the spirits of Truth  
To quench my longing I bent me low  
By the streams of the spirits of peace that flow  
In the magical wood in the land of sleep.



**A. WORD NOTES :**

- **dream** : Something which one seems to see or experience during sleep
- **lone** : having no companion, solitary
- **light** : the natural form of energy that makes things visible
- **magical** : mysterious or supernatural power of influencing events, mystic
- **wood** : forest, orchard
- **soul-deep** : something that touches the soul, impressive
- **poppy** : a plant that bears flowers of red, pink or yellow colour. The plants sway in the wind.
- **sprang** : arose suddenly
- **spirit** : vitality, energy
- **truth** : fact, reality
- **love** : strong feeling of affection
- **stars** : celestial body, sun
- **glowed** : gave out light without flame
- **peace** : calmness, serenity, tranquillity
- **stream** : a current of water, river
- **grove** : small orchard, group of trees

- **gather** : come together, congregate
- **gleam** : shine dimly
- **delicate** : sensitive, perceptive, responsive
- **youth** : the period between childhood and adult age  
freshness
- **to quench** : to satisfy, to cool, to appease
- **louging** : desire, craving, hankering
- **bent low** : became curved down
- **flow** : move steadily and freely

**B. Read the extracts given below and answer the following questions within 10 words each :**

1. *“Once in the dream of a night I stood  
Lone in the light of a magical wood”*

- a) Who is ‘I’ here?
- b) What was the time mentioned?
- c) Choose from the words given below a word that is opposite in meaning to ‘dream’
  - i) fantasy
  - ii) illusion
  - iii) reality
  - iv) imagination

2. *“Soul-deep in visions that poppy-like sprang  
And spirit of Truth were the birds that sang”*

- a) Find out from the extract a word that indicated a flower.
- b) What did the birds do?
- c) Choose from the words given below a word that is a synonym of ‘Truth’:
  - i) fact
  - ii) lie

Longtharai – X

- iii) falsehood
- iv) dream

3. ***“And spirits of Love were the stars that glowed  
And sprits of Peace were the streams that flowed”***

- a) What did the stars seem to be ?
- b) What did the streams seem to be?
- c) Fill in the gap in the following line choosing appropriate in the situation there was
  - i) peace
  - ii) peaceful
  - iii) peacefulness
  - iv) violent

4. ***“ I felt the stars of the spirits of love  
Gather and gleam round my delicate youth  
And I heard the song of the spirits of Truth”***

- a) What did the speaker feel?
- b) What did the speaker hear?
- c) The word ‘gleam’ means-
  - i) gather
  - ii) sing
  - iii) shine
  - iv) darkness

5. ***“ To quench my longing I bent me low  
By the streams of the spirits of peace that flow”***

- a) Why did the speaker bend him/her low?
- b) Where did he/she bend him/her low?
- c) Here the use of the word ‘low’ is related to
  - i) ‘I’

- ii) streams
- iii) peace
- iv) thirst

**C. Answer the following questions briefly within 30-40 words each:**

1. Who stood in the light of magical wood and with whom?
2. 'Soul -deep in visions that poppy-like sprang' -  
What do the quoted words mean?
3. What did the birds do and what were they compared to ?
4. What did the stars do and what were they compared to?
5. What did the streams do and what were they compared to?
6. What were the three spirits that Sarojini Naidu mentioned in the poem
7. Why did the poetess use the word 'magical' repeatedly?
8. What did the narrator in the poem feel about the stars of the spirits of Love?
9. What was the poetess longing for?
10. Where could she quench her longing?

**D. Answer the following questions within 60-80 words each :**

1. Give the substance of the poem.
2. What did the narrator in the poem visualise in the dream?
3. Which natural objects, according to the poetess make a congenial
4. Bring out the auditory as well as visual images expressed in the poem.
5. Did the narrator enjoy the sleep or dislike it? Answer with reasons.

**E. For further study of the poetry of Sarojini Naidu students may read ' The Palanquin Bearers'.**

Lightly , O lightly we bear her along,  
She sways like a flower in the wind of our song;  
She skims like a bird on the foam of a stream,

*Longtharai – X*

She floats like a laugh from the lips of a dream.

Gaily, O gaily we glide and we sing,  
We bear her along like a pearl on a string.

Softly, O softly we bear her along,  
She hangs like a star in the dew of our song;  
She springs like a beam on the brow of the tide,  
She falls like a tear from the eyes of a bride.

Lightly, O lightly we glide and we sing,  
We bear her along like a pearl on a string.



Directorate of Secondary Education



## THE LETTER

*Dhumaketu*

(1892–1965)

☐ **About the author :** Gaurishankar Govardhandas Joshi, born on 12 Dec. 1892 and popularly known as Dhumaketu was a powerful writer hailing from Gujrat. He is also considered one of the pioneers of Gujrati short stories. His writing is characterized by a poetic style, effective depiction of human emotions and romanticism. He has a tremendous influence upon the new generation of writers. “Tankha” (1926) is his collection of short stories which is considered a milestone in Gujrati literature. He has also written many novels, dramas and other books specially for children. He has twenty four collections of short stories and thirtytwo novels to his credit. His short story “The Letter” was published by Delhi Sahitya Academy in “Contemporary Indian Short Stories.”

☐ **About the story :** The story, “The Letter” tells about an old father’s earnest longing for receiving a letter from his daughter who had been married to a soldier from the Punjab Regiment. It tells about the feelings of a lonely old man who eagerly waits for a letter from his daughter. Ali who was once a hunter has been eagerly waiting for long five years to receive his most coveted letter. The story depicts his emotions as a lonely father. It also shows the ill-treatment he gets from the postmaster and his staff. But time changes. The postmaster faces the similar situation in his life. The

letter of Ali's daughter finally reaches the post office. The postmaster repents as it is too late.

In the grey sky of early dawn stars still glowed, as happy memories light up a life that is nearing its close. An old man was walking through the town, now and again drawing his tattered clothes tighter to shield his body from the cold and biting wind. From some houses came the sound of grinding mills, and the sweet voices of women singing at their work, and the sounds helped him along his lonely way. Except for the occasional bark of a dog, the distant steps of a workman going early to work, or the screech of a bird disturbed before its time, the whole town was wrapped in deathly silence. Most of its inhabitants were still in the arms of sleep, the sleep which grew more and more profound on account of the intense winter cold; for the cold used sleep to extend its sway over all things even as a false friend lulls his chosen victim with caressing smiles. The old man, shivering at times but fixed of purpose, plodded on till he came out of the town-gate on to a straight road. Along this he now went at a somewhat slower pace, supporting himself on his old staff.

On one side of the road was a row of trees, on the other side the town's public garden. The sky was darker now and the cold more intense, for the wind was blowing straight along the road, on which they fell like frozen snow, only the faint light of the morning star. At the end of the garden stood a handsome building of the newest style, and the light gleamed threw the crevices of its closed doors and windows.

Beholding the wooden arch of this building, the old man was filled with the joy that the pilgrim feels when he first sees the goal of his journey. On the arch hung an old board with the newly painted letters "Post Office." The old man went in quietly and squatted on the veranda. The voices of two or three people busy

and their routine work could be faintly heard through the wall.

“Police Superintendent”, a voice called sharply. The old man started at the sound, but composed himself again to wait. But for the faith and love, that warmed him, he could not have borne the bitter cold.

Name after name rang out from within as the clerk read out the English addresses in the letters and flung them to the waiting postmen. From long practice he had acquired great speed at reading out the titles - Commissioner, superintendent, Diwan Sahib, Librarian - and in flinging the letters out.

In the midst of this procedure a jesting voice from inside called, “Coachman Ali!” The old man got up, raised his eyes to heaven in gratitude and stepping forward put his hands to the door.

“Gokul Bhai!” “Yes who is there?”

“You called out coachman Ali’s name, didn’t you? Here I am, I have come for my letter.”

“It’s a mad man, sir, who worries us by calling everyday for letters that never come,” said the clerk to the postmaster.

The old man went back slowly to the bench on which he had been accustomed to sit for five long years.

Ali had been a clever shikari. As his skill increased so did his love for the hunt, till at last it was as impossible for him to pass a day without hunting as it is for the opium-eater to forgo his daily portion. When Ali sighted the earth-brown partridge, almost invisible to other eyes, the poor bird, they said, was as good as in his bag. His sharp eyes saw the hare crouching. Even when the dogs failed to see the creature cunningly hidden in the yellow brown scrub, Ali’s eyes would catch the sight of his ears; and in another moment it was dead. Besides this, he would often go out with his friends, the fishermen.

*Longtharai – X*

But when the evening of his life was drawing in, he left his old ways and suddenly took a new turn. His only child, Miriam married and left him. She went off with a soldier into his regiment in the Punjab, and for the last five years he had no news of his daughter for whose sake alone he dragged along a cheerless existence. Now he understood the meaning of love and separation. He could no longer enjoy the sportsmen's pleasure and laughter at the bewildered terror of the young partridges bereft of their parents.

Although the hunter's instinct was in his very blood and bones, such loneliness had come into his life since the day Miriam had gone away, that now, forgetting his sport, he would become lost in the admiration of the green cornfield. He reflected deeply, and came to the conclusion that the whole universe is built up through love and that the grief of separation is inescapable. And seeing this, he sat down under a tree and wept bitterly. From that day he had risen each morning at 4 O'clock to walk to the postoffice. In his whole life he had never received a letter, but with a devout serenity born of hope and faith, he persevered and was always the first to arrive.

The post office, one of the uninteresting buildings in the world, became his place of pilgrimage. He always occupied a particular seat in a particular corner of the building, and when the people got to know his habit they laughed at him. The postmen began to make a game of him. Even though there was no letter for him they would call out his name for the fun of seeing him jump up and come to the door. But with a boundless faith and infinite patience, he came everyday, and went away empty-handed.

While Ali waited, peons would come for their firms' letters and he would hear them discussing their masters' scandals. These smart young peons in their spotless turbans and creaking shoes were always eager to express themselves. Meanwhile, the door

would be thrown open and the postmaster, a man with a face as sad and as inexpressive as a pumpkin, would be seen sitting on his chair inside. There was no glimmer of animation in his features; such men usually prove to be village schoolmasters, office clerks or postmaster.

One day, he was there as usual and did not move from his seat when the door was opened.

“Police commissioner!” the clerk called out, and a young fellow stepped forward briskly for the letters.

“Superintendent!” Another voice called. Another peon came. And so the clerk, like a worshipper of Vishnu, repeated his customary thousand names.

At last they had all gone. Ali got up too and saluting the postoffice as though it housed some precious relic, went off like a pitiable figure, a century behind his time.

“That fellow,” asked the postmaster, “Is he mad?”

“Who, sir? Oh, yes,” answered the clerk, “No matter what the weather is he has been here everyday for the last five years. But he doesn’t get many letters.”

“I can well understand that! Who does he think will have time to write a letter everyday?”

“But he is a bit touched, sir. In the old days he committed many sins; and maybe he shed some blood within sacred precincts and is paying for it now,” the postman added in support of his statement.

“Madmen are strange people,” the postmaster said.

“Yes, Once I saw a postman in Ahmedabad who did absolutely nothing but make little heaps of dust. And another had a habit of going to the river bed in order to pour water on a certain stone everyday!”

“Oh! That’s nothing”, chimed in another. “I knew one madman who paced up and down all day long, another who never ceased declaiming poetry and a third who would slap himself on the cheek and then begin to cry because he was being beaten.” And everyone in the post office began to talk of lunacy. All working class people have the habit of taking periodic rests by joining in general discussion for a few minutes. After listening a while, the postmaster got up and said, “It seems as though the mad live in a world of their own making. To them perhaps we too appear mad. The madman’s world is rather like the poet’s, I should think!” He laughed as he spoke the last words, looking at one of the clerks who wrote indifferent verse. Then he went out and the office became still again.

For several days Ali had not come to the postoffice. There was no one with enough sympathy or understanding to guess the reason, but all were curious to know what had stopped the old man. At last he came again, but it was a struggle for him to breathe and on his face were clear signs of approaching end. That day he could not contain his impatience.

“Master Sahib”, he begged the postmaster, “Have you a letter from my Miriam?” The postmaster wanted to get out to the country, and was in a hurry.

“What a pest you are, brother!” he exclaimed. “My name is Ali,” answered Ali absentmindedly.

“I know! I know! But do you think we’ve got your Miriam’s name registered?” “Then please note it down, brother. It will be useful if a letter should come when I am not here.” For how should the villager who had spent three-quarters of his life hunting know that Miriam’s name was not worth a pic to anyone but her father?

The postmaster was beginning to lose his temper. “Have

you no sense?" he cried. "Get away! Do you think we're going to eat your letter when it comes?" and he walked off hastily. Ali came out very slowly, turning after every few steps to gaze at the post office. His eyes were filled with tears of helplessness, for his patience was exhausted, even though he still had faith. Yet how could he still hope to hear from Miriam ?

Ali heard one of the clerks coming up behind him, and turned to him. "Brother!" he said.

The clerk was surprised, but being a decent fellow he said, "Well!"

"Here, look at this!" and Ali produced an old tin box and emptied five golden guineas into the surprised clerk's hands. "Do not look so startled," he continued.

"They will be useful to you, and they can never be to me. But will you do one thing?"

"What?"

"What do you see up there?" said Ali, pointing to the sky. "Heaven."

"Allah is there, and in His presence I am giving you this money. When it comes, you must forward my Miriam's letter to me."

"But where—where am I supposed to send it?" asked the utterly bewildered clerk.

"To my grave."

"What?"

"Yes. It is true. Today is my last day: my very last, alas! And I have not seen Miriam, I have had no letter from her." There were tears in Ali's eyes as the clerk slowly left him and went on his way with the five golden guineas in his pocket.

Ali was never seen again, and no one troubled to inquire after him.

One day, however, trouble came to the postmaster. His daughter lay ill in another town, and he was anxiously waiting for news of her. The post was brought in, and the letters piled on the table. Seeing an envelope of the colour and shape he expected, the postmaster eagerly snatched it up. It was addressed to Coachman Ali, and he dropped it as though it had given him an electric shock. The haughty temper of the official had quite left him in his sorrow and anxiety, and had laid bare his human heart. He knew at once that this was the letter the old man had been waiting for : it must be from his daughter Miriam.

“Lakshmi Das!” called the postmaster, for such was the name of the clerk to whom Ali had given his money.

“Yes, Sir?”

“This is for your old coachman, Ali. Where is he now?” “I will find out, Sir.”

The postmaster did not receive his own letter all that day. He worried all night, and getting up at three, went to sit in the office. “When Ali comes at four O’clock,” he mused, “I will give him the letter myself.”

For now the postmaster understood Ali’s heart and his very soul. After spending but a single night in suspense, anxiously waiting for news of his daughter, his heart was brimming with sympathy for the poor old man who had spent his nights in the same suspense for the last five years. At the stroke of five he heard a soft knock on the door: he felt sure it was Ali. He rose quickly from his chair, his suffering father’s heart recognizing another, and flung the door wide open.

“Come in, brother Ali,” he cried, handing the letter to the



meek old man, bent double with age, who was standing outside. Ali was leaning on a stick, and the tears were wet on his face as they had been when the clerk left him. But his features had been hard then, and now they were softened by lines of kindness. He lifted his eyes and in them was a light so unearthly that the postmaster shrank back in fear and astonishment.

Lakshmi Das had heard the postmaster's words as he came towards the office from another quarter. "Who was that, Sir? Old Ali?" he asked. But the postmaster took no notice of him. He was staring with wideopen eyes at the doorway from which Ali had disappeared. Where could he have gone? At last he turned to Lakshmi Das. "Yes, I was speaking to Ali," he said.

"Old Ali is dead, Sir. But give me his letter." "What! But when? Are you sure, Lakshmi Das?"

"Yes, that is so", broke in a postman who had just arrived. "Ali died three months ago."

The postmaster was bewildered. Miriam's letter was still lying near the door, Ali's image was still before his eyes. He listened to Lakshmi Das's recital of the last interview, but he could still not doubt the reality of the knock on the door and the tears in Ali's eyes. He was perplexed. Had he really seen Ali? Had his imagination deceived him? Or had it perhaps been Lakshmi Das?

The daily routine began. The clerk read out the addresses—Police Commissioner, Superintendent, Librarian – and flung the letters deftly.

But the postmaster now watched them as eagerly as though each contained a warm, beating heart. He no longer thought of them in terms of envelopes and postcards. He saw the essential human worth of a letter.

That evening you could have seen Lakshmi Das and the

postmaster walking with slow steps to Ali's grave. They laid the letter on it and turned back.

