

Confluence III

Additional English Textbook

III SEM BA/ B.COM/BBA/BCA/BSC(FAD)

Editor

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Prasararanga

BENGALURU CENTRAL UNIVERSITY

(BCU)

Bengaluru

CONFLUENCE-III

CONFLUENCE - III: Additional English Textbook for all the III 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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FOREWORD

CONFLUENCE-III, the Additional English Text Book for all the III 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 third 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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CONFLUENCE-III

PREFACE

The Additional English Course book for III Semester, CONFLUENCE-III, 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

No country in today's world can live in isolation on their terms nor formulate a foreign policy which ignores the life form of a nation, its people and their values. Sometimes one needs to look beyond the present reality and rummage in the lusty archives of the past for clues to migrate the morass of conflicting national interests.

The present century designated as the Asian Century not only bears a positive prognosis for the future of Asia in the world but also has the lineage of the past which needs to be remembered and reiterated in world affairs.

This semester Bengaluru Central University has introduced Pan-Asian studies to promote the political and economic unity & cooperation of Asian people. This study helps us to examine the various threads of traditions binding the many cultures of Asia. This text intends to put up before the students the need to absorb this diversity. As such, there is an attempt in this textbook to foster and develop a greater holistic perspective of cultures, growing out of one's local cocoon. In this semester, we travel beyond boundaries and develop a syllabus containing writers from Asia.

Textbook Committee

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1. Wilshire Bus

- Hisaye Yamamoto

Pre-reading activities:

- i. Do you think multi-racial discrimination exists in today's global scenario? Have a discussion with the students.*
- ii. Watch the movie "Namesake" in the class. Ask students to debate on the theme of alienation in the movie.*
- iii. What initiatives should be taken to prevent racial discrimination? What should be the responsibility of the younger generation? Ask students to create presentations on the issue.*

Wilshire Boulevard begins somewhere near the heart of downtown Los Angeles and, except for a few digressions scarcely worth mentioning, goes straight out to the edge of the Pacific Ocean. It is a wide boulevard and traffic on it is fairly fast. For the most part, it is bordered on either side with examples of the recent stark architecture which favors a great deal of glass. As the boulevard approaches the sea, however, the landscape becomes a bit more pastoral, so that the university and the soldiers' home there give the appearance of being huge country estates.

Esther Kuroiwa got to know this stretch of territory quite well while her husband Buro was in one of the hospitals at the soldiers' home. They had been married less than a year when his back, injured in the war, began troubling him again, and he was forced to take three months of treatments at Sawtelle before he was able to go back to work. During this time, Esther was permitted to visit him twice a week and she usually took the yellow bus out on Wednesdays because she did not know the first thing about driving and because her friends were not able to take her except on Sundays. She always enjoyed the long bus ride very much because her seat companions usually turned out to be amiable, and if they did not, she took vicarious pleasure in gazing out at the almost unmitigated elegance along the fabulous street.

It was on one of these Wednesday trips that Esther committed a grave sin of omission which caused her later to burst into tears and which caused her acute discomfort for a long time afterwards whenever something reminded her of it.

The man came on the bus quite early and Esther noticed him briefly as he entered because he said gaily to the driver, "You robber. All you guys do is take money from me every day, just for giving me a short lift!"

Handsome in a red-faced way, greying, medium of height, and dressed in a dark grey sport suit with a yellow-and-black flowered shirt, he said this in a nice, resonant, carrying voice which got the response of a scattering of titters from the bus. Esther, somewhat amused and classifying him as a somatonic, promptly forgot about him. And since she was sitting alone in the first regular seat, facing the back of the driver and the two front benches facing each other, she returned to looking out the window.

At the next stop, a considerable mass of people piled on and the last two climbing up were an elderly Oriental man and his wife. Both were neatly and sombrely clothed and the woman, who wore her hair in a bun and carried a bunch of yellow and dark red chrysanthemums, came to sit with Esther. Esther turned her head to smile a greeting (well, here we are, Orientals together on a bus), but the woman was watching, with some concern, her husband who was asking directions of the driver.

His faint English was inflected in such a way as to make Esther decide he was probably Chinese, and she noted that he had to repeat his question several times before the driver could answer it. Then he came to sit in the seat across the aisle from his wife. It was about then that a man's voice, which Esther recognized soon as belonging to the somatonic, began a loud monologue in the seat just behind her. It was not really a monologue, since he seemed to be addressing his seat companion, but this person was not heard to give a single answer. The man's subject was a figure in the local sporting world who had a nice fortune invested in several of the shining buildings the bus was just passing.

"He's as tight-fisted as they make them, as tight-fisted as they come," the man said. "Why, he wouldn't give you the sweat of his . . ." He paused here to rephrase his metaphor, ". . . wouldn't give you the sweat off his palm!"

And he continued in this vein, discussing the private life of the famous man so frankly that Esther knew he must be quite drunk. But she listened with interest, wondering how much of this diatribe was true, because the public legend about the famous man was emphatic about his charity. Suddenly, the woman with the chrysanthemums jerked around to get a look at the speaker and Esther felt her giving him a quick but thorough examination before she turned back around.

"So, you don't like it?" the man inquired, and it was a moment before Esther realized that he was now directing his attention to her seat neighbour.

"Well, if you don't like it," he continued, "why don't you get off this bus, why don't you go back where you came from? Why don't you go back to China?"

Then, his voice growing jovial, as though he were certain of the support of the bus in this at least, he embroidered on this theme with a new eloquence, "Why don't you go back to China, where you can be coolies working in your bare feet out in the rice fields? You can let your pigtails grow and grow in China. Alla samee, mama, no tickee no shirtee. Ha, pretty good, no tickee no shirtee!"

He chortled with delight and seemed to be looking around the bus for approval. Then some memory caused him to launch on a new idea "Or why don't you go back to Trinidad? They got Chinks running the whole she-bang in Trinidad. Every place you go in Trinidad."

As he talked on, Esther, pretending to look out the window, felt the tenseness in the body of the woman beside her. The only movement from her was the trembling of the chrysanthemums with the motion of the bus. Without turning her head, Esther was also aware that a man, a mild-looking man with thinning hair and glasses, on one of the front benches was smiling at the woman and shaking his head mournfully in sympathy, but she doubted whether the woman saw.

Esther herself, while believing herself properly annoyed with the speaker and sorry for the old couple, felt quite detached. She found herself wondering whether the man meant her in his exclusion order or whether she was identifiably Japanese. Of course, he was not sober enough to be interested in such fine distinctions, but it did matter, she decided, because she was Japanese, not Chinese, and therefore in the present case immune. Then she was startled to realize that what she was actually doing was gloating over the fact that the drunken man had specified the Chinese as the unwanted.

Briefly, there bobbed on her memory the face of an elderly Oriental man whom she had once seen from a streetcar on her way home from work. (This was not long after she had returned to Los Angeles from the concentration camp in Arkansas and been lucky enough to get a clerical job with the Community Chest.) The old man was on a concrete island at Seventh and Broadway, waiting for his streetcar. She had looked down on him benignly as a fellow Oriental, from her seat by the window, then been suddenly thrown for a loop by the legend on a large lapel button on his jacket. I AM KOREAN, said the button.

Heat suddenly rising to her throat, she had felt angry, then desolate and betrayed. True, reason had returned to ask whether she might not, under the circumstances, have worn such a button herself. She had heard rumors of I AM CHINESE buttons. So, it was true then; why not I AM KOREAN buttons, too? Wryly, she wished for an I AM JAPANESE button, just to be able to call the man's attention to it, "Look at me!" But perhaps the man didn't even

read English, perhaps he had been actually threatened, perhaps it was not his doing—his solicitous children perhaps had urged him to wear the badge.

