

CONFLUENCE-II

Additional English Textbook

An Anthology of Prose, Poetry and Fiction

For II Semester Undergraduate Students

Editor:

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PRASARANGA

BANGALORE CENTRAL UNIVERSITY

(BCU)

Bengaluru

CONFLUENCE-II

CONFLUENCE - II: Additional English Textbook for all the I I Semester Courses coming under the Faculty of Arts, Commerce and Science of the Bengaluru Central University (BCU) is prepared by the Members of the Textbook Committee, Bengaluru Central University.

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First Edition 2020

Published by:

Bengaluru Central University Press

Bengaluru Central University (BCU)

Central College Campus

Bengaluru - 560 001.

FOREWORD

CONFLUENCE-II, the Additional English Text Book for all the II Semester courses coming under the Faculty of Arts, Commerce and Science, Bengaluru Central University (BCU), has been designed with the dual objective of inducing literary sensibility and developing linguistic skills in students. This is the second Additional English Text Book for Undergraduate students of BCU, Bengaluru, prepared by the Members of the Textbook Committee.

I congratulate the Textbook Committee on its efforts in the preparation of the material, which includes a variety of literary pieces and a language component for honing language skills. I thank the Director of Bengaluru Central University Press and their personnel for bringing out the textbook neatly and on time.

I hope the text will motivate the teachers and the students to make the best use of it and develop literary sensibility as well as linguistic skills.

Prof. S. Japhet

Vice-Chancellor

Bengaluru Central University

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PREFACE

The Additional English Course book for I Semester, CONFLUENCE-II, introduces undergraduate students to a spectacular kaleidoscope of literary selections that cover a wide range of subjects and issues. These model pieces of writing cast in different genres and forms are meant not only to cultivate literary sensibilities in students but also to sensitize them to social concerns. It is assumed that the thinking practices and pre-reading activities incorporated as part of every lesson would help students interpret literature as a form of cultural expression. The language component is designed to perfect and hone the soft skills of students pertaining to effective verbal expression and communication.

It is hoped that the students would make best use of the present anthology and understand the importance of acquiring fine language skills while engaging with a verbal medium like literature.

I would like to thank the concerned Chairperson and her team of teachers who have put in their time and effort into the realization of this textbook.

I thank the Vice Chancellor and Registrar of Bangalore Central University for their consistent support. I also thank the publisher who helped us to bring out the book on time.

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Objectives of the Text Book

Under the auspices of Bengaluru Central University, Confluence - II offers Additional English as a second language to the students coming from various corners of the country and outside. Considering the ethnic and linguistic diversities of the students taking up this paper, the design is to capture multiple sensibilities from different cultures through texts in translation or texts by the regional writers in English.

The objectives of the present syllabus are to

- ❖ introduce the Indian regional writings
- ❖ understand the salient aspects of the study of various regional ethos
- ❖ put forward the need to absorb the diversity of cultures
- ❖ foster and develop a greater holistic perspective of culture, growing out of one's local cocoon
- ❖ sharpen language skills such as reading and writing
- ❖ enhance the right usage of vocabulary

Text Book Committee

Contents

1. The Jamun Tree	Krishan Chander	9
2. Lalu	Saratchandra Chattopadhy	17
3. Politics of Living	Indraganti Janakibala	22
4. The Curse	Kabitha Sinha	31
5. The Carpenter and the Beggar	Bharathidasan	34
6. The Spear	Temsula Ao	37
7. Manipur, Why Shouldn't I Love Your Hills?	Thangjam Ibopishak	41
8. This is the Jungle	Kenneth Anderson	43

Language Component

1. Conversation Skills	50
2. Picture Composition	53
3. Advertisement Writing	57
4. Cloze Test	61
Question paper Pattern	65
Model Question Paper	66

1. THE JAMUN TREE

- Krishna Chander

Pre- reading activities:

- i) *Do you think red-tapeism is a major factor in delaying government decisions in India? Have a discussion with the students.*
- ii) *Create a slogan and caption on helping the victims of natural disaster.*
- iii) *What initiative would you take to save a life if you come across a victim/incident?*
- iv) *Imagine a day's visit to any government office and share your experience.*

A fierce gale blew at night. A Jamun tree standing in the lawn of the Secretariat came down with a crash. In the morning when the gardener came there, he discovered a man lying crushed under the fallen tree. Within minutes, a crowd collected round the tree.

“It was a beautiful tree”, a clerk said.

“And what luscious fruit!” another said, smacking his lips.

“I used to take home a bagful of jamuns when the tree was in fruit”, said a third almost in tears. “My children loved the fruit”.

“But what about this man?” the gardener pointed towards the man who lay crushed under the tree.

“Yes, what about this man?” The Superintendent suddenly became grave and stood there thinking hard.

“God knows if the man is dead or alive”, a peon said.

“He must be dead”, the second peon said. “A man on whom such a heavy tree falls-what chance has he of surviving?”

“I am still alive”, the man groaned as he lay crushed under the tree.

“It’s a miracle!” a clerk looked around, surprised.

“We must remove him from under the tree, quickly,” the gardener said.

“But it’s a difficult job”, a fat lay peon shook his head. “Don’t you see how big and heavy the tree is?”

“What’s difficult about it?” the gardener demanded. The Superintendent Saheb has only to give word and fifteen of us, peons, clerks and gardeners will put our backs to the tree. It can be done in a minute”.

“The gardener is right”, the clerks said together.

“We are ready. Let’s put our backs to the tree and pull. Heigh Ho!”

And many bystanders came forward to lend a hand.

“Wait!” the Superintendent cried. “First let me have a word with the under Secretary”.

The Superintendent went to the Under Secretary, the Under Secretary to the Deputy Secretary, the Deputy Secretary to the Joint Secretary, the Joint Secretary to the Secretary and the Secretary finally to the Minister. The Minister whispered something into the Secretary's ear. A file was started and it moved down, stage by stage, right from the Secretary down to the Under Secretary. Half the day was gone.

At lunch time a big crowd had gathered round the man who lay crushed under the tree. There were as many suggestions as there were tongues. Some enterprising clerks from among the crowd decided to take the matter in hand without waiting for orders from the high-ups. They were about to get down to the job when the Superintendent came running, a file in hand.

"We can't remove the tree ourselves", he said waving the file. "The issue in hand concerns a tree which comes under the purview of the Agriculture Department and rightly so. I'll mark the file urgent and send it to the Agriculture Department. As soon as orders are received from there, I'll have the tree removed".

Next day a reply came from the Agriculture Department. The tree, it said, had fallen in the lawn of the Industries Department. And so, it was entirely up to the Industries Department whether to remove the tree or let it remain where it was.

The people in the Industries Department fumed. They wrote back that the responsibility for removing the tree squarely rested on the shoulders of the Agriculture Department. The Industries Department was very clear in its mind. Removing the tree was none of its concern.

The second day the file kept moving from table to table. The reply came in the evening the matter was being referred to the Horticulture Department. The tree, the Agriculture Department pointed out, was a fruit-bearing tree. The jurisdiction of the Agriculture Department did not extend beyond foodgrains and agriculture. The jamun tree, it emphasized was a fruit tree and hence it came under the jurisdiction of the Horticulture Department.

At night the gardener gave the man some rice and dal to eat. The police had by now moved in to prevent the people from taking the law into their own hands and shifting the tree from the place. A constable took pity on the man and allowed him to be fed.

The gardener said: "Don't worry; your file is being attended to. I hope there is a decision by tomorrow".

The man was silent.

The gardener looked at the tree, "You are lucky" he said. "The tree fell over shoulders. Had it fallen on your back, your spine would have been crushed to pieces".

The man was again silent.

"Have you any relatives?" the gardener asked. "Tell me where they live. I'll try to contact them and tell them about this mishap.

"I'm alone in the world", the man groaned. "I've no relatives." It was with great difficulty that he could speak.

The gardener shook his head regretfully and moved away from the place.

The third day a reply came from the Horticulture Department. It was harsh and full of sarcasm.

The Secretary of the Horticulture Department it appeared was a man with a literary turn of mind. I'm surprised," he wrote, "that at this time when the 'Grow More Trees' campaign is in full swing, we should have thoughtless officials in the country-so thoughtless that they would not balk at cutting down a tree and a fruit-bearing tree at that, which in this case happens to be a jamun tree whose fruit is relished by all, high and low. Under no circumstances can our Department connive at such sacrilege."

"How do we resolve this deadlock?" A wit among the crowd asked. "I tell you what. Why cut down the tree at all? Why not saw him in two, right in the middle? The tree will remain intact where it is. We can take out the half of the man from one side and half from the other.

"But that will kill me outright," the man objected.

"Yes he's right", a clerk agreed.

The man who had come up with this suggestion waived off the man's objection. "Don't you know how much plastic surgery has progressed these days," he said. "I still maintain that if the man is cut in two, he can be joined together at the thorax with the help of plastic surgery.

So the file was sent to the Medical Department. The Medical Department acted with unusual promptness and sent the file the very next day to the most outstanding plastic surgeon in its Department asking him to study the proposition and give his verdict. The surgeon personally went to the site, tapped the victim's body studied the state of his general health, recorded his blood pressure, noted down his pulse, examined his heart, lungs and declared that he was a fit case for surgical intervention and that the operation would no doubt be successful. The only snag was that the patient may die.

The suggestion was therefore promptly ruled out.

The gardener while putting dal and rice in the man's mouth told him that the matter was now under consideration of the high ups. It had been decided to call a meeting of the Secretaries of all the Departments, tomorrow and he had every hope that all would be well.

The man sighed and mumbled a couplet:

"I knew it's not in your nature to refuse.

But I'll be dead by the time you get me the news'.

Taken aback, the gardener put his finger in his mouth. "Are you a poet?" he asked.

The old man nodded listlessly.

The next day the gardener told the clerk about it and the clerk, told the head clerk. Soon the news spread throughout the Secretariat that the man was a poet and a stream of people jostled along to have a good look at the poet. The news carried to the city as well and by evening poets from every lane of the city flocked to the lawn of the Secretariat. There were poets of all description and it appeared that a poetic symposium was being held round the man who lay crushed under the tree. Even the clerks and Under Secretaries from the Secretariat who had only a nodding acquaintance with poetry stopped to have a glimpse of the poet. Some of the poets started reciting their verses to the man and others humbly invited him to comment on their verses and if possible, brush up their latest poetic effusions, for them.

When they learnt that the man was a poet the Sub- Committee of the Secretariat that had been formed to solve the tangle, declared that since the man was a poet, the matter concerned

neither Agriculture nor Horticulture but Culture and Culture alone. The Cultural Department was therefore approached forthwith to take necessary steps to relieve the unfortunate man of his agony.

Passing through different sections of the Culture Department the file ultimately landed on the table of the Secretary of the Sahitya Akademi. The poor Secretary immediately got into his car, hurrying to the lawn of the Secretariat, got down to interview the man.

“Are you a poet?” he asked.

“Yes,” the man replied.

“Under what nom de plume does your honour write?”

“Dew!”

“Dew!” the Secretary exclaimed, “Are you...are you by any chance, the same Dew whose collection of prose writings has recently appeared under the title “The Flowers of Dew!”

The man nodded.

“Are you a member of our Akademi?”

“No.”

“I’m amazed”,said the Secretary “that such a great luminary and the author of The Flower of Dew should not be a member of our Academy. Oh, what a serious lapse! We can’t forgive ourselves for this terrible omission. It’s unthinkable that such a great poet should keep gathering dust in oblivion.”

“Not in oblivion,” the poet hastily corrected the Secretary, call it under the tree. As you can clearly see I’m lying under a tree. Please help me.”

“I’ll act immediately”, the Secretary promptly assured him and rushed back to his office.

The next day he came rushing back to the poet “Congratulations” he said, his face beaming. “You must celebrate. Our officially sponsored Sahitya Akademi has elected you a member of its central body. Here, take the enrolment paper.”

“But first take me out from under the tree.” The man groaned, his breathing had become laboured and his face was twisted with pain.

“That’s one thing I cannot do,” the Secretary said. “What lay in my powers I’ve already done. As a special case, if you die, I can arrange for a stipend for your wife and children. All you are required to do is to sign along the dotted lines.”

“But I’m still alive,” the poet said hastily. “And I want to live. Please help me.”

“The trouble is”, the Secretary of the SahityaAkademi said wringing his hands, “that our Department is concerned with culture. One can’t cut down a tree with pen and ink. For that you require a saw and an axe. I’ve written to the Forest Department and have marked the letter urgent.”

In the evening, the gardener came and told the man that the people from the Forest Department would come in the morning to cut down the tree. That would be the end of his misery.

The gardener looked very happy. The man who lay crushed under the tree was in bad shape, but he still struggled for life. He must at any cost, keep his body and soul together till the morning.

The next day when the men from the Forest Department came with saws and axes, they were stopped from cutting down the tree. At the eleventh hour, the Forest Department had put its foot down. The reason: Ten years ago the Prime Minister of Patonia had planted this tree in the lawn of the Secretariat as a gesture of good-will. If this tree was cut down, there was every apprehension that it may create bad blood between the two countries.