"Lakshmi Das, were you indeed the first to come to the office this morning?" "Yes, sir, I was the first."

"Then how....No. I don't understand...." "What, sir?"

"Oh, never mind," the postmaster said shortly. At the office he parted from Lakshmi Das and went in. The newly-wakened father's heart in him was reproaching him for having failed to understand Ali's anxiety, for now he himself had to spend another night of restless anxiety. Tortured by doubt and remorse, he sat down in the glow of the charcoal 'sigri' to wait.



#### A. WORD NOTES :

- **tattered** : old and torn.
- **screech** : a very loud and high sound / cry.
- **profound** : deep.
- **intense** : very great in degree.
- **gleam** : to shine brightly.
- **pilgrim** : someone who travels to a holy place.
- **flung** : threw in a sudden and forceful way.
- **procedure** : a series of actions that are done in a certain way or order.
- **gratitude** : a feeling of appreciation or thanks.
- **accustomed** : familiar with something so that it seems normal or usual.
- **dragged** : proceeded laboriously or tediously.

- **bewilderd** : confused very much.
- **terror** : a very strong feeling of fear.
- **partridge** : a brown bird with a round body and short tail that is often hunted for food and sport.
- **bereft** : sad because a family member or friend has died.
- **devout** : loyal to something; serious and sincere.
- **serenity** : calmness.
- **infinite** : having no limits.
- **scandal** : something that is shocking, upsetting, or unacceptable; talk about the shocking or immoral things that people have done or are believed to have done.
- **turban** : a head covering that is worn especially by men in some parts of the Middle East and in Southern Asia and that is made of a long cloth wrapped around the head.
- **briskly** : quickly and actively.
- **precious** : very valuable or important.
- **relic** : an object that is considered holy.
- **lunacy** : extreme mental illness.
- **pest** : an animal or insect that causes problems for people especially by damaging crops; a person who bothers or annoys other people.
- **gaze** : to look at someone or something in a steady way and usually for a long time.
- **mused** : said in a thoughtful way.
- **meek** : having or showing a quiet and gentle nature.
- **bewildered** : confused very much.
- **deftly** : quickly and accurately.
- **sigri** : a portable pot containing burning charcoal.

*Longtharai – X*

- **reproach** : to express disapproval or disappointment.
- **remorse** : a feeling of guilt.

**B. Read the extracts given below and answer the following questions within 10 words each :**

1. An old man was walking through the town, now and again drawing his tattered clothes tighter to shield his body from the cold and biting wind. From some houses came the sound of grinding mills, and the sweet voices of women singing at their work, and the sounds helped him along his lonely way.

- a) Where from has this extract been taken ?
- b) Why was the old man drawing his tattered clothes tighter?
- c) The road was
  - i) lonely
  - ii) full of thorns
  - iii) dusty
  - iv) muddy.

2. In the midst of this procedure a jesting voice from inside called, “Coachman Ali!” The old man got up, raised his eyes to heaven in gratitude and stepping forward put his hands to the door.

“Gokul Bhai!” “Yes who is there?”

“You called out coachman Ali’s name, didn’t you? Here I am, I have come for my letter.”

- a) Who shouted the name of Ali ?
- b) Why did the old man raise his eyes to heaven in gratitude?
- c) The old man stepped forward to –
  - i) look for his daughter
  - ii) welcome the postmaster
  - iii) have a look of the clerk
  - iv) receive his daughter’s letter.

3. But when the evening of his life was drawing in, he left his old ways and suddenly took a new turn. His only child, Miriam married and left him. She went off with a soldier into his regiment in the Punjab, and for the last five years he had no news of this daughter for whose sake alone he dragged along a cheerless existence. Now he understood the meaning of love and separation.

- a) Who approached the evening of his life ?
- b) Who was Miriam ?
- c) Miriam went with –
  - i) her mother
  - ii) her friend
  - iii) a soldier
  - iv) a postmaster.

4. One day, however, trouble came to the postmaster. His daughter lay ill in another town, and he was anxiously waiting for news of her. The post was brought in, and the letters piled on the table. Seeing an envelope of the colour and shape he expected, the postmaster eagerly snatched it up. It was addressed to Coachman Ali.

- a) What was addressed to Coachman Ali ?
- b) What for was the postmaster waiting ?
- c) The postmaster snatched up –
  - i) an envelope
  - ii) an opportunity
  - iii) an official report
  - iv) a pen.

5. Lakshmi Das had heard the postmaster's words as he came towards the office from another quarter. "Who was that, sir ? Old Ali ?" he asked. But the postmaster took no notice of him. He was staring with wide-open eyes at the doorway from which Ali had

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disappeared. Where could he have gone ? At last he turned to Lakshmi Das. “Yes, I was speaking to Ali,” he said.

- a) What did Lakshmi Das hear ?
- b) Why was the postmaster staring with wide-open eyes at the doorway ?
- c) The old man had disappeared through a –
  - i) window
  - ii) corridor
  - iii) hole
  - iv) door.

**C. Answer the following questions briefly within 30-40 words each:**

1. Why did the old man come out of his house in a cold winter dawn ?
2. What happened to the old man’s daughter ?
3. Why did the postmaster call Ali a pest ?
4. How was Ali as a shikari ?
5. What was insufferable for Ali ?
6. Whose letters were received in the post office ?
7. What made the old man dejected ?
8. When did the postmaster finally feel for Ali ?
9. What happened to the postmaster’s daughter ?
10. Why did Ali give up hunting ?

**D. Answer the following questions within 60-80 words each :**

1. What impression do you form of the postmaster after reading the story, ‘The Letter’?
2. Sketch the character of Ali.
3. Describe the scene where the postmaster met with Ali three months after his death.

- 4. How did the staff of the post office behave with Ali ?
- 5. Describe the first scene where the old man came out of his house in a cold winter dawn to reach the post office.

**E. WORKING WITH LANGUAGE :**

**1. Fill in the blanks with suitable verb forms :**

- a) The old man's eyes —— (light up) as they —— (fall) on the wooden arch of the building and the sign board that reads 'Post Office'. He went in and —— (sit) on the veranda.
- b) Mr. Roy is always —— (will) to help poor people and this trait of his character has —— (make) him a respectable person in the society. Everyone —— (adore) him.
- c) He —— (write) many poems though he (be) not very popular as a poet. He always likes to keep himself —— (detach) from others.

**2. The following passages have not been edited. There is one error in each line. Write the incorrect word / words and the correction in your answer sheet. One has been done for you as an example.**

	<b>Incorrect</b>	<b>Correct</b>
a) He went to the same spot and sats down there	sats down	sat down
at unforgiving regularity. His daily routine	.....	.....
became a object of heartless humour soon	.....	.....
at the staff	.....	.....
b) Tatan uses to play with toys especially	.....	.....
cars	.....	.....
in his childhood. He has became	.....	.....
grown-up and	.....	.....
he still craves to his childhood pastime.	.....	.....

**3. The words and phrases in the following sentences are jumbled up. Arrange them to form meaningful sentences :**

- (a) i) his / sought / Ali / letter.  
ii) carelessly / walked / a/ down/ mad/ up / person / and.  
iii) her / news / this / surprised.  
(b) i) careless / he / can / be / so / how ?  
ii) well / recite / can / she / very  
iii) out / at / last / came / photographer / the

**4. Transform the following sentences as directed :**

- i) It always pours when it rains. (into negative)  
ii) What an artist snehal is! (into assertive)  
iii) The clerk was surprised at this. (into negative)  
iv) He is not always happy. (into affirmative)  
v) None but you can do this. (into affirmative)  
vi) Can you do this ? (into assertive)  
vii) It doesn't matter if I fail. (into interrogative)  
viii) It has been a very pleasing experience for me.  
(into exclamatory)  
ix) Sharmistha can sing very well (into interrogative)

**5. Read the conversations given below and complete the paragraphs that follow :**

- a) Ali: you called out coachman Ali's name.  
Clerk : It's a mad man.  
Ali : I have come for my daughter's letter.  
Ali ———. Clerk said ———. Ali said ———.



- b) Postmaster : Is he mad ?  
Clerk : Who sir ?  
Postmaster : That fellow.  
Clerk : Yes sir.  
Postmaster asked \_\_\_\_\_. Clerk wanted to know \_\_\_\_\_.  
Postmaster said \_\_\_\_\_. Clerk said \_\_\_\_\_.
- c) Ali : Have you a letter from my Miriam ?  
Postmaster : What a post you are brother ?  
Ali : My name is Ali  
Postmaster : I know.  
Ali asked \_\_\_\_\_. Postmaster \_\_\_\_\_. Ali replied \_\_\_\_\_.  
Postmaster said \_\_\_\_\_.
- d) Ali : What do you see up there ?  
Clerk : Heaven.  
Ali : Allah is there.  
Clerk : Where am I supposed to send it ?  
Ali asked \_\_\_\_\_. Clerk replied \_\_\_\_\_. Ali said \_\_\_\_\_. Clerk asked \_\_\_\_\_.

**F. Writing Skill :**


- 1) Describe an incident where you met a postmaster in a post office.
- 2) Describe your encounter with an old father who is suffering from the pangs of separation and loneliness.
- 3) How can you deal with a person unwilling to understand your feelings ?




## WITH THE PHOTOGRAPHER

*Stephen Leacock*

(1869–1944)

 **About the author :** Stephen Leacock, born on 30th Dec. 1869, was an eminent writer. He was an internationally popular Canadian humorist. His writings are marked by his striking sense of humour. He received doctorate in political science and political economy. Early in his career, he wrote fictions and humorous stories and articles which became extremely popular all over the world. In the early part of the 20th century, he was the best known humorist in the English speaking world.

For his academic work, Leacock was awarded the Royal Society of Canada's Lorne Pierce Medal in 1937. The Stephen Leacock Memorial Award for Humour, named after Leacock is a prestigious honour given annually to encourage Canadian humour writing. Later in his life, he also published biographies on Twain and Dickens. Some of his popular literary works are *Literary Lapses*(1910), *Nonsense Novels*(1911), *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town*(1912), *Arcadian Adventures with the Idle Rich* (1914) and *The Boy I left Behind Me* (1946) etc.

 **About the story :** "With the Photographer" is a short story by Stephen Leacock, which has been taken from his book "Behind the Beyond". The story is all about the author's encounter with a rigid photographer. The whole story pivots around the experience of a customer through the process of getting his photograph taken by a photographer. The photographer tries desperately to take a perfect photograph of his customer but he is not satisfied with his customer's face. He tries to get it right anyhow. At last the photograph is taken. Then he retouches it to give it a more perfect look. The customer is not satisfied with the editing. Finally, he gets angry and is utterly disappointed.

“I WANT my photograph taken”, I said. The photographer looked at me without enthusiasm. He was a drooping man in a gray suit, with the dim eye of a natural scientist. But there is no need to describe him. Everybody knows what a photographer is like.

“Sit there,” he said, “and wait.”

I waited an hour. I read the *Ladies Companion* for 1912, the *Girls Magazine* for 1902 and the *infants Journal* for 1888. I began to see that I had done an unwarrantable thing in breaking in on the privacy of this man’s scientific pursuits with a face like mine.

After an hour the photographer opened the inner door.

“Come in,” he said severely.

I went into the studio.

“Sit down,” said the photographer.

I sat down in a beam of sunlight filtered through a sheet of factory cotton hung against a frosted skylight.

The photographer rolled a machine into the middle of the room and crawled into it from behind.

He was only in it a second, – just time enough for one look at me, – and then he was out again, tearing at the cotton sheet and the window panes with a hooked stick, apparently frantic for light and air.

Then he crawled back into the machine again and drew a little black cloth over himself. This time he was very quiet in there. I knew that he was praying and I kept still.

When the photographer came out at last, he looked very grave and shook his head.

“The face is quite wrong,” he said.

“I know,” I answered quietly; “I have always known it.”

He sighed.

“I think,” he said, “the face would be better three-quarters full.”

“I’m sure it would,” I said enthusiastically, for I was glad to find that the man had such a human side to him. “So would yours. In fact,” I continued, “how many faces one sees that are apparently hard, narrow, limited, but the minute you get them three-quarters full they get wide, large, almost boundless in —”

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But the photographer had ceased to listen. He came over and took my head in his hands and twisted it sideways. I thought he meant to kiss me, and I closed my eyes.

But I was wrong.

He twisted my face as far as it would go and then stood looking at it.

He sighted again.

“I don’t like the head,” he said.

Then he went back to the machine and took another look.

“Open the mouth a little,” he said.

I started to do so.

“Close it,” he added quickly.

Then he looked again.

“The ears are *bad*,” he said; “droop them a little more. Thank you. Now the eyes. Roll them in under the lids. Put the hands on the knees, please, and turn the face just a little upward. Yes, that’s better. Now just expand the lungs! So! And hump the neck—that’s it – and just contract the waist –ha!–and twist the hip up towards the elbow–now! I still don’t quite like the face, it’s just a trifle *too* full, but ——”

I swung myself round on the stool.

“Stop,” I said with emotion but, I think, with dignity. “This face is *my* face. It is not yours, it is mine. I’ve lived with it for forty years and I know its faults. I know it’s out of drawing. I know it wasn’t made for me, but it’s *my* face, the only one I have –” I was conscious of a break in my voice but I went on – “such as it is, I’ve learned to love it. And this is my mouth, not yours. These ears are *mine*, and if your machine is too narrow –” Here I started to rise from the seat.

snick!

The photographer had pulled a string. The photograph taken. I could see the machine still staggering from the shock

“I think,” said the photographer, pursing his lips in a pleased smile, “that I caught the features just in a moment of animation.”

“So!” I said bitingly, – “features, eh? You didn’t think I could animate them, I suppose? But let me see the picture.”

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“Oh, there’s nothing to see yet,” he said, “I have to develop the negative first. Come back on Saturday and I’ll let you see a proof of it.”

On Saturday I went back.

The photographer beckoned me in. I thought he seemed quieter and graver than before. I think, too, there was a certain pride in his manner.

He unfolded the proof of a large photograph, and we both looked at it in silence.

“Is it me?” I asked.

“Yes,” he said quietly, “it is you,” and we went on looking at it.

“The eyes,” I said hesitatingly, “don’t look very much like mine.”

“Oh, no,” he answered, “I’ve retouched them. They come out splendidly, don’t they?”

“Fine,” I said, “but surely my eyebrows are not like that?”

“No,” said the photographer, with a momentary glance at my face, “the eyebrows are removed. We have a process now—the Delphide—for putting in new ones. You’ll notice here where we’ve applied it to carry the hair away from the brow. I don’t like the hair low on the skull.”

“Oh, you don’t, don’t you?” I said.

“No,” he went on, “I don’t care for it. I like to get the hair clear back to the superficies and make out a new brow line.”

“What about the mouth?” I said with a bitterness that was lost on the photographer; “Is that mine?”

“It’s adjusted a little,” he said, “Yours is too low. I found I couldn’t use it.”

“The ears, though,” I said, “strike me as a good likeness; they’re just like mine.”

“Yes,” said the photographer thoughtfully, “that’s so; but I can fix that all right in the print. We have a process now—the Sulphide—for removing the ears entirely. I’ll see if —”

“Listen!” I interrupted, drawing myself up and animating my features to their full extent and speaking with a withering scorn that should have blasted the man on the spot. “Listen! I came here for a photograph—a picture—something which (mad though it seems) would have looked like me. I wanted something that would depict my face as

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Heaven gave it to me, humble though the gift may have been. I wanted something that my friends might keep after my death, to reconcile them to my loss. It seems that I was mistaken. What I wanted is no longer done. Go on, then, with your brutal work. Take your negative, or whatever it is you call it, – dip it in sulphide, bromide, oxide, cowhide, – anything you like, – remove the eyes, correct the mouth, adjust the face, restore the lips, reanimate the necktie and reconstitute the waistcoat. Coat it with an inch of gloss, shade it, emboss it gild it, till even you acknowledge that it is finished. Then when you have done all that – keep it for yourself and your friends. They may value it. To me it is but a worthless bauble.”

I broke into tears and left.