Trying now to make up for her moral shabbiness, she turned towards the little woman and smiled at her across the chrysanthemums, shaking her head a little to get across her message (don't pay any attention to that stupid old drunk, he doesn't know what he's saying, let's take things like this in our stride). But the woman, in turn looking at her, presented a face so impassive yet cold, and eyes so expressionless yet hostile, that Esther's overture fell quite flat.

Okay, okay, if that's the way you feel about it, she thought to herself. Then the bus made another stop and she heard the man proclaim ringingly, "So clear out, all of you, and remember to take every last one of your slant-eyed pickaninnies with you!" This was his final advice as he stepped down from the middle door. The bus remained at the stop long enough for Esther to watch the man cross the street with a slightly exploring step. Then, as it started up again, the bespectacled man in front stood up to go and made a clumsy speech to the Chinese couple and possibly to Esther. "I want you to know," he said, "that we aren't all like that man. We don't all feel the way he does. We believe in an America that is a melting pot of all sorts of people. I'm originally Scotch and French myself." With that, he came over and shook the hand of the Chinese man.

"And you, young lady," he said to the girl behind Esther, "you deserve a Purple Heart or something for having to put up with that sitting beside you."

Then he, too, got off.

The rest of the ride was uneventful and Esther stared out the window with eyes that did not see. Getting off at last at the soldiers' home, she was aware of the Chinese couple getting off after her, but she avoided looking at them. Then, while she was walking towards Buro's hospital very quickly, there arose in her mind some words she had once read and let stick in her craw: People say, do not regard what he says, now he is in liquor. Perhaps it is the only time he ought to be regarded.

These words repeated themselves until her saving detachment was gone every bit and she was filled once again in her life with the infuriatingly helpless, insidiously sickening sensation of there being in the world nothing solid she could put her finger on, nothing solid she could come to grips with, nothing solid she could sink her teeth into, nothing solid.

When she reached Buro's room and caught sight of his welcoming face, she ran to his bed and broke into sobs that she could not control. Buro was amazed because it was hardly her first visit and she had never shown such weakness before, but solving the mystery

handily, he patted her head, looked around smugly at his roommates, and asked tenderly, "What's the matter? You've been missing me a whole lot, huh?" And she, finally drying her eyes, sniffed and nodded and bravely smiled and answered him with the question, yes, weren't women silly?

Glossary:

Boulevard: a wide street in a town or city, usually with trees on each side or along the centre

Pastoral: representing the pleasant, traditional features of the countryside

Vicarious: imaginative or sympathetic participation in the experience of something

Somatotonic: aggressive and extroverted personality

Tight-fisted: not willing to spend or give much money; miserly.

Diatribes: a forceful and bitter verbal attack against someone or something

Pickaninnies : a racial slur referring to a dark-skinned child of African descent

Purple Heart: The Purple Heart is a United States military decoration awarded in the name of the President to those wounded or killed while serving, on or after April 5, 1917, with the U.S. military.

Stick in her craw:

if something sticks in your throat, it is difficult or impossible to agree with or accept

Solicitous: showing interest or concern

Comprehension - I

Short Answer Questions:

1. Wilshire Boulevard begins near the heart of _____.... goes straight to the edge of the _____.
2. Esther Kuroiwa takes the yellow bus on:
 - a. Monday
 - b. Wednesday
 - c. Thursday
2. To which country does Esther Kuroiwa originally belong?
3. Esther classifies the man who gets into the bus as _____.
4. What was the oriental woman carrying in her hands?

5. Complete the metaphor, “Why, he wouldn’t give you the ____.” Who is the “he” the man is referring to?
6. What is the nationality of the oriental couple?
7. Where does the abusive man want the oriental woman to go? What does he want her to do there?
8. Who is the only passenger who is sympathetic to the plight of the couple?
9. What is the reaction of the woman when Esther smiles at her?
10. Pick out some of the racial phrases used by the man with reference to the oriental people.
11. Why does Esther not react to the plight of the couple, even though she herself is oriental?

Comprehension -II

Paragraph Answer Questions:

1. Describe the man who gets into the bus. Write a short note on his behaviour and opinions.
2. Esther reacts to the predicament of old Chinese couple in a ‘detached’ manner. Analyse the reason for this.
3. How do the rest of the passengers react to the abuse of the Orientals? Is there anything positive in their response? Write a note on this.
4. Describe the incident in Esther’s past. Why does that disturb her greatly?
5. Explain in brief the reaction of the Chinese woman when she was abused verbally in the bus.

Comprehension - III

Analytical/ Discussion Questions:

1. ‘Esther Kuroiwa’s journey on the bus can be seen as metaphor of her life from detachment to self-realisation.’ Explain her character in the light of the above statement.
2. ‘Wilshire Bus is a disturbing story of alienation and loneliness of a migrant community in America.’ How does the story Wilshire Bus reflect this?
3. ‘The Wilshire Bus is a stark reminder of multi-racial discrimination existing in modern societies.’ Critically sum-up the story from this perspective.
4. “I want you to know, he said, that we aren’t like that man. We don’t all feel the way he does.” This sentiment expressed by a fellow passenger can be a way forward to fight racial discrimination. Explain.

5. 'Esther's gloating over the fact that it is the Chinese who are unwanted and not the Japanese reflects the short sightedness and selfishness of people not standing up to racial discrimination and abuse.' Elaborate in context of the story- Wilshire Bus.

About the Author:

Hisaye Yamamoto (August 23, 1921 – January 30, 2011) was a Japanese American author. She is best known for the short story collection *Seventeen Syllables and Other Stories*, first published in 1988. Her work confronts issues of the Japanese immigrant experience in America, the disconnect between first- and second-generation immigrants, as well as the difficult role of women in society.

Yamamoto's stories are often compared to the poetic form, haiku, described as "layered in metaphor, imagery, and irony, but never wordy or given to digression." She has also been praised "for her subtle realizations of gender and sexual relationships." Her writing is sensitive, painstaking, heartfelt, and delicate, yet blunt and economical, a style that pays homage to her Japanese heritage while establishing contemporary appeal.

About the Text:

How does anti-Asian prejudice affect the way Asian Americans view each other? In this story, set in Los Angeles some years after World War II a Japanese-American woman has a surprising reaction to anti-Chinese bigotry. She hears comments by a man she classifies as a somatonic, or powerfully built and aggressive person.

Wilshire Bus (1950), written shortly after World War II, a young Japanese-American narrator observes an American on a bus harassing a Chinese couple, prompting her to internally gloat and then question her own gloating. The narrator contemplates anti-Japanese sentiment as well as the complicated interactions between different ethnic groups.

The short story "Wilshire Bus" explores racial tensions in post-war American society. We encounter a middle-aged Japanese woman, Esther Kuroiwa, who rides the bus every Wednesday to visit her husband in the nearby hospital. Her husband is a war veteran who served in the United States Army during World War II. At one stop, a drunk American gets on the bus and takes his seat next to a Chinese couple. He starts harassing the couple verbally giving voice to his racial prejudices.

"Wilshire Bus" provides an insight into the way racial hierarchies are constructed. Yamamoto tentatively suggests that there is a frightening tendency for ethnicity to be defined in superiority to other ethnic groups. Esther is shocked to find relief in the fact that it is the Chinese who are discriminated against and only wonders whether she can be distinguished

from the couple as being Japanese. So instead of feeling sympathy and compassion for the Chinese couple, Esther tries to set herself apart and hopes not to be considered like them. Hence, even though both ethnicities form part of a minority when compared to the predominantly white population, they do not support and help each other but rather search for ways to establish clear-cut boundaries between them. The story ends on a note of self-realisation and shame for Esther Kuroiwa in not standing up to injustice and racial prejudice.