“But a man’s life is at stake” a clerk said.

“So what? It’s equally a question of maintaining good-will between two states,” another clerk coolly explained to the first clerk “And don’t forget how helpful Patonia has been to our country surely, what’s one man’s life weighed against the good-will of a foreign power?”

“Do you mean to tell me that the man should be allowed to die?”

“Precisely.”

The Under Secretary passed word to the Superintendent that the Prime Minister had returned from his tour that morning and the Foreign Department had decided to put up the file for his attention at four in the evening. The Prime Minister’s decision, it went without saying, would be final.

At five, the Superintendent came in person to the man. “Listen, he said cheerfully waving the file in the air. “The Prime Minister has ordered the tree to be cut down. He has taken upon himself the sole responsibility for my international complication that may arise there from. The tree will be hacked down tomorrow. That will be the end of your agony. Do you hear? The last word has been said, your file is complete”.

But the poet’s hands had gone cold. The pupils of his eyes were lifeless, and a long line of ants was going into his mouth.

Glossary:

Luscious: sweet taste, delicious, mouth-watering

Groaned: make a deep inarticulate sound conveying pain

Jurisdiction: the official power to make legal decisions and judgements

Sarcasm: said in order to hurt someone's feelings or to criticize something in a humorous way.

Relished: to like or enjoy something.

Sacrilege: (an act of) treating something holy or important without respect.

Thorax: the middle part of the body below the neck and above the waist.

Mumbled: say something indistinctly and quietly, making it difficult for others to hear

Symposium: a conference or meeting to discuss a particular subject.

Acquaintance: knowledge or experience of something.

Effusions: an instance of giving off something such as a liquid or gas.

Agony: extreme physical or mental suffering.

Luminary: a person who inspires or influences others, especially one prominent in a particular sphere.

Omission: someone or something that has been left out or excluded.

Oblivion: the state of being unaware or unconscious of what is happening around one.

Haltingly: in a nervous way, stopping often while you are saying or doing something

Apprehension: anxiety or fear that something bad or unpleasant will happen

Comprehension - I

Short Answer Questions:

1. Where was the tree planted and what was the reason for its fall?
2. Why was the crowd sad on seeing the fallen tree?
3. What was the advice given by the gardener?
4. Why was the clerk unable to take a decision to move the tree?
5. Why did the superintendent not allow people to move the tree?
6. What happened after hearing that the man was a poet?
7. Where did the file ultimately land after knowing he was a poet?
8. The title of the collection of prose pieces written by the man under the tree was:
 - a. Nature and Dew
 - b. Plants of Dew
 - c. The Flowers of Dew
9. The tree was planted ten years back by ...
10. What was the response of the clerk, when he heard that the man's life was at stake?
11. Who would take the responsibility, if an international complication arose?
12. What was the reason for the Agriculture Department to hand over the matter to horticulture department?

Comprehension -II

Paragraph Questions:

1. What did the gardener say to the man under the tree?
2. What did the secretary of Horticulture Department say after hearing about the incident?
3. What suggestions did the crowd give?

4. What was the verdict given by the Medical Department?
5. Which incidents state that the tree was fruitful?
6. Was the crowd sympathetic towards the man who was crushed under the tree?
7. How did the crowd react when they came to know that the man was a poet?
8. What were the opinions of the various people in the crowd that witnessed the incident?

Comprehension - III

Analytical/ Discussion Questions:

1. Explain the journey of the file through various departments in the government and what was the outcome of it?
2. In spite of taking oath, were the people able to save the man's life? Substantiate your answer with reference to the story.
3. If you were in place of the gardener, would you wait for permission from the government? Explain by citing examples.
4. Describe the agony that the man underwent in the story. How does it reflect the callousness of our bureaucratic system?
5. 'The Jamun tree can be interpreted as a biting satire on the treatment meted to poets in our society'. Discuss with reference to the text.

About the Author:

KrishanChander (23 November 1914 – 8 March 1977) was an Urdu and Hindi writer of short stories and novels. He was a prolific writer, penning over 20 novels, 30 collections of short stories and scores of radio plays in Urdu. He also wrote screenplays for Bollywood movies to supplement his meagre income as an author of satirical stories. KrishanChander's novels (including the classic: *EkGadhe Ki Sarguzasht*, trans. *Autobiography of a Donkey*) have been translated into over 16 Indian languages and some foreign languages, including English.

His novel *Shakast* (Defeat) is related to Kashmir's partition. *MittiKeSanam* one of his most popular novel is about the childhood memories of a young boy who lived with his parents in Kashmir. His literary masterpieces on the Bengal famine and the savagery and barbarism that took place at the time of the partition of India in 1947 are some of the finest specimens of modern Urdu literature, but at other times too he continued relentlessly to critique the abuse of power, poverty and the suffering of the wretched of the earth; but above all he never stopped protesting caste, fanaticism, communal violence and terror. He was a humanist and a cosmopolitan.

About the Text:

The Jamun Tree is a story describing the laziness, selfishness, corruption and stupidity of the government who can cut trees for development, to build factories and residential areas but cannot cut a single tree to save a man's life who is stuck under the tree.

The story is a sarcastic take on the malaise that is affecting our bureaucratic system where passing the buck and not taking responsibility is more a rule than an exception. on the

This story also depicts the lack of compassion and humanity that the society displays where there is no value for human life.

2. LALU

- Sarat Chandra Chattopadhyay

Pre-reading activities:

- i) *Do you know any humorous story? Narrate.*
- ii) *Kali puja is celebrated in Bengal. Do you know? If yes, share your experience.*
- iii) *Sacrificing animals in the name rituals should be banned. Discuss.*
- iv) *Discuss how animals are important to us.*

His pet name was Lalu. He had a formal, official name but I don't remember it. Perhaps you know that the word "lal" in Hindi means favourite. I don't know who had given him such a name but such a consistency between a person and his name is hardly found. He was everyone's favourite.

After leaving school we got admitted to college. Lalu said that he would do business. He borrowed ten rupees from his mother and started business as a contractor. "Lalu, your capital resource is only ten rupees," we told him. He smiled and replied, "How much more do I need? This is enough."

Everyone loved Lalu. So he always got the contracts easily. After that, on my way to college, I would often see Lalu standing with an umbrella over his head supervising a few labourers undertaking road repair. Making fun of us he would say, "Go, run -- or you will be marked absent in the attendance register."

Much earlier, when we were younger and studied in a Bangla school, he was everyone's mechanic. He always had several instruments in his schoolbag – the handle of a mortar and pestle, a nail cutter, a broken knife, a carpenter's drill to make holes with, and a horseshoe. I do not know from where he had accumulated these things, but there was no work that he could not do with them. He would do many things for his schoolmates. This included repairing broken umbrellas, fixing the wooden frames of slates, stitching clothes torn while playing games, etc. Moreover, Lalu never declined any work. And he would do it efficiently. Once on the *Chhawt* festival day, he bought a few paise worth of coloured paper and Indian cork and made some toys with them. Then he went and sold them near the bank of the river for two and a half rupees and with that money fed us a lot of chickpeas.

As the years went by, we all grew up. There was no one in the gymnastics club to compete with Lalu. Both his physical strength and courage were endless. He would turn up whenever anyone called him or whenever anyone was in trouble perhaps because he did not know what fear meant. He had only one serious vice: he could not control himself whenever he found an opportunity to frighten or terrify people. This he did to all men irrespective of their age. How he could invent such plans for frightening people within seconds was beyond our imagination. Let me narrate one or two such incidents.

Kalipuja was being celebrated in our locality at Manohar Chatterjee's house. At midnight, the auspicious time for animal sacrifice was waning away but the man to do it was still absent. People who went to fetch him found him unconscious with stomach ache. When they came back and broke the news, everyone was upset and worried. How could they arrange for another person to do the sacrifice in the middle of the night? The puja for the goddess would be ruined. Someone said, "Lalu can slaughter lambs. He has done this job many times before."

People ran for Lalu. He woke up from his sleep and just said "No."

"How can you say no? It would be dangerous if there were impediments in the puja."

"Let it be interrupted," replied Lalu. "I did all that in childhood but I will not do it now."

Those who had come to call him started scratching their heads. There was hardly ten to fifteen minutes left for the auspicious moment to be over and after that no one would escape from the wrath of the goddess. Lalu's father came and ordered him to go. "Since they have come to you in desperation, it would not be good to refuse. You better go" he said. Lalu had no power to disobey his father's command.

Mr. Chatterjee was relieved after seeing Lalu. Time was running short. The sacrificial lamb was hurriedly decorated with sindoor and a red garland of hibiscus and led to the stocks. The loud shouts in unison of "Ma, Ma" by all the members present there subdued the last cries of the helpless animal. The large falchion in Lalu's hand was raised and came down instantly. The spurt of blood from the beheaded beast painted the dark ground in red. For some time Lalu stood with his eyes closed. Gradually the loud noise of drums and cymbals subsided. Again sindoor was smeared on the second lamb's forehead, a red garland hung on his neck, again the stocks and the shouting of "Ma, Ma" in unison. Lalu lifted the blood-smeared falchion once again and brought it down instantly. The severed body of the animal shook for some time before it became still and the animal's blood stained the ground even further.

The drummer kept on beating the drum in full swing, the people stood crowded upon the front verandah, Manohar Chatterjee sat on a carpet seat praying with his eyes closed, when suddenly Lalu delivered a menacing shout. In an instant all the noise subsided and everyone was astonished at his behaviour. Opening his eyes as widely as possible, his eyeballs roving, Lalu shouted, "Where are more lambs?" Someone from the house replied in a scared tone, "There are no more lambs. We just offer only two per year."

Swinging the blood-stained falchion twice above his head, Lalu roared in a rough voice, "No more lambs? That will not do. I want to kill. Either give me lambs or I will get hold of anyone and slaughter him – Ma! Ma! *Jai Kali!*" Uttering these words he gave a huge leap over the stocks with the falchion still spinning above his head.

What followed next defies description. Everyone started rushing towards the front door before Lalu could catch them. The rush to escape resulted in a stampede. Some rolled down, some crawled between the legs of other people, some people whose necks were caught under the arms of others were nearly suffocating to death, some even tried to climb above other people's

shoulders and fell flat upon the floor. All these lasted for a moment and soon it was empty everywhere.

“Where is Manohar Chatterjee? Where is the *purohit*?” roared Lalu.

The *purohit* was a lean man and right at the beginning he had hid himself behind the idol. The *gurudev* who was sitting on the floor and reciting from the holy scriptures quickly got up and hid behind a huge pillar near the puja pavilion. But it was very difficult for Manohar to run away with his huge body. Lalu came up, caught his arm with his left hand and said, “Come and rest your neck in the stocks.”

The firm grip of his arm and the sight the falchion scared Chatterjee to death. In a soft and entreating manner he begged, “Lalu! Dear! Look patiently – I am not a lamb, but a human being. I am your uncle, so to say, dear. Your father is like my younger brother.”

“I don’t know about that. I want to slaughter. So come and I will sacrifice you. It is the order of the goddess.”

“No, dear, it cannot be the dictates of the goddess.” Chatterjee sobbed loudly. “It cannot be so – she is the Mother of the world.”

“Mother of the world? Do you have that much knowledge? Will you sacrifice lambs again? Will you send for me again to do the slaughter? Answer me.”

Chatterjee replied in tears, “No, never again. I am promising before the goddess that from this day onwards there shall not be any more sacrifices in my house.”

“Promise?”

“Yes, I promise. Not again. Now dear, let go of my hand. I want to go to the toilet.”

Releasing his hand Lalu said, “OK, go, I am letting you off for today. But where did the *purohit* escape? Where is the *gurudev*?”

With a menacing shout he rushed towards the goddess. Suddenly cries in two different voices came out from behind the pillar. The combined cries of a thin and a hoarse voice resulted in such a strange and funny situation that Lalu could not control himself anymore. He burst out laughing – Ha, ha, ha! And dropping the falchion upon the floor, scampered away from that house.

It was only then that everyone regained their senses and realized that Lalu was just playing tricks with them. The murderous frenzy was just a part of his deliberate plan to fool everyone. Everyone who had run away assembled back within five minutes. The puja was still incomplete and things had already been delayed for quite some time. Amidst all that hustle and bustle Mr. Chatterjee kept on promising to himself, “If I cannot make that boy’s father give him at least fifty blows with a sandal by tomorrow morning, I shall no longer be called Manohar Chatterjee.”

But Lalu did not have to undergo that ordeal. He escaped somewhere early in the morning so quietly that no one could find him for about seven or eight days. About a week later he quietly sneaked into Manohar Chatterjee’s house one evening and begged forgiveness by touching his feet. So for that instance at least, he was saved from his father’s wrath. But

whatever it might be, because he had sworn before the goddess, the practice of sacrificing lambs during Kalipuja was forever stopped in the Chatterjee household.