#### A. WORD-NOTES :

- **enthusiasm** : strong excitement about something
- **dim** : not bright or clear
- **unwarrantable** : not justifiable, inexcusable
- **pursuit** : occupation, the act of pursuing
- **beam** : a line of light coming from a source
- **frosted** : having a dull surface that looks as if it is covered with frost
- **crawl** : to move with the body close to the ground
- **pane** : a sheet of glass in a window or door
- **grave** : serious
- **cease** : to stop happening, end
- **twist** : to bend or turn

- **Contract** : to draw together so as to become diminished in size
- **swing** : to move with a smooth, curving motion
- **stool** : a seat with legs but without any back or arm
- **stagger** : to shock or surprise someone very much
- **animation** : liveliness
- **bitingly** : unpleasantly and critically
- **beckon** : to signal someone with arm or hand in order to tell that person to come closer or follow
  
- **unfold** : to spread open
- **hesitatingly** : unwillingly
- **splendidly** : very impressively and very beautifully
- **momentary** : lasting a very short time
- **glance** : a quick look
- **superficies** : a surface of a body
- **bitterness** : anger and unhappiness because of unfair treatment
  
- **interrupt** : to cause something to stop happening for a time
- **withering** : very harsh, severe or damaging
- **scorn** : a feeling that something or someone is not worthy of any respect or approval
  
- **depict** : to show in a picture, painting or photograph etc.
- **brutal** : extremely cruel or harsh
- **dip** : to put something into a liquid and pull it out again quickly
  
- **restore** : to return something to an earlier or original condition by repairing or cleaning it etc.
- **gloss** : shine
- **emboss** : to put a raised design or piece of writing on paper, leather etc.

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- **gild** : to cover something with a thin layer of gold
- **worthless** : having no use, importance or effect; having no good qualities
- **bauble** : an inexpensive piece of jewellery which has a little artistic value

**B. Read the extracts given below and answer the following questions within 10 words each :**

1. "I WANT my photograph taken," I said. The photographer looked at me without enthusiasm. He was a drooping man in a gray suit, with the dim eye of a natural scientist. But there is no need to describe him. Everybody knows what a photographer is like.

- a) Who is 'I' referred to here ?
- b) Where from has this extract been taken ?
- c) The man wore –
  - i) a white trouser
  - ii) a gray suit
  - iii) a black coat
  - iv) a fashionable sweater

2. "The ears are bad," he said; "droop them a little more. Thank you. Now the eyes. Roll them in under the lids. Put the hands on the knees, please, and turn the face just a little upward. Yes, that's better."

- a) Whose ears are mentioned here ?
- b) What seems better to the man ?
- c) Here the word 'droop' means–
  - i) to bend, hang or move downwards
  - ii) to raise
  - iii) to press
  - iv) to shut



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3. "Stop," I said with emotion but, I think, with dignity. "This face is my face. It is not yours, it is mine. I've lived with it for forty years and I know its faults. I know it's out of drawing. I know it wasn't made for me, but it's my face, the only one I have—"

- a) How did the speaker pronounce the word 'stop'?
- b) What did the speaker know ?
- c) The speaker was —
  - i) 42 years old
  - ii) 30 years old
  - iii) 44 years old
  - iv) 40 years old.

4. "No," said the photographer, with a momentary glance at my face. "the eyebrows are removed. We have a process now – the Delphide – for putting in new ones. You'll notice here where we've applied it to carry the hair away from the brow. I don't like the hair low on the skull."

- a) Whose face is referred to here ?
- b) What does not the speaker like ?
- c) The speaker has removed –
  - i) the eyebrows
  - ii) the nose
  - iii) the ears
  - iv) the eyes

5. "Listen! I came here for a photograph – a picture – something which (mad though it seems) would have looked like me. I wanted something that would depict my face as Heaven gave it to me, humble though the gift may have been."

- a) Which gift was referred to here ?
- b) Why did the speaker come here ?
- c) The gift was –
  - i) beautiful
  - ii) precious

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- iii) ugly
- iv) humble.

**C. Answer the following questions briefly within 30-40 words each:**

- 1) Why did the author come to the photographer ?
- 2) How did the photographer look like ?
- 3) Why did the photographer shake his head when he came out to take the photograph ?
- 4) “But I was wrong”– Why was the speaker wrong ?
- 5) What did the photographer say after taking the photograph ?
- 6) Why could not the author see the picture immediately after the photograph was taken ?
- 7) What is Delphide process ?
- 8) What did the photographer do with the Delphide process ?
- 9) How can the Sulphide process help the photographer ?
- 10) Why did the author break into tears at last ?

**D. Answer the following questions within 60-80 words each :**

- 1) How did the photographer arrange his studio ?
- 2) What did the author think about his own face ?
- 3) Why was the author angry with the photographer at last ?
- 4) Write a note on the character of the photographer.
- 5) How did the photographer made a mess of the photograph taken by him ?

**E) WORKING WITH LANGUAGE :**

**1. Fill in the blanks with suitable verb forms given in brackets :**

- a) Then he —— (crawl) back into the machine again and —— (draw)

- a little cloth over himself. This time he —— (be) very quiet in there.  
 b) Sourav —— (want) to become an engineer. His parents had —— (support) him. Finally he —— (come out) successful.  
 c) Then the victim tried to —— (tell) us what —— (happen) but his words —— (be) not audible.

**2. The following passages have not been edited. There is one error in each line. Find out the errors and write the correct word your corrections. One is done for you.**

	<b>Incorrect</b>	<b>Correct</b>
a) A census gives a complete pictures of a country and its people. Census is take every ten years. It also serves as an valuable guide by the future planningof a country	pictures ..... ..... .....	picture ..... ..... .....
b) The photographer looked out me. I didn't realized what he wanted from me and without any hesitation will follow him	..... ..... .....	..... ..... .....

**3. The words and phrases in the following sentences are jumbled up. Arrange them to form meaningful sentences.**

- a) i) it / care / I / for / don't  
 ii) day / was / built / Rome / not / a / in.  
 iii) help / can / you / how / I ?  
 b) i) the / of / photograph / he / a / large / unfolded / proof  
 ii) discipline / maintain / always  
 iii) wrong / quite / is / the / face

**4. Read the conversations given below and complete the paragraphs that follow :**

“I want my photograph taken”, I said  
“sit there,” he said, “and wait”  
“come in”, he said severely.

a) I said \_\_\_\_\_. He said \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_. He said severely \_\_\_\_\_.

b) “The face is quite wrong”, he said.

“I know,” I answered quietly

He said, “the face would be better three-quarters full”.

“I’m sure it would be”, I said enthusiastically.

He said \_\_\_\_\_. I answered \_\_\_\_\_. He said \_\_\_\_\_. I said \_\_\_\_\_.

c) “I don’t like the head,” he said.

“Close it,” he added quickly.

“droop them a little more,” he said.

“This face is my face”, I said

He said \_\_\_\_\_. He said \_\_\_\_\_.

He again said \_\_\_\_\_. I said \_\_\_\_\_.

d) “Is it me ?” I asked.

“It is you,” he said.

“It is not me,” I said.

I asked \_\_\_\_\_, He said \_\_\_\_\_. I said \_\_\_\_\_.

**5. Transform the following sentences as directed.**

i) What a picture (into assertive)

ii) You are very satisfied with the incident. (into interrogative)

iii) The boy is too arrogant to obey his father. (into negative)

iv) Are you not going home just now ? (into assertive)

v) Everyone wishes to be happy. (into negative)

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- vi) Upasana is as intelligent as Debabrata. (into negative)
- vii) I wish I knew this before. (into exclamatory)
- viii) Santa seems to be very judicious. (into exclamatory)
- ix) No one can do this. (into interrogative)

**F. WRITING SKILL :**

- 1) Write in your own words, about your experience of your encounter with a photographer.
- 2) What should be the essential qualities of a photographer ?
- 3) Imagine yourself as a photographer and narrate briefly how you would like to take your customer's photographs perfectly.



# THE DIAMOND NECKLACE

*Guy de Maupassant*

(1850-1893)

☐ **About the author :** Guy de Maupassant (1850-1893) is an acclaimed master of the art of short story writing not only in France, but also in world literature. His profound insight into the human heart and the simplicity of style, with which he reveals the springs of human motives and action, are unparalleled. He creates word pictures that are vivid for their delineation of human characters and situations. Poignancy and sharpness form the cutting edge of his stories that do not fail to touch the innermost cords of the human heart. Generally his stories end with a sting in the tail.

Maupassant's prolific and deeply admired body of work has influenced a great number of writers like Somerset Maugham, O. Henry, Anton Chekhov and Henry James. His most renowned, work for the English readers is probably 'The Diamond Necklace.' His other noted works in English are – 'A Piece of String', 'Mademoiselle Fifi', 'Miss Harriet', 'My Uncle Jules' and 'The Wreck'.

☐ **About the story :** 'The Diamond Necklace' is a very delicate rendering of common human desires and feelings. The need to have an adequate social projection is a common human longing, and we all desire to be well thought of by our peers. However, this need often forces us to appear to be different from what we actually are; and this can often become the cause of great pain and suffering. Matilda Loisel is ashamed of her life of near poverty, and she wants to project herself as a woman of ample financial means. This desire becomes the cause of far greater suffering than if she had accepted her situation. The story teaches us to face reality as it is, and not to try and hide it under false trappings.

She was one of those pretty, charming young ladies, born, as if through an error of destiny, into a family of clerks. She had no dowry, no hopes, no means of becoming known, appreciated, loved and married by a man either rich or distinguished; so she allowed herself to marry a petty clerk in the office of the Board of Education.

She was simple, not being able to adorn herself; but she was unhappy, as one out of her class; for women belong to no caste, no race; their grace, their beauty, and their charm serving them in the place of birth and family. Their inborn finesse, their instinctive elegance, their suppleness of wit are their only aristocracy, making some daughters of the people the equal of great ladies.

She suffered incessantly, felling herself born for all delicacies and luxuries. She suffered from the poverty of her apartment, the shabby walls, the worn chair, and the faded stuffs. All these things, which another woman of her station would not have noticed, tortured and angered her. The sight of the little Breton, who made this humble home, awoke in her sad regrets and desperate dreams. She thought of quiet ante-chambers, with their oriental hangings, lighted by high, bronze torches, and of the two great footmen in short trousers who sleep in the large armchairs, made sleepy by the heavy air from the heating apparatus. She thought of large drawing rooms, hung in old silks, of graceful pieces of furniture carrying bric-a-brac of inestimable value, and of the little perfumed coquettish apartments, made for five o'clock chats with most intimate friends, men known and sought after, whose attention all women envied and desired.

When she seated herself for dinner, before the round table where the table-cloth had been used three days, opposite her husband, who uncovered the tureen with delighted air, saying : "Oh! the good potpie! I know nothing better than that –" she would think of the elegant dinners, of the shining silver, of the tapestries peopling the walls with ancient personages and rare birds in the midst of fairy forests; she thought of the exquisite food served on marvellous dishes, of the whispered gallantries, listened to with the smile of the sphinx, while eating the rose-coloured flesh of the trout or a chicken's wing.

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She had neither frocks nor jewels, nothing. And she loved only those things. She felt that she was made for them. She had such a desire to please, to be sought after, to be clever, and courted.

She had a rich friend, a schoolmate at the convent, whom she did not like to visit, she suffered so much when she returned. And she wept for whole days from chagrin, from regret, from despair, and disappointment.

One evening her husband returned elated, bearing in his hand a large envelope.

“Here,” he said, “Here is something for you.”

She quickly tore open the wrapper and drew out a printed card on which were inscribed these words:

The Minister of Public Instruction and Madame Georges Ramponneau ask the honour of Monsieur and Madame Loisel’s company Monday evening. January 18, at the Minister’s residence.

Instead of being delighted, as her husband had hoped, she threw the invitation spitefully upon the table murmuring :

“What do you suppose I want with that?”

But, my dearie, I thought it would make you happy. You never go out, and this is an occasion, and a fine one! I had a great deal of trouble to get it. Everybody wishes one, and it is very select; not many are given to employees. You will see the whole official world there.”

She looked at him with an irritated eye and declared impatiently :

“What do you suppose I have to wear to such a thing as that?”

He had not thought of that; he stammered.

“Why, the dress you wear when we go to the theatre. It seems very pretty to me –”

He was silent, stupefied, in dismay, at the sight of his wife weeping. Two great tears fell slowly from the corners of her eyes toward the corners of her mouth.

He stammered, “What is the matter? What is the matter?”

By a violent effort, she had controlled her vexation and responded in a calm voice, wiping her moist cheeks :

“Nothing. Only I have no dress and consequently I cannot go to



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this affair. Give your card to some colleague whose wife is better fitted out than I.”

“Let us see, Matilda. How much would a suitable costume cost, something that would serve for other occasions, something very simple?”

She reflected for some seconds, making estimates and thinking of a sum that she could ask for without bringing with it an immediate refusal and frightened exclamation from the economical clerk.

Finally she said, in a hesitating voice :

“I cannot tell exactly, but it seems to me that four hundred francs ought to cover it.”

He turned a little pale, for he had saved just this sum to buy a gun so that he might be able to join some hunting parties the next summer, on the plains of Nanterre, with some friends who went to shoot larks up there on Sunday. Nevertheless, he answered :

“Very well. I will give you four hundred francs. But try to have a pretty dress.”

The day of the ball approached and Madame Loisel seemed sad, disturbed, anxious. Nevertheless, her dress was nearly ready. Her husband said to her one evening :

“What is the matter with you? You have acted strangely for two or three days.”

And she responded, “I am vexed not to have a jewel, not one stone, nothing to adorn myself with. I shall have such a poverty-laden look. I would prefer no to go to the party.”

He replied : “You can wear some natural flowers. At this season they look very chic. For ten francs you can have two or three magnificent roses.”

She was not convinced. “No,” she replied, “There is nothing more humiliating than to have a shabby air in the midst of rich women.”

Then her husband cried out : “How stupid we are! Go and find your friend Madame Forestier and ask her to lend you her jewels. You are well enough acquainted with her to do this.”

She uttered a cry of joy. “It is true!” she said, “I had not thought of this.”

*Longtharai – X*

The next day she took herself to her friend's house and related her story of distress. Madame Forestier went to her closet with the glass doors, took out a large jewel-case, brought it, opened it, and said : "Choose, my dear."

She saw at first some bracelets, then a collar of pearls, then a Venetian cross of gold and jewels and of admirable workmanship. She tried the jewels before the glass, hesitated, but could neither decide to take them or leave them. Then she asked :

"Have you nothing more?"

"Why, yes. Look for yourself, I do not know what will please you."

Suddenly she discovered, in a black satin box, a superb necklace of diamonds, and her heart beat fast with an immoderate desire. Her hands trembled as she took them. She placed them about her throat against her dress, and remained in ecstasy before them. Then she asked, in a hesitating voice, full of anxiety :

"Could you lend me this? Only this?"

"Why, yes, certainly."

She fell upon the neck of her friend, embraced her with passion, then went away with her treasure.

The night of the ball arrived. Madame Loisel was a great success. She was the prettiest of all, elegant, gracious, smiling, and full of joy. All the men noticed her, asked her name, and wanted to be presented. All the members of the Cabinet wished to waltz with her. The Minister of Education paid her some attention.

She danced with enthusiasm, with passion, intoxicated with pleasure, thinking of nothing in the triumph of her beauty, in the glory of her success, in a kind of cloud of happiness composed of all this homage, and all this admiration, of all these awakened desires, and this victory so complete and sweet to the heart of woman.

She went home towards four o'clock in the morning. Her husband had been half asleep in one of the little ante-rooms since midnight, with three other gentlemen whose wives were enjoying themselves very much.

He threw around her shoulders the wraps they had carried for the coming home, modest garments of everyday wear, whose poverty clashed

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with the elegance of the ball costume. She felt this and wished to hurry away in order not to be noticed by the other women who were wrapping themselves in rich furs.

Loisel retained her : “Wait,” said he, “You will catch cold out there. I am going to call a cab.”

But she would not listen and descended the steps rapidly. When they were in the street, they found no carriage; and they began to seek for one, hailing the coachmen whom they saw at a distance.

They walked along towards the Seine, hopeless and shivering. Finally they found on the dock one of those old, nocturnal coupes that one sees in Paris after nightfall, as if they were ashamed of their misery by day.

It took them as far as their door in Martyr Street, and they went wearily up to their apartment. It was all over for her. And on his part, he remembered that he would have to be at the office by ten o’clock.

She removed the wraps from her shoulders before the glass, for a final view of herself in her glory. Suddenly she uttered a cry. Her necklace was not around her neck.

Her husband, already half undressed, asked “What is the matter?”

She turned towards him distractedly :

“I have – I have – I no longer have Madame Forestier’s necklace.”

He arose in dismay : “What ! How is that? It is not possible.”

And they looked in the folds of the dress, in the folds of the mantle, in the pockets, everywhere. They could not find it.

He asked : “You are sure you still had it on when we left the ball?”

“Yes, I felt it in the vestibule as we came out.”

“But if you had lost it in the street, we should have heard it fall. It must be in the cab.”

“Yes, It is probable. Did you take the number?”