2. The Other Side of the War: A Story

- Elizabeth Gordon

Pre-reading activities:

- i. What would you do if you were a person to find an infant abandoned? Discuss.*
- ii. Discuss about war and the futility of war.*
- iii. Have a discussion on the 'broadmindedness' present in the soldiers and their families.*
- iv. Discuss American racial identity.*

I. The Way We Came to America

The way we came to America was this: My father, who was in the Army, made an overseas call to his mom and dad in West Virginia.

"Listen," he said, "I've decided to adopt this poor little Vietnamese baby and bring her to America. What do you think?"

Now, both Grandma and Grandpa were true hillbillies in their lineage, habits, and mental faculties—which means they were as broke, as stubborn, and as sharp as folks can be. Now that my father's story required much genius to be seen right through. A twenty-four-year-old enlisted man wanting to save some mysterious oriental infant? They hadn't brought him up *that* good.

"It's all right, Skip," they told him. "You can get married, if you love her, and bring 'em both. Bring 'em both on home."

II. No One Had Expected

No one had expected anything like that to happen, least of all the people it happened to.

My father had been quite prepared to meet and marry a sweet girl with a name like Layuna or Ginny Lee. A girl who hailed from one of the good neighboring towns of Beckley or Rainelle. A girl with a daddy, like his, who liked to work on cars, who'd every once in a while, hit the booze and start cursing about black lung. There'd been no Nguyen Ngoc Huong from Saigon in *his* crystal ball.

And my mother never dreamed she'd live in an aluminum house on wheels, or see shaved ice swirling down from the sky. Her kitchen window looked out onto a pasture of

cows, who stood utterly still with the weather piling up around their legs. It was a difficult thing for her to understand.

So, while my father was out climbing telephone poles for Ma Bell, my mother was in the trailer with me, crying and crying for the cows who had not a plank against the cold.

III. Things Got Mixed Up

Things got mixed up sometimes between them. Though it was my father's unshakable belief that Common Sense prevailed in all circumstances, he seemed to forget that Common Sense is commonly rendered senseless whenever it crosses a few time zones.

For example, my mother would constantly confuse "hamburger" with "pancake," presumably because both were round, flat, and fried in a pan. So, my father, after asking for his favourite breakfast, would soon smell the juicy aroma of sizzling ground beef coming from the kitchen. Other times, he'd find a stack of well-buttered flapjacks, along with a cold bottle of Coca-Cola, waiting for him at the dinner table.

One morning, before my father left for work, he asked my mother to make corn bread and pinto beans for supper. The result of this request was that my mother spent the remainder of the day peeling, one by one, an entire pound of pinto beans. How could she have known any better?

When my father returned home that night, he found her with ten sore fingers and a pot full of mush. He didn't know whether to laugh or cry, but he kissed her because there was nothing he could say.

IV. The Photograph

The photograph, circa 1965, is somewhat unusual. In the background there is a row of neat, nearly identical frame houses. The street in front of the houses is spacious and clean, as wholesome and as decent as sunshine.

Up a little closer there is a car. It's a two-tone Chevy with curvaceous fenders, gleaming as though it's just been washed and waxed by hand. The weather looks like Sunday.

In the foreground not unexpectedly is a woman with a small child. The woman is a wife because she wears a gold ring. She is also a mother because of the way she holds her child.

The woman has a slim, dainty figure. Her smile is wide and loose as though she is close to laughter. Maybe her husband, who is taking her picture, is telling a joke or making a silly face. It seems quite natural that the photographer is the husband. Who else would it be?

But something in the photograph seems not quite right. Strangers often tilt their heads when looking at it, as if it is uncomfortable to view straight up and down. Possibly, it's the incomparable blackness of the woman's hair, or the way it seems forced into a wave it can barely hold. Or maybe it has something to do with the baby's eyes which, though blue, or shaped exactly like the woman's: round at the centre, narrow at the corners, and heavy-lidded.

What are eyes like that doing among frame houses and a shiny Chevrolet? It seems a reasonable thing to ask.

V. When I Started School

When I started school there were numerous forms to be filled out. Some of the questions were so simple; I could have answered them myself.

The task belonged to my mother, though. She handled most of the questions with ease, and I liked to watch the way she filled all those boxes and blanks with her pretty handwriting.

There was one question, however, that gave my mother a lot of trouble. Even though it was multiple choice, none of the answers seemed to fit. She decided to ask my father what to do.

He didn't have an answer right away, and for some reason that made him angry. The problem was, I was supposed to be in a race, but he couldn't figure out which one.

Finally, he told my mother to put an "H" in that blank. "For *human* race," he said. I didn't understand what that meant, back then. But it sounded like a good race to me.

Glossary:

Vietnamese: relating to Vietnam, its people, or their language.

Hillbillies: an unsophisticated country person

Flapjack: pancake

Fenders: a low frame bordering a fireplace to prevent burning coals from falling out.

Chevrolet: American automobile division of the American manufacturer General Motors

Comprehension - I

Short answer questions:

1. Who is 'we' referred to in paragraph 1?
2. What was the name of the sweet girl her father went to meet and marry?

3. What did her father ask her mother to cook for supper?
4. What were the two dishes her mother would constantly confuse?
5. How is the women described in paragraph 4 – ‘The Photograph’?
6. What was the question for which her mother got puzzled?
7. What did the letter “H” stand for in the session ‘When I started school’?

Comprehension - II

Paragraph answer questions:

1. How were the Grandpa and Grandma true hillbillies?
2. Describe the environment of how the three lived as explained in the session ‘No One Had Expected’.
3. What was the reason for her mother to hurt her fingers?
4. In the session ‘The Photograph’, why would the strangers often tilt their heads when looking at the photo?

Comprehension - III

Analytical/discussion Questions:

1. Why was the mother confused while filling the form at school and what was the reply the father gave?
2. Why would grandpa refuse the twenty-four-year-old son to get the infant home? Discuss.
3. Why did the girl feel that “the photograph, circa 1965”, was somewhat unusual?
4. The broadmindedness of her father has been illustrated in a very insightful manner in the story. Discuss.

About the Author:

Elizabeth Gordon (1866 - 1922), has grown up in America but writes about the heritage of the Vietnamese experience of the war. She is one of these; she is the daughter of a Vietnamese mother and GI father. She was a juvenile fantasy author whose works include Flower Children, Bird Children, and Mother Earth's Children, a delightful collection of poems about the "frolics of the fruits and vegetables."

About the Text:

The story focuses on the question of American racial identity. This narrative is about the army person who found the Vietnamese baby and thought of taking the infant to America where his parents lived. He called his parents asked that if he could bring the baby home.

They said that he should marry and if he still loves the baby then he should bring them both home.

The whole story has been parted in five sessions. The narrator describes about her father's marriage and the environment in which they lived. She describes how her mother would get confused between the things and mess up which is explained giving an example about how the mother used to get confused between 'hamburger' and 'pancake'. In the session 'The Photograph' the narrator describes how people would tilt their head to have a look at the photo more clearly as in the photo, the mother and baby appeared not to be related in terms of their eyes and hair. And finally, when the baby started to go to school, the mother were not sure of to which race the baby belonged and the father asked the mother to fill the box as 'H' which says that she belonged to Human race and the narrator (infant) felt that it was a good race.