(translated by Somdatta Mandal)

Glossary:

Gurudev : spiritual leader

Purohit : priest

Comprehension – I

Short answer questions:

1. What was Lalu's desire to do after leaving school?
2. How did Lalu start his business?
3. What opportunity did Lalu never wanted to be wasted?
4. Where the Kalipuja was celebrated every year?
5. What did People request Lalu on the night of Kali puja?
6. Why did Lalu refuse their request at first?
7. Why did Lalu agree to come?
8. Who shouted, "Where are more lambs"?
9. Why there was a stampede like situation?
10. What did Lalu say to Manohar Chatterjee?
11. What promise did Manohar Chatterjee make in front of goddess Kali?
12. Why did Lalu escape somewhere after Kali puja night?
13. What practice was stopped for ever?

Comprehension - II

Paragraph answer questions:

1. Why did everyone love Lalu?
2. How did Lalu help others in school days?
3. Why did Lalu take the responsibility to sacrifice the lambs?
4. Describe the way the lambs were sacrificed on the night of Kali puja?
5. Why did Lalu become so angry? Elaborate.
6. How did Lalu catch Manohar Chatterjee?
7. Why did Manohar Chatterjee make a promise to stop sacrificing lambs?

Comprehension - III

Analytical/discussion Questions:

1. In the story 'Lalu', the main protagonist is a crusader against animal cruelty. Discuss.
2. How a very serious issue is addressed in the story in a humorous way. Elaborate.
3. Sometimes some ordinary people do something extraordinary. Discuss.
4. What impression you draw from this story? Discuss.

About the Author:

Sarat Chandra Chattopadhyay was a Bengali novelist and Short story writer. He is the most popular novelist in the Bengali language. He was born on 15th September 1876 and died on 16th January 1938. Most of his works deal with the lifestyle and the struggle of the village people and the contemporary social practices that prevailed in Bengal. Most of his works are translated in different Indian languages. His notable works are Devdas, Srikanto, Choritrohin, Grihadaha, etc.

About the Text:

Lalu is a story of humour and humanity. Lalu protested humorously against sacrificing lambs in the name of rituals on the night of worshipping goddess Kali. Even though Lalu was not so educated but his actions manifested his humane qualities. He was loved by everyone because of his nature. When he was requested to sacrifice lambs on the night of Kali Puja, he took it as an opportunity to stop the killing of innocent lambs. He made Manohar Chatterjee frightened by his actions and compelled him to make promise to stop killing of lambs during Kali puja.

3. THE POLITICS OF LIVING

- Indraganti Janakibala

Pre-reading activities:

- i) *Indian middle-class are caught between tradition and modernity. Discuss.*
- ii) *Discuss in groups the factors determinant for a strong marital relationship.*
- iii) *Criticism of working women is a common phenomena in Indian society. Do you agree? Discuss.*

Mohan gazed at his sparkling scooter once again, took out his handkerchief, gently wiped the rear-view mirror, wheeled the scooter out, started it and hooked twice. It was the twenty fourth of February, Mohan was about to take a ride on his new scooter for the first time.

Tara stopped abruptly just as she was about to step out of the house, she writhed in pain-it was like a sudden tremor of the earth, as if it was torn apart, as if the roof had collapsed in splinters. Her head spun, her legs wobbled. The mild lower abdominal pain which had been nagging her since morning suddenly attained horrific proportions, moved python-like and made her feel as if some alien was forcing itself out of her womb. The pain made her entire body break out into a sweat and her clothes became completely wet.

‘Amma...’ she cried out and was about to collapse right there but held herself up with the support of the door. Her mother-in-law, who had come to close the door, quickly held her and asked anxiously, “What is it, ammayi? What happened?” Then,

Immediately realizing what was wrong, she held her tightly and led her inside.

Lying weakly on the hospital bed, Tara was thoughtful. Though she was bleeding, her pain had lessened. The lady doctor had confirmed that she had a miscarriage. She took a doctor’s certificate to this effect, enclosed a leave letter and sent both to her office. She wrote clearly, asking for the six-week special leave she was entitled to for an abortion.

Tara had been waiting for five in the evening with her eyes riveted on the door wondering when Bharathi would come and give her the news of the office. Different thoughts ran through her mind. Had her salary been drawn? She had authorized Bharathi to collect her salary on her behalf and was sure she would come by to give her the money.

Tired, Tara closed her eyes. Varied images danced in front of them, snippets of conversation falling in her eyes. Koormarao, Ramanathan, Rangarao in office, their occasional senseless chatter. Remembering their droll, offhand comments, she smiled even in pain.

All the men in the office were quick to crack jokes at and criticize working women. “It would’ve been so good to be born a woman- we could happily take leave for months together with full pay and rest at home...”one or the other of them could not refrain from commenting whenever one of the women took maternity leave or special leave for an abortion or a miscarriage

Tara slipped into a deep slumber. A little after eight, Tara’s mother Vaidehi, brought her dinner on a trolley. The moment she saw her mother, Tara gave vent to her sorrow. Vaidehi held

her daughter close and comforted her, saying. “What’s there in it? It’s nothing to be upset about. Don’t feel sad about the loss.”

“I have been waiting anxiously for you,” said Tara, her eyes full of tears.

“I received the letter only yesterday, I left in the afternoon,” She replied, consoling Tara.

Tara had a Master’s in Economics. A gold medalist, she had cleared the competitive exam. Her father Rameshbabu, had made sure that she would not be overlooked in the interview. That was how Tara became the goose that laid golden eggs and was to counter Mohan’s mercenary manoeuvres for dowry, pass in his selection of brides, and become his wife.

Bharathi came in saying, sorry, Tara. I couldn’t come yesterday. My little boy had a slight fever in the morning. When I got a call in the afternoon informing me that his Fever had risen further, I left office. Since Mohan had come and taken your salary, I thought it would be all right if I came today.”

Tara felt as if a bullet fired from a pistol fitted with a silencer had pierced her heart.

That it was inaudible did not mean it hurt any less. She was not upset that Bharathi had not come earlier. But the thought that Mohan, who had taken her salary, had not stopped by the hospital even once that day, filled her heart with immense sadness.

“When are you going home?” asked Bharathi.

“In about an hour’s time.”

“Okay, then, I have also taken for a month.”

“So long! What for?”

“My anna has been pestering me for two years to come...”

“Go, have a good time.”

“Here’s your pay slip. Right, then. I’ll make a move,’ Bharathi left.

Tara’s heart was filled with a stranger fear, and a deep sense of shame.

“What’s the matter? Why are you making a fuss over such a small thing? Why? Is it wrong for me to go and pick up your salary? Does it embarrass you?” Mohan was irritated.

“Shouldn’t you have informed me at least?”

“Am I not telling you now?”

“Now! After I have asked you! After being taunted so much,” she said in disgust.

“It really is a problem if there isn’t any understanding between husband and wife,” he said.

“I too am saying the same thing.”

Mohan didn't respond. She was furious that Mohan, who had brought her mother to the hospital, had dropped her there and left without bothering to come in and was now concocting all kinds of stories.

Vaidehi, who understood the situation, admonished her daughter. "He went away because he had something to do and would be delayed if he came in... what has happened now that you should make such a fuss?" she said, justifying her son-in-law.

Tara started going to the office as soon as her leave ended. She even worked overtime as a lot of work had piled up on her desk.

When she felt bit heavy and uneasy that day, she made some calculations. Realizing that she had her periods, she wondered what the reasons could be. She told her mother-in-law about it.

"Mm..., you lost a lot of blood till the other day, didn't you? It will stop for some time. No need to worry," her mother-in-law reassured her. But when the heaviness persisted even after two weeks, Tara wondered why and went to a gynaecologist. The doctor confirmed that Tara was pregnant and prescribed some medicines. Tara was neither surprised nor elated. "Would you say it's the third month?"

"No, my girl, it's pretty advanced. It's more than five months," the doctor said.

"How can that be? I had an abortion three months ago."

"No... That's not correct," the doctor said, handing over the prescription smiled as if to say she could leave. Sitting behind Mohan on the scooter, Tara quietly conveyed the news to him.

"That's fine, so what's the problem?"

"I guess there's nothing... The one who examined me then was Dr. Lalitha. She was a bit busy preparing to go to America. I tried contacting her twice, but couldn't get across to her," said Tara calmly.

"I don't understand your problem now," said Mohan irritably glancing over his shoulder.

Quick to be annoyed, it was characteristic of Mohan to make his annoyance obvious by raising his voice. Tara composed herself and said, "No problem."

After four days, Tara took Bharathi along to consult the very experienced Dr. Mahalakshmi. When they arrived, the doctor was relatively free. As Bharathi knew her personally, she spoke familiarly to them.

She examined Tara, told her she had completed her fifth month and then said twentieth September would be the delivery date. Tara slowly told her what happened

"Oh, is that so?" Sometimes such things happen. Implantation, that is, the fertilized egg remains at a place in a corner of the womb. Some women bleed a lot during that time. If we mistake it for post-abortion bleeding, such doubts arise. But then, nothing happens to the foetus, it can grow normally and a child may be born. That's what has happened." Dr. Mahalakshmi's dedication and patience was commensurate with her experience, and she explained everything clearly to those who showed a keenness to learn.

Tara attended office till the tenth of September and applied for maternity leave from the eleventh. At that time, she had nothing on her mind other than looking forward on her baby's arrival.

It was the day they were to put the child in a cradle for the first time. The house was bustling with relatives from both the sides. The baby had been named Bhagyasri. Mohan was surreptitiously eyeing the clothes given to him by his in-laws, suspicious that they might not match his status.

After the meal, everybody sat around chewing paan and asking about each other's wellbeing. Just then the postman came and handed a registered letter for Tara. For a moment, there was silence all around. Wondering what the letter from her office contained. Tara's father, Rameshbabu, opened the letter, read it, and was stunned.

It was a show-cause notice asking Tara to explain how she could have taken special leave for six weeks under the pretext of having an abortion six months ago and then taking maternity leave just five months after that. They accused her of cheating the department and producing false certificates.

The festive atmosphere in the house became tense and gloomy. On learning the full facts of all that had had transpired, Rameshbabu was very agitated. Mohan was confused. Tara felt as if her mind had gone blank.

Rameshbabu immediately swung into action. He set out determined to see that his daughter did not lose her job.

Yet, however much he tried to convince the higher officials that it was not a deliberate and premeditated error, they did not believe him.

"When you knew that from the doctor, shouldn't you have informed the department, and converted the special leave to a different kind of leave- that is the minimum responsibility of an employee. For avoiding that responsibility, and for trying to cheat the department, removal is inevitable," they said.

Rameshbabu tried to contact Dr.Lalitha, who had first examined Tara. He realized that it was stupid to hope that she would admit to her mistake in writing. She had been in a hurry to go abroad. As some officers and section heads had prepared the case very skillfully, they did not yield to any of Rameshbabu's efforts to set things right. The order dismissing her from service duly came.

On that day Mohan came over and lambasted Tara," You pose like a working woman. But you don't even know the basic rules and regulations. If anything is said against women, your ego comes to the fore."

"I was very disturbed then. Don't you remember?" asked Tara.

"What's the use?" said Mohan sarcastically.

"I was anxious to see Dr.Mahalakshmi. But it never occurred to me that I should inform the office also."

"That's exactly what I am asking. Don't you know even that much?"

“Yes, I agree it didn’t occur to me. But you could have told me. You knew the rules and regulation well, didn’t you?”

“Oh! Don’t I have anything else to do? Do I have to tell you about such minor things also?”

“This isn’t such a small thing- it’s something that has ruined my job!”

“How do I know what you have said in your office? If I ask you anything, it may sound as if I am interfering in your business.....”

“I have been giving you faithful account of everything that has happened. You could have guided me, couldn’t you? Didn’t I tell you when there was discrepancy about the months of my pregnancy?”

“I don’t know. How am I to remember the time of your periods?”

Tara’s anger reached sky high at one shot. Even though she had witnessed and accepted many of her husband’s mean qualities by now, she had never imagined he would utter such atrocious words. Her tolerance was nearing its end.

“Yes indeed. How would you remember to keep track of my periods?’ You only know how to count my salary and pocket it.” She said.

Tara got a hard slap. She would have received another, but she held Mohan’s hand tight and said, her eyes spitting fire, “If you hit once more , that’ll be the end of you..” her father , who came in hearing the commotion ,chided his daughter softly and tried to lead his son-in-law away.

When his father-in-law tried to pacify him, Mohan got even more angry and red-faced, began to scream.

Rameshbabu did not know whether to feel upset about his daughter losing her job or about the way his son-in-law was shouting.

“Look, I’m telling you now, I wanted to marry a working woman, so I chose and married one. This was one of my conditions. Now she has lost her job. I am not responsible for it. If she doesn’t have a job. I’ll have nothing to do with her.” He screamed insensitively.

“Why are you talking like this, Mohan? We should think calmly, particularly when we have problems. But...”

Mohan ranted on without letting him finish, “All that is of no relevance to me. How you solve and what you do, how you’ll get back the job-I don’t care. If you can’t get her job back, you can keep your daughter with you.”

Rameshbabu suddenly lost his temper. But years of experience helped him control his anger. He was worried that this was turning into an issue of not just his daughter’s job, but her married life. However, Tara remained unmoved, like a stone. It was difficult to describe the emotion on her face as she turned her eyes on Mohan. Was it anger? Disgust? A calmness born out of realization of life’s truth? It was not clear. But her eyes did not mist over. She had no desire to cry.

