



**ENGLISH LITERATURE
CRITICAL THINKING AND CREATIVE WRITING**

**OPEN ELECTIVE PAPER Volume - I
(As per National Education Policy 2020)**

I SEMESTER
Undergraduate courses

**Chief Editor
Dr. T.N. THANDAVA GOWDA**

BENGALURU CITY UNIVERSITY

ENGLISH LITERATURE

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PRASARANGA
BENGALURU CITY UNIVERSITY, BENGALURU

CRITICAL THINKING AND CREATIVE WRITING -I Open Elective English Textbook for I Semester Undergraduate courses is prepared by the Members of the Textbook Committee, Bengaluru City University (BCU).

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FOREWORD

English Literature- Critical Thinking and Creative Writing, is an Open Elective paper introduced for I Semester under graduates under National Education Policy. The National Education Policy lays a lot of emphasis on skill development and experiential learning. In its maiden attempt, Bengaluru City University (BCU) has designed the text book with twin objectives of inducing literary sensibility in students and helping students cultivate the skill of writing short stories. The skills of critical thinking and creative writing are the most required skills in the world of literary divergence and multiplicity of cultures.

I congratulate the Text Book Committee on its efforts in the preparation of the material, which includes a variety of literary pieces, inculcates critical thinking and trains the students in story writing skills. I hope the text will motivate the teachers and the students to make the best use of it and inspire the younger generation to take up creative ventures.

Prof. Lingaraja Gandhi
Vice-Chancellor
Bengaluru City University
Bengaluru.

PREFACE

The Open Elective English Text book for I Semester undergraduate students, **ENGLISH LITERATURE-CRITICAL THINKING AND CREATIVE WRITING**, introduces them to literary selections that deal with issues pertaining to human emotions, ethics and social responsibilities. These pieces of writing in the form of short stories are meant to cultivate literary sensibilities in students and sensitize them to social concerns. As critical thinking and decision making are primary skills of higher learning, the text attempts to promote these skills. It also helps students to interpret literature as a form of cultural expression and learn self-expression.

The Course book has two parts: The history of story writing and the necessary ingredients of a short story discussed at length and practice session that will guide the students to cultivate the skill of story writing. It is the first text produced in tune with the requirements of the National Education Policy.

I would like to thank the concerned Chairperson and her team of teachers who have put in all their time and effort into the realization of this textbook. I thank the Vice Chancellor and the Registrar of Bengaluru City University, for their consistent support.

Dr. T.N. Thandava Gowda

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A NOTE TO THE TEACHER

It is with great pleasure that we present the text book for the Open Elective Course in English, CRITICAL THINING AND CREATIVE WRITING as per the requirement of the National Education Policy 2020. The new policy of education emphasizes on experiential learning, skill development and personality enhancement in students to facilitate their holistic growth.

Open Elective Course is a new feature of National Education Policy to enable students to make their own choice of the subject they would like to study, apart from the Discipline Specific Core subjects. This indeed offers liberty to students to choose their subject of interest and also prevents narrowing down of their field of study. As students need to become producers of literature and not remain as consumers, a novel idea manifests in the form of this text. The students are expected to learn about the history of story-telling, components and devices used in the art, critical analysis and interpretation. Moreover they are encouraged to write stories using their own imagination and hone their skills of story-telling.

As this is a new feature in the text, teachers are required to take the students through the text with emphasis on structure and skills to be cultivated in addition to the discussion of stories. It is necessary to encourage them to understand, analyze, interpret the stories and look through the social prism and be receptive to the refractions that emerge.

The paper carries 3 credits and 3 hours of teaching.

Evaluation is based on both formative and summative assessments.

Written paper (Examination at the end of the semester) = **60**

Internal assessment (through the semester) = **40**

Total: = **100**

As NEP stipulates performance/activity based assessment, teachers can conduct events and activities like, Debate, Group Discussion, Role Play, Seminar, Power Point Presentations, story writing competitions etc. to award Internal Assessment marks.

The Committee expresses its sincere thanks to Dr. Thandava Gowda, Chairman, Board of Studies, Bengaluru City University for his support and encouragement. The Committee also expresses its deep sense of gratitude to Prof. Lingaraja Gandhi, the Honourable Vice-Chancellor of Bengaluru City University for his constant support.

Dr. R.V. SHEELA
Chairperson

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UNIT- 1

HISTORY AND EVOLUTION OF SHORT STORIES

A **short story** is a piece of prose fiction that typically can be read in one sitting and focuses on a self-contained incident or series of linked incidents, with the intent of evoking a single effect or mood. The short story is one of the oldest forms of literature and has existed in the form of legends, mythic tales, folk tales, fairytales, fables and anecdotes in various ancient communities across the world. The modern short story developed in the early 19th century.

A short story is a crafted form in its own right. Short stories make use of plot, and other dynamic components as in a novel, but typically to a lesser degree. While the short story is largely distinct from the novel or novella/short novel, authors generally draw from a common pool of literary techniques. The short story is sometimes referred to as a genre.

Determining what exactly defines a short story has been recurrently problematic. A classic definition of a short story is that one should be able to read it in one sitting, a point most notably made in Edgar Allan Poe's essay "The Philosophy of Composition" (1846) H.G. Wells described the purpose of the short story as "The jolly art, of making something very bright and moving; it may be horrible or pathetic or funny or profoundly illuminating, having only this essential, that it should take from fifteen to fifty minutes to read aloud." According to William Faulkner, a short story is character driven and a writer's job is to "...trot along behind him with a paper and pencil trying to keep up long enough to put down what he says and does."

Some authors have argued that a short story must have a strict form. Somerset Maugham thought that the short story "must have a definite design, which includes

a point of departure, a climax and a point of test; in other words, it must have a plot".

This view of the short story as a finished product of art is however opposed by Anton Chekov who thought that a story should have neither a beginning nor an end. It should just be a "slice of life", presented suggestively. In his stories, Chekov does not round off the end but leaves to the readers to draw their own conclusions.

In the 1880s, the term "short story" acquired its modern meaning – having initially referred to children's tales. During the early to the middle of 20th century, the short story underwent expansive experimentation which further hindered attempts to comprehensively provide a definition.^[2] Longer stories that cannot be called novels are sometimes considered "novellas" or novelettes and, like short stories, may be collected into the more marketable form of "collections", often containing previously unpublished stories.

LENGTH

In terms of length, word count is typically anywhere from 1,000 to 4,000 for short stories, however some have 15,000 words and are still classed as short stories. Stories of fewer than 1,000 words are sometimes referred to as "short short stories", or "flash fiction".

Short stories have no set length. In terms of word count, there is no official demarcation between an anecdote, a short story, and a novel. Rather, the form's parameters are given by the rhetorical and practical context in which a given story is produced and considered so that what constitutes a short story may differ between genres, countries, eras, and commentators. Like the novel, the short story's predominant shape reflects the demands of the available markets for publication,

and the evolution of the form seems closely tied to the evolution of the publishing industry and the submission guidelines of its constituent houses.

Short stories date back to oral story-telling traditions which originally produced epics such as the Ramayana, the Mahabharata, Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Oral narratives were often told in the form of rhyming or rhythmic verse, often including recurring sections or, in the case of Homer, *Homeric epithets*. Such stylistic devices often acted as mnemonics for easier recall, rendition, and adaptation of the story. Short sections of verse might focus on individual narratives that could be narrated at one sitting.

According to Azhikode, a Sahitya Academy Award winner and a critic from Malayalam Literature, the short story has existed "in the most ancient times as the parable, the adventure-story of men, gods and demons, the account of daily events, the joke". All languages have had variations of short tales and stories almost since their inceptions. The 1001 Arabian Nights is a storehouse of Middle Eastern folk and fairy tales. Emerging in the 17th century from oral storytelling traditions, the short story has grown to encompass a body of work so diverse as to defy easy characterization. "The short story as a carefully contrived literary form is of modern origin", wrote Azhikode.

The other ancient form of a short story, the anecdote, was popular under the Roman Empire. Anecdotes functioned as a sort of parable, a brief realistic narrative that embodies a point. Many surviving Roman anecdotes were collected in the 13th or 14th century as the *Gesta Romanorum*. Anecdotes remained popular in Europe well into the 18th century, when the fictional anecdotal letters of Sir Roger de Coverley were published.

In India, there is a rich heritage of ancient folktales as well as a compiled body of short fiction which shaped the sensibility of modern Indian short story. Some of

the famous Sanskrit collection of legends, folktales, fairy tales, and fables are Panchatantra, Hitopadesha and Kathasaritsagara. The Jataka tales, originally written in Pali, is a compilation of tales concerning the previous births of Lord Gautama Buddha. The Frame story or frame narrative or story within a story is a narrative technique that probably originated in ancient Indian works such as Panchatantra.

In Europe, the oral story-telling tradition began to develop into written stories in the early 14th century, most notably with Geoffrey Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* and Giovanni Boccaccio's *Decameron*. Both of these books are composed of individual short stories (which range from farce or humorous anecdotes to well-crafted literary fiction) set within a larger narrative story (a frame story), although the frame-tale device was not adopted by all writers. At the end of the 16th century, some of the most popular short stories in Europe were the darkly tragic "novella" of Matteo Bandello (especially in their French translation).

The mid 17th century in France saw the development of a refined short novel, the "nouvelle", by such authors as Madame de Lafayette. In the 1690s, traditional fairy tales began to be published (one of the most famous collections was by Charles Perrault). The appearance of Antoine Galland's first modern translation of the *Thousand and One Nights* (or *Arabian Nights*) (from 1704; another translation appeared in 1710–12) would have an enormous influence on the 18th-century European short stories of Voltaire, Diderot and others.

The evolution of printing technologies and periodical editions were among the factors contributing to the increasing importance of short story publications. Pioneering the rules of the genre in the Western canon were, among others, Rudyard Kipling (United Kingdom), Anton Chekhov (Russia), Guy de

Maupassant (France), Manuel Gutiérrez Nájera (Mexico) and Rubén Darío (Nicaragua).

In the late nineteenth and early twentieth century in India, Rabindranath Tagore published more than 150 short stories, on the lives of the poor and oppressed such as peasants, women, and villagers under colonial misrule and exploitation. Some of his famous short stories include "The Kabuliwala", "The Hungry Stone", "The Wife's Letter", "The Parrot's Training" and "Punishment". Tagore's contemporary, Sarat Chandra Chattopadhyay was another pioneer in Bengali short stories. Chattopadhyay's stories focused on the social scenario of rural Bengal and the lives of common people, especially the oppressed classes. His most popular short stories include "Bindu's Son", "Abhagi's Heaven", "Mahesh", "Ram's Good Lesson", "Lalu" (3 parts) and "The Husband".

The prolific Indian author of short stories Munshi Premchand, pioneered the genre in the Hindustani language, writing a substantial body of short stories and novels in a style characterized by realism and an unsentimental and authentic introspection into the complexities of Indian society. Premchand's works include over 200 short stories (such as "The Shroud", "The Cost of Milk" and "Lottery"). Short stories have grown in popularity over a period of time.

UNIT-2

COMPONENTS OF A SHORT STORY

Objectives:

Upon completion of this lesson, students will be able to discuss and analyze a short story, as well as recognize key elements of a short story.

Literature has many genres. Creative writing is the hall mark of literary expression. Poetry, plays, novels, novella, short story etc. are some of the more prevalent forms of literary expression.

A short story is a short work of fiction. Fiction is prose writing about imagined events and characters. Short story generally is part of writing skills in literature. The writing is easy and readable. The writing is simple, direct and brief.