3. Malala's Nobel Award Acceptance Speech

Pre-reading activities:

- i. *What do you know about Nobel Peace Prize? Discuss.*
- ii. *Do you know about the functions of Kailash Satyarthi's Children's Foundation?*
- iii. *Do you know about Malala Fund and its functions?*

"Bismillah hir rahman ir rahim"

(In the name of God, the most merciful, the most beneficent)

Your Majesties, Your royal highnesses, distinguished members of the Norwegian Nobel Committee,

Dear sisters and brothers, today is a day of great happiness for me. I am humbled that the Nobel Committee has selected me for this precious award.

Thank you to everyone for your continued support and love. Thank you for the letters and cards that I still receive from all around the world. Your kind and encouraging words strengthen and inspires me.

I would like to thank my parents for their unconditional love. Thank you to my father for not clipping my wings and for letting me fly. Thank you to my mother for inspiring me to be patient and to always speak the truth – which we strongly believe is the true message of Islam. And also thank you to all my wonderful teachers, who inspired me to believe in myself and be brave.

I am proud, well in fact, I am very proud to be the first Pashtun, the first Pakistani, and the youngest person to receive this award. Along with that, I am pretty certain that I am also the first recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize who still fights with her younger brothers. I want there to be peace everywhere, but my brothers and I are still working on that.

I am also honoured to receive this award together with Kailash Satyarthi, who has been a champion for children's rights for a long time. Twice as long, in fact, than I have been alive. I am proud that we can work together, we can work together and show the world that an Indian and a Pakistani, they can work together and achieve their goals of children's rights.

Dear brothers and sisters, I was named after the inspirational Malalai of Maiwand who is the Pashtun Joan of Arc. The word Malala means "grief stricken", "sad", but in order to lend some happiness to it, my grandfather would always call me Malala – "The happiest girl in the world" and today I am very happy that we are together fighting for an important cause.

This award is not just for me. It is for those forgotten children who want education. It is for those frightened children who want peace. It is for those voiceless children who want change.

I am here to stand up for their rights, to raise their voice... it is not time to pity them. It is not time to pity them. It is time to take action so it becomes the last time, the last time, so it becomes the last time that we see a child deprived of education.

I have found that people describe me in many different ways.

Some people call me the girl who was shot by the Taliban.

And some, the girl who fought for her rights.

Some people, call me a “Nobel Laureate” now.

However, my brothers still call me that annoying bossy sister. As far as I know, I am just a committed and even stubborn person who wants to see every child getting quality education, who wants to see women having equal rights and who wants peace in every corner of the world.

Education is one of the blessings of life—and one of its necessities. That has been my experience during the 17 years of my life. In my paradise home, Swat, I always loved learning and discovering new things. I remember when my friends and I would decorate our hands with henna on special occasions. And instead of drawing flowers and patterns we would paint our hands with mathematical formulas and equations.

We had a thirst for education, we had a thirst for education because our future was right there in that classroom. We would sit and learn and read together. We loved to wear neat and tidy school uniforms and we would sit there with big dreams in our eyes. We wanted to make our parents proud and prove that we could also excel in our studies and achieve those goals, which some people think only boys can.

But things did not remain the same. When I was in Swat, which was a place of tourism and beauty, suddenly changed into a place of terrorism. I was just ten that more than 400 schools were destroyed. Women were flogged. People were killed. And our beautiful dreams turned into nightmares.

Education went from being a right to being a crime.

Girls were stopped from going to school.

When my world suddenly changed, my priorities changed too.

I had two options. One was to remain silent and wait to be killed. And the second was to speak up and then be killed.

I chose the second one. I decided to speak up.

We could not just stand by and see those injustices of the terrorists denying our rights, ruthlessly killing people and misusing the name of Islam. We decided to raise our voice and tell them: Have you not learnt, have you not learnt that in the Holy Quran Allah says: if you kill one person it is as if you kill the whole humanity?

Do you not know that Mohammad, peace be upon him, the prophet of mercy, he says, “do not harm yourself or others”.

And do you not know that the very first word of the Holy Quran is the word Iqra”, which means read”?

The terrorists tried to stop us and attacked me and my friends who are here today, on our school bus in 2012, but neither their ideas nor their bullets could win.

We survived. And since that day, our voices have grown louder and louder.

I tell my story, not because it is unique, but because it is not.

It is the story of many girls.

Today, I tell their stories too. I have brought with me some of my sisters from Pakistan, from Nigeria and from Syria, who share this story. My brave sisters Shazia and Kainat who were also shot that day on our school bus. But they have not stopped learning. And my brave sister Kainat Soomro who went through severe abuse and extreme violence, even her brother was killed, but she did not succumb.

Also, my sisters here, whom I have met during my Malala Fund campaign. My 16-year-old courageous sister, Mezon from Syria, who now lives in Jordan as refugee and goes from tent to tent encouraging girls and boys to learn. And my sister Amina, from the North of Nigeria, where Boko Haram threatens, and stops girls and even kidnaps girls, just for wanting to go to school.

Though I appear as one girl, though I appear as one girl, one person, who is 5 foot 2 inches tall, if you include my high heels. (It means I am 5 foot only) I am not a lone voice, I am not a lone voice, I am many.

I am Malala. But I am also Shazia.

I am Kainat.

I am Kainat Soomro.

I am Mezon.

I am Amina. I am those 66 million girls who are deprived of education. And today I am not raising my voice, it is the voice of those 66 million girls.

Sometimes people like to ask me why should girls go to school, why is it important for them. But I think the more important question is why shouldn't they, why shouldn't they have this right to go to school.

Dear sisters and brothers, today, in half of the world, we see rapid progress and development. However, there are many countries where millions still suffer from the very old problems of war, poverty, and injustice.

We still see conflicts in which innocent people lose their lives and children become orphans. We see many people becoming refugees in Syria, Gaza and Iraq. In Afghanistan, we see families being killed in suicide attacks and bomb blasts.

Many children in Africa do not have access to education because of poverty. And as I said, we still see, we still see girls who have no freedom to go to school in the north of Nigeria.

Many children in countries like Pakistan and India, as Kailash Satyarthi mentioned, many children, especially in India and Pakistan are deprived of their right to education because of social taboos, or they have been forced into child marriage or into child labour.

One of my very good school friends, the same age as me, who had always been a bold and confident girl, dreamed of becoming a doctor. But her dream remained a dream. At the age of 12, she was forced to get married. And then soon she had a son, she had a child when she herself was still a child – only 14. I know that she could have been a very good doctor.

But she couldn't ... because she was a girl.

Her story is why I dedicate the Nobel Peace Prize money to the Malala Fund, to help give girls quality education, everywhere, anywhere in the world and to raise their voices. The first place this funding will go to is where my heart is, to build schools in Pakistan—especially in my home of Swat and Shangla.

In my own village, there is still no secondary school for girls. And it is my wish and my commitment, and now my challenge to build one so that my friends and my sisters can go there to school and get quality education and to get this opportunity to fulfil their dreams.

This is where I will begin, but it is not where I will stop. I will continue this fight until I see every child, every child in school.

Dear brothers and sisters, great people, who brought change, like Martin Luther King and Nelson Mandela, Mother Teresa and Aung San Suu Kyi, once stood here on this stage. I hope the steps that Kailash Satyarthi and I have taken so far and will take on this journey will also bring change – lasting change.

My great hope is that this will be the last time, this will be the last time we must fight for education. Let's solve this once and for all.

We have already taken many steps. Now it is time to take a leap.