Tara, who had grown up like a doll dressed in colourful clothes, had now woken up. A human being of flesh and blood, a thinking girl, a woman with her own likes and dislikes. Since childhood, she had only known how to obey whatever her mother said, to follow her mother's way of thinking. She never thought on her own. Nor had she any occasion to do so. Dress, makeup, jewellery, fashion, relatives, friends –all were prescribed by her mother, while education, subjects, competitive tests, interviews-were prescribed by her father.

She realized that she had to be better than those in her circle. She completed her convent education without any problem. After that when she joined college, she understood what beautiful clothes, class and status meant. When she was in her final year of B.A. there was talk of her marriage, at home. Tara accepted all this as very normal.

When her mother said, "If you do things like this, nobody will marry you," Tara corrected herself immediately. If she was told to behave in a certain manner to enable her to find a good match, she tried to do so.

"These days, it's not enough just to have an education. You'll have to get a job if you want a good alliance," She was told and after that she was determined to get a good job and that she did. She put her money in the Bank and saved enough for her dowry.

When she thought of her husband, she thought of his height, looks, education, job, status, dowry, gifts, things given conventionally at a wedding etc., but not of the man, his emotions, his way of thinking, his ideas regarding equality, love and the like.

She heard people certify that the boy was good, intelligent.

What is good? If he is intelligent, how would he look like?

Tara never thought of all these.

In her parents' opinion, Mohan, now her husband, was obviously the most eligible young man, the bridegroom.

Tara was in such a state that she didn't even know what she wanted. If she had, she would have looked for it in Mohan.

Only now was Tara beginning to realize her lost individuality. A fire of deep dissatisfaction started consuming her mind.

Rameshbabu entered the scene. In his opinion, some people in the office, jealous of women employees, had magnified the case and framed her. They were able to prove that Tara had cheated the department and taken special leave because these days it isn't difficult to get a Doctor to give any certificate you want by offering a hundred rupee note.

To get all this undone, convince everyone, plead with them, spend twenty-five thousand and secure a fresh appointment,losing six years' service took- even for a worldly – wise person like Rameshbabu- a whole year.

As days rolled into weeks and weeks into months, Tara's thoughts sharpened.

Mohan came to see Tara two to three times in the year. They talked in mono syllables. He didn't ask her to come back. Nor did she exhibit any keenness to do so.

That day Rameshbabu was so excited that he jumped out of the autoriksha and rushed into the house

“Tara! Amma Tara!” his voice, mixed with excitement and happiness, sounded like the temple bell. Vaidehi came out hurriedly.

“Vaidehi, our troubles are over. Here’s Tara’s appointment order.”

Tara, who was reading in the room outside, ran into the hall.

“Here, Amma. Here is your order.”

She reached for it eagerly. The sudden rush of tears blurred her vision.

“Tomorrow is a good day. Why don’t you join?”

“All right, Nanna,” She said. Her voice trembled. It was filled with sorrow.

Her parents understood the cause of her unhappiness and sighed.

Vaidehi, the mother-in-law, was courteous to the son-in-law when he came to the house.

Rameshbabu, the father-in-law, invited him with respect and talked enthusiastically.

Then Tara came home.

“Tara I believe the day after is a good day. Amma said so. Let’s go back to our house.”

Rameshbabu’s face expressed a sort of satisfaction. Vaidehi’s a sort of relief.....

“I won’t come,” said Tara. There is no anger or fury in her voice. But her firmness in it rang loud and clear.

Rameshbabu and Vaidehi were momentarily taken aback.

Mohan’s face lost colour.

“What’s this, Amma?” But Tara didn’t let him finish.

“Nanna! That’s it. You got me my job and gave me my livelihood.

I can’t repay my debt to you all my life. But don’t ask me to lead a life with this man.”

“Tara...” her mother was about to say something.

Mohan laughed hysterically. Like a thief trying to cover up when caught red-handed.

“She seems to have taken the words I said in anger seriously. As husband and wife....”

“Stop it. That’s enough! Don’t talk anymore! I won’t come to you! I won’t live with you!”

“What do you think of yourself?”

“Whatever I think doesn’t concern you..., You can file for divorce. Or I will...”

Tara rushed to her room and bolted the door.

Glossary:

Writhed:	to twist & turn in agony
Wobbled:	to move unsteadily
Nagging:	criticize without stopping
Riveted:	fascinatingly
Slumber:	gentle sleep
Vent:	express forcefully with grief
Mercenary:	who is interested in money
Embarrass:	uncomfortable
Commensurate:	in proportion
Lambasted:	criticize severely
Discrepancy:	lack of agreement
Ranted:	talk loudly
Disgust:	strong dislike
Hysterically:	laughing or crying in a wild manner

Comprehension - I**Short answer questions:**

1. What did the lady doctor tell Tara when she was hospitalized?
2. What did Tara send to her office?
3. Whom did Tara authorize to draw her salary?
4. What was Tara's educational qualifications?
5. Why didn't Bharathi come to visit Tara the same day?
6. Who collected her salary from the office?
7. Why did Tara feel sad?
8. How many days did Bharathi take leave & why?
9. Name the doctor who examined Tara & what did she say to Tara?
10. Bharathi took Tara to another doctor, name the doctor.
11. What explanation did Dr.Mahalakshmi give to Tara?
12. What name did they give to the baby?
13. As the festivity was on in Tara's house, a registered letter was delivered. What did the letter contain?
14. What was the accusation on Tara?
15. How did Mohan react to the situation?
16. Who helped Tara get her job back?

Comprehension - II

Paragraph answer questions:

1. Analyse the ending of the story “The Politics of Living.”
2. Detail the complexities of Mohan and Tara’s relationship in the story.
3. Comment on the struggle and agony in which Tara undergoes in “The Politics of Living.”

Comprehension - III

Analytical/Discussion Questions:

1. ‘The story “Politics of Living” is a reflection of a troubled middle-class society to overcome stereotypes and failures.’ Analyse the story from this perspective.
2. Highlight the parent-child relationship as portrayed in this lesson.
3. Parents are like pillars to their children. Explain with reference to the help rendered to Tara by her father, Mr. Rameshbabu.

About the Author:

Indraganti Janakibala is a renowned Telugu writer. She has written novels, short stories & poetry. Most of her stories focus on aspects like dowry, family relations, independence, and domination etc., concerning women in the middle-class families of our generation. After taking voluntary retirement from a state government organization, she now works as a consultant to Asmita Resource Centre for Women, Hyderabad. She is also a radio artist. Some of her best known works are the short story collections Prayojanam, Atma Drishti and Andaram Prekshakulame and thenovels, Nijanikee Abaddhanikee Madhya and Vennela Matti. She has published articles on film lyrics and a feature article "Telusukonave Yuvati," on the emancipation of women.

‘The politics of Living’ or ‘Jeevana Rajyakeeyam’ was first published in Andhra Jyoti, Sunday supplement, 19th February 1995. This version has been translated from Kadambam, Sakhya Sahiti Hyderabad, 1996. Indraganti’s, Politics of Living, ‘represents the middle class’ point of view, marriage and relationship. The story portrays the pain, struggle and triumph of womanhood with compassion, sensitivity and integrity.

About the Text:

“The Politics of Living” is a story dealing with a middle class family & their life in the society. It is written by Indraganti Janaki Bala, renowned Telugu writer who deals with main protagonist Tara’s agonies. This short story throws light on the issues that women often face. Tara shows her grit in the end to live her life according to her will and wish, thereby rejecting all the assumed stereo types of the society about the women.

4. CURSE

- Kabita Sinha

Pre-reading activities:

- i) *Have a group discussion on human greed and materialism and how it has impacted our natural resources.*
- ii) *Conduct a tree planting activity with your students in your campus.*
- iii) *Ask your students to create a campaign on saving trees.*

Look now, the entire forest has gone dead as wood in this room,
In that polished four-poster bed
In that nocturnal chair!
You are sitting on a tree's tomb.
And on the table, the stony-eyed cockatoo
is a dead bird hunched on a dead branch.
And you are absorbing their curses daily!

Because you alone have thrashed the whole forest
to death.

This chunk of wood once gave forth living flowers;
Inside the myriad solid buds
thick, continuous life poured out.

Your fancy bedstead won't be decked with flowers now.
The pillow's cotton stuffing hankers for revenge.
It will throw its damning silken cobwebs
into your dreams.
The disembodied forest will breathe into you,
And among all this wood you will be
Slowly turned to wood.
The life force will drain out of your five senses.

(Translated by Enakshi Chatterjee and Carolyn Wright)

Glossary:

Nocturnal:	belonging to the night, of the night.
Cockatoo:	a bird with a decorative crest on its head and a powerful beak found predominantly in Australia and Indonesia, belongs to the Parrot family
Myriad:	countless or extremely great in number
Disembodied:	separated from or existing without a body
Five senses:	The faculties of sight, smell, sound, taste and touch
Hanker:	desiring something strongly, to yearn or pine for something.

Comprehension-I**Short answer questions:**

1. What, according to the poet is a symbol of the 'forest going dead'?
2. 'Tree's womb', in the poem refers to :
 - a. Four-poster bed
 - b. Fancy bedstead
 - c. Nocturnal chair
3. Whose 'curses' do we 'absorb daily'?
4. What, according to the poet, do the 'myriad buds' contain?
5. How will the 'cotton stuffing of the pillow' take its revenge on 'you'?
6. What will drain out of 'the five senses'?

Comprehension - II**Paragraph answer questions:**

1. Write a short note on how the 'forest has been thrashed to death'?
2. The imagery of 'Wood' and 'Death' is brought out vividly by the poet in the poem. Explain this with reference to the lines in the poem.

Comprehension - III**Analytical/Discussion questions:**

1. Write a detailed note on the title of the poem 'Curse'. Is it an appropriate title? Justify it with reference to the poem.
2. 'Curse is a biting satire on the insensitivity of man towards our depleting forest cover'. Explain the poem in the light of the above statement.
3. Mankind's obsession with materialism and consumerism has paved the way for mass destruction and exploitation of nature'. How does the poem 'Curse' reflect this?

About the Poet:

Kabita Sinha, (1931–1999), is a Bengali poet, novelist, feminist and radio director. She is noted for her modernist stance, rejecting the traditional housebound role for Bengali women, a theme echoed later in the work of other poets including MallikaSengupta and TaslimaNasrin.

Kabita Sinha has been recognized as the first feminist poet of Bengali literature. Although Kabita Sinha is primarily known for her poetry, she first entered Bengali literature as a novelist.

A novel on eunuchs, Paurush, won her the NathmalBhualka award in 1986.

In total, she published nearly fifty books, including some under the pen name Sultana Choudhury. She has been anthologized in a wide range of poetry collections and has also been widely translated.

About the Poem:

The 'Curse' is a hard hitting poem that depicts the indifference, cruelty, greed and apathy of man towards Nature and specifically our forests. The imagery of a vibrant, flowering tree converted to lifeless furniture is a stern warning to all of us that we too like 'dead wood and dead birds' will have our life force sucked out of us. The title of the poem is appropriate because we take our forests for granted, we cut down trees indiscriminately to make way for our burgeoning population and we kill our fellow creatures with impunity and insensitivity. The curse of the dead will descend on us and nature will take its powerful revenge on us.

5. THE CARPENTER AND THE BEGGAR

- Bharatidasan

Pre-reading activities:

- i) *Work is worship – Explain.*
- ii) *Charity - Is it always good?*

In the Lord Hari's name O mother,
Give me a little rice.
The mendicant said climbing up the steps.
He was fat, and on his forehead
Were the usual religious marks.

There was a carpenter working
On the veranda.
He stopped the beggar with a scowl and said,
"Go away, man, you won't get anything here."
"I am not asking much," the tiady whined. Please refer to the original, not able to understand

"A little given to you is a little thrown away"
The worker said.
"A handful given to me
Will ensure that much good returns in heaven"
The beggar persisted.

"Lazy, sycophant,
Every handful given to the like of you
will push the nation one step backward!"
Snapped the carpenter.
The beggar answered,
"I can quote from the Vedas and the Agamas...
I am steeped in the Puranas and the Epics.
And you do not know them!
You are just a carpenter."

"Indeed I am," the reply came;
"And I work by the sweat of my brow.
But what good are you
With all your Vedas and your Agamas?
You only beg!"

Glossary:

Lord Hari: Another name for Vishnu

Agama: Is a vast collection of knowledge and forms a major portion of spiritual literature.

Puranas: The word Puranas literally means "ancient, old", and it is a vast genre of Indian literature about a wide range of topics, particularly myths, legends and other traditional lore.

Comprehension - I:**Short Answer questions:**

1. Describe the beggar.
2. Where was the carpenter working?
3. Why do you think the carpenter was irritated with the beggar?
4. Pick out the words in the poem that indicate the hard work of the carpenter.
5. What are the four texts that the beggar claims to know?