KEY ELEMENTS OF SHORT STORY

When we start writing a short story, there are a few ground rules that need to be followed. To begin with,

1. Theme

The theme is the main idea or the central, focus on which the story gets built. In a short story, there is usually one theme which runs through out the story involving the characters' actions and interactions. The theme is the underlying message that the writer would like to get across. The theme is interwoven in all the other elements of the short story like plot, character, setting and conflict. To identify the theme, one can use these questions;

1. What is the problem faced by the main character?
2. What lesson did the main character learn?

3. What message can you take away from the story? The last question will eventually lead you on to the theme of the story.

A short story's theme can be anything the author chooses to focus on. That's the beauty of artistic expression. Most often, courage, death, friendship, revenge, and love are five themes that are popular. Some general themes can be: Compassion, Courage, Death and dying, loyalty, honesty, importance of family, rights of the underprivileged, revenge, redemption etc

2. Plot

The second key element in the short story is the plot. A plot is a series of events and character actions that relate to the central conflict. It has a beginning, body and end all sequentially arranged by events and actions. **Every plot has these five elements in this order:**

- a. Exposition/introduction
- b. Rising action
- c. Climax/turning point
- d. Falling action
- e. Resolution/denouement

a: Exposition/Introduction

The first part of the plot establishes the main characters/protagonists and setting. We get to know who's who, as well as when and where the story takes place. At this point, the reader is just getting to know the world of the story and what it's going to be all about.

Here, it is important to show what *normal* looks like for the characters.

The **primary conflict or tension, problem** around which the plot revolves is also usually introduced here in order to set up the course of events for the rest of the narrative. This tension could be the first meeting between two main characters or the start of a murder mystery, for example.

b: Rising Action

In this part of the plot, the primary conflict is built upon to **create tension both within the story and the reader**. Here the reader is involved in the story. The conflict may affect one character or multiple characters. The writer should bring in here the possible consequences of the story.

c: Climax/Turning Point

This is the most important part of a story, **the climax is the biggest plot point**, which puts the characters in a situation wherein a choice must be made that will affect the rest of the story.

This is the critical moment that all the rising action has been building up to, and the point at which the overarching conflict is finally addressed. What will the character(s) do, and what will happen as a result? **Tensions are highest here, instilling in the reader a sense of excitement, dread, and urgency.**

In classic tales of heroes, the climax would be when the hero finally faces the big monster, and the reader is left to wonder who will win and what this outcome could mean for the other characters and the world as a whole within the story.

d: Falling Action

This is when the tension has been released and the story begins to wind down. We start to see the results of the climax and the main characters' actions and get a sense of what this means for them and the world they inhabit. How did their choices affect themselves and those around them?

At this point, the writer also **ties up loose ends in the plot**.

e: Resolution/Denouement

This is the final plot point when everything is tied up and **the new world—and the new sense of normalcy for the characters—has been established**. The conflict from the climax has been resolved, and all loose ends have been neatly tied up.

There is a sense of finality and closure here, making the reader feel that there is nothing more they can learn or gain from the narrative.

The resolution can be pretty short—sometimes just a paragraph or so, which generally takes place a while after the main action and plot of the story.

Questions to help you analyze the PLOT

1. Who is the protagonist of this short story? Try to establish his/her age, family background, social class and status, and occupation.
2. Summarize as briefly as possible the single change which occurs to the protagonist during the course of this story, taking care to specify whether this change is mainly one of fortune, moral character, or knowledge.
3. Trace the progress of change through various stages:

4. At what point in this story is the tension highest? Is that point the dramatic climax? How is the tension produced, and is it appropriate? Does the story as a whole seem to be high-tension or low-tension?
5. Does the story involve an epiphany, or moment of insight, revelation, or self-realization for the protagonist—or perhaps for the reader? If so, does it coincide with the dramatic climax, or crisis, of the story?
6. What questions of probability arise in this story? In general, are the events of this story sufficiently probable to support its overall design?

3. Characters

The third main element of a short story is the character formation. Character is someone who takes part in the actions of the story the story is about them. It could be a human being or animal or a ghost.

The word character has two meanings. Character refers to a person in a work of fiction and to the characteristics of persons in a work of fiction, their characterization. In a work of fiction, one character is typically the central focus of the story. This person is called a protagonist while the character who opposes the actions of the protagonist is the antagonist. Characterization is the process of how the author presents the character in order to make them seem real to the reader.

Characters are an important element in short stories because they drive the story as a whole. The types of characters that are involved in a story create different types of conflicts and tensions as well as different types of resolutions.

Ideally speaking, in a short story, the fewer the characters, the better it is. Normally, the characters are described with adjectives and their personality is described. Along with this, their involvement with the plot, their dialogues and

thinking process is also written. The success of the story is largely dependant on the character delineation too.

In general, characters are found in three forms: **individual, developing and static**. An individual character is round, many sided, and complex in personality. In short stories, protagonists are typically individuals. A developing character is a character who grows throughout the story. The character typically undergoes a personality change as a result of some sort of event, and the change is not necessarily for the better. Good short stories have dynamic protagonists and antagonists because rounder and more complex characters make more interesting stories. Characters may also be static. Static characters are stereotypical characters who are two- dimensional or flat. These characters never change throughout the story and can typically be summed up in a cliché, such as a "brilliant detective", or " the cruel stepmother." Occasionally, static characters are secondary characters and are just not developed enough due to the constricted nature of the short story form.

Questions to help you analyze CHARACTERIZATION

1. Is the protagonist a round or a flat character? On what evidence do you base your answer? What about the other characters? Why are they made the way they are?
2. Evaluate the moral structure of the protagonist:
 - a. To what degree is his/her moral stature defined by the words and actions of contrasting minor characters, or by the testimony of characters who are readily acceptable as witnesses?
 - b. Discuss the protagonist's inclinations toward specific virtues and vices, his/her powers or handicaps with relation to those virtues and vices, and one or two important instances in which his/her moral stature is apparent.

3. Describe the psychology of the protagonist:

a. What are her/his dominant traits or desires? How did these traits or desires apparently originate? Do they support or oppose one another? Explain.

b. Through what modes of awareness is the protagonist most responsive to life – rational, instinctual, sensory, emotional, intuitive? Explain and illustrate.

c. Discuss the way in which she/he takes hold of a situation. In what terms does she/he see her/his problems? What does she/he try to maximize or minimize, try to prove or disprove? Do her/his reactions proceed through definable phases? If so, what are they? How may one explain her/his effectiveness or inadequacy in taking hold of a situation or emergency?

4. In view of all these matters, what does the author apparently want us to think and feel about what happens to the protagonist?

5. Is the protagonist's personality worked out with probability and consistency?

Questions to help you evaluate the story's NARRATIVE MANNER

1. What is the predominant point of view in this story, and who seems to be the focal character? Illustrate by citing a very brief passage and showing how it confirms your opinion.

2. What kind of ordering of time predominates in this story? Explain.

3. At what points does the narrative significantly slow down or speed up? At what points do conspicuous jumps in time occur? Why, in each case?

4. Select several passages from this story, each reasonably brief, and use them to illustrate a discussion of the following stylistic matters:

- a. special qualities of diction and sentence structure;
- b. the use of style to individualize the speech, thought, and personality of particular characters;
- c. the implied presence of the narrator or "author"; his/her level of involvement; his/her personality;
- d. the basic vision of life which the style of the story reflects and extends.

Questions to help you assess IDEA in the story

1. What is the theme of the story? Express it in a **single declarative sentence**.
2. According to the story, what kind of behavior makes for lasting human worth or for human waste?
3. Evaluate the relative importance in influencing the outcome of the story of the following: physical nature, biological make-up, intimate personal relationships, society. What does the author seem to regard as the chief area in which human destiny is shaped?
4. According to the story, to what extent is the individual able to manage these formative conditions?
5. To what extent is any individual's final outcome helped or hindered by forces outside his/her control? In the story are these influences benignant, malignant, or indifferent? Explain.

4. Setting

The setting of a short story is the time and place in which it happens. Authors often use descriptions of landscape, scenery, buildings, seasons or weather to provide a strong sense of setting. Setting is the context in which a story or scene occurs and

includes the time, place, and social environment. It is important to establish a setting in your story, so your readers can visualize and experience it.

Time

There are four kinds of time, each with a distinct role: clock time, calendar time, seasonal time, and historical time.

Clock time can create certain moods or feelings and even provide suspense. Think of the pressure of a looming deadline or a husband who sits by the phone, waiting for his wife's kidnappers to call.

Calendar time grounds us in the year, month, and day — and even a particular day of the week or time of the month. Calendar time can provide a societal understanding of what is taking place in your writing. If you mention July 4th, Americans will understand the implications of the national holiday. It might be more subtle, like Friday the 13th or April 15th. Other countries have different calendar days that infer significance, like Boxing Day in the UK and Bastille Day in France.

Seasonal time refers to the four seasons, though winter in Minneapolis is a vastly different setting than winter in Key West, Florida. January in Sydney, Australia is nothing like January in New York. Most of us have different lifestyles in different seasons: you don't snow ski in Vail in July or water ski in Missouri in January.

Historical time can establish a psychological or sociological understanding of behaviors and attitudes and probably has the most impact on your story's setting. People communicate differently, depending on the time in which they live. Americans in the 1950s communicated differently than Americans in the 2000s. We speak the same language, but the vernacular has changed, and Americans in the '50s had different assumptions about the world and how to communicate based

on the era in which they lived. Common words and phrases from the pre-Civil War era America might be completely outdated or downright offensive today. Historical time contributes to the mental, moral, religious, emotional, and social setting of a story.

5. Place

Place includes the geographical location of a story, which can range from a country (even a planet) to a single room. I always loved introducing my university students to Franz Kafka's "Metamorphosis," which pretty much takes place in one bedroom as Gregor, the main character, literally turns into a bug. It's one of the most riveting pieces of literature I've ever read, and most of it takes place within the same four walls.

When writing about a specific location, you might include physical details of the environment. What does it look and sound like? A subway station has its unique smells, sights, and sounds; as does a church.

But there's more to it than that. We may find significance in the location where the action occurs, and there are physical and non-physical characteristics to consider. The non-physical environment can vary by geographic location. Cultural influences such as education, social standing, economic class, and religious beliefs certainly vary from location to location. The education system is different in Long Island than it is in Zimbabwe. It's different in Catholic schools versus public schools in the same city. Social standing and wealth can set characters in different settings, whatever the year or city.

Questions that may help you understand the story's BACKGROUND

1. Summarize the facts of the author's birth, family and social position, main gifts or handicaps, education, and entry into writing.
2. Describe briefly, with dates, the more important of the author's earlier works, giving special attention to the work immediately preceding the story under study.
3. What specific circumstances led the author to write this story? To what extent did she/he depart from the sort of fiction she/he had written up to this point? What persons, events, or other autobiographical materials does this story reflect, and with what modifications? What account of her/his inspirations and problems with this story did the author provide through letters, prefaces, journals, and the like?
4. By focusing upon sample details of this story, show how this biographical information (questions 1 and 3) helps to explain the design of the work.
5. What main features of social tension or stability in his/her own times did the author treat in this story? (e. g, ideology, war, economics, technology, daily life, etc.)? Explain, using both this story and such outside sources as personal statements by the author, histories of the period, etc.
6. By focusing upon sample details of the story, show how this historical information (question 5) helps to explain the design of the story.
7. What authors, literary circles, or movements did the present author support, attack, imitate, join, or depart from? Why?
8. Show how this literary background (question 7) helps explain the design of the story.