It is not time to tell the world leaders to realise how important education is – they already know it – their own children are in good schools. Now it is time to call them to take action for the rest of the world's children.

We ask the world leaders to unite and make education their top priority.

Fifteen years ago, the world leaders decided on a set of global goals, the Millennium Development Goals. In the years that have followed, we have seen some progress. The number of children out of school has been halved, as Kailash Satyarthi said. However, the world focused only on primary education, and progress did not reach everyone.

In year 2015, representatives from all around the world will meet in the United Nations to set the next set of goals, the Sustainable Development Goals. This will set the world's ambition for the next generations.

The world can no longer accept, the world can no longer accept that basic education is enough. Why do leaders accept that for children in developing countries, only basic literacy is sufficient, when their own children do homework in Algebra, Mathematics, Science and Physics?

Leaders must seize this opportunity to guarantee a free, quality, primary and secondary education for every child.

Some will say this is impractical, or too expensive, or too hard. Or maybe even impossible. But it is time the world thinks bigger.

Dear sisters and brothers, the so-called world of adults may understand it, but we children don't. Why is it that countries which we call strong" are so powerful in creating wars but are so weak in bringing peace? Why is it that giving guns is so easy but giving books is so hard? Why is it, why is it that making tanks is so easy, but building schools is so hard?

We are living in the modern age and we believe that nothing is impossible. We have reached the moon 45 years ago and maybe will soon land on Mars. Then, in this 21st century, we must be able to give every child quality education.

Dear sisters and brothers, dear fellow children, we must work... not wait. Not just the politicians and the world leaders, we all need to contribute. Me. You. We. It is our duty.

Let us become the first generation to decide to be the last, let us become the first generation that decides to be the last that sees empty classrooms, lost childhoods, and wasted potentials.

Let this be the last time that a girl or a boy spends their childhood in a factory.

Let this be the last time that a girl is forced into early child marriage.

Let this be the last time that we see a child out of school.

Let this end with us.

Let's begin this ending ... together ... today ... right here, right now. Let's begin this ending now.

Thank you so much.

Comprehension –I

Short answer questions:

1. Mention the occasion when this lecture was delivered by Malala?
2. Why did Malala feel proud?
3. Who was the Co-recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize with Malala?
4. Who was the Psthun Joan of Arc?
5. What is one of the blessings of life according to Malala?
6. Who burnt down the schools in Swat?
7. What happened to Malala's life in the year 2012?
8. Why did Malala dedicate the Nobel Peace Prize money to the Malala Fund?
9. What did Malala request the world leaders?

Comprehension – II

Paragraph answer questions:

1. How did Malala express her gratitude towards her parents?
2. What was the condition of the education in Swat before the terrorism began?
3. What were the two options left before Malala? What option did she choose and Why?
4. Why is half the population of the world suffering from the problems of war, poverty and injustice?
5. What were Malala's views on education for girls?
6. What are the issues Malala wants to see for the last time?

Comprehension –III

Analytical/discussion Questions

1. How has terrorism become an obstacle in the way of women's development? Explain in the context of the speech.
2. What was the message that Malala tried to convey in her speech?

3. Are our world leaders serious about the issues Malala addressed in her speech? Critically examine their role in the light of views expressed by Malala.

About the Author:

Malala Yousafzai is a Pakistani education advocate who, at the age of 17 in 2014, became the youngest person to win the Nobel Peace Prize after surviving an assassination attempt by the Taliban. Yousafzai became an advocate for girls' education when she herself was still a child, which resulted in the Taliban issuing a death threat against her. On October 9, 2012, a gunman shot Yousafzai when she was travelling home from school. She survived and has continued to speak out on the importance of education. In 2013, she gave a speech to the United Nations and published her first book, *I Am Malala*. The given text is the speech that Malala delivered on receiving the Nobel Peace Prize.

About the text:

Malala is very thankful that the Nobel Committee chose to give her this prize. She thanks her parents and her teachers who inspired her to believe in herself and be brave. She is also proud to be the first Pakistani and the youngest person ever to receive this prize. Because she is so young, she makes a joke about how she still fights with her brothers. In addition, she is happy to receive this prize together with Kailash Satyarthi, who has worked for the rights of children for a long time.

Malala points out that this prize is not just for her. It is a prize for all children who want education, for children who want peace and for children who want change. She says that she is there to stand up for these children's rights, to make people take action and make the world a better place for all children.

"I tell my story not because it is unique, but because it is the story of many girls."

4. Let's Unite

- Syed Shah Saud

Pre- reading activities:

- i. Have a discussion in the classroom about factors affecting world peace.*
- ii. Make collage or poster which reflects the ways of achieving global harmony.*
- iii. Read books/Watch feature films about wars and peace.*
- iv. Make a presentation on music, arts or sports which help people forget the differences they have.*

In this beautiful world
in this one world
we are separated
we are isolated
like the fingers of the hand
like the rays of the sun
the soil beneath our feet
is the same soil
we are separated
like black pebbles
like yellow leaves
we don't share a common culture
we don't share a common religion
let alone a common tongue
or even a common literature
it was an undivided world
but we drew lines on it
beauty, beauty all around
but we scarred it
we measured it
we scaled it with yards and half yards
we spilt it
we sliced it

some was seized by Hindustan
some was seized by Pakistan
some was captured by Russia and China
some was captured for race and religion
some was colonised by America
some was colonised by Africa
some people from the South
shaped Australia
some people from the North
shaped Britain
in short, time divided
this world into seven
some said it was divided by culture
some said it was divided by water
by God, I don't know
who divided it
but people like me and you
divided it
we drew lines on it
first hearts were separated
then tongues were separated
then nations were segregated
we used to live together
then partitioned our homes
may God have mercy on us –
what will we partition next?
will we separate soul from body?
will we separate hand from body?
will we separate sense from senses?
before our body parts are scattered
and our heartbeats separated
like this world
like this beauty
like this splendour

oh lonely friends
oh isolated friends
of this vast world
let's agree with one another
let's become one
like bees and honey
embrace the world
accept one culture
accept one religion
accept one language
accept one literature
let's unite
end the division in the world
like the Berlin Wall
between you and me

Comprehension – I

Short answer questions:

1. How does the world look like to the poet?
2. Who does 'we' refer to in the poem?
3. In what ways are the people divided in this world?
4. Mention the different stages through which people were separated?
5. What does the line mean – “will we separate soul from body?” in the poem?
6. The line “in short, time divided/ this world into seven” could mean _____.
 - a. The world is divided into seven continents
 - b. The number of human races that exist in the world
 - c. Multiple parts of the world
 - d. All of the above
7. Name the figures of speech used in the poem.
8. Who do 'you' and 'me' refer to in the end of the poem?

Comprehension – II

Paragraph answer questions:

1. What factors have divided the world according to the poet?
2. How have the people created different countries? How is it affecting the world?

3. How have different cultures become deterrents in establishing world peace?
4. Bring out the poet's concern in the line "what will we partition next?"
5. With what hope does the poem end? Do you think this is the solution for all the problems that we are facing today?

Comprehension – III

Analytical / Discussion Questions:

1. Explain in what ways 'we' have 'scarred the beauty of the Earth'.
2. Religion and culture which aims to unite people have become sources of hatred and differences. Discuss.
3. Bring out the irony in the poem.
4. Comment on the imagery used in the poem.