Comprehension - II:**Paragraph Answer Questions:**

1. Describe the lifestyle of the beggar and the carpenter.
2. Explain the reference to the Vedas and the Puranas in the poem.

Comprehension - III:**Analytical/ Discussion Questions:**

1. Comment on the title "The Carpenter and the Beggar".
2. Do you think that the reading of the Vedas and the Puranas is useless? If so, justify with reference to the poem.
3. Who do you think is more practical in life? The carpenter or the beggar? Analyse with examples from the poem.

About the Poet:

Kanagasabai Subburathnam (29 April 1891–21 April 1964) popularly called **Bharathidasan**, was a 20th-century Tamil poet and writer rationalist whose literary works handled mostly socio-political issues. He was deeply influenced by the Tamil poet Subramania Bharati and named himself as Bharathidasan. His writings served as a catalyst for the growth of the Dravidian movement in Tamil Nadu. In addition to poetry, his views found expression in other forms such as plays, film scripts, short stories and essays. The Government of Puducherry union territory has adopted the song of Invocation to Mother Tamil, written by Bharathidasan as the state song of Puducherry. (Tamil Thai Valthu (Puducherry))

About the Poem:

The poem 'The Carpenter and the Beggar' presents an argument about the usefulness of profession. Through the conversation between the carpenter and the beggar, the poet debates on spiritual labour versus physical labour and what is more useful to society. The poet through the poem also presents the theme of dignity of labour.

6. THE SPEAR

- *TemsulaAo*

Pre-reading activities:

- i) *Is it right to display one's strength just because one is strong? Discuss.*
- ii) *Collect the ideas of knowledge and ignorance in different tribal societies across the world.*

It was the spear that started it all.
I had to go back for it
To the shed in the **jhum**
And when I regained the main path
The others were long gone.
At the stream I stood hesitant
On the tree-trunk lying across,
But its cool waters inviting, I waded in
For a quick soak in its wet fold
Before the long trek home.
In the embrace of the soothing fluid
Weariness left my tired limbs
And I came out a new man
My mind bent on home and
The one waiting there.
The shadows were lengthening
As the rays of the fading sun
Sped through bushes and shrubs
Along the rough-hewn jungle path.
With the spear as my only companion
I hurried my pace
When suddenly a low bark
Stopped me in my track.
Another low moan and a blurry flight
Across the path, and my spear fled
With lightning speed
No volition, only instinct accelerating
Deadly aim towards the shapely silhouette.

A thud and a crash in the shrubs
And afterwards, a great stillness
I crept forward and gasped at the sight
Of a writhing doe, my spear firmly
Impaled in her wounded bigness
Her life ebbing away.
She exhaled with a last moaning heave
Expelling new life from her dying frame
Wrapped in her guts and the birthing blood.
She tried to free the new-born
From its watery fold
But my spear stood unyielding in its hold.
Grief engulfing my suddenly
Tired body, I stood there numb
A mute witness to my own crime
Until, the evening shadows urged for safety.
Hurriedly gathering some wild grass
I covered her unseeing teary eyes
To mark my shame and invoke
Nature's forgiveness.
Next I erected the circle of **genna**
Around the still and bloody duo
Praying fervently that other predators
Would know the sign and steer
Clear of the spear-blighted spot.
Leaving my accursed weapon where it stood
I ran and stumbled
Fearful of other demons stalking me
I ran faster, bleeding and weeping
Until I stumbled into the waiting arms
Sitting by the roaring hearth.
As she cradled my tortured self
In the stillness of the night,
I caressed her rounded fullness
Praying to the gods
To protect my seed

From mindless stalkers
Such as me,
For now I knew
It was not the spear alone
That caused it all.

GLOSSARY:

Jhum:an ancient practice of cultivation in many north-eastern regions. It involves clearing forest cover on hill slopes, drying and burning it before monsoon, and cropping on it thereafter.

Genna:unclean, sacred as well as taboo, all meanings indicating prohibition of some sort. The practice of *genna* has been a part of Naga rituals observed on many different occasions.

Comprehension - I

Short Answer Questions:

1. Why did the speaker go back to the shed?
2. How did the speaker soothe his tired limbs?
3. Who was waiting for the speaker at home?
4. Pick out the lines from the poem, which indicate the time of the day.
5. Why did the speaker stop in his tracks?
6. What made the speaker throw his spear?
7. Who or what was hit by the spear?
8. Why did the speaker become numb?
9. With what did the speaker cover the victim? Why did he do so?
10. Who was it that the speaker sought comfort from?

Comprehension - II

Paragraph Answer Questions:

1. Explain the series of events preceding the throwing of the spear.
2. Describe the scene after the spear was thrown.
3. How did the speaker try to correct his wrongdoing?

Comprehension - III

Discussion/ Analytical Questions:

1. Comment on the title of the poem.
2. Explain the theme of the poem with reference to the speaker's remorse at killing the doe.

About the Poet:

TemsulaAo was born in Jorhat district, Assam. She has published four books of poetry and a collection of short stories. She was a Fulbright Fellow at the University of Minnesota during 1985-86, and received the Padmashree in 2007. She's a professor at the department of English, North-Eastern Hill University, Shillong, where she lives.

About the Poem:

'The Spear' was published in an anthology called *Poetry from Nagaland* in 2005. The poem takes on the persona of a male hunter, who, as an afterthought, had to go back to the *jhum*fields to collect his spear during an afternoon trip to the river. After a purifying dip in the waters, he takes up the trail home. Hearing a low bark in the shrubs, he makes out a speeding form and hurls his spear. Approaching the prey, he realises it is a pregnant barking doe. The speaker agonises over the loss of two lives in the breaking of a taboo. Following a folk custom and to mark the shame, he covers the doe's eyes with grass. To warn everyone to stay away from the polluted site, he erects a circle of *Genna*. In the end, with great regret, the speaker stumbles into the comforting arms of his pregnant wife.

7. MANIPUR, WHY SHOULDN'T I LOVE YOUR HILLS

-Thangjam Ibopishak

Pre-reading activities:

- i) Do political boundaries apply to the natural resources of a region/country? Discuss.*
- ii) Divide students into groups and ask them to give presentations on how resources of Nature are being used to create conflict among people.*

MANIPUR, WHY SHOULDN'T I LOVE YOUR HILLS, MARSHES, RIVERS, FIELDS, OPEN SPACES?

Manipur, I love your hills, marshes, rivers,
Green fields, meadows, blue sky
Why shouldn't I love them?
I never had a quarrel with them.
When I scold I never see the hills indignant
the rivers never retorted;
When do you hear the sky speak with hurt?
Who else is there if you don't blame them
you cannot speak against men.
But your hill-grown valley- nurtured
Sweet fruits, flowers, corns, grains I love,
Not because I get to eat them for free
Even if I do not get them
they never say they will never eat me up
Fruits never bite men
Flowers never suck blood.
Manipur your hills marshes river fields
meadows blue sky I love;
Who can I love;
if I do not love them
They are not insects, mosquitoes, flies or leeches
Fields never become citizens of this country
we never hear of rivers parading as leaders;
Those who don heads
and remove them again,
those whose hands remain still
when they open their mouths,
those whose mouths remain silent
when their hands pilfer;
Trifling with us through the years repeatedly
they turn us upside down at will
But your hills, marshes, rivers, trees, bamboo
emerald fields, open spaces I truly love

GLOSSARY:Include more glossary

Pilfer - steal

Comprehension I:

Short Answer Questions:

1. Mention some of the features of Manipur loved by the poet.
2. What are the things that the poet gets to eat for free?
3. Who do you think the poet is referring to as “mosquitoes, flies or leeches”?
4. What does the poet mean by “hands pilfer”?
5. “They turn us upside down at hill”-whom does the poet refer to as “they” and “us”?

Comprehension II:

Paragraph Answer Questions:

1. Why does the poet love his land?
2. What, according to the poet, is happening in the land of Manipur?

Comprehension III:

Analytical/ Discussion Questions:

1. The poem is a strong reflection of ‘the unconditional love of Nature as opposed to the selfish greed of Man’. Discuss the poem in the light of the above statement.
2. Write a detailed note on the powerful and evocative description of Nature brought out by the poet in the poem.

About the Poet:

Thangjam Ibopishak Singh is among the leading and most popular poets of the Northeast of India. Based in Imphal, he writes in Manipuri, the language of the indigenous Meitei community. He has published six volumes of poetry, three of which earned him some of the most prestigious awards in the state including the Manipur State Kala Akademi Award in 1986, the Jamini Sunder Guha Gold Medal in 1989 and the First Jananeta Irabot Award in 1997 and the Ashangbam Minaketan Memorial Award in 2005. Ibopishak also won the Sahitya Akademi Award for poetry in 1997. He teaches Manipuri at the GP Women’s College in Imphal.

About the Poem:

The poet expresses deep love for his land Manipur. While expressing the beauty of the land, the poet shows a deep fear and anxiety of the lost identity.

8. THIS IS THE JUNGLE

- **Kenneth Anderson**

Pre - reading activities:

- i) Make a presentation on Indian Jungles and its inhabitants.*
- ii) Share your wildlife and Jungle watching experiences.*
- iii) Form groups and discuss the various ways of saving the forest of India.*
- iv) Read the various experiences of other authors about the Indian jungles.*

As a young man I found peace and charm and overwhelming delight in wandering in the jungle on a moon –lit night, or in following its dark paths by torchlight when there was no moon. The gleam of eyes, reflecting my torchlight, would leave me to guess the identity of the creature while it was still too distant for its shape to be clear. It was all very thrilling, and to increase that feeling of excitement I undertook these walks alone and unarmed. Rarely did these creatures attempt to harm me.

As a matter of fact, there are only two animals that might have attacked me had I met them unexpectedly. The worst would have been an elephant, especially if he happened to be alone – or a mother with her calf. The other animal that would have been dangerous to meet suddenly when alone is the Indian sloth – bear – old ‘Bruin’, as he is affectionately termed. The buffoon of the jungle, he is quick of temper. His sight is poor, and his hearing and sense of smell not too good. He might not understand an approaching torch-beam until its bearer came around the corner. He certainly would resent it.

The remaining dangers of such walks, either by moonlight or in darkness, are the poisonous snakes that sometimes lie along the paths. There are five such varieties in India, and they certainly are not as numerous in jungles as people have been led to believe. However, they are there. So as protection against snakes I wore boots reaching to the knee, with soles of crepe rubber to avoid making a noise.

Of course, to wander like this in a forest inhabited by a man-eating tiger or panther, or by a rogue elephant, would be sheer suicide. I only undertook such walks at times when these scourges had not been reported. Coupled with night-watches over water-holes and salt-licks, or atop boulders, or in fact at any conceivable and favourable opportunity in all kinds of places, these walks have long been my chief pleasure and amusement. Even in the day-time I still sit beneath the shade of friendly tamarind or muthee tree, listening to the cooing of doves, the trill of the green-barbet, or the ‘tonk’ of a magpie. Dawn and dusk are the hours when the happy crow of the jungle-cock, the quarrelling note of spur-fowl, and the plaintive cry of a peacock fall on the ear, to be replaced as darkness approaches by the chirping of the nightjar and the weird distant hoot of the horned-owl.

Animals are invariably silent in the forest and do not reveal their presence. If they did, especially the lesser herbivorous species, they would not live long. Thus I might here the sudden ‘dthank-oonk!’ of a sambar stag, but only when he was alarmed or had scented an enemy. The sharp ‘aiow!’ of a cheetal or spotted-deer and the hoarse ‘kharr!’ of a jungle-sheep are heard under similar circumstances.

Tigers and panthers rarely call except in the mating season. The low drawn-out moan of an impatient tigress seeking her mate then resounds across the hills and dales, and from the deeply-wooded, dank ravines. ‘Oongh! Oongh! Aungh! Aungh!’ she cries. A listening male might here the summons and hasten to meet her and make love, while all other creatures would turn and flee in fear, uttering their different cries of alarm. The guttural sawing of a panther echoes along the game-paths, ‘Ahah! Ah-hah! Ah-hah’. But it raises less comment, except from the langur monkey watchman, perched wide-awake on a treetop. He shakes a branch and cries, ‘harr-har-har!’ to alert the tribe.

If you sit still you might hear bruin’s distant approach before his shambling, back bulk comes into view in the moonlight. On a dark night you cannot see him at all. But so long as you are motionless yourself, there is nothing to worry about. The sloth bear is a loud and noisy customer. Snifflings and snufflings, grunts, groans and a queer humming sound that resembles a curious cross between the noise made by bees when swarming and a bagpipe being inflated. Announce bruin’s proximity. The humming indicates that he is trying to suck termites out of their hills, or as a substitute is sucking his own paw or the inner part of his thigh. Provided you ‘shoo’ him away long before he gets too near you, there is nothing to fear.

It is all very enchanting. Each sound tells its own story. There are the sounds of fear the sound of love and mating, the call of hunger, and sometimes the cry for companionship. You get to recognize them all with time and experience.