“No, And, you, did you notice what it was?”

“No.”

They looked at each other utterly cast down. Finally, Loisel dressed himself again.

“I am going,” said he, “Over the track where we went on foot, to

see if I can find it.”

And he went. She remained in her evening gown, not having the force to go to bed, stretched upon a chair, without ambition or thoughts.

Towards seven o’clock her husband returned. He had found nothing.

He went to the police and to the cab offices, and put an advertisement in the newspapers, offering a reward; he did everything that afforded them a suspicion of hope.

She waited all day in a state of bewilderment before this frightful disaster. Loisel returned at evening with his face harrowed and pale; and had discovered nothing.

“It will be necessary,” said he, “To write to your friend that you have broken the clasp of the necklace and that you will have it repaired. That will give us time to turn around.”

She wrote as he dictated.

At the end of a week, they had lost all hope. And Loisel, older by five years, declared :

“We must take measures to replace this jewel.”

The next day they took the box which had enclosed it, to the jeweller whose name was on the inside. He consulted his books :

“It is not I Madame,” said he, “Who sold this necklace; I only furnished the casket.”

Then they went from jeweller to jeweller, seeking a necklace like the other one, consulting their memories, and ill, both of them, with chagrin and anxiety.

In a shop of the Palais-Royal, they found a chaplet of diamonds which seemed to them exactly like the one they had lost. It was valued at forty thousand francs. They could get it for thirty-six thousand.

They begged the jeweller not to sell it for three days. And they made an arrangement by which they might return it for thirty-four thousand francs if they found the other one before the end of February.

Loisel possessed eighteen thousand francs which his father had left him. He borrowed the rest.

He borrowed it, asking for a thousand francs of one, five hundred of another, five louis of this one, and three louis of that one. He gave

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notes, made ruinous promises, took money of usurers and the whole race of lenders. He compromised his whole existence, in fact, risked his signature, without even knowing whether he could make it good or not, and, harassed by anxiety for the future, by the black misery which surrounded him, and by the prospect of all physical privations, and moral tortures, he went to get the new necklace, depositing on the merchant's counter thirty-six thousand francs.

When Madame Loisel took back the jewels to Madame Forestier, the latter said to her in a frigid tone :

“You should have returned them to me sooner, for I might have needed them.”

She did not open the jewel-box, as her friend feared she would. If she should perceive the substitution, what would she think? What should she say? Should she take her for a robber?

Madame Loisel now knew the horrible life of necessity. She did her part, however, completely, heroically. It was necessary to pay this frightful debt. She would pay it. They sent away the maid; they changed their lodgings; they rented some rooms under a mansard roof.

She learned the heavy cares of household, the odious work of a kitchen. She washed the dishes, using her rosy nails upon the greasy pots and the bottoms of the stewpans. She washed the soiled linen, the chemises and dish-cloths, which she hung on the line to dry, she took down the refuse to the street each morning and brought up the water, stopping at each landing to breathe. And clothed like a woman of the people, she went to the grocer's, the butcher's, and the fruiterer's, with her basket on her arm, shopping, haggling to the last sous of her miserable money.

Every month it was necessary to renew some notes, thus obtaining time, and to pay others.

The husband worked evening, putting the books of some merchants in order, and nights he often did copying at five sous a page. And this life lasted for ten years.

At the end of ten years, they had restored all, all, with interest of the usurer, and accumulated interest besides.

*Longtharai – X*

Madame Loisel seemed old now. She had become a strong, hard woman, the crude woman of the poor household. Her hair badly dressed, her skirts awry, her hands red, she spoke in a loud tone, and washed the floors with large pails of water. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she would seat herself before the window and think of that evening party of former times, of that ball where she was so beautiful and so flattered.

How would it have been if she had not lost that necklace? Who knows? Who knows? How singular is life, and how full of changes! How small a thing will ruin or save one!

One Sunday, as she was taking a walk in the Champs Elysees to rid herself of the cares of the week, she suddenly perceived a woman walking with a child. It was Madame Forestier, still young, still pretty, still attractive. Madame Loisel was affected. Should she speak to her? Yes, certainly. And now that she had paid, she would tell her all. Why not? She approached her. "Good Morning, Jeanne."

Her friend did not recognize her and was astonished to be so familiarly addressed by this common personage. She stammered :

"But, Madame – I do not know – you must be mistaken –"

"No, I am Matilda Loisel."

Her friend uttered a cry of astonishment : "Oh, my poor Matilda! How you have changed?"

"Yes, I have had some hard days since I saw you; and some miserable ones – and all because of you –"

"Because of me? How is that?"

"You recall the diamond necklace that you loaned me to wear to the Commissioner's ball?"

"Yes, very well."

"Well, I lost it."

"How is that, since you returned it to me?"

"I returned another to you exactly like it. And it has taken us ten years to pay for it. You can understand that it was not easy for us who had nothing. But it is finished and I am decently content."

Madame Forestier stopped short. She said :

“You say that you bought a diamond necklace to replace mine?”

“Yes. You did not perceive it then? They were just alike.”

And she smiled with a proud and simple joy. Madame Forestier was touched and took both hands as she replied :

“Oh my poor Matilda. Mine were false. They were not worth even five hundred francs.”



#### A. WORD NOTES :

- **adorn** : to make oneself more attractive or beautiful, especially by adding some type of ornament.
- **finesse** : delicate stylishness
- **elegance** : grace
- **suppleness** : flexibility
- **aristocracy** : sign of nobility
- **incessantly** : continually; without ceasing
- **delicacies** : food stuffs that are highly regarded
- **shabby** : in poor condition
- **Breton** : inhabitant of Brittany, a region of North West France (a reference to Matilda’s husband)
- **Ante-chamber** : a room where people can wait before entering a larger or more important room
- **oriental** : of or from the countries of the East, especially eastern Asia.
- **bric-a-brac** : ornaments, small items of furniture and other objects of little value

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- **coquettish** : flirtatious
- **tureen** : a large deep round dish with a cover
- **tapestry** : a large piece of cloth into which threads of coloured wool are woven or sewn by hand to make pictures or designs
- **sphinx** : stone statue built in ancient Egypt, having the head of a man and the body of a lion, representing something mysterious and enigmatic (smile of the sphinx means a vague mystifying smile)
- **trout** : a fish that lives in rivers, lakes etc. and is good to eat
- **chagrin** : feeling of disgrace and humiliation
- **spitefully** : annoyingly
- **stammered** : spoke with sudden pauses and a tendency to repeat the same sound or syllable rapidly because of fear
- **stupefied** : bewildered, extremely surprised
- **franc** : the unit of money in France
- **vexed** : annoyed, troubled
- **distress** : great pain, suffering, sorrow
- **waltz** : a slow graceful dance for couples (to waltz means to dance a waltz)
- **seine** : a river in north France
- **coupe** : a four wheeled horse-drawn carriage
- **vestibule** : hallway, lobby
- **harrowed** : disturbed
- **chaplet** : string of beads
- **ruinous** : leading to ruin
- **usurers** : those who lend money at exorbitant interest
- **harassed** : troubled and annoyed continually



**B. Read the extracts given below and answer the following questions within 10 words each :**

1. "Here", he said, "Here is something for you."
  - a) Who is the speaker?
  - b) Who is referred to here as 'you'?
  - c) The thing spoken of here is –
    - i) an invitation card
    - ii) a costly dress
    - iii) a necklace
    - iv) none of these.
  
2. "I cannot tell exactly, but it seems to me that four hundred francs ought to cover it."
  - a) Who is the speaker?
  - b) What cannot the speaker tell exactly?
  - c) The speaker wants four hundred francs to buy –
    - i) a pretty dress
    - ii) a gun
    - iii) flowers
    - iv) none of these.
  
3. "Why, yes. Look for yourself. I do not know what will please you."
  - a) Who said this and to whom?
  - b) What did the speaker advise the spoken person to do?
  - c) The person spoken to ultimately chose –
    - i) a diamond necklace
    - ii) a bracelet
    - iii) a venetian cross
    - iv) none of these.
  
4. "You are sure you still had it on when we left the ball?"
  - a) Who said this and to whom?
  - b) Why does the speaker say so?
  - c) The thing referred to here by 'it' is –

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- i) a collar of pearls
- ii) a chaplet of diamonds
- iii) a diamond necklace
- iv) none of these.

**C. Answer the following questions briefly within 30-40 words each:**

- 1) Why did Matilda allow herself to marry a petty clerk?
- 2) Why did Matilda suffer incessantly?
- 3) What sort of a home did Matilda dream of?
- 4) What would Matilda think, while seating for dinner?
- 5) Who brought the invitation card, and what were the words inscribed on it?
- 6) How did Matilda react after reading the words inscribed on the invitation card, and why?
- 7) Who was Madame Forestier? What did Matilda borrow from her?
- 8) Where did the Loisels find a similar looking diamond necklace? What was the agreement made between the jeweller and the Loisels?
- 9) How did Mr. Loisel manage to raise the sum of 36000 francs to buy the diamond necklace?
- 10) Whom did Matilda hold responsible for her hard days and why?

**D. Answer the following questions within 60-80 words each :**

- 1) What impression do you form about the character of Matilda?
- 2) What impression do you form about the character of Mr. Loisel?
- 3) Briefly describe how Matilda took her horrible life of necessity in a heroic manner.
- 4) What led to Matilda's great pain and suffering?
- 5) What message do you get from the story, 'The Diamond Necklace'?

**E. Working with language :**

**1. Fill in the blanks with the correct tense form of the verbs given in brackets :**

- a) Yesterday a blue line bus (a) \_\_\_\_\_ (run) over a school boy who (b) \_\_\_\_\_ (cross) the road. The boy (c) \_\_\_\_\_ (injure) seriously and \_\_\_\_\_ (rush) to the hospital.
- b) The wedding procession already (a) \_\_\_\_\_ (arrive) when we (b) \_\_\_\_\_ (reach) Mohan's house. While we (c) \_\_\_\_\_ (be) on way to the place, we (d) \_\_\_\_\_ (decide) not to dance at all.
- c) The shot wounded the elephant. It (a) \_\_\_\_\_ (rush) back into the forest. I (b) \_\_\_\_\_ (run) after it but (c) \_\_\_\_\_ (can) not catch it. I (d) \_\_\_\_\_ (lose) it in the dark.

**2. The following passages have not been edited. There is an error in each numbered line. Write both the incorrect and correct words against each of the numbered lines. The first one has been done in each case as an example :**

- |  | <b>Incorrect</b> | <b>Correct</b> |
|--|------------------|----------------|
| a) Kut kut was an hardwork squirrel.         | i) an            | a              |
| She lived on a tree-hole. She was of         | ii) _____        | _____          |
| the impression that she has enough           | iii) _____       | _____          |
| food in store of the bad days, until         | iv) _____        | _____          |
| she find that someone had been stealing      | v) _____         | _____          |
| her nuts.                                    |                  |                |
| b) Facebook, for more than 1.2 billion users | i) for           | with           |
| is celebrated its 10th birthday this year.   | ii) _____        | _____          |
| The company was launching by                 | iii) _____       | _____          |
| Mark Zuckerberg at February 4, 2004          | iv) _____        | _____          |
| of Harvard University.                       | v) _____         | _____          |
| c) Overeating was one of the most wonderful  | i) was           | is             |
| Practices between those who think they       | ii) _____        | _____          |
| can afford it. Infact, authorities says that | iii) _____       | _____          |
| nearly all which can get as much as they     | iv) _____        | _____          |
| desire, overeat on their disadvantage.       | v) _____         | _____          |

**3. Re-arrange the following into meaningful sentences :**

- a) 1) this / is / bright / generation / one / a / young  
2) the / are / a / students / lot / motivated  
3) they / high / desires / have / aspirations / and  
4) they/achieve/willing/are/tirelessly/to/thier/goals/to work
- b) 1) river / when I / could / I / swim / was / young / across / the  
2) parents / their / children / obey / should  
3) dare / how / you / to him / talk / like / this  
4) failure / pillar / is / of / the / success
- c) 1) friends / I / my / were / grandmother / and / good  
2) left me / my / the city / parents / her / with / they / in / went / to live / when  
3) morning / to / wake / used / up / the / in / she / me  
4) said / in a / prayers / sing-son / monotonous / morning / she / her / voice
- d) 1) India / launched / Govt. / new / has / the / scheme / a / of  
2) this / been / scheme / for / designed / people / the / poor / has  
3) each / will / per / family / get / month / ₹ 500  
4) the / will / made / payment / be / in / installments / two
- e) 1) queen / considered / is / spices to / cardamom / be / of / the  
2) history / human / it / as / a / race / as / the / old / has  
3) plant / fruit / perennial / it / the / is / dried / a / of / herbaceous  
4) Indian / cormom / are / of / produced / types / in / two

**4) Read the conversation given below and complete the report that follows. Write your answers against the correct blank numbers.**

- a) Husband : Why are you so upset?  
Wife : Our servant has stolen one of our blankets.  
Husband : Which one?  
Wife : It's the one we took from ML Plaza.  
The husband asked his wife a) \_\_\_\_\_. She replied that b) \_\_\_\_\_.  
The husband asked her c) \_\_\_\_\_. She replied that d) \_\_\_\_\_from ML Plaza.

- b) Teacher : Have you completed your project?  
Ramu : No Madam, I'm still working on it.  
Teacher : How long will you take?  
Ramu : I shall finish it in a couple of days.  
The teacher asked Ramu a) \_\_\_\_\_. Ramu replied that b) \_\_\_\_\_. The teacher then asked Ramu c) \_\_\_\_\_. Ramu replied that d) \_\_\_\_\_ couple of days.
- c) John : I have invited four friends for dinner.  
Rita : I'll also call my friends.  
John : What should we serve them for dinner?  
Rita : We can buy the food items from the nearest hotel.  
John told Rita a) \_\_\_\_\_. Rita said b) \_\_\_\_\_. John asked Rita c) \_\_\_\_\_. Rita replied d) \_\_\_\_\_ nearest hotel.
- d) Patient : Can I have an appointment with the doctor this evening?  
Receptionist : I'm sorry. There's a long waiting list. You will have to wait for at least two weeks.  
Patient : I could be dead by then.  
A patient went to the doctors clinic and asked the receptionist a) \_\_\_\_\_. The receptionist replied that b) \_\_\_\_\_. She further added that c) \_\_\_\_\_. The patient told the receptionist d) \_\_\_\_\_.
- e) Policeman : Why have you parked your scooty here?  
Lady : I'll buy some commodities from this shop.  
Policeman : Don't you know that this is a no parking zone?  
Lady : I'm sorry. I didn't see the signboard.  
The policeman asked the lady a) \_\_\_\_\_. The lady replied b) \_\_\_\_\_. The policeman again asked c) \_\_\_\_\_. The lady replied that d) \_\_\_\_\_.

**5) Re-write the following sentences as per the instructions given against each :**

- i) What a start they gave! (Turn into assertive)
- ii) Had I wings of a dove! (Turn into assertive)
- iii) What a piece of work man is! (Turn into assertive)
- iv) I wish I had a friend here. (Turn into exclamatory)

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- v) He did a very stupid thing. (Turn into exclamatory)
- vi) Man is mortal. (Turn into negative)
- vii) Only John was present there. (Turn into negative)
- viii) She is too weak to walk. (Turn into negative)
- ix) None but God can save her life. (Turn into affirmative)
- x) I cannot but work hard. (Turn into affirmative)
- xi) His glory can never fade. (Turn into interrogative)
- xii) There is nothing else to say. (Turn into interrogative)
- xiii) I can never forget you. (Turn into interrogative)
- xiv) Who does not know him? (Turn into assertive)
- xv) Can anyone do this? (Turn into assertive)

**F. Writing task :**

1. A rally was organised by the members of a ‘Welfare Organisation.’  
The people in the rally were holding banners such as

WOMEN ARE NOT WEAK  
DON'T TREAT WOMEN BADLY  
RESERVE SEATS FOR WOMEN IN COLLEGES  
GRANT WOMEN THEIR DUE  
STOP HARASSMENT OF WOMEN


- Write an article on ‘The sufferings of Indian Women’ for your school magazine. You are Amal / Anita of ABC School, Tripura.
2. Draft an advertisement to let a fully furnished flat. Mention the location, area of the flat in square feet and the rent.
3. You are Pritam / Gita of ABC Colony. Write a letter to the Editor of an English daily complaining about the frequent loadsheddings in your locality.