About the Author:

Syed Shah Saud is a talented young Pashto poet, born in Peshawar, the biggest city in the Pashtoon inhabited parts of Pakistan, in 1970. He has done an M A in Philosophy from Peshawar University and teaches literature at Government College Peshawar. Shah Saud is known for his originality of thought and a peculiar style in Pashto literary circles. He lives in his ancestral village on the suburbs of Peshawar. He writes ghazals, poems and blank verses and has six Pashto poetry books to his credit. The following poem is published in his first poetry collection called Dray Gotizy Daeray (Triangular Circles) published in 1999.

About the Poem:

The poem sheds light on the current problems which the world is facing. The poet uses vivid imagery to express his concern on whatever has happened till date, that the differences have been increasing and posing a threat to world peace. Having mentioned the vices of the differences that exist in this world, the poem ends with a strong sense of optimism where the poet wants to erase all the differences and calls to unite, to make this world a better living place.

5. When it Rains in Dharamsala

-Tenzin Tsundue

Pre – reading Activities:

- i. *Who is a refugee? Discuss and present your views.*
- ii. *Mention some risks and challenges faced by the refugees.*

When it rains in Dharamsala
raindrops wear boxing gloves,
thousands of them
come crashing down
and beat my room.
Under its tin roof
my room cries from inside
and wets my bed, my papers.
Sometimes the clever rain comes
from behind my room,
the treacherous walls lift
their heels and allow
a small flood into my room.
I sit on my island-nation bed
and watch my country in flood,
notes on freedom,
memoirs of my prison days,
letters from college friends,
crumbs of bread
and Maggi noodles
rise sprightly to the surface
like a sudden recovery
of a forgotten memory.
Three months of torture,
monsoon in the needle-leafed pines
Himalaya rinsed clean
glistens in the evening sun.
Until the rain calms down

and stops beating my room
I need to console my tin roof
who has been on duty
from the British Raj.
This room has sheltered
many homeless people.
Now captured by mongooses
and mice, lizards and spiders,
and partly rented by me.
A rented room for home
is a humbling existence.
My Kashmiri landlady
at eighty cannot return home.
We often compete for beauty
Kashmir or Tibet.

Every evening
I return to my rented room,
But I am not going to die this way.
There has got to be
some way out of here.
I cannot cry like my room
I have cried enough
in prisons and
in small moments of despair.
There has got to be
some way out of here.
I cannot cry,
my room is wet enough.

Glossary:

Treacherous: involving betrayal or deception

Glistens: shine with a sparkling light

Comprehension I**Short answer questions:**

1. What is the wreckage that the rain leaves behind?
2. Who are the other boarders that the poet rooms with?
3. What do the poet and the landlady have in common?
4. What is the duration of the torture?

Comprehension II**Paragraph answer questions:**

1. What are the different types of metaphors that the poet seems to express?
2. What does the poet refuse to accept about his situation?
3. What can be commented on the nature of escape according to the poet?
4. Why do you think the poet is unable to cry?

Comprehension III**Analytical/Discussion questions:**

1. What does the poet wish to escape from?
2. Comment on the nature of the effect of rain on the room.
3. What does the rain/drops symbolise, according to the poet?
4. Comment on the reference of 'country' in accordance to the poet.

About the Author:

Tenzin Tsundue is a writer and activist who hails from a Tibetan refugee family. Born in Manali in the early seventies, Tenzin Tsundue is a rare blend of writer and activist among the Tibetan community. He centered his works around the themes of freedom and his struggle as a refugee. He published his first book of poems, *Crossing the Border*, in 1999 with money begged and borrowed from his classmates at Bombay University. After graduating from Madras, Tsundue broke the rules and regulations, and crossed the Himalayas on foot and entered Tibet, to see the situation of his occupied country. He was arrested by the Chinese officials, and 'pushed back' to India. Tsundue's writings have been published in Indian newspapers and magazines. It has been broadcasted in International media as well. He is also anthologised in Asian and International literary journals.

About the Poem:

Tenzin describes Dharamshala which is a scenic and panoramic hill station, tucked away in the Himalayas. Nestled in the Dhauladhar ranges with thick deodar forests in the background. Due to the geographical location, the climate is very harsh it receives heavy rainfall for three months continuously. The poet draws parallelism here between the trees of Kashmir and Dharamshala. When it rains, the rain coming down on the pine trees are rough & tough with spindly shaped leaves. These trees are different to that of Himalayas.

Keeping in mind that the poet is a refugee, there are themes that run deep with the idea of freedom. The poem talks about his current lodging as a confinement that he needs to escape from. His references to the rain are not merely seen as just rain but something far greater that can have an adverse effect, to the extent where it destroys most of the poet's possessions. There is a level of helplessness that is being experienced by the poet. He doesn't do much but sit on his bed, in no attempt of saving, he watches everything he possesses so dearly, be destroyed by the rain.

Towards the end of the poem, we notice the poet is driven to do something more than being seen as someone merely helpless. It depicts the helplessness of the common man strangled in the dirty games of powerful politics.

6.Yasodhara's Lament

- **Ranjini Obeyesekere**

Pre-reading activities:

- i. *What are some songs of lament that you are familiar with? Discuss this with reference to your culture.*
- ii. *How do you think one should cope with unexpected events in one's life?*
- iii. *What is patriarchy? What is its impact on society?*

My eyes are full, my garments wet, tears fall,
As my husband, nectar-like, I recall.
Abandoning our son,
I know he has now left.
Is there another woman in this world so bereft?

Once in a former birth we were born as squirrels,
And our young one into the ocean's waters fell,
I know how hard you strove to save him then,
My husband, lord, why did you leave him now?

Did I do wrong to bear you a handsome son?
Did I fall short in beauty, goodness, strength?
Was a disrespectful act unwittingly done?
Or did you dream of being a Buddha, conquering death?

My moon-like lord who partook of fragrant food
That I, with special flavors, made for you,
May sweet fruits grow in the forest for you,
And fragrant flowers bloom for my lord of gold

Your cause was Buddhahood—I sensed the signs
Yet I came with you as your wife, every time.
Now let meditation never leave my mind.
Ah! the palace is dark today, oh husband mine!

My lord, on a bed of forest flowers are you sleeping?
Your tender lovely feet are they now hurting?
Are there sufficient gods around you, guarding?
Dear husband, my elephant king, where are you roaming?

May all the forest fruits turn sweet for you.
May men surround you as do bees a flower.
May the sun dim his scorching rays for you.
May gods create shelters for you as you walk.

My lord no longer hears my sad laments.
I don't see my gold-hued lord even in my dreams.
Now I too vow to renounce all worldly pleasures,
Though he has left me, I'll abide by the moral rules.

(Translated by Ranjini Obeyesekere)

Glossary:

Nectar: a sugary fluid secreted within flowers

Bereft: deprived

Partook: to take part

Buddhahood: enlightenment

Abandon: deserted

Garment: clothing

Comprehension I

Short answer questions:

- 1) Which line in the poem tells us that Yashodhara was in grief?
- 2) Yasodhara was born as _____ in her previous birth.
- 3) Yasodhara compares her husband to-
 - a) Sun b) Earth c) Moon d) Water
- 4) What was the goal of Yasodhara's husband?
- 5) Why does the palace seem dark to Yasodhara?

- 6) Mention any two things that Yasodhara wishes for her husband.
- 7) What does Yasodhara finally decide to do?

Comprehension II

Paragraph answer questions:

- 1) Write a note on the concerns shown by Yasodhara.
- 2) How did Yasodhara's husband show his concern towards her and their child in their past life?
- 3) According to Yasodhara, what were her shortcomings?
- 4) Briefly explain the prayers of Yasodhara for her husband.
- 5) Explain the lament and acceptance of Yasodhara.