Conflict

Conflict in a story is a struggle between opposing forces. Characters must act to confront those forces and there is where conflict is born. If there is nothing to overcome, there is no story. Conflict in a story creates and drives the plot forward.

External conflict refers to the obstacles a character faces in the external world. Internal conflict refers to a character's internal or emotional obstacles. Moral or philosophical conflicts are created between a character's worldview or belief system and the world around them.

It's critical to remember that viewing conflict only in terms of external and internal is a bit simplistic. Properly defining conflict in a story includes its relationship to philosophical or moral conflict as well.

WHY IS CONFLICT IMPORTANT IN STORIES?

- It creates and drives the plot
- It reveals opposing beliefs and truths about life
- It entertains by creating relatable contexts in emotional, dangerous, or exciting ways

The purpose of conflict

Conflict introduces opposing belief systems, wants, or goals not just to entertain the viewer, but to show the character another worldview. A character's goals and actions are dictated by their personal beliefs and what they want. If the character received everything they wanted from the beginning, there wouldn't be a story.

So, when a character overcomes enough obstacles that challenge their belief system, they typically come out the other side, changed. This change (or inability to change) demonstrates the theme.

What are the types of conflict?

Conflict can be classified into two distinct types: internal and external. Those are the obstacles we face inside of each of us, as well as those we face on the outside.

a. PERSON V/S SELF

This is a kind of character conflict which is largely internal.

b. PERSON VS. PERSON

This is basically an external conflict.

A sample short story

Penny is a golden retriever puppy from Texas. She is training to be an assistance dog (a dog that helps people who need help in their daily lives). Penny wants to be a guide dog for people who are visually impaired (have trouble seeing). Read about her first year in the story below. Penny's Scrapbook by Rebecca A. Alter My name is Penny. When I grow up, I want to be a guide dog for someone who is blind or severely visually impaired. You might have heard of junkyard dogs, well, I'm a schoolyard dog. I was born in a second grade classroom in Austin, Texas. The students at Sam Rayburn Middle School raised the money to buy me for the Southwest Guide Dog Foundation by collecting pennies. (That's how I got my name!) I will be at Rayburn this school year with my "Puppy Walker," Becky Alter, who teaches art My First Months I joined Becky Alter in April. She will

be my “Puppy Walker” until I am about 18 months old. My first weeks of school with Becky were exciting. I was exposed to the sounds in the hallway when classes changed and got used to the daily schedule and routine. Most of the time I was with a teacher during their conference time to allow me to adjust slowly to my new home. I had a wonderful summer. Becky took me with her almost everywhere she went. We went to church, the pet store, to visit friends, the pharmacy, and the doctor’s office. I also began obedience classes. Becky and I took several trips together. One was to Iowa to meet a group of “Puppy Walkers.” . . . I got to fly in a jet! I wore a scarf to show I’m with the Southwest Guide Dog Foundation. Before we boarded the planes I had to go through security like all of the other passengers. Once I was even frisked! On the planes, I traveled in the passenger compartment on the floor. In Iowa we met at a pig farm with nine “Puppy Walkers” and twelve dogs. The dogs were from different programs for assistance dogs. It was here that I met a golden retriever named Dover. He is from Grand Rapids, Michigan, and is training to be an assistance dog. Back to School I’ve been very busy since school began in the middle of August. It was exciting to meet all of the new kids in my classes. While class is in session, I stay in my puppy playpen, though I get my fair share of petting and ear-5- scratching when the students sharpen their pencils. All of my commands are written on the blackboard, so the students can help me learn, too! When our classes are over, I can usually be found with my “Puppy Walker,” Becky, as she visits other classrooms, the library, office area, and cafeteria. I’ve been busy after school, too! I met some new friends – a litter of boxer puppies that belong to a friend of Becky’s. I also went to the vet and had my hips and elbows x-rayed. The vet said they looked good. I was also micro-chipped! If I get lost, this will help me find my way home. Many vet clinics and animal shelters scan lost animals now. Later I will get a tattoo. . . . In mid-September, I passed the Canine Good Citizen Test and earned my jacket. Now I am able to go with Becky

anywhere she goes. The jacket identifies me as a guide dog in training. When I wear it, I know I am “at work.” This month the eighth graders voted to raise money to purchase another puppy for the Southwest Guide Dog Foundation for their community service project. I’m very excited about that!

Use questions mentioned above to analyze the short story.

QUESTIONS:

1. What are the components of a short story?
2. Give some examples of themes you have come across in your reading.
3. Suggest some plots for mystery/suspense, love/friendship stories.
4. What are the different types of Time in setting?
5. What are the components of plot?
6. Give some examples of conflict.

UNIT- 3

LITERARY DEVICES AND NARRATIVE STYLES

Literary Devices

Literary Devices refer to the typical structure used by the writer to convey his/her message in a simple manner to the reader. It helps readers to appreciate, interpret and analyse the literary work.

Literary devices are ways of taking writing beyond its straightforward, literal meaning. In that sense, they are techniques for helping guide the reader in *how* to read the piece.

Literary Devices with Examples:

1. Imagery

Imagery is a literary device that refers to the use of figurative language to evoke a sensory experience or to create a picture with words for a reader. By utilizing effective descriptive language and figures of speech, writers appeal to a reader's senses of sight, taste, smell, touch, and sound, as well as internal emotion and feelings. Therefore, imagery is not limited to visual representations or mental images, but also includes physical sensations and internal emotions.

For example, in his novel *The Scarlet Letter*, Nathaniel Hawthorne utilizes imagery as a literary device to create a sensation for the reader as a means of understanding the love felt by the protagonist, Hester Prynne.

Example

- The autumn leaves are a blanket on the ground.
- My head is pounding like a drum.
- The kitten's fur is milky.

- The houses look like frosted cakes in winter.
- The light under the door looked buttery.
- I came inside because the house smells like a chocolate brownie.

2. Symbolism

Symbolism is a literary device that uses symbols, be they words, people, marks, locations, or abstract ideas to represent something beyond the literal meaning.

Example: 1. *The Glass Menagerie* (Tennessee Williams)

2. *The Lesson* (Toni Cade Bambara)

3. *The Great Gatsby* (F. Scott Fitzgerald)

3. Hyperbole

Hyperbole is a figure of speech and literary device that creates heightened effect through deliberate exaggeration. Hyperbole is often a boldly overstated or exaggerated claim or statement that adds emphasis without the intention of being literally true. In rhetoric and literature, hyperbole is often used for serious, comic, or ironic effect.

Example: 1. “*Will all great Neptune’s ocean wash this blood clean from my hand? No.*” (Macbeth - Shakespeare)

2. “*A day was twenty-four hours long but seemed longer. There was no hurry, for there was nowhere to go, nothing to buy and no money to buy it with, nothing to see outside the boundaries of Maycomb County.*” (‘To Kill a Mockingbird’ - Harper Lee)

4. Paradox

A paradox is a figure of speech that seems to contradict itself, but which, upon further examination, contains some kernel of truth or reason.

Oscar Wilde's famous declaration that "Life is much too important to be taken seriously" is a paradox. At first it seems contradictory because important things are meant to be taken seriously, but Wilde's paradoxical suggestion is that, the more important something is, the more important it is *not* to take it seriously.

Examples:

- “Men work together...Whether they work together or apart” (Robert Frost)
- “Cowards die many times before their deaths; The valiant never taste of death but once” (*Julius Caesar* by William Shakespeare)
- “I know one thing, that I know nothing” (Socrates, as according to Plato)
- “I’m Nobody! Who are you? / Are you – Nobody – too?” (Emily Dickinson)
- “I’m My Own Grandpa” (lyrics by Ray Stevens)
- “All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others” (*Animal Farm* by George Orwell)

5. Allusion

An allusion is a figure of speech that references to a person, place, thing, or event. Each of these concepts can be real or imaginary, referring to anything from fiction, to folklore, to historical events and religious manuscripts.

An allusion is a reference, typically brief, to a person, place, thing, event, or other literary work with which the reader is presumably familiar. As a literary device, allusion allows a writer to compress a great deal of meaning and significance into a word or phrase.

- ▯ She felt like she had a *golden ticket*. (Charlie and the Chocolate Factory)
- ▯ That guy is *young, scrappy, and hungry like a puppy*. (Hamilton)
- ▯ If I'm not home by midnight, my car might *turn into a pumpkin*. (Cinderella)
- ▯ She smiles like a *Cheshire cat*. (Alice in Wonderland)
- ▯ His job is like *pulling a sword out of a stone*. (King Arthur Legend)
- ▯ My math teacher is *he who must not be named*. (Voldemort from the Harry Potter series)
- ▯ Today might be the *Ides of March*. (Shakespeare's Julius Caesar)

6. Anaphora

Anaphora is a rhetorical device that features repetition of a word or phrase at the beginning of successive sentences, phrases, or clauses. Anaphora works as a literary device to allow writers to convey, emphasize, and reinforce meaning. This word repetition at the beginning of each phrase in a group of sentences or clauses is a stylized technique that can be very effective in speeches, lyrics, poetry, and prose.

Examples:

1. *A Tale of Two Cities* by Charles Dickens. - “*It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness...*”

2. “*Turn, Turn, Turn*” lyrics by Pete Seeger

There is a season – turn, turn, turn

And a time to every purpose under heaven

A time to be born, a time to die

A time to plant, a time to reap

A time to kill, a time to heal

A time to laugh, a time to weep

7. Alliteration

Alliteration is a literary device that reflects repetition in two or more nearby words of initial consonant sounds. Alliteration does not refer to the repetition of consonant letters that begin words, but rather the repetition of the consonant sound at the beginning of words.

For example, the phrase “kids’ coats” is alliterative; though the words begin with different consonant letters, they produce the same consonant sounds. Similarly, the phrase “phony people” is not alliterative; though both words begin with the same consonant, the initial consonant sounds are different. In addition, for alliteration to be effective, alliterative words should flow in quick succession.

Example : 1. *Romeo and Juliet* (William Shakespeare)

From forth the fatal loins of these two foes A
pair of star-crossed lovers take their life;
Whose mis-adventured piteous overthrows
Doth with their death bury their parents’ strife.

2. *The Cloud* (P.B.Shelley)

The repetition of consonant sounds in quick succession in these lines can be observed.

‘The Sanguine Sunrise with his meteor
eyes’ ‘Glides glimmering over my fleece-
like floor’
‘When the Powers of the air are chained to my chair’

8. Juxtaposition

As a literary technique, the juxtaposition is to place two concepts, characters, ideas, or places near or next to each other so that the reader will compare and contrast them. This technique also may imply a link that is not necessarily real or to be trusted.

Example 1. *Othello* by Shakespeare

IAGO: Zounds, sir, you're robbed! For shame, put on your gown.

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul.

Even now, now, very now, an old black ram

Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise,

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell

Or else the devil will make a grandsire of
you. Arise, I say!

2. *Anna Karenina* by Leo Tolstoy

Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.

3. "The Road Not Taken" by Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—

I took the one less traveled by,

And that has made all the difference.

9. Antithesis

Antithesis is a literary device that refers to the juxtaposition of two opposing elements through parallel grammatical structure. The word antithesis, meaning absolute opposite, is derived from Greek for “setting opposite,” indicating when something or someone is in direct contrast or the obverse of another thing or person.

Example 1: *Hamlet* (William Shakespeare)

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;

Take each man’s censure, but reserve thy judgment.