# JULIUS CAESAR

*William Shakespeare*

(1564-1616)

 **About the Dramatist :** William Shakespeare (1564-1616) is an English playwright and a poet, recognized in much of the world as the greatest of all dramatists. William Shakespeare was baptized in the parish church at Stratford-on-Avon on 26 April 1564. The exact date of his birth is not known but from the church records it is known that he may have been born on April 23, 1564. William Shakespeare's father John Shakespeare was a burgess of the town, and seems to have followed the occupations of a butcher, a glover, and a farmer. William Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway on November 28, 1582. By 1592, there is evidence William Shakespeare earned a living as an actor and a playwright in London and possibly had several plays produced. William Shakespeare's early plays were written in the conventional style of the day, with elaborate metaphors and rhetorical phrases that didn't always align naturally with the story's plot or characters. However, Shakespeare was very innovative, adapting the traditional style to his own purposes and creating a freer flow of words. With only small degrees of variation, Shakespeare primarily used a metrical pattern consisting of lines of unrhymed iambic pentameter, or blank verse, to compose his plays. At the same time, there are passages in all the plays that deviate from this and use forms of poetry or simple prose. He wrote 154 sonnets each of which is very famous. He wrote 37 plays. All his plays are very famous. But the tragedies Hamlet, King Lear, Othello and Macbeth are eternal. In these dramas, Shakespeare's characters present vivid impressions of human temperament that are timeless and universal.

Tradition has it that William Shakespeare died on his birthday, April 23, 1616, though many scholars believe this is a myth. Church records show he was interred at Trinity Church on April 25, 1616. In the 19th century as Stratford upon Avon became famous as the birthplace of William Shakespeare. The house where he was born was purchased in 1847 and turned into a monument. Anne Hathaway's cottage was purchased in 1892. The Royal Shakespeare Theatre was built in 1932 and the Shakespeare Centre opened in 1964. Today William Shakespeare is remembered as one of the greatest English.

 **About the Drama :** Julius Caesar is a historical political play. It is the story of a man's personal dilemma over moral action, set against a backdrop of strained political drama. Julius Caesar, an able general and a conqueror returns to Rome amidst immense popularity after defeating the sons of Pompey. The people celebrate his victorious return and Mark Antony offers him the Crown which he refuses. Jealous of Caesar's growing power and fear he may one day become dictator, Cassius instigates a conspiracy to murder Caesar. He realizes that to gain legitimacy in the eyes of the Romans, he must win over the noble Brutus to his side for Brutus is the most trusted and respected in Rome. Brutus, the idealist, joins the conspiracy feeling that everyone is driven by as honourable as his own. Ironically, Caesar is murdered at the foot of Pompey's statue.

#### Some Important Characters

- Julius Caesar** – The greatest and most powerful of the Romans. Assassinated by Brutus, Cassius and a band of conspirators who feel Caesar is very ambitious and wants the crown.
- Calpurnia** – Caesar's wife
- Mark Antony** – Caesar's most loyal friend



- Marcus Brutus**– Caesar’s great friend who joins the conspiracy because of his great love for Rome and for democracy.  
**Cassius** – Inspirer and organizer of the conspiracy  
**Decius Brutus**– Co-conspirator in Caesar’s assassination

**Act II Scene II**

**Caesar’s house.**

*Thunder and lightning. Enter CAESAR in his night-gown*

**CAESAR** Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:

Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,

‘Help, ho! they murder Caesar!’ Who’s within ?

*Enter a servant*

SERVANT My lord ?

CAESAR Go bid the priest do present sacrifice and bring me their opinions of success.

SERVANT I will, my lord

*Enter CALPURNIA*

**CALPURNIA**

What mean you, Caesar ? Think you to walk forth ?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

**CAESAR** Caesar shall forth: the things that threaten’d me

Ne’er look’d but on my back; when they shall see

The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

**CALPURNIA** Caesar, I never **stood on ceremonies**,

Yet now they fright me. There is one within,

Besides the things that we have heard and seen,

Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.

A lioness hath whelped in the streets;

And graves have yawn’d, and yielded up their dead;

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Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,  
In ranks and squadrons and **right form of war**,  
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;  
The noise of battle **hurtled** in the air,  
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,  
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.  
O Caesar! these things are **beyond all use**,  
And I do fear them.

**CAESAR** What can be avoided  
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods ?  
Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions  
Are to the world in general as to Caesar.

**CALPURNIA** When beggars die, there are no comets seen;  
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

**CAESAR** Cowards die many times before their deaths;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;  
Seeing that death, a **necessary** end,  
Will come when it will come.

*Re-enter Servant*

What say the augurers?

**Servant** They would not have you to stir forth to-day.  
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,  
They could not find a heart within the beast.

**CAESAR** The gods do this in shame of cowardice:  
Caesar should be a beast without a heart,  
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.  
No, Caesar shall not: danger knows full well  
That Caesar is more dangerous than he:  
We are two lions litter'd in one day,

And I the elder and more terrible:

And Caesar shall go forth.

**CALPURNIA** Alas, my lord,

Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.

Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear

That keeps you in the house, and not your own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house :

And he shall say you are not well to-day:

Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

**CAESAR** Mark Antony shall say I am not well,

And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

*Enter DECIUS BRUTUS*

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

**DECIUS BRUTUS** Caesar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Caesar :

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

**CAESAR** And you are come **in very happy time**,

To bear my greeting to the senators

And tell them that I will not come to-day:

Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:

I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

**CALPURNIA** Say he is sick.

**CAESAR** Shall Caesar send a lie ?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,

To be afraid to tell **graybeards** the truth ?

Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

**DECIUS BRUTUS** Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,

Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

**CAESAR** Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:

She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,

Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts

Did run pure blood : and many **lusty** Romans

*Longtharai – X*

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:  
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,  
And evils imminent; and on her knee  
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.  
**DECIUS BRUTUS** This dream is all amiss interpreted;  
It was a vision fair and fortunate:

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,  
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,  
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck  
Reviving **blood**, and the **great men shall press**  
**For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.**

This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

**CAESAR** And this way have you well expounded it.

**DECIUS BRUTUS** I have, when you have heard what I can say :  
And know it now: the senate have concluded  
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.  
If you shall send them word you will not come,  
Their minds may change.

**CAESAR** How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!  
I am ashamed I did yield to them.

Give me my robe, for I will go.

*Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA,  
TREBONIUS, and CINNA*

**CAESAR** Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;  
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

**BRUTUS**[*Aside*] **That every like is not the same, O Caesar,  
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!**

*Exeunt*

**Act III Scene I**

**Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.**

*Flourish. Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS*

*Julius Caesar*

*BRUTUS, METELLUS CIMBER, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY,  
LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others*

**CAESAR** Are we all ready? What is now amiss ?  
That Caesar and his senate must redress ?

**METELLUS CIMBER** Most high, most mighty, and most **puissant**  
Caesar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart,-

Kneeling

**CAESAR** I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These **couchings and these lowly courtesies**

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn **pre-ordinance** and **first decree**

Into the law of children.

Thy brother by decree is banished :

If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

**METELLUS CIMBER** Is there no voice more worthy than my own

To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear

For the repealing of my banish'd brother ?

**BRUTUS** I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar;

Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may

Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

**CAESAR** What, Brutus!

**CASSIUS** Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

**CASSIUS** I could be well moved, if I were as you:

If I could **pray to move**, prayers would move me:

*Longtharai – X*

But I am constant as the northern star,  
Of whose true-fix'd and **resting** quality  
There is no fellow in the firmament.  
I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,  
And constant do remain to keep him so.  
**CASCA** Speak, hands for me!

*CASCA first, then the other Conspirators and BRUTUS stab CAESAR*

**CAESAR** Et tu, **Brute!** Then fall, Caesar.

*Dies*

**CINNA** Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! Run hence, proclaim, cry it  
about the streets.

**CASSIUS** Some to the common pulpits, and cry out  
'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

**BRUTUS** But here comes Antony.

*Re-enter ANTONY*

Welcome, Mark Antony.

**ANTONY** O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low ?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, **spoils**,

Shrunk to this **little measure** ? Fare thee well.

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,

Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:

If I myself, there is no hour so fit

As Caesar's death hour, nor no instrument

Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech ye, if you **bear me hard**,

Now, whilst your purpled hands do **reek** and smoke,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,

I shall not find myself so apt to die :

No place will please me so, no mean of death,

As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,

The choice and **master** spirits of this age  
**BRUTUS** O Antony, beg not your death of us.  
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
Yet see you but our hands  
And this the bleeding business they have done:  
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome--  
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity--  
Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,  
To you our swords have leaden points Mark Antony:  
Our arms **in strength of malice**, and our hearts  
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.  
**CASSIUS** your voice shall be as strong as any man's  
In the disposing of new **dignities**.  
**ANTONY** I doubt not of your wisdom.  
Let each man render me his bloody hand:  
Gentlemen all, -- alas, what shall I say ?  
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
That one of two bad ways you must **conceit** me,  
Either a coward or a flatterer  
That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true:  
If then thy spirit look upon us now,  
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,  
To see thy Antony making his peace  
Shaking the bloody fingers of the foes,  
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse ?  
**CASSIUS** Mark Antony, --  
**ANTONY** Pardon me, Caius Cassius:  
The enemies of Caesar shall say this;  
Then, in a friend, it is cold **modesty**.

*Longtharai – X*

**CASSIUS** I blame you not for praising Caesar so;  
But what **compact** mean you to have with us ?  
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;  
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

**ANTONY** Therefore I took your hands, but was, indeed,  
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Caesar.  
Friends am I with you all and love you all,  
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons  
Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

**BRUTUS** Our reasons are so full of **good regard**  
That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,  
You should be satisfied.

**ANTONY** That's all I seek:

And am moreover suitor that I may  
Produce his body to the market-place;  
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,  
Speak in the **order** of his funeral.

**BRUTUS** You shall, Mark Antony.

**CASSIUS** Brutus, a word with you.

*Aside to BRUTUS*

You know not what you do: do not consent  
That Antony speak in his funeral:  
Know you how much the people may be moved  
by that which he will utter ?

**BRUTUS** By your pardon;

I **will** myself into the pulpit first,  
And show the reason of our Caesar's death:  
What Antony shall speak, I will **protest**  
He speaks by leave and by permission.

**CASSIUS** I know not what may fall; I like it not.

**BRUTUS** Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.



You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,  
But speak all good you can **devise of** Caesar,  
And say you do it by our permission;  
Else shall you not have any hand at all  
About his funeral: and you shall speak  
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,  
After my speech is ended.

**ANTONY** Be it so.

I do desire no more.

**BRUTUS** Prepare the body then, and follow us.

*Exeunt all but ANTONY*

**ANTONY** O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,  
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man

That ever lived in the tide of times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!

Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,--

Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue--

A curse shall **light** upon the limbs of men;

Domestic fury and fierce civil strife

Shall **cumber** all the parts of Italy;

Blood and destruction shall be so **in use**

And dreadful objects so familiar

That mothers shall but smile when they behold

Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;

All pity choked with **custom of fell deeds**:

And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,

With **Ate** by his side come hot from hell,

Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice

Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;

*Longtharai – X*

That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

*Exeunt with CAESAR's body*

**The Forum. Act III- Scene II**

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens*

**Citizens** We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

**BRUTUS** Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

**Frist Citizen**

I will hear Brutus speak.

**BRUTUS** goes into the pulpit

**Second Citizen**

The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

**BRUTUS**

Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for **my cause**, and be silent, that you may hear: **believe me for mine honour**, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: **censure** me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.

If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer:- Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me I weep for him, as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bond-man? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so **rude** that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

**All** None, Brutus, none.

**BRUTUS** Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall **do to Brutus**. The **question** of his death is **enrolled** in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences **enforced**, for which he suffered death.

*Enter ANTONY and others, with CAESAR's body*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in **the commonwealth**; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, -- that, as I slew my best **lover** for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

**All** Live, Brutus! live, live!

**First Citizen** Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

**Second Citizen** Give him a statue with his ancestors.

**Third Citizen** Let him be Caesar.

**Fourth Citizen** Caesar's better **parts**

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

**First Citizen** We'll bring him to his house

With shouts and clamours.

**BRUTUS** My countrymen, --

**Second Citizen** Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

**First Citizen** Peace, ho!

**BRUTUS** Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Caesar's glories; which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

*Exit*

**First Citizen** Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

**Third Citizen** Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

*Longtharai – X*

**ANTONY** For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

*Goes into the pulpit*

**Fourth Citizen** What does he say of Brutus ?

**Third Citizen** He says, for Brutus' sake,  
He finds himself beholding to us all.

**Fourth Citizen** Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

**First Citizen** This Caesar was a tyrant.

**Third Citizen** Nay, that's certain:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

**Second Citizen** Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

**ANTONY** You gentle Romans, --

**Citizens** Peace, ho! let us hear him.

**ANTONY** Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest--

For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men--

Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this is Caesar seem ambitious ?

When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
You all did see that on the **Lupercal**  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition ?  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
I speak not to **disprove** what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him once, not without cause:  
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him ?  
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;  
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.  
**First Citizen** Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.  
**Second Citizen** If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
Caesar has had great wrong.  
**Third Citizen** Has he, masters ?  
I fear there will a worse come in his place.  
**Fourth Citizen** Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take the crown;  
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.  
**First Citizen** If it be found so, some will dear abide it.  
**Second Citizen** Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.  
**Third Citizen** There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.  
**Fourth Citizen** Now mark him, he begins again to speak.  
**ANTONY** But yesterday the word of Caesar might  
Have **stood against** the world; now lies he there.  
And none so **poor** to do him reverence.  
O masters, if I were disposed to stir

*Longtharai – X*

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honourable men:  
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose  
To **wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you**  
Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;  
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:  
Let but the commons hear this testament--  
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read--  
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds  
And dip their **napkins** in his sacred blood,  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
Unto their issue.

**Fourth Citizen** We'll hear the will; read it, Mark Antony.

**All** The will, the will! we will hear Caesar's will.

**ANTONY** Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not **meet** you know how Caesar loved you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad:

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;

For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

**Fourth Citizen** Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;

You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.

**ANTONY** Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:

I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar, I do fear it.

**Fourth Citizen** They were traitors: honourable men!

**All** The will! the testament!

**Second Citizen** They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

**ANTONY** You will compel me, then, to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? and will you give me leave ?

**Several Citizens Come down.**

**Second Citizen** Descend.

**Third Citizen** You shall have leave.

**ANTONY** comes down.

**Fourth Citizen** A ring; stand round.

**ANTONY** If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this **mantle** : I remember

The first time ever Caesar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the **Nervii** :

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :

See what a rent the **envious** Casca made:

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;

For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,

**Ingratitude**, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

*Longtharai – X*

Even at the base of Pompey's statue,  
**Which all the while ran blood**, great Caesar fell.  
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason **flourish'd** over us.  
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel  
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.  
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold  
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,  
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.  
**First Citizen** O piteous spectacle!  
**Second Citizen** O noble Caesar!  
**Third Citizen** O woeful day!  
**Fourth Citizen** O traitors, villains!  
**First Citizen** O most bloody sight!  
**Second Citizen** We will be revenged.  
**All** Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!  
Let not a traitor live!  
**ANTONY** Stay, countrymen.  
**First Citizen** Peace there! hear the noble Antony.  
**Second Citizen** We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.  
**ANTONY** Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
To such a sudden **flood of mutiny**.  
They that have done this deed are honourable:  
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,  
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:  
I am no orator, as Brutus is;  
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
That love my friend; and that they know full well



That gave me public leave to speak of him:  
For I have neither **wit**, nor words, nor **worth**,  
**Action**, nor **utterance**, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood: I only speak **right on**;  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;  
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,  
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue  
In every wound of Caesar that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

**All** we'll mutiny.

**First Citizen** We'll burn the house of Brutus.

**Third Citizen** Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

**ANTONY** Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

**All** Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

**ANTONY** Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:

**Wherein** hath Caesar thus deserved your loves ?

Alas, you know not: I must tell you then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

**All** Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

**ANTONY** Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five **drachmas**

**Second Citizen** Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.

**Third Citizen** O royal Caesar!

**ANTONY** Hear me with patience.

**All** Peace, ho!

**ANTONY** Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours and new-planted orchards,

On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,

*Longtharai – X*

And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,  
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Caesar! when comes such another ?  
**First Citizen** Never, never. Come, away, away!  
We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.  
Take up the body.

**Second Citizen** Go fetch fire.

**Third Citizen** Pluck down benches.

**Fourth Citizen** Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

*Exeunt Citizens with the body*

**ANTONY** Now let it work. Mischief, thou art **afout**,  
Take thou what course thou will!

*Exeunt.*

#### **After that what happens**

Meanwhile, Caesar's adopted son and appointed successor, Octavius, arrives in Rome and forms a three-person coalition with Antony and Lepidus. They prepare to fight Cassius and Brutus, who have been driven into exile and are raising armies outside the city. At the conspirators' camp, Brutus and Cassius have a heated argument regarding matters of money and honor, but they ultimately reconcile. Brutus reveals that he is sick with grief, for in his absence Portia has killed herself. The two continue to prepare for battle with Antony and Octavius. That night, the Ghost of Caesar appears to Brutus, announcing that Brutus will meet him again on the battlefield.