Comprehension III

Analytical/discussion questions:

- 1) How does Yasodhara express her love and resignation?
- 2) "Yasodhara's Lament" is about the trauma and anguish of any woman dealing with loss and despair. Explain.
- 3) Do you think Yasodhara is a pitiful victim of a patriarchal world? Discuss.

About the Author:

Ranjini Obeyesekere is a Sri Lankan author and translator. She is an independent scholar and retired lecturer of Anthropology at Princeton University. She is the author, editor and translator of several books, including *Portraits of Buddhist Women*, *Stories from Saddarmaratnavatiya* and *Jewels of the Doctrine*. The present poem is an extract from Ranjini Obeyesekere's "*The Yasodharavata*" (the story of Yasodhara), a folk poem on Yasodhara's lament, over the departure of her husband.

About the Poem:

The poem expresses Yasodhara's lament at the loss of her beloved husband, her inability to comprehend why her husband left without telling her when she had always supported him in his quest for Buddhahood and her desperate efforts to come to terms with the finality of his departure, to understand and accept the larger cause that made her husband pursue the course he did.

Background of the poem: Yasodhara was the daughter of King Dandapani and Amita, sister of Buddha's father, King Suddhodana. Yasodhara was wedded to her cousin the Shakya

prince Siddharta at the age of sixteen. She gave birth to their only child, a boy named Rahula at the age of 26. On the seventh night of his son's birth, the Prince Siddharta left the palace, his sleeping wife and son, in search of enlightenment. She was devastated and overcome with grief, decided to reveal her anguish at his desertion.

7. Chitra

(A play in one act)

- Rabindranath Tagore

Pre -reading Activities:

- i. *What is a myth? Discuss some of your favourite mythological stories.*
- ii. *Do you think mythological stories plays a role in today's society?*
- iii. *What is the impact of the mythological stories in today's society?*
- iv. *Is it necessary to keep oneself in disguise to do any charity work?*
- v. *Discuss in groups whether a love story should be of suspense or surprises*

PREFACE

This lyrical drama was written about twenty-five years ago. It is based on the following story from the Mahabharata.

In the course of his wanderings, in fulfilment of a vow of penance, Arjuna came to Manipur. There he saw Chitrangada, the beautiful daughter of Chitravahana, the king of the country. Smitten with her charms, he asked the king for the hand of his daughter in marriage. Chitravahana asked him who he was, and learning that he was Arjuna the Pandava, told him that Prabhanjana, one of his ancestors in the kingly line of Manipur, had long been childless. In order to obtain an heir, he performed severe penances. Pleased with these austerities, the god Shiva gave him this boon, that he and his successors should each have one child. It so happened that the promised child had invariably been a son. He, Chitravahana, was the first to have only a daughter Chitrangada to perpetuate the race. He had, therefore, always treated her as a son and had made her his heir. Continuing, the king said:

'The one son that will be born to her must be the perpetuator of my race. That son will be the price that I shall demand for this marriage. You can take her, if you like, on this condition.'

Arjuna promised and took Chitrangada to wife, and lived in her father's capital for three years. When a son was born to them, he embraced her with affection, and taking leave of her and her father, set out again on his travels.

THE CHARACTERS

GODS:

MADANA (Eros).

VASANTA (Lycoris).

MORTALS:

CHITRA, daughter of the King of Manipur.

ARJUNA, a prince of the house of the Kurus. He is of the Kshatriya or "warrior caste," and during the action is living as a Hermit retired in the forest.

VILLAGERS from an outlying district of Manipur.

SCENE I

Chitra

ART thou the god with the five darts, the Lord of Love?

Madana

I am he who was the first born in the heart of the Creator. I bind in bonds of pain and bliss the lives of men and women!

Chitra

I know, I know what that pain is and those bonds—And who art thou, my lord?

Vasanta

I am his friend—Vasanta—the King of the Seasons. Death and decrepitude would wear the world to the bone but that I follow them and constantly attack them. I am Eternal Youth.

Chitra

I bow to thee, Lord Vasanta.

Madana

But what stern vow is thine, fair stranger? Why dost thou wither thy fresh youth with penance and mortification? Such a sacrifice is not fit for the worship of love. Who art thou and what is thy prayer?

Chitra

I am Chitra, the daughter of the kingly house of Manipur. With godlike grace Lord Shiva promised to my royal grandsire an unbroken line of male descent. Nevertheless, the divine word proved powerless to change the spark of life in my mother's womb—so invincible was my nature, woman though I be.

Madana

I know, that is why thy father brings thee up as his son. He has taught thee the use of the bow and all the duties of a king.

Chitra

Yes, that is why I am dressed in man's attire and have left the seclusion of a woman's chamber. I know no feminine wiles for winning hearts. My hands are strong to bend the bow, but I have never learnt Cupid's archery, the play of eyes.

Madana

That requires no schooling, fair one. The eye does its work untaught, and he knows how well, who is struck in the heart.

Chitra

One day in search of game I roved alone to the forest on the bank of the Purna river. Tying my horse to a tree trunk I entered a dense thicket on the track of a deer. I found a narrow sinuous path meandering through the dusk of the entangled boughs, the foliage vibrated with the chirping of crickets, when of a sudden I came upon a man lying on a bed of dried leaves, across my path. I asked him haughtily to move aside, but he heeded not. Then with the sharp end of my bow I pricked him in contempt. Instantly he leapt up with straight, tall limbs, like a sudden tongue of fire from a heap of ashes. An amused smile flickered round the corners of his mouth, perhaps at the sight of my boyish countenance. Then for the first time in my life I felt myself a woman, and knew that a man was before me.

Madana

At the auspicious hour I teach the man and the woman this supreme lesson to know themselves. What happened after that?

Chitra

With fear and wonder I asked him "Who are you?" "I am Arjuna," he said, "of the great Kuru clan." I stood petrified like a statue, and forgot to do him obeisance. Was this indeed Arjuna, the one great idol of my dreams! Yes, I had long ago heard how he had vowed a twelve-years' celibacy. Many a day my young ambition had spurred me on to break my lance with him, to challenge him in

disguise to single combat, and prove my skill in arms against him. Ah, foolish heart, whither fled thy presumption? Could I but exchange my youth with all its aspirations for the clod of earth under his feet, I should deem it a most precious grace. I know not in what whirlpool of thought I was lost, when suddenly I saw him vanish through the trees. O foolish woman, neither didst thou greet him, nor speak a word, nor beg forgiveness, but stoodest like a barbarian boor while he contemptuously walked away! . . . Next morning, I laid aside my man's clothing. I donned bracelets, anklets, waist-chain, and a gown of purple red silk. The unaccustomed dress clung about my shrinking shame; but I hastened on my quest, and found Arjuna in the forest temple of Shiva.

Madana

Tell me the story to the end. I am the heart-born god, and I understand the mystery of these impulses.

Chitra

Only vaguely can I remember what things I said, and what answer I got. Do not ask me to tell you all. Shame fell on me like a thunderbolt, yet could not break me to pieces, so utterly hard, so like a man am I. His last words as I walked home pricked my ears like red hot needles. "I have taken the vow of celibacy. I am not fit to be thy husband!" Oh, the vow of a man! Surely thou knowest, thou god of love, that unnumbered saints and sages have surrendered the merits of their life-long penance at the feet of a woman. I broke my bow in two and burnt my arrows in the fire. I hated my strong, lithe arm, scored by drawing the bowstring. O Love, god Love, thou hast laid low in the dust the vain pride of my manlike strength; and all my man's training lies crushed under thy feet. Now teach me thy lessons; give me the power of the weak and the weapon of the unarmed hand

Madana

I will be thy friend. I will bring the world-conquering Arjuna a captive before thee, to accept his rebellion's sentence at thy hand.