The sharp shriek of a dying animal and its hoarse, inarticulate gasps as it spills its life-blood on the earth will rarely come to you. The killers of the jungle are far too proficient for that. The prey is forced to earth before it can voice a cry of alarm, and the death-grip on its throat is too firm and inexorable to allow the slightest sound to escape. The faint but futile drumming of hoofs on the earth, as life swiftly ebbs away, may be all that announces the death of a deer.

All this comes back to me as I write, in a torrent of memory. Those wonderful scenes of far –distant mountains on the horizon, their peaks a serrated line against the sky, sometimes unrecognized as mountains and resembling cumuli gathering far away. Nearby is a wonderful display of light and shadow. That bright green, so different from deep green; the yellow and brown the mighty forest trees; the glare of sunlight, with brightly-coloured butterflies. The drone of a ‘gold-bundoo’ as it wings its heavy way from one boram tree to another, the twittering of small birds; the pleasant, loud calls of the larger varieties. The greyness of hot rock, from the surface of which rise waves of reflected heat; the reddish-brown of earth; the soft sands of the stream-beds; the emerald green of the grass, drying to rustic-brown as summer draws on and the sun’s rays grow in intensity. The fresh smell of damp earth after a sudden shower of rain, the abundance of life everywhere; bird life, insect life, reptile life, animal life, vegetable life - these are signs to me of the goodness of life, and of the greatness and indisputable omnipresence of an all-wise, all-present and all-pervading Creator. To any man who might think otherwise I would advocate a silent watch in the jungle. All the wonderful things he sees and hears there could not have arisen by mere accident.

So let us look for a while at these regions of solitude where the sounds of men are no more and Nature reigns supreme. Cast your eyes upward to the jungle-clad hills and the mountains above them: they are the home of the lordly sambar stag and the pert little muntjac, on jungle-sheep as he is better known, those rocky piles will harbour many a sloth-bear, each mother with two cubs clinging to her shaggy, long-haired back when she travels, and gambolling

playfully at her side when she rests for the day. Lower down are the bamboo and grass jungles, home of the elephant and bison. The grassy glades abound in spotted-deer and four-horned antelope. Deep valleys extend below, running the length of the hilly ridges. A mountain torrent bisects each valley, and each little rivulet is the scene of many jungle tragedies in the dry summer months. For to the few cool, refreshing pools of stagnant water that remain the fearful animals of the forest come stealthily by night to slake their burning thirst.

But hunters, both human and animal, know this and lie in wait beside the pool or the game-trail and leads to it. The pounce of a waiting tiger or panther ends the lives of many who crave a drink, while the echoing report of a muzzle loading gun betrays the poacher's presence.

The rose-pink shades of dawn, mellow in the distance to shades of vermilion blue-green. In a short twelve hours these colours will vie with the orange-red of sunset, deepening to blood-red, as if foreshadowing the tragedies that will come to pass that very night, as if to match the blood that will pour from the torn throat of some stricken beast.

Evening in a jungle is a charming time for a walk. As the sun sinks the earth cools rapidly. Many birds that have been silent during the heat of the day now burst spontaneously into song. If you are in the mountains, foremost among these will be that most melodious songster, the Indian blackbird, known as the 'whistling schoolboy'. His continuous, ever-changing, impelling notes for all the world resemble a happy schoolboy on his way home, whistling with joy at the goodness of living. If you are in a lower jungle, the magpie-robin is an ever-present and worthy substitute for the whistling schoolboy. Almost akin in rambling note and joyousness of tone, the black-and-white magpie-robin voices a melody nearly as loud as his cousin of the hills. To the right and left, speckled grey-doves softly whisper 'kroo-ooo! Kroo-ooo!'

The startling cry of 'wheew! Kuck-kya-kya-khuckm!' brings the silver-hackled jungle-cock's salute to the departing day, followed by the plaintive and distant 'miaow-miaow-aiow!' of roosting pea-fowl, fight their interminable duels to the accompaniment of a series of persistent cries, 'kukkeraya-wack! Kukkeraya-wack! In the grassy areas the partridges call, 'kee-kook-kook-kook! Kee-kook-kook-kook! Kee-kook-kook-kook!', at dawn and at sunset.

The sun sinks below the horizon; the red and orange shades fade abruptly and give place to sombre slate-gray hues. You are surprised to notice so soon a star-twinkling where, only lately, the rays of the setting sun had lit the tops of far distant clouds.

Then comes darkness, frighteningly sudden. The birds of the day have gone to rest and those of the night take up their chorus far and near with very different calls and cries more plaintive. This is the moment when the jungle really comes to life.

The flitting nightjar flutters to earth and says, 'chuck! Chuck! Chuck! Chuck! Chuck-ooooo!' as he settles on the ground, like a brown stone by the wayside. The large horned-owl sails overhead to sit on a tree-top or a high boulder; there follows a deep-throated 'whoo-ooo! Whoo-ooo! Whoo-ooo!', Now the herd-boy bird calls across the distant valley, 'oooo!-oooo!', his voice resembling closely the call of the herdsman to their cattle during the daylight hours.

As night advances, the jungle, which seemed in the day to be strangely devoid of larger animal life, comes alive. The creatures of the night stir, they waken to roam and feed and fight and love and live – or die, till the dawn of another day lulls them once more to rest. Mysterious rustlings can be heard around you. They come from bodies large and small moving in the thickets, but unidentifiable in the blackness of night; from crawling reptiles in the undergrowth;

from insects of all varieties in the bushes. Myriads of moths, large and small, and winged beetles, huge and tiny, brush your face as they pass, while the subdued hum of mosquitoes reminds you that the jungle's greatest pest is on the move.

Now and again and far away startled deer call in the forest as they scent of sight some cause for alarm. The persistent repetition of such cries invariably indicates that the king of the jungle is on the move. The presence of a panther provokes a lesser outcry and one of shorter duration. Perhaps he is more skilful in his stalking; maybe he will slink away sooner when detected. Although a killer, like his large cousin, he has not the disdain of the tiger for all other living creatures. But when the tiger is really hungry there will be no calls of alarm; he will take good care to hide his presence and stalk unseen and unheard. The sudden death of a victim will be the first sign of his nearness.

The distant sound of peeling bark and breaking branches, or perhaps the thump of a fallen tree, will tell you that a herd of elephants is feeding in a jungle grove, tearing down the boughs or pushing whole trees over with their great weight and tremendous strength to feed themselves and their young on the tender shoots of the topmost boughs, the herd is very noisy, the baby elephants squealing at their mothers' sides after the manner of piglets. Frequently a rumble like distant thunder is heard. But no sudden storm is brewing. The sound comes from the gases in the elephant's cavernous stomachs.

But a closer sound, a faint repeated scraping, as of someone sweeping the ground with a broom, with perhaps an occasional swish of foliage, is something that must put you on the alert. Listen carefully. Test the wind by its feel against your cheek, or if there is moonlight, observe the bend of the topmost bamboo-fronds or the nearer grasses. And do this very quickly before the author of these mysterious sounds comes any nearer. Then silently take yourself off, moving with the wind and away from that approaching sound. For this is undoubtedly a long elephant; and a lone elephant on a dark night, or even a moonlit night, can be a very dangerous visitor to an unarmed man, hiding behind a bush directly in his path, should a breath of wind betray his presence.

Panic is unnecessary and you need not run far. Go for a few yards. Move silently. Whatever you do, keep the author of the sound between you and the direction from which the breeze is blowing. Then sit still behind a bush, or stand behind a tree trunk. He will not see you, for his sight is very poor. Gifted with the keenest sense of smell and of hearing, so long as he cannot smell your presence and you make no sound and remain motionless, he will pass you within a few yards and be none the wiser.

Perhaps you may glimpse the moon rising above the horizon of tree-tops. Majestically she ascends into the heavens, while the gold of her rising gives place to the silver of her splendour. Finally, she assumes her normal size and bathes the forest around in an ethereal, phosphorescent light, casting deep, black, mysterious shadows under the big trees.... shadows in which you picture a lurking tiger or panther lying close to the ground, ears flattened against its skull, while the eyes watch your every movement with hunger. But it is only your imagination. Neither a tiger nor a panther will harm you unless a confirmed man - eater.

Should the night be moonless your nerves will run greater riot, for then the darkness will be so intense that you will not be able to see even six inches before you except for the outline of the sky filtering through the canopy of leaves and branches. It will be too gloomy even for the light of the myriads of stars to penetrate the leafy shelter in which you are crouching, but you

will be able to see the thousand fireflies, the fairies of the darkness as they carry their tiny phosphorescent lamps through the air. They sparkle, they twinkle, flicker and flash; they glimmer and shimmer, glint and gleam; now here, now there and all of a sudden everywhere. At times their glittering pinpoints of light synchronise, and then it seems as if a hidden photographer had used a flash-bulb for his picture, so intense and bright is the sudden flare made by countless numbers of these tiny insects lighting their lamps in unison. But that happens only once in a while, while independently each firefly shines its own little lamp as it wings its way through the air. It is the love-light and love-signal of a restless little creature, signal of that greatest of urges, the impulse to mate and procreate.

The boles of the giant forest trees, packed in close array, rank upon rank as far as the eye can see, are interlaced with clinging creepers stout and slim; some knotted, some thorny, some smooth; all stretching heavenward to the canopy of the sky and the warmth of the life-giving sun. jungle flowers and orchids festoon the damp, mossy earth-banks, or hand in sprays of exquisite colours. Bees of all varieties and sizes are engaged in carrying pollen to and from the gorgeous flowers. The huge nests of the tree-ant, constructed of leaves gummed together and the size of four footballs can scarcely compare with the towering termite earth-hills on the ground, at times ten feet high. Other varieties of ants, tiny and large; red, brown, grey and black, are each working ceaselessly in their own colonies. At times they may be met on the march in ranks of six and more abreast, or in single file, extending for a mile and more. They move purposefully in the wake of a chosen leader. Are they looking for new homes? Do they seek food? Or are they marching to battle? Perhaps they are on a slave-raid upon a neighbouring ant-nest. Sometimes cemeteries of dead ants, neatly laid in straight rows, provide a clue to what has happened.

India will be much poorer – the whole world will be poorer – when the wild places of this earth and of this land are bereft of their animal life, and mankind has grown so materially-minded that the calm, sweet hour of solitude and meditation will have become lost to him forever.

May those who read these stores and who love the quiet corners of the earth and the humble creatures that dwell therein, do their utmost before it is too late to instil in the minds and consciences of grosser comrades an appreciation of these lovely places and their denizens, so that these may be allowed to continue to exist unmolested and unharassed in their natural surroundings. Many of these beautiful spots, as we knew them in days long gone by, have since resounded to the thud of the wood cutter's axe. They exist no longer and have become barren tracts of land, victims to the ever-hungry octopus of human and industrial expansion. Glens that a few years ago echoed to the roar of the tiger and the trumpeting of elephants are now totally bereft of jungle life. How sad it is for those who knew them as they once were to visit such places again!

It is almost too late already, but there is just a little time and a few hidden areas left. If the public of India and of the remaining countries of the world that still possess them do not become conscious of this rich heritage now, and take immediate steps to safeguard and pressure what is left, all too soon it will be too late and this valuable asset will be gone forever.

It is my earnest desire to arouse in all of you readers a love of the jungle and its animals that will help to move public opinion to legislate for their protection from wanton destruction and slaughter. Should this book or any of my earlier stories succeed even a little in achieving such a purpose, I will indeed have accomplished a worthy mission.

Glossary:

Crepe rubber:	a type of crude natural rubber in the form of colourless or pale yellow crinkled sheets, prepared by pressing bleached coagulated latex through corrugated rollers used for the soles of shoes and in making certain surgical and medical goods.
Trill:	noisy cry a quavering or a vibratory sound
Tonk:	noisy cry
Magpie:	a long-tailed crow with boldly marked (or green) plumage and a noisy call.
Spur fowl:	a species of birds
Ravine:	a deep, narrow gap with steep sides
Pert:	attractively small and well-shaped
Shaggy:	having a covering of long, thick, unkempt hair or fur
Denizen:	a person, animal or plant that lives or is found in a particular place.
Festoon:	adorn (a place) with chains, garlands, or other decorations
Glens:	a narrow valley

Comprehension - I

Short answer questions:

1. Which are the two animals that could have possibly attacked the author?
2. What is 'sheer suicide' for a jungle watcher according to the author?
3. List the different sounds that one can hear in the forest during dawn and dusk?
4. Why wouldn't the less herbivorous species raise a cry in the jungle?
5. What would a sloth bear's humming indicate in the jungle?
6. Why are a few cool, refreshing stagnant water pools a threat to the thirsty animals?
7. When does the jungle really come alive according to the author?

Comprehension - II

Paragraph answer questions:

1. Explain the possible dangers that one could encounter in the jungle during the jungle walk in the night, according to Kenneth Anderson.
2. Write a note on the alarming cries of different animals in the jungle.
3. What are the different ways of identifying animals during the night in the jungle?
4. What are the signs of goodness of life in the jungle, according to Kenneth Anderson?
5. Why are the evening walks in the jungle enchanting?
6. What is the experience of the moonless nights in the jungle?