Octavius and Antony march their army towards Brutus and Cassius. Antony tells Octavius where to attack, but Octavius says that he will make his own orders; he is already asserting his authority as the heir of Caesar and the next ruler of Rome. The opposing generals meet on the battlefield and exchange insults before beginning combat.

Cassius witnesses his own men fleeing and hears that Brutus's men are not performing effectively. Cassius sends one of his men, Pindarus, to see how matters are progressing. From afar, Pindarus sees one of their leaders, Cassius's best friend, Titinius, being surrounded by cheering troops and concludes that he has been captured. Cassius despairs and orders Pindarus to kill him with his own sword. He dies proclaiming that Caesar is avenged. Titinius himself then arrives—the men encircling him were actually his comrades, cheering a victory he had earned. Titinius sees Cassius's corpse and, mourning the death of his friend, kills himself.

Brutus learns of the deaths of Cassius and Titinius with a heavy heart, and prepares to take on the Romans again. When his army loses, doom appears imminent. Brutus asks one of his men to hold his sword while he impales himself on it. Finally, Caesar can rest satisfied, he says as he dies. Octavius and Antony arrive. Antony speaks over Brutus's body, calling him the noblest Roman of all. While the other conspirators acted out of envy and ambition, he observes, Brutus genuinely believed that he acted for the benefit of Rome. Octavius orders that Brutus be buried in the most honorable way. The men then depart to celebrate their victory.



**A. WORD NOTES :**

- **bid** : to offer to do work or provide
- **forth** : towards a place; forwards
- **vanished** : to disappear suddenly
- **stood on ceremonies**: paid much attention to omens and forecasts
- **fright** : a feeling of fear
- **hath** : (old use) has

*Longtharai – X*

- **yawn** : to open your mouth wide and breathe in deeply through it, usually because you are tired or bored.
- **right form of war** : correct battle order
- **groan** : to make a long deep sound because you are annoyed, upset or in pain, or with pleasure
- **neigh** : when a horse neighs it makes a long high sound
- **drizzle** : to pour a small amount of liquid over the surface of something
- **hurtled** : to move very fast in a particular direction
- **shriek** : to give a loud high shout, for example when you are excited, frightened or in pain
- **squeal** : to make a long, high sound
- **blaze** : to burn brightly and strongly
- **valiant** : very brave or determined
- **augurers** : those who predict
- **littered** : a number of baby animals that one mother gives birth to at the same time
- **thy** : (old use) a word meaning ‘your’, used when talking to only one person
- **humour** : an amusing aspect
- **morrow** : morning
- **graybeards** : old men
- **very happy time** : at the right moment
- **spouts** : a pipe or tube on a container, that you can pour liquid out through
- **lusty** : strong, vigorous
- **portents** : a sign or warning of something that is going to happen in the future, especially when it is sth unpleasant.
- **blood** : In Decius’ explanation the use of the term “blood” is metaphoric. It symbolizes Caesar’s spirit or influence.

- **great men shall press  
for tinctures, stains,  
relics and cognizance** : great men shall gather around Caesar and stain their handkerchiefs in his blood which will serve as colours added to a coat of arms, an object of reverence, mementos and a badge of service.
- **expounded** : to explain something by talking about it in detail
- **robe** : a long loose outer piece of clothing, especially one worn as a sign of rank or office at a special ceremony
- **that every like is not  
the same, O Caesar,  
the heart of Brutus  
yearns to think upon** : Brutus' heart grieves when he thinks that being like a friend is not the same as being a friend
- **amiss** : wrong; not as it should be
- **redress** : to correct something that is unfair or wrong
- **thee** : (old use) a word meaning 'you', used when talking to only one person who is the object of the verb
- **couching and these  
lowly courtesies** : bowing and bending
- **pre-ordinance** : an order or a rule made by a government existed before
- **puissant** : powerful
- **decree** : an official order from a ruler or a government that becomes the law
- **banish** : to order somebody to leave a place, especially a country, as a punishment
- **flattery** : praise that is not sincere, especially in order to obtain something from somebody

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- **enfranchisement** : to give somebody the right to vote in an election
- **Et tu, Brute** : even you, Brutus
- **spoils** : trophies of war
- **little measures** : small piece of ground on which your body lies
- **bear me hard** : bear a grudge against me
- **reek** : stench
- **strength of malice** : which may appear to be hostile
- **reverence** : a feeling of great respect or admiration for somebody or something
  
- **dignities** : honours
- **conceit** : consider
- **corse** : dead body, corpse
- **modesty** : understatement
- **compact** : agreement
- **good regard** : serious consideration
- **will** : legal document that says what is to happen to somebody's money and property after they die
  
- **Ate** : Greek goddess of revenge
- **havoc** : a situation in which there is a lot of damage, destruction or confusion
  
- **carrion** : the decaying flesh of dead animals
- **censure** : judge, criticize me harshly
- **senses** : understanding
- **rude** : uncivilized
- **enrolled** : recorded
- **the commonwealth** : the free republic
- **tyrant** : a person who has complete power in a country and uses it in a cruel and unfair way
  
- **ambitious** : determined to be successful, rich, powerful, etc
- **captives** : kept as a prisoner or in a confined space; unable to escape

- **ransom** : money that is paid to somebody so that they will set free a person who is being kept as a prisoner by them
- **coffers** : treasury
- **interred** : to bury a dead person
- **Lupercal** : the feast of the god Lupercus. Lupercus was the protector of flocks and herds, the god of fertility
- **disprove** : contradict
- **mutiny** : the act of refusing to obey the orders of sb in authority, especially by soldiers or sailors
- **wrong the dead** : be unjust to Caesar, who has been assassinated, by calling him ambitious
- **to wrong myself** : by not speaking that I know
- **nervii** : the most war-like of the Gallic tribes, defeated by Caesar in 57 B.C.
- **envious** : malicious
- **ingratitude** : the blow struck by Brutus' ingratitude
- **flourished** : to develop quickly and be successful
- **utterance** : eloquence
- **drachmas** : the former unit of money in Greece (replaced in 2002 by the euro)
- **afoot** : started

**B. Read the extracts given below and answer the following questions within 10 words each :**

1. *But I am constant as the northern star,  
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality  
There was no fellow in the firmament.*

- a) Who said to whom?

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- b) What state of mind of the speaker do you notice here ?
- c) The northern star is also known as—
  - (i) Venus
  - (ii) Pole star
  - (iii) Mercury
  - (iv) Jupiter

2. ***My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,  
Either a coward or a flatterer.***

- a) Who said this and to whom ?
- b) When was this said ?
- c) The word 'credit' in the above context means ——.
  - (i) reputation
  - (ii) disrepute
  - (iii) loan
  - (iv) identity

3. ***Calpurnia: Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies  
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,  
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.***

- a) What do you mean by 'ceremonies' here ?
- b) What are the horrid sights ?
- c) 'Watch' here is a
  - (i) watchman
  - (ii) maid
  - (iii) captain
  - (iv) Antony



4. *Cowards die many times before their death;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all th wonders that I yet have heard.  
It seems too me most strange that men should fear;  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come when will come.*

- a) Who said this and to whom ?
- b) What does the speaker mean by '*Cowards die many times before their death*'?
- c) 'a necessary end' refers to
  - (i) death
  - (ii) life
  - (iii) game
  - (iv) sleeping

5. *Be patient till the last.  
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! Hear me for my cause, and be  
silent, that you may hear*

- a) Who is the speaker ? Who is he speaking to ?
- b) What do you mean by 'my cause' ?
- c) 'patient' means
  - (i) tolerant
  - (ii) arrogant
  - (iii) joyful
  - (iv) full malice

C. Answer the following questions briefly within 30-40 words each:

- 1. What is the petition put before Caesar by conspirators ? How does Caesar respond to it?
- 2. What does Calpurnia try to convince Caesar of ?

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3. Why does Calpurnia say that Caesar's 'wisdom is consumed in confidence' ? What does she mean ?
4. What does Calpurnia dream about Caesar ?
5. How does Decius Brutus interpret the dream ?
6. What are the arguments put forward by Decius Brutus to convince Caesar to go to the Capitol ?
7. Why is Decius more successful in persuading Caesar than Calpurnia?
8. How do the heavens 'blaze forth' the death of Julius Caesar ?
9. Who says "Et tu Brute" ? Why ?
10. In the moments following Caesar's death what do the conspirators proclaim to justify Caesar's death ?
11. Seeing the body of Caesar, Antony is overcome by grief. What does he say about Caesar ?
12. Whom does Antony call "the choice and master spirits of this age" ? Why?
13. How do Brutus and Cassius respond to his speech ?
14. Why does Cassius object to allowing Antony to speak at Caesar's funeral ? How did Brutus overcome this objection ?
15. What are the conditions imposed by the conspirators before allowing Antony to say at Caesar's ?
16. When he is left alone with the body of Caesar what does Antony call Brutus and others ?
17. What prediction does Antony make regarding the future events in Rome ?
18. What reasons does Brutus give for murdering Caesar ?
19. At the end of the scene what is the fate of Brutus and Cassius ?
20. Why is Antony's speech more effective ?
21. Who says, "Let him be Caesar" ? What light does this throw on the speaker ?

**D. Answer the following questions within 60-80 words each :**

1. Describe the role of mob in the play Julius Caesar.
2. What arguments did Brutus give for killing Caesar ?
3. What was the conspiracy ? Who hatched it and why ?
4. Write a character sketch of Caesar.
5. Summarize Antony's speech.
6. Write a character sketch of Mark Antony.

**E. Working with language :**

**1) Fill in the blanks with the correct tense form of the verbs given in brackets :**

(a) Brutus (a) —— (think) that Caesar was too ambitious and would have (b) —— (turn) the Romans into slaves. Brutus's point is that like the serpent's egg Caesar was bound to hatch into something really dangerous and he would be easier to deal with while he was still in the egg stage. He (c) —— (state) although Caesar wasn't bad, getting a crown would change his nature! Brutus put Caesar in poor light saying that Caesar (d) —— (be) ambitious and that he did it for the good of his country and his countrymen.

(b) Julius Caesar was a stalwart. He (a) —— (be) a brave and valiant warrior. He (b) —— (conquer) to expand the Roman Empire. He added to the treasures of Rome, defeated the sons of Pompey brought laurels to Rome. Caesar believed in embracing death like true warrior. He (c) —— (reject) his wife's prayers as foolish and opined that 'death is an inevitable reality'.

(c) There (a) —— (be) certain lapses in Caesar's character, He was rigid, haughty and arrogant. He was over ambitious and in his lust to conquer he (b) —— (forget) that he was going against republicanism and democracy. He (c) —— (try) the true qualities of a dictator and

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this way the flow which drove him towards his end.

(d) When Antony re-enters after Caesar's assassination, He (a) \_\_\_\_\_ (lament) the death of the mighty Caesar saying that it has an incomparable event. He (b) \_\_\_\_\_ (wish) for his own death at the hands of the conspirators and (c) \_\_\_\_\_ (beg) them to kill him so that he could lie beside Caesar. According to him no other hour, sword or space could give him a nobler end.

(e) Antony (a) \_\_\_\_\_ (describe) himself in an unstable condition. It (b) \_\_\_\_\_ (be) dangerous to declare that he wishes to seek revenge. On the other hand he doesn't want to defy Caesar by being considered a psychopath. His conscience (c) \_\_\_\_\_ (tell) him that Caesar's spirit shall grieve to see Antony as a flatterer making peace with his enemies.

(f) In his speech, Antony (a) \_\_\_\_\_ (express) his apology for Caesar's death. Here he (b) \_\_\_\_\_ (be) all alone. He says that Caesar's death will bring large scale death and destruction not only on earth but also in heaven. Heaven shall join to avenge Caesar's death. Bloodshed, death, destruction shall (c) \_\_\_\_\_ (become) a common sight for Romans because the death of mighty Caesar could not just pass or ignored. Dead bodies shall cry for burial.

(g) In the 4th speech Antony has come to bury Caesar. He says "he shall not praise him." But on the contrary (a) \_\_\_\_\_ (talk) about Caesar in such a light that he may be able to renew the lost faith and love in the hearts of the country-men for him. He (a) \_\_\_\_\_ (say) that Caesar had led the conquests for the well being of Rome.

**2) The following passages are not edited. There is an error in each line. Write the incorrect word and the correction as given in the example against the correct blank number in your answer sheet.**

*Julius Caesar*

a) **Incorrect** **Correct**  
 e.g. feel feels  
 Antony feel pathetic that no  
 one express the reverence  
 due to Caesar's dead body.  
 He choose his words with  
 caution and say that –  
 if he will encourage  
 MUTINY, RAGE the PROVOCATON  
 he will wrong Brutus and Cassius. a) \_\_\_\_\_  
 b) \_\_\_\_\_  
 c) \_\_\_\_\_  
 d) \_\_\_\_\_  
 e) \_\_\_\_\_  
 f) \_\_\_\_\_  
 g) \_\_\_\_\_

b) **Incorrect** **Correct**  
 e.g. is are  
 All his words is provocative.  
 He conclude that  
 he will rather wrong the  
 dead person. He also give a hint  
 to them about Caesar's was after  
 reading which all a  
 Romans shall grieve and beg to hair  
 and blood of Caesar in keep  
 as a precious relic and declared  
 it to a precious possession for the  
 coming generations. Antony here put  
 ideas and words at the mouths of Romans. a) \_\_\_\_\_  
 b) \_\_\_\_\_  
 c) \_\_\_\_\_  
 d) \_\_\_\_\_  
 e) \_\_\_\_\_  
 f) \_\_\_\_\_  
 g) \_\_\_\_\_  
 h) \_\_\_\_\_  
 i) \_\_\_\_\_  
 j) \_\_\_\_\_  
 k) \_\_\_\_\_

c) **Incorrect** **Correct**  
 Gaius Julius Caesar is born  
 at Aurelia and Gaius Julius Caesar, a praetor. b) \_\_\_\_\_  
 His family has noble, patrician roots,  
 although they was neither rich nor  
 influential in this period. His aunt Julia is  
 a wife of Gaius Marius, leader of the  
 Popular faction. c) \_\_\_\_\_  
 d) \_\_\_\_\_  
 e) \_\_\_\_\_  
 f) \_\_\_\_\_

**3. Re-arrange the following jumbled up words to make meaningful sentences :**

- a) i) gave / Brutus / logically / his / that / reasons / Caesar's / necessitated / death.  
ii) informed / he / that / the / commoners / he / out / of / love / acted / of / Rome.  
iii) his / her / was / to / from / desire / prevent / tyrants / controlling.
- b) i) the / and / embraced / citizens / his / words / with / cheers / understanding.  
ii) However / altered / of / their / mood / offered / when / Antony / his / the / interpretation / situation.  
iii) of / he / described / the / passionately / deeds / Caesar.
- c) i) overwhelmed / Antony's people / speech / the / and / with / grief / despair / anger.  
ii) led / Brutus / brutal / killing / of / and / by / other / conspirators / to / the / mob / It.  
iii) the / Brutus / revenge / wanted / now / to / take / on / and / other / mob / conspirators.
- d) i) I / northern / constant / as / am / the / star  
ii) it / true-fix'd / has / and / resting / quality  
iii) like / there / no / fellow / was / in / the / firmament / it.

**4. Read the conversations given below and complete the paragraphs that follow :**

- a) Patient: May I come in, sir ?  
Doctor: Yes, please come inn.  
Patient: Sir, I am suffering from headache.  
Doctor: Did you fall down on head ever ?  
Patient: I don't remember.

Patient asked ..... Doctor ..... Patient  
..... Doctor asked ..... Patient told  
.....

- b) Son: Father, will you buy me a smart phone ?  
Father: Be smart yourself first  
Son: I am very smart.  
Father: Are you ?

Son told ..... . Father ..... . Son replied  
that ..... . Father asked .....

- c) Ritu: Hurrah! We have won the match.  
Preeti: You deserve it  
Ritu: I am looking for the next match.

Ritu Exclaimed ..... . Preeti ..... . Ritu told  
.....

- d) Guardian: Maám. I want to meet the Principal.  
Receptionist: May I know the purpose ?  
Guardian: I want to discuss the progress of my ward.

Guardian told ..... . Receptionist asked ..... . Guard-  
ian .....