2: *Paradise Lost* (John Milton)

Here at least

We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built

Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:

Here we may reign secure, and in my choice

To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:

Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven.

10. Oxymoron

Oxymoron is a figure of speech pairing two words together that are opposing and/or contradictory. This combination of contrary or antithetical words is also known in conversation as a contradiction in terms. As a literary device, oxymoron has the effect of creating an impression, enhancing a concept, and even entertaining the reader.

Example 1: *Romeo and Juliet* (William Shakespeare) Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow, That I shall say good night till it be morrow

2: *The Send-Off* by Wilfred Owen.

Down the close darkening lanes they sang their way

To the siding-shed, and lined the train with faces grimly gay

NARRATIVE STYLES

Narrative styles in writing are the literary methods of using plot, setting, theme, style, and characters to create details that can be visualized by the reader. Learn about the definition, types, narrative techniques used in style and plot, and examples of narrative perspective.

Narratives are works that provide an account of connected events. To put it simply, a narrative is a story. There are many types of literature that are considered narratives, including novels, dramas, fables, folk tales, short stories, and poetry. In addition to literature, narratives are found in cinema, music, and theatre.

Narrative styles provide deeper meaning for the reader and help the reader use imagination to visualize situations. Narrative literary techniques are also known as literary devices. It is important to understand that **literary elements** in narratives include such things as the setting, plot, theme, style or structure, characters, and perspective, or voice of the story, since literary styles/techniques are best understood in the context of one of these elements.

There are infinite ways to tell stories. Whether you're writing a descriptive essay, a short story, or a novel, understanding the different types of narratives can help you tell your story in the most effective way possible.

What Is Narrative?

A narrative is a way of presenting connected events in order to tell a good story. Whether it's a narrative essay, a biography, or a novel, a narrative unites distinct events by concept, idea, or plot. Common types of narratives normally contain a beginning, middle, and an end. Narratives have been around since the beginning of storytelling, from folk tales to ancient poetry.

4 Types of Narrative Writing

Narratives have been around since the beginning of storytelling, from folk tales to ancient poetry. Here are four common types of narrative:

1. Linear Narrative

A linear narrative presents the events of the story in the order in which they actually happened. This can be accomplished through any narrative perspective, be it first-person narration, second-person narration, or third-person narration. Examples of narrative linearity can be found in Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*, which offers different narrative perspectives but unfolds the plot in a linear, chronological manner.

2. Non-linear Narrative

A non-linear narrative presents the events of the story out of order, employing flashbacks and other literary devices to shift the chronology of a story. A short story, novella, or novel may fragment the timeline of the story in order to emphasize the emotional mind set of a personal narrative or make thematic connections between non-contemporary events. In Homer's epic poem *The Odyssey*, Odysseus' adventures are presented out of the order of its occurrence.

3. Quest Narrative

A quest narrative is a story in which the protagonist works tirelessly toward a goal. The pursuit of this goal likely becomes their all-consuming passion, and they must face seemingly insurmountable obstacles along the way. Typically, this object of their pursuit is geographically remote, and the character must go on a long journey to obtain it—as Odysseus does in returning home to his wife in *The Odyssey*.

4. Viewpoint Narrative

Viewpoint narrative is designed to express the points of view or subjective personal experience of the main character or other fictional characters in the story. In viewpoint narrative writing, moods, feelings, and other sensory details are filtered through the narrator's own life and subjective point of view.

There are three major styles of narration.

1. **Autobiographical style** where the author narrates the story from his personal point of view in first person. I is the narrative pronoun used.

Examples:

- a. *My experiments with Truth* by Mahatma Gandhi
- b. *Huckleberry Finn* by Mark Twain

2. **Epic style** or Omniscient style of where the author narrates the story in third person. He, she, it or they are the pronouns used.

Examples:

- a. *The Man-eater of Malgudi* by R. K. Narayan
- b. *Kantapura* by Raja Rao

3. **Epistolary style** where the author uses letters, journals, diary entries to deliver messages and stories.

Examples:

- a. *Scott's Last Expedition* by Captain Scott
- b. *The Diary of Anne Frank* by Anne Frank

Questions:

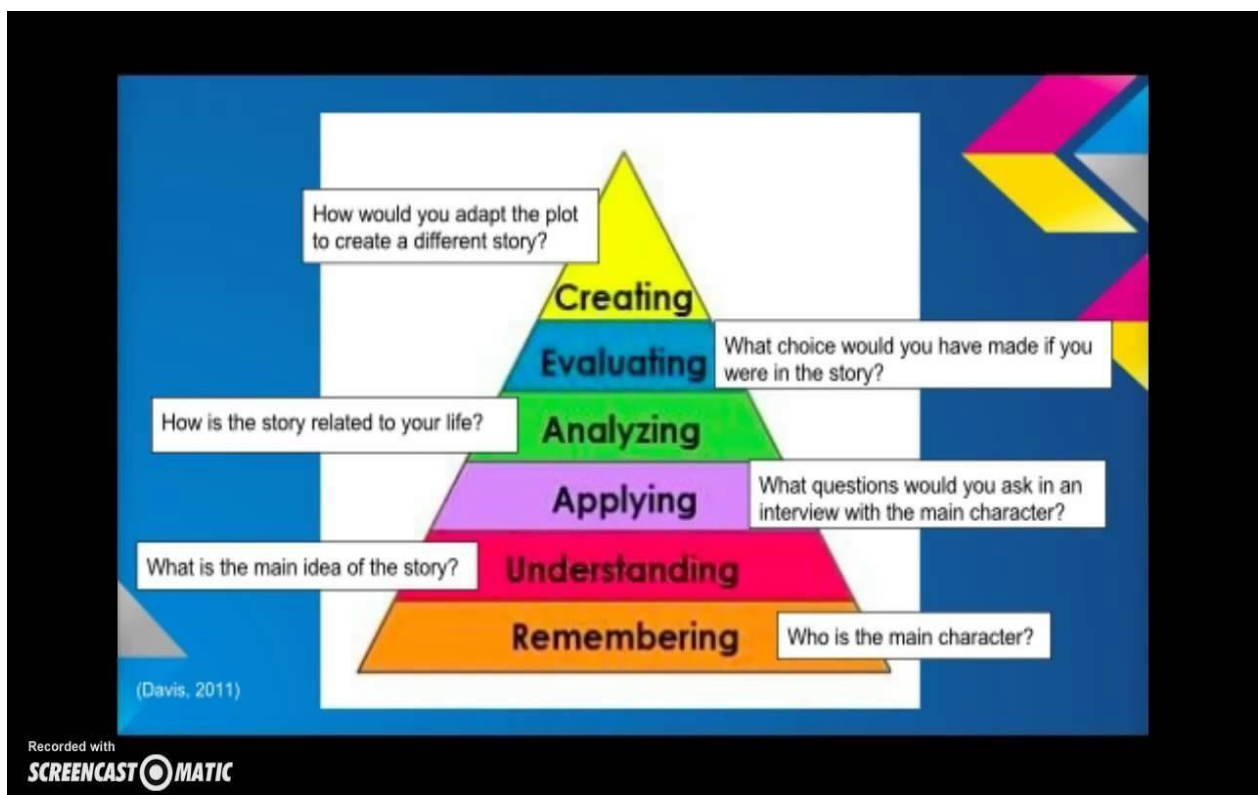
1. What are literary devices?
2. Explain the following:
 - a. Imagery
 - b. Symbolism
 - c. Oxymoron
 - d. Antithesis
 - e. Juxtaposition
3. What is alliteration? Give an example.
4. What is a narrative?
5. Discuss different types of narrative writing.
6. Mention the different kinds of narrative styles?
7. What is epistolary style of narration? Give an example.

What is Critical Thinking?

Critical thinking is **the intellectually disciplined process of actively and skillfully conceptualizing**, applying, analyzing, synthesizing, and evaluating information gathered from, observation, experience, reflection, reasoning, or communication.

The key critical thinking skills are: **analysis, interpretation, inference, explanation, self-regulation, open-mindedness, and problem-solving**

Critical thinking is a core academic skill that teaches undergraduate and postgraduate students to question or reflect on their own knowledge and information presented to them. This skill is essential for students working on assignments and performing research. It's also an invaluable skill in many workplace scenarios.



Bloom's Taxonomy is a long-standing cognitive framework that categorizes critical reasoning in order to help educators set learning goals.

Benjamin Bloom, an American Educational Psychologist developed this pyramid to define **level of critical thinking required by a task**. Since its inception in the 1950s and revision in 2001 Bloom's Taxonomy has given teachers a common Vocabulary for assessing learning.

There are six levels in the taxonomy that each represents distinct level of learning. The bottom level includes the most basic cognition and the highest level includes the most intellectual and complicated thinking. The idea behind this theory is that students cannot be successful in applying higher order thinking to a topic until they have first mastered a ladder of rudimentary tasks. The diagram shows a path to follow from the beginning of a concept or skill to its end. It helps students to think creatively about a topic and solve problems for themselves.

It is applicable to any field of knowledge and would be a pre-requisite for a story writer. It is necessary to construct the story organically and connect the events logically to make a strong and substantial impact on the readers. Apply critical thinking skills to the stories that follow and discuss them.

UNIT - 4

SHORT STORIES

1. GAMES AT TWILIGHT

by Anita Desai

About the Author:

Anita Desai, born **Anita Mazumdar** (born 24 June 1937) is an Indian novelist and the Emerita John E. Burchard Professor of Humanities at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. As a writer she has been shortlisted for the Booker Prize three times. She received a Sahitya Akademi Award in 1978 for her novel *Fire on the Mountain*, from the Sahitya Akademi, India's National Academy of Letters. She won the British Guardian Prize for *The Village by the Sea*.

It was still too hot to play outdoors. They had had their tea, they had been washed and had their hair brushed, and after the long day of confinement in the house that was not cool but at least a protection from the sun, the children strained to get out. Their faces were red and bloated with the effort, but their mother would not open the door, everything was still curtained and shuttered in a way that stifled the children, made them feel that their lungs were stuffed with cotton wool and their noses with dust and if they didn't burst out into the light and see the sun and feel the air, they would choke. "Please, ma, please," they begged. "We'll play in the veranda and porch—we won't go a step out of the porch." "You will, I know you will, and then—" "No—we won't, we won't," they wailed so horrendously that she actually let down the bolt of the front door so that they burst out like seeds from a crackling, overripe pod into the veranda, with such wild, maniacal yells that she retreated to her bath and the shower of talcum powder and the fresh sari that were to help her face the summer evening. They faced the afternoon. It was too

hot. Too bright. The white walls of the veranda glared stridently in the sun. The bougainvillea hung about it, purple and magenta, in livid balloons. The garden outside was like a tray made of beaten brass, flattened out on the red gravel and the stony soil in all shades of metal—aluminum, tin, copper, and brass. No life stirred at this arid time of day—the birds still drooped, like dead fruit, in the papery tents of the trees; some squirrels lay limp on the wet earth under the garden tap. The outdoor dog lay stretched as if dead on the veranda mat, his paws and ears and tail all reaching out like dying travelers in search of water. He rolled his eyes at the children—two white marbles rolling in the purple sockets, begging for sympathy—and attempted to lift his tail in a wag but could not. It only twitched and lay still. Then, perhaps roused by the shrieks of the children, a band of parrots suddenly fell out of the eucalyptus tree, tumbled frantically in the still, sizzling air, then sorted themselves out into battle formation and streaked away across the white sky. The children, too, felt released. They too began tumbling, shoving, pushing against each other, frantic to start. Start what? Start their business. The business of the children's day which is— play. "Let's play hide-and-seek." "Who'll be It?" "Yoube It." "Why should I? You be——" "You're the eldest——" "That doesn't mean——" The shoves became harder. Some kicked out. The motherly Miraintervened. She pulled the boys roughly apart. There was a tearing sound of cloth, but it was lost in the heavy panting and angry grumbling, and no one paid attention to the small sleeve hanging loosely off a shoulder. "Make a circle, make a circle!" she shouted, firmly pulling and pushing till a kind of vague circle was formed. "Now clap!" she roared, and, clapping, they all chanted in melancholy unison: "Dip, dip, dip—my blue ship——" and every now and then one or the other saw he was safe by the way his hands fell at the crucial moment—palm on palm, or back of hand on palm—and dropped out of the circle with a yell and a jump of relief and jubilation. Raghu was It. He started to protest, to cry "You cheated—Mira