Comprehension - III

Analytical / Discussion questions:

1. How careful has one to be, as a watcher of jungle in the night, according to Anderson?
2. Jungle reveals itself in various facets, according to Anderson. Substantiate.
3. 'The Jungle is a wonderful place for a curious and patient observer.' Discuss with reference to the text.
4. How does the Jungle transform itself from the morning to the night?
5. Do you think a Jungle is frightening place? Why? What do stories like this do to our understanding of Jungles?

About the Author:

Kenneth Douglas Stewart Anderson (1910 – 1974) was an India-born, British writer and hunter who wrote books about his adventures in the jungles of South India. His love for the inhabitants of the Indian jungle led him to big game hunting and to writing real-life adventure stories. He often went into the jungle alone and unarmed to meditate and enjoy the beauty of untouched nature. Anderson's style of writing is descriptive, as he talks about his adventures with wild animals. Anderson gave insights into the people of the Indian jungles of his time, with woods full of wildlife and local inhabitants having to contend with poor quality roads, communication and health facilities. His books delve into the habits of the jungle tribes, their survival skills, and their day-to-day lives. Anderson expounded his love for India, its people and its jungles through his writings.

About the Text:

This is the introductory write up to his book titled '*This is the Jungle*'. It gives a detailed account of the South Indian jungles and its inhabitants. This is like a guide to the interested ones to be a good observer and watcher of the jungle and the wildlife. It gives a glimpse into the world of animals, birds and insects to which most human beings are strangers. This article also raises a pertinent concern towards the vanishing jungles of India and of the world. Kenneth Anderson gives a vivid and wonderful experience of the Indian jungles intending to arouse the interest of the readers which in turn helps them to conserve the rich forest resources that India is bestowed with.

Language Component

1. Conversation Skills

Conversation is talking to someone else, usually informally. Conversations are usually opened with a question and paying attention to the answer. A simple “How’s your day going?” goes a long way. Conversational skill is useful in getting acquainted with other people. It builds a person’s confidence in socializing with people in work place or in some social gatherings. To build conversational skill, one should give importance to certain aspects like

- Good opening
- Continuity
- Closing of the conversation.

To make a conversation fluent and interesting, some etiquettes of conversation are followed. They are:

- Conversation is a Two-Way process, where one should try to achieve the balance between talking and listening. It is not polite to begin the conversation by broadcasting ones views. Instead, try asking a question to establish common ground. For example: “What do you do?”, or even “Isn’t the weather beautiful?”
- Being friendly and nice will help to build a rapport with the other person. Begin the conversation with a greeting, a happy note or a formal address like “Good morning!”, “Wishing you a happy new year!” “May I help you?”
- Respond to what the other is saying by listening to them. Try using fillers such as “That’s just so interesting!” . “Hmm.. that sounds good!” etc. Avoid making a derogatory or sweeping statement about anything.
- When a conversation is flowing well, it moves naturally from one person to the other. However, if one or both are finding it more of a struggle to ‘chat’, you may find it helpful to use ‘signals’ to show the other person that it is their turn to talk.

The most common type of signal is questions. These may be either open or closed.

- Closed questions invite a yes/no answer.

In conversation, they might include “Don’t you agree?”, and “Are you enjoying the party?” They are not really inviting the other person to do more than nod and agree, rather than to share the conversation.

- Open questions invite more information.

They open up the conversation to the other person, and invite them to participate. For this reason, in conversation, they are often called 'invitations'. Open questions often start 'How...?' or 'Why....?'

SAMPLE CONVERSATIONS:

1. Two acquaintances having a general conversation:

One: "Hi Mary."

Two: "Oh, hi."

One: "How are you doing?"

Two: "I'm doing alright. How about you?"

One: "Not too bad. The weather is great isn't it?"

Two: "Yes. It's absolutely beautiful today."

One: "I wish it was like this more frequently."

Two: "Me too."

One: "So where are you going now?"

Two: "I'm going to meet a friend of mine at the department store."

One: "Going to do a little shopping?"

Two: "Yeah, I have to buy some presents for my parents."

One: "What's the occasion?"

Two: "It's their anniversary."

One: "That's great. Well, you better get going. You don't want to be late."

Two: "I'll see you next time."

One: "Sure. Bye."

2. When you run into someone in a social gathering:

Josh: "Hi. My name is Josh. It's a pleasure to meet you."

Yash: "Hi Josh. I'm glad to be here."

Josh: "Did you have any problems finding this place?"

Yash: "I didn't have any problems. I found directions on the internet so it was pretty easy to find. However, the traffic was not that great."

Josh: "Traffic is never good around here."

Yash: "I agree. It would be great if there was a train or a subway line that went through here."

Josh: "That would be so great. I would definitely take the train if they had it."

Yash: "Trains are great because you can read a book or get a little rest instead of having to fight the traffic."

Josh: "Very true. Well, let's have food together."

Yash: "Why not! Come, let's go to the dinner hall."

Task – 1

Write a conversation between you and your new neighbor when you meet him for the first time.

Task – 2

Write a conversation between a father and a daughter on her preparations for going on a trek with their friends.

Task- 3

Write a conversation between a shopkeeper and a customer who has come to buy the new laptop.

Task – 4

Prepare a conversation between two friends on the latest film they have watched.

Task – 5

Prepare a conversation between a mother and a son about his vacation plans.

2. Picture Composition

Interpretation of Picture:

The word 'interpretation' means the ability to explain or analyse what you see. It aims at improving linguistic skills, analytic skills, flow of thought, thinking abilities, writing skills and express ideas and perception. It reflects one's point of view. It helps students in observation

Interpretation of picture is designed to test one's perception, writing skills and enhance linguistic skills.

Worked out example - 1

The following sample is worked out for students to understand how to interpret the picture.



I see an angel disguised as a simple girl, whose heart is pure as shining pearl and her soul with unconditional love, who weaves love into her every word and always sacrificing for others. She desires to fly free in the sky.

Her sky is filled with dark grey clouds and judgemental crowd where her every move is observed and her self-esteem is rocked. I wonder why her desire gets slaughtered under the society's knife.

She is a warm blooming paradise in the earth who is always in a constant war to justify her worth, walks on thousand broken glass hiding her sufferings behind the fake smile and why does she sacrifice all her dreams.

I wish every women dream a land of paradise where she'll be recognised and make a change in this man's world. We discern her in the meals we eat and never realizes that our heart beats because of her, a mother, friend, philosopher a worker bee, a doctor who looks after everyone's need regretlessly. We never find time to know her who has no limits in her career. Who is strong beautiful, intelligent and can do anything, never underestimate the inner power; she is the best creation of God.

Worked out example - 2

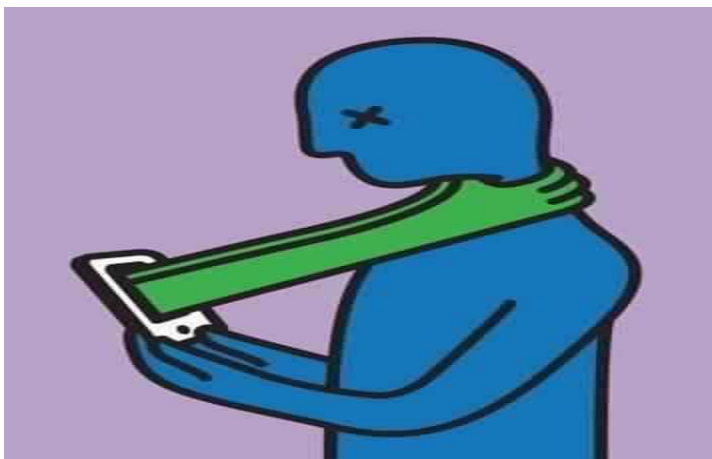


So to stop this we need to stop producing and using less plastic items and start reusing the recycled plastic items. And heavy fine should be imposed on those who uses or throws plastic. This is high time that we get aware of the polluting rate and protect our mother nature.

If we spend the water in the same pace, we are eventually digging our own grave. As the water source in the planet earth is almost salty and the water consumable is only 3%. We should save water for our next generation. Imagine the world without water? What will happen to trees, people, can we survive? All the bottled and stored water will exhaust in few weeks. It's high time that we take precautions and save water.

Express your views/opinion about the given pictures below.

Task – 1

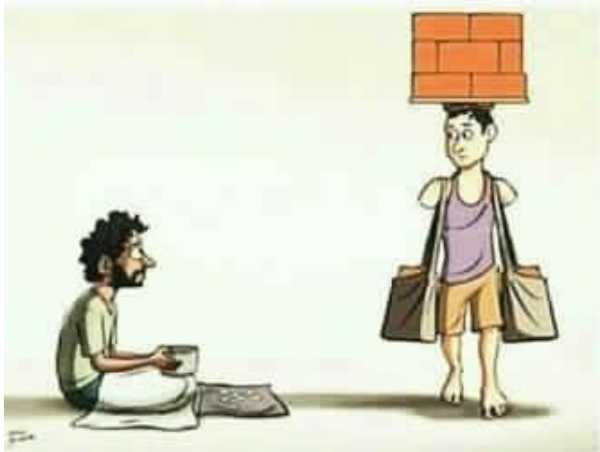


Every single person today is addicted to mobile phone; the little ones are ruining their lives because of mobiles.

The smart phones have changed our lives for sure but it has certain drawbacks. For example,

Nowadays little kids have learnt to use mobile phones is it going to do good for them? Or is it even necessary for them to use them at their age? Research shows that

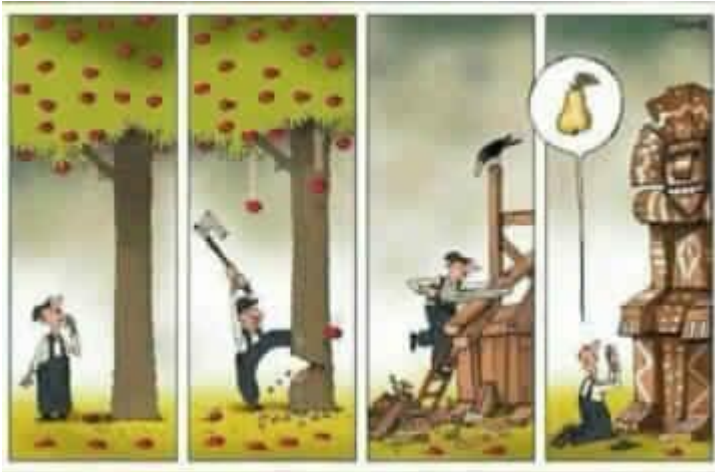
Task - 2



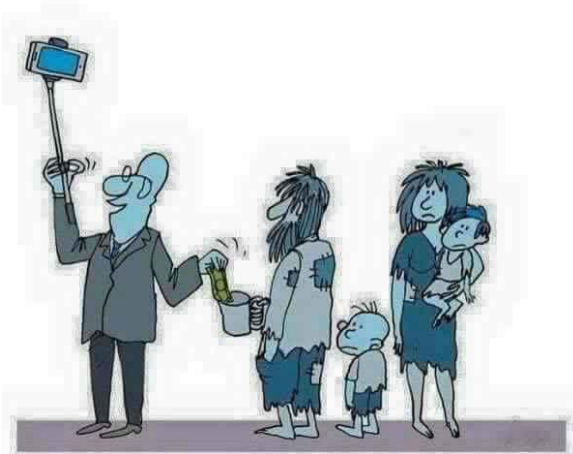
Task - 3



Task - 4



Task - 5

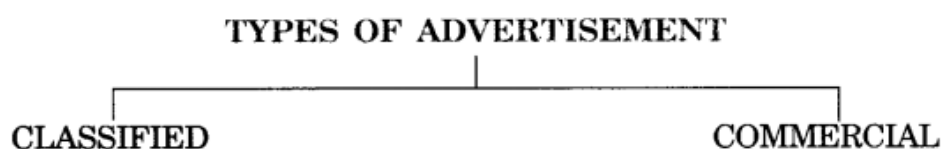


3. Writing a Classified Advertisement

An advertisement is a public announcement made through a popular medium like newspapers, magazines, T.V., Radio and Cinema. An advertisement may be displayed on a placard as well. It is non-personal, oral or visual message regarding a product, a service or an idea.

The Major goal of creating an advertisement is to attract immediate attention of the public. It is a very potent tool for promoting sales or services. It is used to influence the minds, tastes and even motives of the masses.

The main purpose of asking students to write advertisements is to develop their creative and communicative skills which are so essential in this global world of consumerism and marketing. Creating an advertisement is also a literary art where selective words are used to create maximum impact in the minds of the reader/viewer. Students must also remember that it must be made attractive to catch the eye of the reader. It is also a good career choice for those who love words and are aware of what the readers and the audience want.



CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are usually created for newspapers and other print media outlets for a variety of situations like Job, Accommodation, Matrimonial, Product information Launch etc...

Main Characteristics of Classified Advertisements:

- They are categorised into columns according to different classes.
- They are written in short catchy phrases and words.
- The language used is simple, factual and formal.
- They are short, concise and to the point.
- All the relevant information is provided.
- Contact name and address is given.
- They are written in a box to attract attention.

Let us study various types of classified advertisements with the help of solved examples and note the essential details which must be included in various categories.