- e) Father: Why are you going to school on Sunday ?  
Son: I have some extra classes for English.  
Father: Did the teacher ask you to go ?  
Son: No.

Father asked ..... . Son replied ..... . Father  
..... . Son .....

### 5) Transformation of sentences :

Transformation of sentences is changing the form of a sentence without  
changing its meaning. In doing transformation a student should have

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fair knowledge about the kinds of sentence and their formation. A brief direction about doing transformation is given below as for example.

**Affirmative to negative:**

only / alone / merely ? Replace by ? None but (person) / nothing but(things) / not more than or not less than (number)

Ex: Aff: Ony God can help you.

Neg: None but Allah can help us.

Aff: She has only a pen

Neg: She has nothing but a pen

‘Must’ is replaced by cannot but / cannot help + (verb+ing)’.

Ex: Aff: Students must obey their teachers.

Neg. : Students cannot but obey their teacher / Students cannot help obeying their teachers.

**Assertive to Interrogative**

*If the sentence is in the affirmative you have to change it into negative interrogative. If it is in negative then you have to change in into bare interrogative.*

Ex: Ass: she is honest.

Int. : Isn’t she honest ?

**6) Transform the following sentences as directed:**

- i) Only girls can take part in this dance competition. (Turn into negative)
- ii) He is too weak to stand up (Turn into negative)
- iii) She is a good girl. (Turn into negative)
- iv) He cannot but do this. (Turn into affirmative)
- v) There is no mother but loves her child. (Turn into affirmative)
- vi) I shall not forget you. (Turn into affirmative)
- vii) He is very gentle. (Turn into Interrogative)
- viii) He is not a good person. (Turn into Interrogative)



- ix) He plays Football. (Turn into Interrogative)  
x) Does he play cricket ? (Turn into Assertive)  
xi) Did you play football yesterday ? (Turn into Assertive)  
xii) Do you ever drink tea ? (Turn into Assertive)  
xiii) How fortunate they are ? (Turn into Assertive)  
xiv) What a fool you are! (Turn into Assertive)  
xv) What a beautiful scenery! (Turn into Assertive)  
xvi) We mourn that he has failed. (Turn into Exclamatory)  
xvii) It is a matter of joy that we have won the game. (Turn into Exclamatory)  
xviii) It is a great pity. (Turn into Exclamatory)

**F. Writing Skill:**

1. What are the essential qualities of friendship ? Make a list and verify with your friends taking interview.
2. Discuss with your friends about the salient features of patriotism and write a letter to the editor of an English Daily about the Need of Patriotism. You are Rohit Sharma of Dharmanagar.
3. You can never think war is essential to protect a country's security. Prepare an article on 'War is Barbarism.'



## AN ASTROLOGER'S DAY

PUNCTUALLY at midday he opened his bag and spread out his professional equipment, which consisted of a dozen cowrie shells, a square piece of cloth with obscure mystic charts on it, a notebook, and a bundle of palmyra writing. His forehead was resplendent with sacred ash and vermilion, and his eyes sparkled with a sharp, abnormal gleam which was really an outcome of a continual searching look for customers, but which his simple clients took to be a prophetic light and felt comforted.

The power of his eyes was considerably enhanced by their position—placed as they were between the painted forehead and the dark whiskers which streamed down his cheeks : even a half-wit's eyes would sparkle in such a setting. To crown the effect he wound a saffron-colored turban around his head. This color scheme never failed.

People were attracted to him as bees are attracted to cosmos or dahlia stalks. He sat under the boughs of a spreading tamarind tree which flanked a path running through the town hall park. It was a remarkable place in many ways : a surging crowd was always moving up and down this narrow road morning till night. A variety of trades and occupations was represented all along its way : medicine sellers, sellers of stolen hardware and junk, magicians, and above all, an auctioneer of cheap cloth, who created enough din all day to attract the whole town. Next to him in vociferousness came a vendor of fried groundnut, who gave his ware a fancy name each day, calling it “Bombay Ice Cream” one day, and on the next “Delhi Almond,” and on the third “Raja's Delicacy,” and so on

and so forth, and people flocked to him. A considerable portion of this crowd dallied before the astrologer too. The astrologer transacted his business by the light of a flare which crackled and smoked up above the groundnut heap nearby.

Half the enchantment of the place was due to the fact that it did not have the benefit of municipal lighting. The place was lit up by shop lights. One or two had hissing gaslights, some had naked flares stuck on poles, some were lit up by old cycle lamps, and one or two, like the astrologer's managed without lights of their own. It was a bewildering crisscross of light rays and moving shadows. This suited the astrologer very well, for the simple reason that he had not in the least intended to be an astrologer when he began life; and he knew no more of what was going to happen to others than he knew what was going to happen to himself next minute. He was as much a stranger to the stars as were his innocent customers. Yet he said things which pleased and astonished everyone : that was more a matter of study, practice, and shrewd guesswork. All the same, it was as much an honest man's labor as any other, and he deserved the wages he carried home at the end of a day.

He had left his village without any previous thought or plan. If he had continued there he would have carried on the work of his forefathers—namely, tilling the land, living, marrying, and ripening in his cornfield and ancestral home. But that was not to be. He had to leave home without telling anyone, and he could not rest till he left it behind a couple of hundred miles. To a villager it is a great deal, as if an ocean flowed between.

He had a working analysis of mankind's troubles : marriage, money, and the tangles of human ties. Long practice had sharpened his perception. Within five minutes he understood what was wrong.

He charged three paise 8 per question, never opened his mouth till the other had spoken for at least ten minutes, which provided him enough stuff for a dozen answers and advices. When he told the person before him, gazing at his palm, “In many ways you are not getting the results for your efforts,” nine out of ten were disposed to agree with him. Or he questioned : “Is there any woman in your family, may be even a distant relative, who is not well disposed towards you?” Or he gave an analysis of character : “Most of your troubles are due to your nature. How can you be otherwise with Saturn where he is? You have an impetuous nature and a rough exterior.” This endeared him to their hearts immediately, for even the mildest of us loves to think that he has a forbidding exterior.

The nuts vendor blew out his flare and rose to go home. This was a signal for the astrologer to bundle up too, since it left him in darkness except for a little shaft of green light which strayed in from somewhere and touched the ground before him. He picked up his cowrie shells and paraphernalia and was putting them back into his bag when the green shaft of light was blotted out; he looked up and saw a man standing before him. He sensed a possible client and said, “You look so careworn. It will do you good to sit down for a while and chat with me.” The other grumbled some reply vaguely. The astrologer pressed his invitation; whereupon the other thrust his palm under his nose, saying, “You call yourself an astrologer?” The astrologer felt challenged and said, tilting the other’s palm towards the green shaft of light, “Yours is a nature...” “Oh, stop that,” the other said. “Tell me something worthwhile....”

Our friend felt piqued. “I charge only three paise per question, and what you get ought to be good enough for your money....” At this the other withdrew his arm, took out an anna, and flung it out to him, saying, “I have some questions to ask. If I prove you are bluffing, you must return that anna to me with interest.”

"If you find my answers satisfactory, will you give me five rupees?"

"No."

"Or will you give me eight annas?"

"All right, provided you give me twice as much if you are wrong," said the stranger. This pact was accepted after a little further argument. The astrologer sent up a prayer to heaven as the other lit a cheroot. The astrologer caught a glimpse of his face by the match light. There was a pause as cars hooted on the road, jutka drivers swore at their horses, and the babble of the crowd agitated the semi-darkness of the park. The other sat down, sucking his cheroot, puffing out, sat there ruthlessly. The astrologer felt very uncomfortable. "Here, take your anna back. I am not used to such challenges. It is late for me today..."

He made preparations to bundle up. The other held his wrist and said, "You can't get out of it now. You dragged me in while I was passing." The astrologer shivered in his grip; and his voice shook and became faint. "Leave me today. I will speak to you tomorrow." The other thrust his palm in his face and said, "Challenge is challenge. Go on." The astrologer proceeded with his throat drying up, "There is a woman..."

"Stop," said the other "I don't want all that. Shall I succeed in my present search or not? Answer this and go. Otherwise I will not let you go till you disgorge all your coins." The astrologer muttered a few incantations and replied, "All right. I will speak. But will you give me a rupee if what I say is convincing? Otherwise I will not open my mouth, and you may do what you like." After a good deal of haggling the other agreed. The astrologer said, "You were left for dead. Am I right?"

"Ah, tell me more."

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“A knife has passed through you once?” said the astrologer.

“Good fellow!” He bared his chest to show the scar. “What else?”

“And then you were pushed into a well nearby in the field. You were left for dead.”

“I should have been dead if some passer-by had not chanced to peep into the well,” exclaimed the other, overwhelmed by enthusiasm. “When shall I get at him?” he asked, clenching his fist.

“In the next world,” answered the astrologer. “He died four months ago in a far-off town. You will never see any more of him.” The other groaned on hearing it. The astrologer proceeded :

“Guru Nayak—”

“You know my name!” the other said, taken aback.

“As I know all other things, Guru Nayak, listen carefully to what I have to say. Your village is two days’ journey due north of this town. Take the next train and be gone. I see once again great danger to your life if you go from home.” He took out a pinch of sacred ash and held it to him. “Rub it on your forehead and go home. Never travel southward again, and you will live to be a hundred.”

“Why should I leave home again?” the other said reflectively. “I was only going away now and then to look for him and to choke out his life if I met him.” He shook his head regretfully. “He has escaped my hands. I hope at least he died as he deserved.” “Yes,” said the astrologer. “He was crushed under a lorry.” The other looked gratified to hear it.

The place was deserted by the time the astrologer picked up his articles and put them into his bag. The green shaft was also

gone, leaving the place in darkness and silence. The stranger had gone off into the night, after giving the astrologer a handful of coins.

It was nearly midnight when the astrologer reached home. His wife was waiting for him at the door and demanded an explanation. He flung the coins at her and said, "Count them. One man gave all that."

"Twelve and a half annas," she said, counting. She was overjoyed. "I can buy some jaggery and coconut tomorrow. The child has been asking for sweets for so many days now. I will prepare some nice stuff for her." "The swine has cheated me! He promised me a rupee," said the astrologer. She looked up at him. "You look worried. What is wrong?"

"Nothing."

After dinner, sitting on the pyol, he told her, "Do you know a great load is gone from me today? I thought I had the blood of a man on my hands all these years. That was the reason why I ran away from home, settled here, and married you. He is alive."

She gasped. "You tried to kill!"

"Yes, in our village, when I was a silly youngster. We drank, gambled, and quarrelled badly one day— why think of it now? Time to sleep," he said, yawning, and stretched himself on the pyol.



## THE MISSING MAIL

THOUGH his beat covered Vinayak Mudali Street and its four parallel roads, it took him nearly six hours before he finished his round and returned to the head office in Market Road to deliver accounts. He allowed himself to get mixed up with the fortunes of the persons to whom he was carrying letters. At No. 13, Kabir Street, lived the man who had come half-way up the road to ask for a letter for so many years now.

Thanappa had seen him as a youngster, and had watched him day by day greying on the pial, sitting there and hoping for a big prize to come his way through solving crossword puzzles.

“No prize yet,” he announced to him every day. “But don’t be dis-heartened.” “Your interest has been delayed this month somehow,” he said to another.

“Your son at Hyderabad has written again, madam. How many children has he now?” “I did not know that you had applied for this Madras job; you haven’t cared to tell me! It doesn’t matter. when I bring you your appointment order you must feed me with coconut payasam.”

And at each of these places he stopped for nearly half an hour. Especially if anyone received money orders, he just settled down quite nicely, with his bags and bundles spread about him, and would not rise till he gathered an idea of how and where every rupee was going. If it was a hot day he sometimes asked for a tumbler of buttermilk and sat down to enjoy it. Everybody liked him on his beat. He was a part and parcel of their existence, their hopes, aspirations, and activities.



Of all his contacts, the one with which he was most intimately bound up was No. 10, Vinayak Mudali Street. Ramanujam was a senior clerk in the Revenue Division Office, and Thanappa had carried letters to that address for over a generation now. His earliest association with Ramanujam was years and years ago.

Ramanujam's wife was away in the village. A card arrived for Ramanujam. Thanappa, as was his custom, glanced through it at the sorting table itself; and, the moment they were ready to start out, went straight to Vinayak Mudali Street, though in the ordinary course over 150 addresses preceded it. He went straight to Ramanujam's house, knocked on the door and shouted : "Postman, sir, postman."

When Ramanujam opened it, he said : " Give me a handful of sugar before I give you this card. Happy father! After all these years of prayers! Don't complain that it is a daughter. Daughters are God's gift, you know.

...Kamakshi lovely name!"

"Kamakshi," he addressed the tall, bashful girl, years later, "get your photo ready Ah, so shy! Here is your grandfather's card asking for your photo. Why should he want it, unless it be..."

"The old gentleman writes rather frequently now, doesn't he, sir?" he asked Ramanujam, as he handed him his letter and waited for him to open the envelope and go through its contents. Ramanujam looked worried after reading it. The postman asked : "I hope it's good news?"

He leaned against the veranda pillar, with a stack of undelivered letters still under his arm. Ramanujam said : "My father-in-law

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thinks I am not sufficiently active in finding a husband for my daughter. He has tried one or two places and failed.

He thinks I am very indifferent....”

“Elderly people have their own anxiety,” the postman replied.

“The trouble is,” said Ramanujam, “that he has set apart five thousand rupees for this girl’s marriage and is worrying me to find a husband for her immediately. But money is not everything...”

“No, no,” echoed the postman; “unless the destined hour is at hand, nothing can help...”

Day after day for months Thanappa delivered the letters and waited to be told the news : “Same old news, Thanappa ... Horoscopes do not agree... . They are demanding too much ... . Evidently they, do not approve of her appearance.” “Appearance! She looks like a queen. Unless one is totally blind ...” the postman retorted angrily.

The season would be closing, with only three more auspicious dates, the last being May 20th. The girl would be seventeen in a few days. The reminders from her grandfather were becoming fiercer. Ramanujam had exhausted all the possibilities and had drawn a blank everywhere. He looked helpless and miserable.

“Postman,” he said, “I don’t think there is a son-in-law for me anywhere ...”

“Oh, don’t utter inauspicious words, sir,” the postman said. “When God wills it...” He reflected for a while and said : “There is a boy in Delhi earning two hundred rupees. Makunda of Temple Street was after him. Makunda and you are of the same sub-caste, I believe...”

“They have been negotiating for months now. Over a hundred letters have passed between them already ... . But I know they are definitely breaking off. ... It is over some money question... They have written their last message on a postcard and it has infuriated these people all the more. As if postcards were an instrument of insult! I have know most important communications being written even on picture postcards; When Rajappa went to America two years ago he used to write to his sons every week on picture postcards. ...” After this digression he came back to the point. “I will ask Makunda to give me the horoscope. Let us see ....” Next day he brought the horoscope with him. “The boy’s parents are also in Delhi, so you can write to them immediately. No time to waste now.”

A ray of hope touched Ramanujam’s family.

“I have still a hundred letter to deliver, but I came here first because I saw this Delhi postmark.... Open it and tell me what they have written,” said Thanappa. He trembled with suspense.

“How prompt these people are! So they approve of the photo! Who wouldn’t?” “A letter every day! I might as well apply for leave till Kamakshi’s marriage is over...” he said another day. “You are already talking as if it were coming off tomorrow! God knows how many hurdles we have to cross now. Liking a photo does not prove anything...”

The family council was discussing an important question : Whether Ramanujam should go to Madras, taking the girl with him, and meet the party, who could come down for a day from Delhi. The family was divided over the question. Ramanujam, his mother, and his wife-none of them had defined views on the question, but yet they opposed each other vehemently.

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“We shall be the laughing-stock of the town,” said Ramanujam’s wife, “if we take the girl out to be shown round...”

“What queer notions! If you stand on all these absurd antiquated formalities, we shall never get anywhere near a marriage. It is our duty to take the girl over even to Delhi if necessary...” “It is your pleasure, then; you can do what you please; why consult me?....”

Tempers were at their worst, and no progress seemed possible. Time was marching. The postman had got into the habit of dropping in at the end of his day’s work, and joining in the council. “I am a third party. Listen to me,” he said. “Sir, please take the train to Madras immediately. What you cannot achieve by a year’s correspondence you can do in an hour’s meeting.”

“Here is a letter from Madras, madam. I am sure it is from your husband. What is the news?” He handed the cover to Ramanujam’s wife, and she took it in to read. He said : “I have some registered letters for those last houses. I will finish my round, and come back....” He returned as promised.

“Have they met, madam?”

“Yes, Kamakshi’s father has written that they have met the girl, and from their talk Kamakshi’s father infers they are quite willing. ...”