cheated—Anu cheated——" but it was too late, the others had all already streaked away. There was no one to hear when he called out, "Only in the veranda—the porch—Ma said—Ma said to stay in the porch!" No one had stopped to listen, all he saw were their brown legs flashing through the dusty shrubs, scrambling up brick walls, leaping over compost heaps and hedges, and then the porch stood empty in the purple shade of the bougainvillea, and the garden was as empty as before; even the limp squirrels had whisked away, leaving everything gleaming, brassy, and bare. Only small Manu suddenly reappeared, as if he had dropped out of an invisible cloud or from a bird's claws, and stood for a moment in the center of the yellow lawn, chewing his finger and near to tears as he heard Raghu shouting, with his head pressed against the veranda wall, "Eighty-three, eighty-five, eighty-nine, ninety . . ." and then made off in a panic, half of him wanting to fly north, the other half counseling south. Raghu turned just in time to see the flash of his white shorts and the uncertain skittering of his red sandals, and charged after him with such a bloodcurdling yell that Manu stumbled over the hosepipe, fell into its rubber coils, and lay there weeping, "I won't be It—you have to find them all— all—All!" "I know I have to, idiot," Raghu said, superciliously kicking him with his toe. "You're dead," he said with satisfaction, licking the beads of perspiration off his upper lip, and then stalked off in search of worthier prey, whistling spiritedly so that the hiders should hear and tremble. Ravi heard the whistling and picked his nose in a panic, trying to find comfort by burrowing the finger deep— deep into that soft tunnel. He felt himself too exposed, sitting on an upturned flowerpot behind the garage. Where could he burrow? He could run around the garage if he heard Raghu come—around and around and around—but he hadn't much faith in his short legs when matched against Raghu's long, hefty, hairy footballer legs. Ravi had a frightening glimpse of them as Raghu combed the hedge of crotons and hibiscus, trampling delicate ferns underfoot as he did so. Ravi

looked about him desperately, swallowing a small ball of snot in his fear. The garage was locked with a great heavy lock to which the driver had the key in his room, hanging from a nail on the wall under his workshirt. Ravi had peeped in and seen him still sprawling on his string cot in his vest and striped underpants, the hair on his chest and the hair in his nose shaking with the vibrations of his phlegm-obstructed snores. Ravi had wished he were tall enough, big enough to reach the key on the nail, but it was impossible, beyond his reach for years to come. He had sidled away and sat dejectedly on the flowerpot. That at least was cut to his own size. But next to the garage was another shed with a big green door. Also locked. No one even knew who had the key to the lock. That shed wasn't opened more than once a year, when Ma turned out all the old broken bits of furniture and rolls of matting and leaking buckets, and the white anthills were broken and swept away and Flit sprayed into the spider webs and rat holes so that the whole operation was like the looting of a poor, ruined, and conquered city. The green leaves of the door sagged. They were nearly off their rusty hinges. The hinges were large and made a small gap between the door and the walls—only just large enough for rats, dogs, and, possibly, Ravi to slip through. Ravi had never cared to enter such a dark and depressing mortuary of defunct household goods seething with such unspeakable and alarming animal life but, as Raghu's whistling grew angrier and sharper and his crashing and storming in the hedge wilder, Ravi suddenly slipped off the flowerpot and through the crack and was gone. He chuckled aloud with astonishment at his own temerity so that Raghu came out of the hedge, stood silent with his hands on his hips, listening, and finally shouted, "I heard you! I'm coming! Got you——" and came charging round the garage only to find the upturned flowerpot, the yellow dust, the crawling of white ants in a mud hill against the closed shed door—nothing. Snarling, he bent to pick up a stick and went off, whacking it against the garage and shed walls as if to beat out his prey.

Ravi shook, then shivered with delight, with self-congratulation. Also with fear. It was dark, spooky in the shed. It had a muffled smell, as of graves. Ravi had once got locked into the linen cupboard and sat there weeping for half an hour before he was rescued. But at least that had been a familiar place, and even smelled pleasantly of starch, laundry, and, reassuringly, of his mother. But the shed smelled of rats, anthills, dust, and spider webs. Also of less definable, less recognizable horrors. And it was dark. Except for the white-hot cracks along the door, there was no light. The roof was very low. Although Ravi was small, he felt as if he could reach up and touch it with his fingertips. But he didn't stretch. He hunched himself into a ball so as not to bump into anything, touch or feel anything. What might there not be to touch him and feel him as he stood there, trying to see in the dark? Something cold, or slimy—like a snake. Snakes! He leapt up as Raghu whacked the wall with his stick—then, quickly realizing what it was, felt almost relieved to hear Raghu, hear his stick. It made him feel protected. But Raghu soon moved away. There wasn't a sound once his footsteps had gone around the garage and disappeared. Ravi stood frozen inside the shed. Then he shivered all over. Something had tickled the back of his neck. It took him a while to pick up the courage to lift his hand and explore. It was an insect—perhaps a spider—exploring him. He squashed it and wondered how many more creatures were watching him, waiting to reach out and touch him, the stranger. There was nothing now. After standing in that position—his hand still on his neck, feeling the wet splodge of the squashed spider gradually dry—for minutes, hours, his legs began to tremble with the effort, the inaction. By now he could see enough in the dark to make out the large solid shapes of old wardrobes, broken buckets, and bedsteads piled on top of each other around him. He recognized an old bathtub—patches of enamel glimmered at him, and at last he lowered himself onto its edge. He contemplated slipping out of the shed and into the fray. He wondered if it would not be better to

be captured by Raghu and be returned to the milling crowd as long as he could be in the sun, the light, the free spaces of the garden, and the familiarity of his brothers, sisters, and cousins. It would be evening soon. Their games would become legitimate. The parents would sit out on the lawn on cane basket chairs and watch them as they tore around the garden or gathered in knots to share a loot of mulberries or black, teeth-splitting jamun from the garden trees. The gardener would fix the hosepipe to the water tap, and water would fall lavishly through the air to the ground, soaking the dry yellow grass and the red gravel and arousing the sweet, the intoxicating scent of water on dry earth—that loveliest scent in the world. Ravi sniffed for a whiff of it. He half-rose from the bathtub, then heard the despairing scream of one of the girls as Raghu bore down upon her. There was the sound of a crash, and of rolling about in the bushes, the shrubs, then screams and accusing sobs of "I touched the den——" "You did not——" "I did——" "You liar, you did not" and then a fading away and silence again. Ravi sat back on the harsh edge of the tub, deciding to hold out a bit longer. What fun if they were all found and caught—he alone left unconquered! He had never known that sensation. Nothing more wonderful had ever happened to him than being taken out by an uncle and bought a whole slab of chocolate all to himself, or being flung into the soda man's pony cart and driven up to the gate by the friendly driver with the red beard and pointed ears. To defeat Raghu—that hirsute, hoarse-voiced football champion—and to be the winner in a circle of older, bigger, luckier children—that would be thrilling beyond imagination. He hugged his knees together and smiled to himself almost shyly at the thought of so much victory, such laurels. There he sat smiling, knocking his heels against the bathtub, now and then getting up and going to the door to put his ear to the broad crack and listening for sounds of the game, the pursuer and the pursued, and then returning to his seat with the dogged determination of the true winner, a breaker of records, a champion. It grew darker

in the shed as the light at the door grew softer, fuzzier, turned to a kind of crumbling yellow pollen that turned to yellow fur, blue fur, gray fur. Evening. Twilight. The sound of water gushing, falling. The scent of earth receiving water, slaking its thirst in great gulps and releasing that green scent of freshness, coolness. Through the crack Ravi saw the long purple shadows of the shed and the garage lying still across the yard. Beyond that, the white walls of the house. The bougainvillea had lost its lividity, hung in dark bundles that quaked and twittered and seethed with masses of homing sparrows. The lawn was shut off from his view. Could he hear the children's voices? It seemed to him that he could. It seemed to him that he could hear them chanting, singing, laughing. But what about the game? What had happened? Could it be over? How could it when he was still not found? It then occurred to him that he could have slipped out long ago, dashed across the yard to the veranda, and touched the "den." It was necessary to do that to win. He had forgotten. He had only remembered the part of hiding and trying to elude the seeker. He had done that so successfully, his success had occupied him so wholly, that he had quite forgotten that success had to be clinched by that final dash to victory and the ringing cry of "Den!" With a whimper he burst through the crack, fell on his knees, got up, and stumbled on stiff, benumbed legs across the shadowy yard, crying heartily by the time he reached the veranda so that when he flung himself at the white pillar and bawled, "Den! Den! Den!" his voice broke with rage and pity at the disgrace of it all, and he felt himself flooded with tears and misery. Out on the lawn, the children stopped chanting. They all turned to stare at him in amazement. Their faces were pale and triangular in the dusk. The trees and bushes around them stood inky and sepulchral, spilling long shadows across them. They stared, wondering at his reappearance, his passion, his wild animal howling. Their mother rose from her basket chair and came toward him, worried, annoyed, saying, "Stop it, stop it, Ravi. Don't be a baby. Have you hurt yourself?"

Seeing him attended to, the children went back to clasping their hands and chanting, "The grass is green, the rose is red" But Ravi would not let them. He tore himself out of his mother's grasp and pounded across the lawn into their midst, charging at them with his head lowered so that they scattered in surprise. "I won, I won, I won," he bawled, shaking his head so that the big tears flew. "Raghu didn't find me. I won, I won——" It took them a minute to grasp what he was saying, even who he was. They had quite forgotten him. Raghu had found all the others long ago. There had been a fight about who was to be It next. It had been so fierce that their mother had emerged from her bath and made them change to another game. Then they had played another and another. Broken mulberries from the tree and eaten them. Helped the driver wash the car when their father returned from work. Helped the gardener water the beds till he roared at them and swore he would complain to their parents. The parents had come out, taken up their positions on the cane chairs. They had begun to play again, sing and chant. All this time no one had remembered Ravi. Having disappeared from the scene, he had disappeared from their minds. Clean. "Don't be a fool," Raghu said roughly, pushing him aside, and even Mira said, "Stop howling, Ravi. If you want to play, you can stand at the end of the line," and she put him there very firmly. The game proceeded. Two pairs of arms reached up and met in an arc. The children trooped under it again and again in a lugubrious circle, ducking their heads and intoning "The grass is green, The rose is red; Remember me When I am dead, dead, dead, dead" And the arc of thin arms trembled in the twilight, and the heads were bowed so sadly, and their feet tramped to that melancholy refrain so mournfully, so helplessly, that Ravi could not bear it. He would not follow them; he would not be included in this funereal game. He had wanted victory and triumph—not a funeral. But he had been forgotten, left out, and he would not join them now. The ignominy of being forgotten—how could he face it? He felt his heart go heavy and ache inside him

unbearably. He lay down full length on the damp grass, crushing his face into it, no longer crying, silenced by a terrible sense of his insignificance.