Horticulture landscaping of Farmhouse

Factory, houses & terrace garden etc. All type of plants & seasonal flowers variety available. Krishan Kumar 8888888888, 12341234. HK-574-RD

Kennel & Livestock

GENUINE pedigree dogs from Bangalore's genuine Kennel. Pick any Lhasa, Dalmatian, Spitz, Boxer, German shepherd, Labrador, Dachshund. Ph: 12345678, 12341234, 9999999999. KP-876-C

Lost & Found

LOST Lease Deed of Property No-15A/4, 5th Main, 16th Cross, Malleshwaram East, Bengaluru- 560004. If found, return it to Owner on this same address. Renukacharya. 62538-CA

Matrimonial

ALLIANCE invited for Keralite Christian CSI boy 27/175, working in Private Ltd Co from employed girl. Apply with Photo to Box 62684-Bangalore Times, Bengaluru 560001

Packers & Movers

For reliable and cost effective shifting (local and non-local) of household goods, **contact Ramesh Packers & Movers**, branches all over India. 080-12341234, 9990099900.

For Sale

BRAND New, German Dish Washer with original packing, also Three Year used, Large size Deep Freezer (German Made) and some Vietnamese Furniture with fine Mother of Pearl work for Sale. Contact-9990011112/12341234/12341235.

Situation Vacant

Wanted a smart lady, personal secretary for Director. Convent Educated, Handsome Salary and Perks. Contact : Saraswati House (P) Ltd., Banashankari, Bangalore-560002

Worked out Example:

You are Production Manager of Green Bio-Products Ltd., Sector 18, Industrial Area, Peenya, Bangalore. You need an efficient P.A. /stenographer for your office. Write an advertisement for the 'Situation Vacant' column of a local daily.

Situation Vacant

Wanted a smart, efficient P.A./stenographer for a leading manufacturing company. Qualifications-Graduate, age 25-30 years. Typing speed 60 w.p.m., shorthand 120 w.p.m. Preference to those who can handle computers. Salary negotiable. Apply with complete bio-data within 10 days to Production Manager of Green Bio-Products Ltd., Sector 18, Industrial Area, Peenya, Bangalore.

Tasks:

Create classified advertisements for the following situations given below:

1. Hotel Lake View, Bengaluru, needs young & smart lady receptionists. Write an advertisement to be published in the 'Situation Vacant' column of a local newspaper.
2. You are Shirish Ramachandran of 47, Margosa Road, Bengaluru. You are a young man of 35 with seven years of experience as an expert executive. You seek an immediate change to some prestigious export house in Mumbai /Bangalore. Draft a suitable advertisement for the 'Situation Wanted' column of a National Daily.
3. You want to sell your flat in Whitefield Bengaluru. Write out an advertisement giving necessary details in about 50 words.
4. You want to sell your Maruti Car. Draft a suitable advertisement in about 50 words to be published in the 'For sale' columns of The Times of India.
5. You want to let out a flat. Prepare an advertisement to this effect for publication in a newspaper, giving location of the building, nature of accommodation, rent etc
6. You are the director of a coaching academy. Write an advertisement for publication in newspaper, for admission to the various courses being provided in your institute.
7. You have lost your purse. Draft an advertisement suitable to be given in the local daily. (Invent details). Your advertisement should not exceed 50 words.
8. Thomas Cook Travels, 227 M.G Road, Bengaluru, offers a package tour for 3 nights 4 days in Mauritius for 10,000/- per person. Draft an advertisement for publication in a national daily in about 50 words. Give necessary details.
9. A highly placed IT professional settled in London seeks alliance with an educated and cultured girl from a good family. Write a suitable advertisement for the 'Matrimonial' column of a national daily.

10. You are re – locating to another country on a new job. You are selling your furniture and electronic gadgets to a suitable buyer. Write an advertisement for a local newspaper with details.

4. Cloze Test

A Cloze Test (also called the "cloze deletion test") is an exercise, test, or assessment consisting of a portion of text with certain words removed (cloze text), where the missing words have to be restored from the choices of the words given for that particular blank. Cloze tests help students

- to understand context
- to use the right vocabulary to identify the correct words that belong in the deleted words of a text.
- to improve comprehending competence.

Cloze procedure was first introduced by Wilson Taylor in 1953 as a means of measuring readability of texts. It has three main uses in the classroom today

- as an instructional tool
- as a way of determining readability
- as a measure of comprehension

Cloze tests promote active production of vocabulary, not just recognition. They can be used to bolster vocabulary usage and free recall, reinforce grammatical knowledge and structural recognition, and strengthen overall comprehension.

Cloze Tests are being extensively used in many competitive exams world- wide today to determine the candidate's reading skills. A solved example is given below for the better comprehension of the students and the exercises follow.

Worked out Example:

Primary school enrolment in India has been a success story, (1)..... due to various programmes and drives to increase enrolment even in remote areas. With enrolment reaching at least 96 percent since 2009 and girls (2)..... up 56 percent of new students between 2007 and 2013, it is clear that many (3)..... of access to schooling have been (4)..... Improvement in infrastructure has been the (5)..... behind achieving this and now in India 98 percent habitations have a primary school within one kilometer and 92 percent have an upper primary school within a three kilometer walking distance.

1. (a) most (b) properly (c) totally (d) optionally (e) largely
2. (a) coming (b) reaching (c) counting (d) making (e) touching
3. (a) issue (b) opportunities (c) problems (d) efforts (e) exertions
4. (a) accustomed (b) addressed (c) met (d) forwarded (e) dissolved
5. (a) main (b) forced (c) force (d) compulsion (e) awareness

Answers:

- a. e. largely
- b. d. making
- c. c. problems
- d. b. addressed
- e. c. force

Task – 1

Education has been a problem in our country for (1)..... The lack of it has been blamed for all (2)..... of evil for hundreds of years. Even scholars have written lengthy articles about how the Indian education system needs to change. The funny thing is that from colonial times, things have (3)..... changed. We have established reputed business schools, law schools and other institutions of excellence. Students, now, so routinely score 90% marks that even with this percentage they find it (4)..... to get into the colleges of their choice. The problem thus lies with us doing more of the same old staff. This needs to change by bringing about (5)..... in education.

- 1. (a) time (b) take (c) ever (d) long (e) decade
- 2. (a) possession (b) abundance (c) typical (d) much (e) sorts
- 3. (a) bare (b) hardly (c) little (d) much (e) highly
- 4. (a) simple (b) easy (c) irregular (d) noble (e) difficult
- 5. (a) innovation (b) dreams (c) creating (d) foreign (e) choice

Task – 2

After months of colder weather, the days get longer, the buds (1) in the trees, birds sing, and the world (2) a green dress. Spring passes (3) summer. Everyone knows that summer will not (4) The power of all the wisest men and women in the world cannot keep it for us. The corn becomes ripe, the leaves turn brown and then drop to the ground, (5) the world changes its green dress for a dress of autumn colours.

- 1. (a) fall off (b) take up (c) put off (d) come out (e) bring down
- 2. (a) looks after (b) puts on (c) carries on (d) comes around (e) deals with
- 3. (a) into (b) by (c) from (d) on (e) out of
- 4. (a) forego (b) evaluate (c) succumb (d) last (e) evolve
- 5. (a) yet (b) therefore (c) since (d) whereas (e) and

Task – 3

Petroleum, or crude oil, is one of the world's (1)..... natural resources. Plastics, synthetic fibres, and (2)..... chemicals are produced from petroleum. It is also used to make lubricants and waxes. (3)....., its most important use is as a fuel for heating, for (4)....., electricity, and (5)..... for powering vehicles.

1. (a) as important (b) most important (c) so importantly (d) less importantly (e) too important
2. (a) much (b) a lot (c) plenty (d) many (e) less
3. (a) Therefore (b) Moreover (c) However (d) Hence (e) Rather
4. (a) generated (b) to generate (c) being generated (d) generate (e) generating
5. (a) decisively (b) exclusively (c) especially (d) favourably (e) notably

Task – 4

The postal service is the government agency (1)..... handles the mail. Its job is (2)..... letters and packages to people and businesses all over the world. Its goal is to see that your mail gets to its destination (3)..... possible. People (4)..... the postal service to deliver important letters and even valuables, (5)..... time and to the right person.

1. (a) the fact that (b) whether (c) of which (d) that (e) in that
2. (a) being delivered (b) to be delivered (c) to have delivered (d) having delivered (e) to deliver
3. (a) less quickly (b) too quickly (c) so quickly that (d) as quickly as (e) the most quickly
4. (a) back out (b) check out (c) come in (d) figure out (e) rely on
5. (a) to (b) for (c) at (d) on (e) over

Task - 5

It's nearly spring and it's time to grow plants. Of course, not all plants are (1)in season. This makes it very (2) to pick the best plants to grow. The good news is that there are tons of choices. Do you know that plants can grow in nearly every climate? It's true that some plants are picky but most are super (3) and only require water, dirt and of course sun. This spring is the (4) time to start your own garden. There are three amazing plants that work in every single climate. The first is spinach. Spinach is very easy to grow because it (5) water well and can stand different levels of heat. The second is carrots. There are many types of carrots you can grow. Most carrots are very quick to grow and also handle all types of climates as well. The third is tomatoes. There are tons of different types of tomatoes. It's easy to find the perfect tomato for any location. Go plant some plants!

1. (a) actually (b) today (c) currently (d) actively (e) now
2. (a) easy (b) fun (c) distressful (d) difficult (e) giddy
3. (a) flexible (b) picky (c) divine (d) cranky (e) difficult
4. (a) worst (b) best (c) perfect (d) better (e) fun
5. (a) losses (b) gets rid of (c) removes (d) shakes (e) holds
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Additional English II Semester

Question Paper Pattern

Time: 3 hours

Max. Marks: 70

SECTION – A

- | | | |
|------|---|---------|
| I. | Answer any 5 out of 8 questions in one or two sentences each. | 5x2=10. |
| II. | Answer any 4 out of 6 questions in a paragraph of about 120 words each. | 4x5=20 |
| III. | Answer any 2 out of 4 questions in about two pages each. | 2x10=20 |

SECTION – B

- | | | |
|------|------------------------|---------|
| IV. | Conversation Skills | 1x5=5 |
| V. | Picture Composition | 1x5=5 |
| VI. | Writing Advertisements | 2.5x2=5 |
| VII. | Cloze Test | 1x5=5 |

Model Question Paper

Additional English

Time: 3 hours

Max. Marks: 70

Section - A

I. Answer any Five questions in about in one or two sentences each: 5x2=10

1. Who planted the Jamun Tree ten years ago?
2. What did people say to Manohar Chatterjee?
3. What did Tara study?
4. Whose curses do we absorb daily?
5. When does India become much poorer according to the author? Why?
6. Where was the carpenter working?
7. What made the speaker throw his spear?
8. Mention some of the features of Manipur loved by the poet.

II. Answer any Four questions in a paragraph each: 4x5=20

1. What according to the poet is happening in the land of Manipur?
2. Which incidents state that the tree was fruitful in the lesson 'The Jamun Tree'?
3. How did Lalu help others in school days?
4. Comment on Mohan and Tara's relationship in the story.
5. How is the evening walk in the jungle enchanting?
6. Describe the scene after the spear was thrown.

III. Answer any Two of the following in a page and a half: 2x10=20

1. Who do you think is more practical in life? The Carpenter or the Beggar? Justify.
2. Sometimes some ordinary people do some extraordinary things. Discuss this with reference to Lalu.
3. Parents are like pillars to their children. Explain this with reference to the help rendered to Tara by her father Mr. Ramesh Babu.
4. Jungle offers itself in various facets according to Anderson. Substantiate.

Section-B

- I. Write a conversation between a doctor and a patient on his request for reducing his hospital bills. 5 Marks**

Write a composition based on the picture given below. 5 Marks



- II. Write Classified advertisements on:**

(i) Green Path Company is introducing an organic floor cleaner emphasizing on toxic free, environment friendly product. Create an advertisement inviting people for a live demo of the product in a five star hotel.

(ii) You are the secretary of the Indian Institute of Foreign Languages, Hyderabad. Draft a suitable announcement on the commencement of new courses. Give the necessary details.

2.5x2=5 Marks

- III. Fill in the blanks with appropriate words from the choices given below.**

5 marks

Scientists who have recently (1)..... dinosaur skeletons could not come up with a (2)..... explanation for the sudden change in climate which caused their (3)..... . Astronomers, however, have proposed the following explanation: a meteor strike. The theory is quite (4)..... . A meteor, approximately 1km in diameter, struck the earth and caused a massive dust cloud. The rising dust then created a “blanket” in the atmosphere which (5)..... approaching solar rays from heating the earth.

1. (a) investigated (b) noticed (c) discovered (d) determined (e)enquired
2. (a) suitable (b) fit (c) correct (d)truthful (e)unscientific

3. (a) destruction (b) loss (c) death (d)extinction (e) endanger
4. (a) sensitive (b) logical (c) likely (d) sane (e) amazing
5. (a) permitted (b) banned (c) averted (d) shooed (e) prevented