“Grand news ! I will offer a coconut to our Vinayaka tonight.”

“But,” the lady added, half overwhelmed with happiness and half worried, “there is this difficulty. We had an idea of doing it during next Thai month. ... It will be so difficult to hurry through the arrangements now. But they say that if the marriage is done it must be done on the twentieth of May. If it is postponed the boy can’t marry for three years. He is being sent away for some trainig. ...”

“The old gentleman is as good as his word’ the postman said, delivering an insurance cover to Ramanujam.” He has given the entire amount. You can’t complain of lack of funds now. Go ahead. I’m so happy you have his approval. More than their money, we need their blessings, sir. I hope he has sent his heartiest blessings. ...” “Oh yes, oh yes,” replied Ramanujam, “My father-in-law seems to be very happy at this proposal. ...”

A five-thousand-rupee marriage was a big affair for Malgudi. Ramanujam, with so short a time before him, and none to share the task of arrangements, became distraught. As far as it could go, Thanappa placed himself at his service during all his off hours. He cut short his eloquence, advices, and exchanges in other houses. He never waited for anyone to come up and receive the letters. He just tossed them through a window or an open door with a stentorian. “Letter, sir.” If they stopped him and asked : “What is the matter with you? In such a hurry !” “Yes, leave me alone till the twentieth of May. I will come and squat in your house after that” and he was off.

Ramanujam was in great tension. He trembled with anxiety as the day approached nearer. “It must go on smoothly. Nothing should prove a hindrance.”

“Do not worry, sir; it will go through happily, by God’s grace. You have given them everything they wanted in cash, presents, and style. They are good people. ....”

“ It is not about that. It is the very last date for the year. If for some reason some obstruction comes up, it is all finished for ever. The boy goes away for three years. I don’t think either of us would be prepared to bind ourselves to wait for three years.”

It was four hours past the Muhurtam on the day of the wedding. A quiet had descended on the gathering. The young smart bridegroom from Delhi was seated in a chair under the pandal. Fragrance of sandal, and flowers, and holy smoke, hung about the air. People were sitting around

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the bridegroom talking. Thanappa appeared at the gate loaded with letters. Some young men ran up to him demanding : “Postman ! Letters?”

He held them off. “Get back. I know to whom to deliver.” He walked up to the bridegroom and held up to him a bundle of letters very respectfully. “These are all greetings and blessings from well-wishers, I believe, sir, and my own go with every one of them. ...”

He seemed very proud of performing this task, and looked very serious. The bridegroom looked up at him with an amused smile and muttered : “Thanks. We are all very proud to have your distinguished self as a son-in-law of this house. I have known that child, Kamakshi, ever since she was a day old, and I knew she would always get a distinguished husband,” added the postman, and brought his palms together in a salute, and moved into the house to deliver other letters and to refresh himself in the kitchen with tiffin and coffee.

Ten days later he knocked on the door and, with a grin, handed Kamakshi her first letter : “Ah, scented envelope ! I knew it was coming when the mail van was three stations away. I have seen hundreds like this. Take it from me. Before he has written the tenth letter he will command you to pack up and join him, and you will grow a couple of wings and fly away that very day, and forget for ever Thanappa and this street, isn’t it so ?”

Kamakshi blushed, snatched the letter from his hands, and ran in to read it. He said, turning away : “I don’t think there is any use waiting for you to finish the letter and tell me its contents.”

On a holiday, when he was sure Ramanujam would be at home, Thanappa knocked on the door and handed him a card. “Ah !” cried Ramanujam. “Bad news, Thanappa. My uncle, my father’s brother, is very ill in Salem, and they want me to start immediately.”

“I’m very sorry to hear it, sir,” said Thanappa, and handed him a telegram. “Here’s another. ...”

Ramanujam cried : “A telegram!” He glanced at it and screamed : “Oh, he is dead!” He sat down on the pial, unable to stand the shock. Thanappa looked equally miserable. Ramanujam rallied, gathered himself up, and turned to go in. Thanappa said : “One moment, Sir. I have a confession to make. See the date on the card.”

“May the nineteenth, nearly fifteen days ago!”

“Yes, sir, and the telegram followed next day that is, on the day of the marriage. I was unhappy to see it. ... But what has happened has happened, I said to myself, and kept it away, fearing that it might interfere with the wedding. ...”

Ramanujam glared at the postman and said : “I would not have cared to go through the marriage when he was dying. ...” The postman stood with bowed head and mumbled : “You can complain if you like, sir. They will dismiss me. It is a serious offence.”

He turned and descended the steps and went down the street on his rounds. Ramanujam watched him dully for a while and shouted : “Postman!” Thanappa turned round; Ramanujam cried : “Don’t think that I intend to complain. I am only sorry you have done this.... .”

“I understand your feelings, Sir,” replied the postman, disappearing around a bend.



## ENGINE TROUBLE

THERE came down to our town some years ago (said the Talkative Man) a showman owning an institution called the Gaiety Land. Overnight our Gymkhana Grounds became resplendent with banners and streamers and coloured lamps. From all over the district crowds poured into the show. Within a week of opening, in gate money alone they collected nearly five hundred rupees a day. Gaiety Land provided us with all sorts of fun and gambling and side-shows. For a couple of annas in each booth we could watch anything from performing parrots to crack motor cyclists looping the loop in the Dome of Death. In addition to this there were lotteries and shooting galleries where for an anna you always stood a chance of winning a hundred rupees.

There was a particular corner of the show which was in great favour. Here for a ticket costing eight annas you stood a chance of acquiring a variety of articles pincushions, sewing machines, cameras or even a road engine. On one evening they drew a ticket number 1005, and I happened to own the other half of the ticket. Glancing down the list of articles they declared that I became the owner of the road engine! Don't ask me how a road engine came to be included among the prizes. It is more than I can tell you.

I looked stunned. People gathered around and gazed at me as if I were some curious animal. "Fancy anyone becoming the owner of a road engine!" some persons muttered and giggled.

It was not the sort of prize one could carry home at short notice. I asked the showman if he would help me to transport it. He merely pointed at a notice which decreed that all winners should remove the prizes immediately on drawing and by their own effort. However they had to make an exception in my case. They agreed to keep the engine on the Gymkhana Grounds till the end of their season and then I would have to make my own arrangements to



take it out. When I asked the showman if he could find me a driver he just smiled : “The fellow who brought it here had to be paid a hundred rupees for the job and five rupees a day. I sent him away and made up my mind that if no one was going to draw it, I would just leave it to its fate. I got it down just as a novelty for the show. God ! What a bother it has proved!”

“Can’t I sell it to some municipality?” I asked innocently. He burst into a laugh. “As a showman I have enough troubles with municipal people. I would rather keep out of their way....”

My friends and well-wishers poured in to congratulate me on my latest acquisition. No one knew precisely how much a road engine would fetch; all the same they felt that there was a lot of money in it. “Even if you sell it as scrap iron you can make a few thousand,” Some of my friends declared.

Every day I made a trip to the Gymkhana Grounds to have a look at my engine. I grew very fond of it. I loved its shining brass parts. I stood near it and patted it affectionately, hovered about it, and returned home every day only at the close of the show. I was a poorman. I thought that after all my troubles were coming to an end. How ignorant we are! How little did I guess that my troubles had just begun.

When the showman took down his booths and packed up, I received a notice from the municipality to attend to my road engine. When I went there next day it looked forlorn with no one about. The ground was littered with torn streamers and paper decorations. The showman had moved on, leaving the engine where it stood. It was perfectly safe anywhere!

I left it alone for a few days, not knowing what to do with it. I received a notice from the municipality ordering that the engine should at once be removed from the ground as otherwise they would charge rent for the occupation of the Gymkhana Grounds. After deep thought I consented to pay the rent, and I paid ten rupees a month for the next three months. Dear sirs, I was a poor man.

Even the house which I and my wife occupied cost me only four rupees a month. And fancy my paying ten rupees a month for the road engine. It cut into my slender budget, and I had to pledge a jewel or two belonging to my wife ! And every day my wife was asking me what I proposed to do with this terrible property of mine and I had no answer to give her. I went up and down the town offering it for sale to all and sundry. Someone suggested that the Secretary of the local Cosmopolitan Club might be interested in it. When I approached him he laughed and asked what he should do with a road engine. “ I’ll dispose of it at a concession for you. You have a tennis court to be rolled every morning,” I began, and even before I saw him smile.

I knew it was a stupid thing to say. Next someone suggested, “See the Municipal Chairman. He may buy it for the municipality.” With great trepidation I went to the municipal office one day. I buttoned up my coat as I entered the Chairman’s room and mentioned my business. I was prepared to give away the engine at a great concession. I started a great harangue on municipal duties, the regime of this chairman, and the importance of owning a road roller but before I was done with him I knew there was greater chance of my selling it to some child on the roadside for playing with.

I was making myself a bankrupt maintaining this engine in the Gymkhana Grounds. I really hoped some day there would come my way a lump sum and make amends for all this deficit and suffering. Fresh complications arose when a cattle show came in the offing. It was to be held on the grounds. I was given twenty-four hours for getting the thing out of the ground. The show was opening in a week and the advance party was arriving and insisted upon having the engine out of the way. I became desperate; there was not a single person for fifty miles around who knew anything about a road engine. I begged and cringed every passing bus driver to help me; but without use. I even approached the station master

to put in a word with the mail engine driver.

But the engine driver pointed out that he had his own locomotive to mind and couldn't think of jumping off at a wayside station for anybody's sake. Meanwhile the municipality was pressing me to clear out. I thought it over. I saw the priest of the local temple and managed to gain his sympathy. He offered me the services of his temple elephant. I also engaged fifty coolies to push the engine from behind. You may be sure this drained all my resources. The coolies wanted eight annas per head and the temple elephant cost me seven rupees a day and I had to give it one feed. My plan was to take the engine out of the gymkhana and then down the road to a field half a furlong off. The field was owned by a friend. He would not mind if I kept the engine there for a couple of months, when I could go to Madras and find a customer for it.

I also took into service one Joseph, a dismissed bus-driver who said that although he knew nothing of road rollers he could nevertheless steer one if it was somehow kept in motion.

It was a fine sight : the temple elephant yoked to the engine by means of stout ropes, with fifty determined men pushing it from behind, and my friend Joseph sitting in the driving seat. A huge crowd stood around and watched in great glee. The engine began to move. It seemed to me the greatest moment in my life. When it came out of the gymkhana and reached the road it began to behave in a strange manner. Instead of going straight down the road it showed a tendency to wobble and move zig-zag.

The elephant dragged it one way, Joseph turned the wheel for all he was worth without any idea of where he was going, and fifty men behind it clung to it in every possible manner and pushed it just where they liked. As a result of all this confused dragging the engine ran straight into the opposite compound wall and reduced a good length of it to powder. At this the crowd let out a joyous yell. The elephant, disliking the behaviour of the crowd, trumpeted loudly, strained and snapped its ropes and kicked down a further

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length of the wall. The fifty men fled in panic, the crowd created a pandemonium. Someone slapped me in the face it was the owner of the compound wall. The police came on the scene and marched me off.

When I was released from the lock-up I found the following consequences awaiting me : (1) Several yards of compound wall to be built by me. (2) Wages of fifty men who ran away. They would not explain how they were entitled to the wages when they had not done their job. (3) Joseph's fee for steering the engine over the wall. (4) Cost of medicine for treating the knee of the temple elephant which had received some injuries while kicking down the wall. Here again the temple authorities would not listen when I pointed out that I didn't engage an elephant to break a wall. (5) Last, but not the least, the demand to move the engine out of its present station.

Sirs, I was a poor man. I really could not find any means of paying these bills. When I went home my wife asked : "What is this I hear about you everywhere?" I took the opportunity to explain my difficulties.

She took it as a hint that I was again asking for her jewels, and she lost her temper and cried that she would write to her father to come and take her away.

I was at my wit's end. People smiled at me when they met me in the streets. I was seriously wondering why I should not run away to my village. I decided to encourage my wife to write to her father and arrange for her exit. Not a soul was going to know what my plans were. I was going to put off my creditors and disappear one fine night.

At this point came an unexpected relief in the shape of a Swamiji. One fine evening under the distinguished patronage of our Municipal Chairman a show was held in our small town hall. It was a free performance and the hall was packed with people. I sat in the gallery. Spellbound we witnessed the Swamiji's yogic

feats. He bit off glass tumblers and ate them with contentment; he lay on spike boards; gargled and drank all kinds of acids; licked white-hot iron roads; chewed and swallowed sharp nails; stopped his heart-beat, and buried himself underground. We sat there and watched him in stupefaction. At the end of it all he got up and delivered a speech in which he declared that he was carrying on his master's message to the people in this manner. His performance was the more remarkable because he had nothing to gain by all this extraordinary meal except the satisfaction of serving humanity, and now he said he was coming to the very masterpiece and the last act.

He looked at the Municipal Chairman and asked : "Have you a road engine ? I would like to have it driven over my chest." The chairman looked abashed and felt ashamed to acknowledge that he had none. The Swamiji insisted, "I must have a road engine."

The Municipal Chairman tried to put him off by saying, "There is no driver." The Swamiji replied, "Don't worry about it. My assistant has been trained to handle any kind of road engine." At this point I stood up in the gallery and shouted, "Don't ask him for an engine. Ask me. ...". In a moment I was on the stage and became as important a person as the fire-eater himself. I was pleased with the recognition I now received from all quarters. The Municipal Chairman went into the background. In return for lending him the engine he would drive it where I wanted. Though I felt inclined to ask for a money contribution I knew it would be useless to expect it from one who was on a missionary work.

Soon the whole gathering was at the compound wall opposite to the Gymkhana. Swamiji's assistant was an expert in handling engines. In a short while my engine stood steaming up proudly. It was a gratifying sight. The Swamiji called for two pillows, placed one near his head and the other at his feet. He gave detailed instructions as to how the engine should be run over him. He made a chalk mark on his chest and said, "It must go exactly on

this ; not an inch this way or that.” The engine hissed and waited. The crowd watching the show became suddenly unhappy and morose. This seemed to be a terrible thing to be doing. The Swami lay down on the pillows and said, “ When I say Om, drive it on.”

He closed his eyes. The crowd watched tensely. I looked at the whole show in absolut rapture after all, the road engine was going to get on the move.

At this point a police inspector came into the crowd with a brown envelope in his hand. He held up his hand, beckoned to the Swamiji’s assistant, and said : “I am sorry I have to tell you that you can’t go on with this. The magistrate has issued an order prohibiting the engine from running over him.” The Swamiji picked himself up. There was lot of commotion. The Swamiji became indignant. “I have done it in hundreds of place already and nobody questioned me about it. Nobody can stop me from doing what like it’s my master’s order to demonstrate the power of the Yoga to the people of this country, and who can question me?”

“ A magistrate can” said the police inspector, and held up the order. “What business is it of yours or his to interfere in this manner?” “I don’t know all that; this is his order. He permits you to do everything except swallow potassium cyanide and run this engine over your chest. You are free to do whatever you like outside our jurisdiction.”

“I am leaving this cursed place this very minute” the Swamiji said in great rage, and started to go, followed by his assistant. I gripped his assistant’s arm and said, “You have steamed it up. Why not take it over to that field and then go.” He glared at me shook off my hand and muttered, With my Guru so unhappy, how dare you ask me to drive? “He went away. I muttered,” You can’t drive it except over his chest, I suppose?

I made preparations to leave the town in a couple of days, leaving the engine to its fate, with all its commitments. However, Nature came to my rescue in an unexpected manner. You may have

heard of the earthquake of that year which destroyed whole towns in Northern India. There was a reverberation of it in our town, too. We were thrown out of our beds that night, and doors and windows rattled.

Next morning I went over to take a last look at my engine before leaving the town. I could hardly believe my eyes. The engine was not there. I looked about and raised a hue and cry. Search parties went round. And the engine was found in a disused well near by, with its backup. I prayed to heaven to save me from fresh complications. But the owner of the house when he came round and saw what had happened, laughed heartily and beamed at me : “You have done me a service. It was the dirtiest water or earth in that well and the municipality was sending notice to close it, week after week. I was dreading the cost of closing, but your engine fits it like a cork. Just leave it there.”

“But, but. ...”

“There are no buts. I will withdraw all complaints and charges against you, and build that broken wall myself, but only leave the thing there.”

“That’s hardly enough.” I mentioned a few other expenses that this engine had brought on me. He agreed to pay for all that.

When I again passed that way some months later I peeped over the wall. I found the mouth of the well neatly cemented up. I heaved a sigh of great relief.



Directorate of Secondary Education