Answer the following questions in about 2 pages each: (Essay)

1. Narrate Ravi's experiences in the shed.
2. Compare the characters of Raghu and Ravi.
3. What is the theme of the story?
4. How does the story bring out the sense insignificance of human life?
5. Do you think ignominy – being forgotten is the greatest sense of fear that man suffers from?
6. Comment on the narrative style of the story.
7. In what way does the ending of the story give a subtle twist to an otherwise simple story of the games of young children?

2. THE LUNCHEON

William Somerset Maugham

About the Author:

William Somerset Maugham (25th Jan 1874 – 16th Dec 1965) was an English playwright, novelist, and short-story writer. He was among the most popular writers of his era and reputedly the highest-paid author during the 1930s.

Both Maugham's parents died before he was 10, and the orphaned boy was raised by a paternal uncle, who was emotionally cold. He did not want to become a lawyer like other men in his family, so he trained and qualified as a physician. His first novel *Liza of Lambeth* (1897) sold out so rapidly that Maugham gave up medicine to write full-time.

During the First World War, he served with the Red Cross and in the ambulance corps before being recruited in 1916 into the British Secret Intelligence Service. He worked for the service in Switzerland and Russia before the October Revolution of 1917 in the Russian Empire. During and after the war, he travelled in India, Southeast Asia and the Pacific. He drew from those experiences in his later short stories and novels.

I caught sight of her at the play and in answer to her beckoning I went over during the interval and sat down beside her. It was long since I had last seen her and if someone had not mentioned her name, I do not think I would have recognized her. She addressed me brightly.

— — — — —
"Well, it's many years since we first met. How time flies! We are not getting any younger. Do you remember the first time I saw you? You asked me to luncheon."

Did I remember?

It was twenty years ago and I was living in Paris. I had a tiny apartment in the Latin Quarter and I was earning barely enough money to keep body and soul together. She had read a book of mine and had written to me about it. I answered, thanking her, and presently I received from her another letter saying that she was passing through Paris and would like to have a chat with me; but her time was limited and the only free moment she had was on the following Thursday. She asked me if I would give her a little luncheon at Foyot's.

Foyot's is a restaurant at which the French senators eat and it was so far beyond my means that I had never even thought of going there.

But I was flattered and I was too young to say no to a woman. I had eighty francs to live on till the end of the month and a modest luncheon should not cost more than fifteen. If I cut out coffee for the next two weeks, I could manage well enough. I answered that I would meet her at Foyot's on Thursday at half past twelve.

She was not so young as I expected and in appearance imposing rather than attractive. She was in fact a woman of forty, and she gave me the impression of having more teeth, white and large and even, than were necessary for any practical purpose. She was talkative, but since she seemed inclined to talk about me I was prepared to be an attentive listener. I was startled when the menu was brought, for the prices were a great deal higher than I had expected. But she reassured me. "I never eat anything for luncheon," she said. "Oh, don't say that!" I answered generously.

"I never eat more than one thing. I think people eat too much nowadays. A little fish, perhaps. I wonder if they have any salmon."

Well, it was early in the year for salmon and it was not on the menu, but I asked the waiter if there was any. Yes, they had a beautiful salmon, it was the first they had had. I ordered it for my guest. The waiter asked her if she would have something while it was being cooked.

"No," she answered, "I never eat more than one thing. Unless, you had a little caviar, I never mind caviar."

My heart sank a little. I knew I could not afford caviar, but I could not tell her that. I told the waiter by all means to bring caviar. For myself I chose the cheapest dish on the menu and that was a mutton chop.

"I think you're unwise to eat meat," she said. "I don't know how you can expect to work after eating heavy things like chops. I never overload my stomach."

Then came the question of drink.

"My doctor won't let me drink anything but champagne." I think I turned a little pale. I ordered half a bottle. I mentioned casually that my doctor had absolutely forbidden me to drink champagne. "What are you going to drink, then?"

"Water."

She ate the caviar and she ate the salmon. She talked gaily of art and literature and music. But I wondered what the bill would come to. When my mutton chop arrived she said: "I see that you're in the habit of eating a heavy luncheon. I'm sure it's a mistake. Why don't you follow my example and just eat one thing? I'm sure you'd feel much better then."

"I am only going to eat one thing," I said, as the waiter came again with the menu. She waved him aside with a light gesture.

"No, no, I never eat anything for luncheon. Just a bite, I never want more than that. I can't have anything more unless they had some of those giant asparagus. I should be sorry to leave Paris without having some of them."

My heart sank. I had seen them in the shops and I knew that they were horribly expensive. My mouth had often watered at the sight of them. "Madame wants to know if you have any of those giant asparagus," I asked the waiter. I hoped he would say no. A happy smile spread over his broad face, and he assured me that they had some so large, so splendid, so tender, that it was a marvel.

"I'm not in the least hungry," my guest sighed, "but if you insist, I don't mind having some asparagus." I ordered them.

"Aren't you going to have any?" "No, I never eat asparagus." "I know there are people who don't like them."

We waited for the asparagus to be cooked. Panic seized me. It was not a question now how much money I should have left for the rest of the month, but whether I had enough to pay the bill. It would be terrible to find myself ten francs short and be obliged to borrow from my guest. I could not bring myself to do that.

I knew exactly how much money I had and if the bill came to more, I made up my mind that I would put my hand in my pocket and with a dramatic cry start up and say my money had been stolen. If she had not money enough to pay the bill then the only thing to do would be to leave my watch and say I would come back and pay later. The asparagus appeared. They were enormous and appetizing. The smell of the melted butter tickled my nostrils. I watched the woman send them down her throat and in my polite way I talked on the condition of the drama in the Balkans. At that, she finished.

"Coffee?" I said. "Yes, just an ice-cream and coffee," she answered.

It was all the same to me now, so I ordered coffee for myself and an ice-cream and coffee for her.

"You know, there's one thing I thoroughly believe in," she said, as she ate the ice-cream.

"One should always get up from a meal feeling one could eat a little more."

"Are you still hungry?" I asked faintly.

"Oh, no, I'm not hungry; you see, I don't eat luncheon. I have a cup of coffee in the morning and then dinner, but I never eat more than one thing for luncheon. I was speaking for you." "Oh, I see."

Then a terrible thing happened. While we were waiting for the coffee, the head waiter, with a smile on his false face, came up to us bearing a large basket full of huge peaches. Peaches were not in season then. Lord knew what they cost. I knew too — a little later, for my guest, going on with her conversation, absent-mindedly took one. "You see, you've filled your stomach with a lot of meat and you can't eat any more. But I've just had a snack and I shall enjoy a peach."

The bill came and when I paid it, I found that I had only enough for a quite inadequate tip. Her eyes rested for a moment on the three francs I left for the waiter and I knew that she thought me mean. But when I walked out of the restaurant, I had the whole month before me and not a penny in my pocket.

"Follow my example," she said as we shook hands, "and never eat more than one thing for luncheon." "I'll do better than that," I answered. "I'll eat nothing for dinner tonight."

"Humorist!" she cried gaily, jumping into a cab. "You're quite a humorist!" But I have had my revenge at last.

Today she weighs twenty-one stone.

Answer the following questions in 2 pages each: (essay)

1. Why did the author give a luncheon the Lady at Foyot's?
2. What did the Lady order for her Luncheon?
3. Did the author enjoy the Luncheon with the Lady?

4. What is the theme of the story Luncheon?
5. Comment on the narrative technique used by the author?
6. Do you think the story is about 'pride and punishment'?
7. Bring out the humour in the story? Discuss the techniques of humour employed by the author.

3. THE BROKER

RAM SWAROOP KISAN

Ram Swaroop Kisan writes in both Rajasthani and Hindi. His poems have been translated into Hindi and other languages. His collection of poems and stories in Hindi are Gaon ki Gali-Gali, and Bapu and Other Stories, respectively. Many of his works have appeared on Akashvaani and Doordarshan. He received the Choudhary Ranbir Singh Memorial Award in 1997. He was conferred with Sahitya Academy Award for his Rajastani work Baarik Bath in 2019.

I am a well-known broker in the cattle business. A load of lies on my head and nectar on my tongue. I assist cattle traders in their deals, and as a result, those of this area have a lot of regard for me. As soon as people spot me, they take me to the tea shop and say, “Dhabewala, make tea for two.” Seeing me the owner of the tea shop eagerly asks, “What’s on these days, Tansukh?” to show that he knows me well. It’s a different matter that sometimes I am unable to place that man.

I keep moving from one cattle fair to another. What else does a cattle broker do? Fairs are held somewhere or the other all the year round and they are the source of my income. I have already told you, I tell a lot of lies. It quite suits my lips. I can get the most useless cattle sold in broad daylight, or keep even a gem of an animal tethered to its stake. It takes me no time to turn a pearl to a pebble or the other way round. I know such tricks that the buyer mistakes the iron lying in front of him to be gold. It’s not that I fool the buyer; I hoodwink the seller too. I cast such a spell that the animal is unable to move from the tether. Some owners sit through fairs, rubbing their eyes and yawning. To them I make buyers as scarce as the new moon. My account can make the owner of a sterling she-calf, reared with his own hands,

feel that this animal is full of defects. He finds himself saying, “How do you find such things, Tansukh? Is the wretched one worth anything at all? I’ll reduce the price if you say so...” What I mean is that I do know how to manipulate people. After all I am Tansukh, the broker.

I know well that mine is not a good job. All day one has to cheat the innocent. I do realize that a lie is the lowest form of sin but I have to resort to it for the sake of my livelihood. There is no other way I can earn my living. Neither land nor property do I have. So, what else can I do? All I understand is “Commission”. I know that the word “broker” evokes contempt, that a broker gets no respect in society. But I’m helpless. And, I was not boasting of my cleverness earlier, merely describing how skilled I am in my brutality.

This incident took place one summer evening. I had just returned home and was lying on a charpai beside the entrance, to my house. I couldn’t get a wink of sleep as some sparrows were creating a racket above my head. Just then I noticed that the plaster on the ceiling had worn out and the peelings, flapping loosely, seemed to be vying with one another to suddenly descend on me.

The decayed thatch of the roof was a reminder of approaching old age. The holes made by the birds all over the ceiling spoke of the emptiness of my life. My mind turned to taking account of how much I had lied and sinned, how many sick cattle I had got sold in exchange for hard-earned money, and how many good ones for next to nothing. How many, many sins had I committed for the sake of this stomach which, ever after all that, was empty!

I was still thinking of the past when I was abruptly pulled back into the present by a visitor.

“Ram-ram, saa!”

“Ram-ram, bhai!” I said.

“You are Tansukh, aren’t you?”

“Yes”.

“I need to buy a buffalo.” He said as he sat on the charpai, near my feet.

He was old – sixty or so. That he was a broken man was evident from his face. It immediately struck me that here was a wonderful opportunity to wash off my sins. I could do that by getting a good animal for this needy, troubled person.

He drank some water. “Did you hear what I said?” he began again.

“Yes, I did. Have you seen one that you want?”

“Yes. If only you could get it settled...”

“Where is it?”

“Actually, it’s just here. There is this Kashi Regar who lives in your neighborhood.”

On hearing the name of Kashi, a poverty stricken house and an innocent face flashed before my eyes. I saw his wife languishing with cancer, her infant children staring into her face. Kashi had wanted to sell his buffalo to pay for his wife’s medical care. He had often said to me, “Tansukh, get my animal sold, friend! My wife’s treatment depends solely on this. The doctors have advised surgery and I don’t have a single paisa with me. You are a broker. Just get this little bit done for me! You can even take your commission, friend.”

Even that wasn’t too bad. But the name brought yet another picture to my mind, that of Kashi’s sick buffalo. She had had four miscarriages. The Vet had treated her, but he had warned that another miscarriage would surely kill her.

I was greatly distressed. I could not say a word, but just kept brooding.

After a long while the old man broke the silence.

“So, what are you thinking? Have you decided to overlook my request?”

“No. I haven’t. Did you say Kashi’s buffalo?”

“Yes. What makes you look so worried? Is there a defect in the animal? Don’t get me into trouble. I’m a poor man. I need it for my son.”

“For your son?”

“Yes, my son is sick. He was in hospital for two long years and was discharged just yesterday. The doctor says that he should drink milk. So I thought I should buy a buffalo. It would be a source of income for the family as well as nourishment for the boy.”

“Oh!”

“Yes. Tansukh, please see that I am not ruined. Don’t add to my woes.”

I heaved a sigh and sat motionless. The sky seemed to be whirling around me. My heart shuddered. Never had I been trapped like this in my twenty long years as a broker. With a single stroke the old man had invoked the punishment for my sins.

There stood before me two hungry figures with their arms stretched out, two diseased bodies breathing their last. Who shall I not save? Who should I cheat, Kashi or the old man?

There questions stared at me, taunted me. What should I say to the old man – Yes or No? A Yes would mean the murder of the old man while a No would mean the end of Kashi.

“Tansukhji, shall we go to Kashi’s house?” The old man said again.

“I am not a broker, you old man!” I heard myself shriek. “Do whatever pleases you.”

I saw the old man rise with the support of his stick and hobble out on trembling feet. I sat alone on my charpai. Finally, I lay down again and looked at the roof as I had done earlier. The sparrows were quarrelling, as always.

Original title: Dalal

Translated from Rajasthani by Shyam Mathur

Answer the following questions in 2 pages each: (Essay)

1. What thoughts occupy Tansukh's mind as he rests on his charpai?
2. Why had the old man come to Tansukh?
3. 'The moral conflict in Tansukh, is the result of his awakened conscience'. Discuss
4. How does pathos manifest in the story?
5. Comment on the narrative style of the story.
6. Imagine yourself to be Tansukh and give a different ending to the story
7. Trace the exposition, growth, crisis, climax and resolution in the story.

4.WAR

Luigi Pirandello

About the Author:

Luigi Pirandello (28 June 1867 – 10 December 1936) was an Italian dramatist, novelist, poet, and short story writer whose greatest contributions were his plays.

He was awarded the 1934 Nobel Prize in Literature for "his almost magical power to turn psychological analysis into good theatre." He was an Italian nationalist. Pirandello's works include novels, hundreds of short stories, and about 40 plays, some of which are written in Sicilian.

“War” by Luigi Pirandello is a short story about a couple whose son has been sent to war. They board a train to leave Rome, the departure spot for their sons and young men going off to war. This couple, who boards the train last, has their one and only son in war. The wife, especially, is grieving the most.

The passengers who had left Rome by the night express had had to stop until dawn at the small station of Fabriano in order to continue their journey by the small old-fashioned local joining the main line with Sulmona.

At dawn, in a stuffy and smoky second-class carriage in which five people had already spent the night, a bulky woman in deep mourning was hosted in—almost like a shapeless bundle. Behind her—puffing and moaning, followed her husband—a tiny man; thin and weakly, his face death-white, his eyes small and bright and looking shy and uneasy.

Having at last taken a seat he politely thanked the passengers who had helped his wife and who had made room for her; then he turned round to the woman trying to pull down the collar of her coat and politely inquired:

"Are you all right, dear?"

The wife, instead of answering, pulled up her collar again to her eyes, so as to hide her face. "Nasty world," muttered the husband with a sad smile.

And he felt it his duty to explain to his traveling companions that the poor woman was to be pitied for the war was taking away from her, her only son, a boy of twenty to whom both had devoted their entire life, even breaking up their home at Sulmona to follow him to Rome, where he had to go as a student, then allowing him to volunteer for war with an assurance, however, that at least six months he would not be sent to the front and now, all of a sudden, receiving a wire saying that he was due to leave in three days' time and asking them to go and see him off. The woman under the big coat was twisting and wriggling, at times growling like a wild animal, feeling certain that all those explanations would not have aroused even a shadow of sympathy from those people who—most likely—were in the same plight as herself. One of them, who had been listening with particular attention, said:

"You should thank God that your son is only leaving now for the front. Mine has been sent there the first day of the war. He has already come back twice wounded and been sent back again to the front."

"What about me? I have two sons and three nephews at the front," said another passenger. "Maybe, but in our case it is our *only* son," ventured the husband.

"What difference can it make? You may spoil your only son by excessive attentions, but you cannot love him more than you would all your other children if you had any.

Parental love is There was a silence all round, everybody nodding as to approve.

"Why then," continued the fat man, "should we consider the feelings of our

children when they are twenty? Isn't it natural that at their age they should consider the love for their Country (I am speaking of decent boys, of course) even greater than the love for us? Isn't it natural that it should be so, as after all they must look upon us as upon old boys who cannot move anymore and must sit at home? If Country is a natural necessity like bread of which each of us must eat in order not to die of hunger, somebody must go to defend it. And sons go, when they are twenty, and they don't want tears, because if they die, they die inflamed and happy (I am speaking, of course, of decent boys). Now, if one dies young and happy, without having the ugly sides of life, the boredom of it, the pettiness, the bitterness of disillusion...what more can we ask for him? Everyone should stop crying; everyone should laugh, as I do...or at least thank God—as I do—because my son, before dying, sent me a message saying that he was dying satisfied at having ended his life in the best way he could have wished. That is why, as you see, I do not even wear mourning... He shook his light fawn coat as to show it; his livid lip over his missing teeth was trembling, his eyes were watery and motionless, and soon after he ended with a shrill laugh which might well have been a sob.

"Quite so...quite so..." agreed the others.

The woman who, bundled in a corner under her coat, had been sitting and listening had—for the last three months—tried to find in the words of her husband and her friends something to console her in her deep sorrow, something that might show her how a mother should resign herself to send her son not even to death but to a probable danger of life. Yet not a word had she found amongst the many that had been said...and her grief had been greater in seeing that nobody—as she thought— could share her feelings.

But now the words of the traveler amazed and almost stunned her. She suddenly realized that it wasn't the others who were wrong and could not understand her but herself who could not rise up to the same height of those fathers and mothers

willing to resign themselves, without crying, not only to the departure of their sons but even to their death.

She lifted her head, she bent over from her corner trying to listen with great attention to the details which the fat man was giving to his companions about the way his son had fallen as a hero, for his King and his Country, happy and without regrets. It seemed to her that she had stumbled into a world she had never dreamt of, a world so far unknown to her, and she was so pleased to hear everyone joining in congratulating that brave father who could so stoically speak of his child's death.

Then suddenly, just as if she had heard nothing of what had been said and almost as if waking up from a dream, she turned to the old man, asking him:

"Then...is your son really dead?"

Everyone stared at her. The old man, too, turned to look at her, fixing his great, bulging, horribly watery light gray eyes, deep in her face. For some time, he tried to answer, but words failed him. He looked and looked at her, almost as if only then—at that silly, incongruous question—he had suddenly realized at last that his son was really dead—gone forever—forever. His face contracted, became horribly distorted, then he snatched in haste a handkerchief from his pocket and, to the amazement of everyone, broke into harrowing, heart-breaking, uncontrollable sobs.

Answer the following questions in 2 pages each: (Essay)

1. How does the story that unravels in a train compartment discuss the journey of life of the travellers?
2. What is the common plight suffered by all the passengers in the compartment?
What significance does it hold?

3. How does the author make the woman's sorrow appear to be less?
4. When does the realization that his son is dead and gone forever dawn on the old man?
5. Comment on the climax of the story.
6. What do you think is the message of the story?
7. Does Idealism have the power to overrule the love and sentiments? Would you consider this a story of conflict between Idealism and Reality?
8. Is the resolution of the story justified, according to you?

5. JUST LATHER THAT'S ALL

Hernando Tellez

About the Author:

Hernando Téllez (22 March 1908 – 1966) was a Colombian journalist and author. Born and educated in Bogotá, Téllez entered the world of journalism very early, with which he is primarily identified. He was on the staff of some of Colombia's most popular newspapers and magazines. It was in 1950, with the publication of his short story collection *Ashes for the Wind*, that his name became more widely known. His tragi-comic tales evidence his keen and extremely sensitive observations of contemporary life and, more particularly, the anguishing reality of his native country.

‘Just Lather That’s All’ is a widely read short story that depicts the inner conflict of a barber and a secret rebel spy who is shaving the captain of a military unit which has tracked and executed members of a local resistance organization. The barber vacillates between thoughts of slitting the captain's throat with his razor and giving him the expert shave for which he is known. In the end the barber decides he does not want to be stained by blood, but only by soap lather. As the captain leaves, he reveals that he heard that the barber would kill him and that his visit was to see if this was true.

He said nothing when he entered. I was passing the best of my razors back and forth on a strop. When I recognized him I started to tremble. But he didn't notice. Hoping to conceal my emotion, I continued sharpening the razor. I tested it on the meat of my thumb, and then held it up to the light. At that moment he took off the bullet-studded belt that his gun holster dangled from. He hung it up on a wall hook and placed his military cap over it. Then he turned to me, loosening the knot of his tie, and said, "It's hot as hell. Giveme a shave." He sat in the chair.

I estimated he had a four-day beard. The four days taken up by the latest expedition in search of our troops. His face seemed reddened, burned by the sun. Carefully, I began to prepare the soap. I cut off a few slices, dropped them into the cup, mixed in a bit of warm water, and began to stir with the brush.

Immediately the foam began to rise. "The other boys in the group should have this much beard, too." I continued stirring the lather.

"But we did all right, you know. We got the main ones. We brought back some dead, and we've got some others still alive. But pretty soon they'll all be dead."

"How many did you catch?" I asked. "Fourteen. We had to go pretty deep into the woods to find them. But we'll get even. Not one of them comes out of this alive, not one."

He leaned back on the chair when he saw me with the lather-covered brush in my hand. I still had to put the sheet on him. No doubt about it, I was upset. I took a sheet out of a drawer and knotted it around my customer's neck. He wouldn't stop talking. He probably thought I was in sympathy with his party. "The town must have learned a lesson from what we did the other day," he said. "Yes," I replied, securing the knot at the base of his dark, sweaty neck.

"That was a fine show, eh?"

"Very good," I answered, turning back for the brush. The man closed his eyes with a gesture of fatigue and sat waiting for the cool caress of the soap. I had never had him so close to me. The day he ordered the whole town to file into the patio of the school to see the four rebels hanging there, I came face to face with him for an instant. But the sight of the mutilated bodies kept me from noticing the face of the man who had directed it all, the face I was now about to take into my hands. It was not an unpleasant face, certainly. And the beard, which made him seem a bit older than he was, didn't suit him badly at all. His name was Torres.

Captain Torres. A man of imagination, because who else would have thought of hanging the naked rebels and then holding target practice on certain parts of their bodies?

I began to apply the first layer of soap. With his eyes closed, he continued. "Without any effort I could go straight to sleep," he said, "but there's plenty to do this afternoon."

I stopped the lathering and asked with a feigned lack of interest: "A firing squad?"

"Something like that, but a little slower."

I got on with the job of lathering his beard. My hands started trembling again. The man could not possibly realize it, and this was in my favor. But I would have preferred that he hadn't come. It was likely that many of our

faction had seen him enter. And an enemy under one's roof imposes certain conditions. I would be obliged to shave that beard like any other one, carefully, gently, like that of any customer, taking pains to see that no single pore emitted a drop of blood. Being careful to see that the little tufts of hair did not lead the blade astray. Seeing that his skin ended up clean, soft, and healthy, so that passing the back of my hand over it I couldn't feel a hair. Yes, I was secretly a rebel, but I was also a conscientious barber, and proud of the preciseness of my profession. And this four-days' growth of beard was a fitting challenge.

I took the razor, opened up the two protective arms, exposed the blade and began the job, from one of the sideburns downward. The razor responded beautifully. His beard was inflexible and hard, not too long, but thick. Bit by bit the skin emerged. The razor rasped along, making its customary sound as fluffs of lather mixed with bits of hair gathered along the blade.

I paused a moment to clean it, then took up the strop again to sharpen the razor, because I'm a barber who does things properly. The man, who had kept his eyes closed, opened them now, removed one of his hands from under the sheet, felt the spot on his face where the soap had been cleared off, and said, "Come to the school today at six o'clock."

"The same thing as the other day?" I asked, horrified.

"It could be better," he replied. "What do you plan to do?"

"I don't know yet. But we'll amuse ourselves." Once more he leaned back and closed his eyes. I approached him with the razor poised. "Do you plan to punish them all?" I ventured timidly.

"All."

The soap was drying on his face. I had to hurry.

In the mirror I looked toward the street. It was the same as ever: the grocery store with two or three customers in it. Then I glanced at the clock: two-twenty in the afternoon.

The razor continued on its downward stroke. Now, from the other side burn down. A thick, blue beard. He should have let it grow like some poets or priests do. It would suit him well. A lot of people wouldn't recognize him. Much to his benefit, I thought, as I attempted to cover the neck area smoothly.

There, for sure, the razor had to be handled masterfully, since the hair, although softer, grew into little swirls. A curly beard. One of the tiny pores

could be opened up and issue forth its pearl of blood. A good barber such as I prides himself on never allowing this to happen to a client. And this was a first-class client.

How many of us had he ordered shot? How many of us had he ordered mutilated? It was better not to think about it. Torres did not know that I was his enemy. He did not know it nor did the rest. It was a secret shared by very few, precisely so that I could inform the revolutionaries of what Torres was doing in the town and of what he was planning each time he undertook a rebel-hunting excursion.

So it was going to be very difficult to explain that I had him right in my hands and let him go peacefully—alive and shaved.

The beard was now almost completely gone. He seemed younger, less burdened by years than when he had arrived. I suppose this always happens with men who visit barber shops. Under the stroke of my razor Torres was being rejuvenated—rejuvenated because I am a good barber, the best in the town, if I may say so.

A little more lather here, under his chin, on his Adam's apple, on this big vein. How hot it is getting! Torres must be sweating as much as I. But he is not afraid. He is a calm man, who is not even thinking about what he is going to do with the prisoners this afternoon. On the other hand I, with this razor in my hands, stroking and re-stroking this skin, trying to keep blood from oozing from these pores, can't even think clearly.

Damn him for coming, because I'm a revolutionary and not a murderer. And how easy it would be to kill him. And he deserves it. Does he? No! What the devil! No one deserves to have someone else make the sacrifice of becoming a murderer. What do you gain by it? Nothing. Others come along and still others, and the first ones kill the second ones and they the next ones and it goes on like this until everything is a sea of blood.

I could cut this throat just so—*zip! zip!* I wouldn't give him time to complain and since he has his eyes closed he wouldn't see the glistening knife blade or my glistening eyes. But I'm trembling like a real murderer. Out of his neck a gush of blood would spout onto the sheet, on the chair, on my hands, on the floor. I would have to close the door. And the blood would keep inching along the floor, warm, ineradicable, uncontainable, until it reached the street, like a little scarlet stream.

I'm sure that one solid stroke, one deep incision, would prevent any pain. He wouldn't suffer. But what would I do with the body? Where would I hide it? I would have to flee, leaving all I have behind, and take refuge far away, far,

far away. But they would follow until they found me. "Captain Torres' murderer. He slit his throat while he was shaving him—a coward."

And then on the other side. "The avenger of us all. A name to remember. (And here they would mention my name.) He was the town barber. No one knew he was defending our cause."

And what of all this? Murderer or hero? My destiny depends on the edge of this blade. I can turn my hand a bit more, press a little harder on the razor, and sink it in. The skin would give way like silk, like rubber, like the strop. There is nothing more tender than human skin and the blood is always there, ready to pour forth. A blade like this doesn't fail. It is my best.

But I don't want to be a murderer, no sir. You came to me for a shave. And I perform my work honorably. I don't want blood on my hands. Just lather, that's all. You are an executioner and I am only a barber. Each person has his own place in the scheme of things. That's right. His own place.

Now his chin had been stroked clean and smooth. The man sat up and looked into the mirror. He rubbed his hands over his skin and felt it fresh, like new.

"Thanks," he said. He went to the hanger for his belt, pistol and cap. I must have been very pale; my shirt felt soaked. Torres finished adjusting the buckle, straightened his pistol in the holster and after automatically smoothing down his hair, he put on the cap. From his pants pocket he took out several coins to pay me for my services. And he began to head toward the door. In the doorway he paused for a moment, and turning to me he said: "They told me that you'd kill me. I came to find out. But killing isn't easy. You can take my word for it." And he turned and walked away.

Answer the following questions in 2 pages (Essay)

1. What is the theme of the story?
2. Did you notice that the story consists of only two main characters? What do they represent?
3. Discuss the conflict in the mind of the barber.
4. When did the barber realize that Captain Torres knew that he was a rebel and how?
5. Comment on the narrative style.
6. Captain Torres and the barber seem to be idealistic, ethical and excellent in their own professions. How does the story present them?

7. Do you think the story lays emphasis on the legal conflict or the moral conflict between the characters? Substantiate.
8. Comment on the significance of the title.

UNIT- 5

PRACTICE SESSION EXERCISES

1. Develop a Short Story by rearranging the sentences given below:

1. The teacher saw Suhan.
2. Therefore, it is inner strength that makes us all unique and successful.
3. Suhan cried and said he was not good at anything.
4. She said like the five fingers all of us are good at something.
5. Suhan was sitting all alone in the class.
6. She asked Suhan to participate in any of the activities.
7. Then, the teacher told the story of a balloon seller and the dark boy.
8. When he tried all the balloons flew in the sky because of the helium in it.
9. Suhan said it was an encouraging story.
10. The dark boy wondered if black balloons could also fly.

2. Develop a short story using the following hints:

Joe's family - on tour - travelling by car - children singing- playing word games - fun filled family trip - suddenly alerted - road blocked - accident - people busy lifting the passengers - some are clicking photos - running to fetch water - Joe's family join - ambulances called - Joe a doctor - presence of mind - small children rescued – elders given first aid - Joe remembers a childhood incident – lost his grandparents in an accident - had become a doctor to save lives - felt happy to be of help to victims.

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

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[illegible]

4. Develop a short story using the idioms and phrases given below:

alone in the world, once a week, down the street, on the wall, to help one another, in spite of, warm and cozy, on account of, every cloud has a silver lining, finding a needle in a haystack, a fish out of water.

[illegible]

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

Examples: *a beggar's face, a lost child's face, the face of a student on seeing results, face of a lover trying to look angry, the face of a mother who got back her long lost son, face of a child when mother returns from work, etc.*

6. Write a story for the given title:

APPEARANCE CAN BE DECEPTIVE

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

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

Themes: *person to whom you are talking is a ghost, taxi driver taking you to an unknown place, you are mistaken to be the Chief Guest at a prestigious event, etc.*

8. Write a short story with a humorous ending.

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

Themes: husband and wife's misunderstanding, police and thief playing the reverse roles, girl and her fiancée planning their wedding, etc.

9. Write a story with a sad ending.

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal blue or grey ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are approximately 20 lines visible. The paper has a slight shadow on the right side, suggesting it's resting on a surface. There is no handwriting or other markings on the paper.

Themes: *an accident, an unnatural death, a broken relationship, loss of a loved one, failure to win a prize, shocking news, suffer a stroke of misfortune, blamed for no fault of yours, etc.*

This image shows a full page of blank, lined paper. It features approximately 20 evenly spaced horizontal grey lines across its entire width, providing a template for handwriting practice or general note-taking. The margins are consistent on all sides.

This image shows a single page of white paper with horizontal blue or grey ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page, leaving small margins at the top and bottom. There are no vertical margin lines, text, or other markings on the page.

Themes: *Choice of subjects at College, not joining friends on a trip before exams, Giving your gold ring to your parents to raise money in difficulty, to study abroad or in your own country and make good of it, spare your time to help the needy, to give up a bad habit, etc.*

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

Pattern of the Question Paper

- | | | |
|------|--|---------|
| I. | Answer any 5 of the following in 2 or 3 sentences. | 5x2=10 |
| II. | Answer any 4 of the following in a page each. | 4x5=20 |
| III. | Answer any 2 of the following in about 2 pages each. | 2x10=20 |
| IV. | Do as directed - 2 questions | |
| | (Based on any variety of exercises in Practical Session) | 2x5=10 |

Total	60
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Internal Assessment

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|----|---|----|
| 1. | Internal Assessment Test | 10 |
| 2. | Attendance and completion of Practice Session exercises 5+5 | 10 |
| 3. | Debate/Group Discussion/Seminar/Role play | 10 |
| 4. | Power Point Presentation | 10 |

Total	40
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Paper Total = 100

Model question Paper
Semester-I
Open Elective Course
CRITICAL THINKING AND CREATIVE WRITING

Time: 2hrs.

Max Marks: 60

I. Answer any 5 of the following questions in 2 or 3 sentences each: 5x2=10

1. How is a short story different from a novel?
2. What are Jataka tales in Sanskrit literature?
3. When did the oral story telling practice develop into written form in Europe?
4. Mention the key elements of a short story?
5. What is exposition in a story?
6. Define paradox and give an example.
7. What is a linear narrative?

II. Answer any 4 of the following in about a page: 4x5=20

1. Compare the characters of Raghu and Ravi in 'Games at Twilight'.
2. Comment on the use of irony in the story 'The Luncheon'.
3. Discuss the conflict in the mind of Tansukh in 'The Broker'.
4. Do you think the sorrow of the woman is more than other travellers in 'War'.
5. 'The barber prefers lather on his hands and not blood'. Discuss with reference to the story 'Just Lather That's All'.

III. Answer any 2 of the following in about 2 pages: 2x10=20

1. Discuss the element of pathos in the story 'The Broker'.
2. Comment on the narrative style of the story 'War'.
3. Discuss 'Just Lather That's All' as a story with autobiographical narration, and give illustrations from the story.

IV. Develop a story using the given hints: 05

Rachita is a teen aged girl--loves to travel--joins a school trip to Gujrat--exciting and adventurous--gets lost in the crowd--scared and tensed--meets a policeman-- finds help to join her classmates--first experience of being alone—bold enough to face the world- reaches home safely.

V. Write a story on 'A fair -weather Friend' 05