Chitra

Had I but the time needed, I could win his heart by slow degrees, and ask no help of the gods. I would stand by his side as a comrade, drive the fierce horses of his war-chariot, attend him in the pleasures of the chase, keep guard at night at the entrance of his tent, and help him in all the great duties of a Kshatriya, rescuing the weak, and meting out justice where it is due. Surely at last the day would have come for him to look at me and wonder, "What boy is this? Has one of my slaves in a former life followed me like my good deeds into this?" I am not the woman who nourishes her despair in lonely silence, feeding it with nightly tears and covering it with the daily patient smile, a widow from her birth. The flower of my desire shall never drop into the dust before it has ripened to fruit. But it is the labour of a life time to make one's true self known and honoured. Therefore, I have come to thy door, thou world-vanquishing Love, and thou, Vasanta, youthful Lord of the Seasons, take from my young body this primal injustice, an unattractive plainness. For a single day make me superbly beautiful, even as beautiful as was the sudden blooming of love in my heart. Give me but one brief day of perfect beauty, and I will answer for the days that follow.

Madana

Lady, I grant thy prayer.

Vasanta

Not for the short span of a day, but for one whole year the charm of spring blossoms shall nestle round thy limbs.

SCENE II

Arjuna

WAS I dreaming or was what I saw by the lake truly there? Sitting on the mossy turf, I mused over bygone years in the sloping shadows of the evening, when slowly there came out from the folding darkness of foliage an apparition of beauty in the

perfect form of a woman, and stood on a white slab of stone at the water's brink. It seemed that the heart of the earth must heave in joy under her bare white feet. Methought the vague veilings of her body should melt in ecstasy into air as the golden mist of dawn melts from off the snowy peak of the eastern hill. She bowed herself above the shining mirror of the lake and saw the reflection of her face. She started up in awe and stood still; then smiled, and with a careless sweep of her left arm unloosed her hair and let it trail on the earth at her feet. She bared her bosom and looked at her arms, so flawlessly modelled, and instinct with an exquisite caress. Bending her head she saw the sweet blossoming of her youth and the tender bloom and blush of her skin. She beamed with a glad surprise. So, if the white lotus bud on opening her eyes in the morning were to arch her neck and see her shadow in the water, would she wonder at herself the livelong day. But a moment after the smile passed from her face and a shade of sadness crept into her eyes. She bound up her tresses, drew her veil over her arms, and sighing slowly, walked away like a beauteous evening fading into the night. To me the supreme fulfilment of desire seemed to have been revealed in a flash and then to have vanished... But who is it that pushes the door?

(Enter CHITRA, dressed as a woman.)

Ah! it is she. Quiet, my heart! . . . Fear me not, lady! I am a Kshatriya.

Chitra

Honoured sir, you are my guest. I live in this temple. I know not in what way I can show you hospitality.

Arjuna

Fair lady, the very sight of you is indeed the highest hospitality. If you will not take it amiss I would ask you a question.

Chitra

You have permission.

Arjuna

What stern vow keeps you immured in this solitary temple,
depriving all mortals of a vision of so much loveliness?

Chitra

I harbour a secret desire in my heart, for the fulfilment of
which I offer daily prayers to Lord Shiva.

Arjuna

Alas, what can you desire, you who are the desire of the whole
world! From the easternmost hill on whose summit the morning sun
first prints his fiery foot to the end of the sunset land have I
travelled. I have seen whatever is most precious, beautiful and
great on the earth. My knowledge shall be yours, only say for
what or for whom you seek.

Chitra

He whom I seek is known to all.

Arjuna

Indeed! Who may this favourite of the gods be, whose fame has
captured your heart?

Chitra

Sprung from the highest of all royal houses, the greatest of all
heroes is he.

Arjuna

Lady, offer not such wealth of beauty as is yours on the altar of
false reputation. Spurious fame spreads from tongue to tongue
like the fog of the early dawn before the sun rises. Tell me who
in the highest of kingly lines is the supreme hero?

Chitra

Hermit, you are jealous of other men's fame. Do you not know
that all over the world the royal house of the Kurus is the most
famous?

Arjuna

The house of the Kurus!

Chitra

And have you never heard of the greatest name of that far-famed

house?

Arjuna

From your own lips let me hear it.

Chitra

Arjuna, the conqueror of the world. I have culled from the mouths of the multitude that imperishable name and hidden it with care in my maiden heart. Hermit, why do you look perturbed? Has that name only a deceitful glitter? Say so, and I will not hesitate to break this casket of my heart and throw the false gem to the dust.

Arjuna

Be his name and fame, his bravery and prowess false or true, for mercy's sake do not banish him from your heart—for he kneels at your feet even now.

Chitra

You, Arjuna!

Arjuna

Yes, I am he, the love-hungered guest at your door.

Chitra

Then it is not true that Arjuna has taken a vow of chastity for twelve long years?

Arjuna

But you have dissolved my vow even as the moon dissolves the night's vow of obscurity.

Chitra

Oh, shame upon you! What have you seen in me that makes you false to yourself? Whom do you seek in these dark eyes, in these milk-white arms, if you are ready to pay for her the price of your probity? Not my true self, I know. Surely this cannot be love, this is not man's highest homage to woman! Alas, that this frail disguise, the body, should make one blind to the light of the deathless spirit! Yes, now indeed, I know, Arjuna, the fame of your heroic manhood is false.

Arjuna

Ah, I feel how vain is fame, the pride of prowess! Everything seems to me a dream. You alone are perfect; you are the wealth of the world, the end of all poverty, the goal of all efforts, the one woman! Others there are who can be but slowly known. While to see you for a moment is to see perfect completeness once and for ever.

Chitra

Alas, it is not I, not I, Arjuna! It is the deceit of a god. Go, go, my hero, go. Woo not falsehood, offer not your great heart to an illusion. Go.

SCENE III

Chitra

No, impossible. To face that fervent gaze that almost grasps you like clutching hands of the hungry spirit within; to feel his heart struggling to break its bounds urging its passionate cry through the entire body—and then to send him away like a beggar—no, impossible.

(Enter MADANA and VASANTA.)

Ah, god of love, what fearful flame is this with which thou hast enveloped me! I burn, and I burn whatever I touch.

Madana

I desire to know what happened last night.

Chitra

At evening I lay down on a grassy bed strewn with the petals of spring flowers, and recollected the wonderful praise of my beauty I had heard from Arjuna; drinking drop by drop the honey that I had stored during the long day. The history of my past life like that of my former existences was forgotten. I felt like a flower, which has but a few fleeting hours to listen to all the humming flatteries and whispered murmurs of the woodlands and then must lower its eyes from the Sky, bend its head and at a breath give itself up to the dust without a cry, thus ending the short story of a perfect moment that has neither past nor future.

Vasanta

A limitless life of glory can bloom and spend itself in a morning.

Madana

Like an endless meaning in the narrow span of a song.

Chitra

The southern breeze caressed me to sleep. From the flowering Malati bower overhead silent kisses dropped over my body. On my hair, my breast, my feet, each flower chose a bed to die on. I slept. And, suddenly in the depth of my sleep, I felt as if some intense eager look, like tapering fingers of flame, touched my slumbering body. I started up and saw the Hermit standing before me. The moon had moved to the west, peering through the leaves to espy this wonder of divine art wrought in a fragile human frame. The air was heavy with perfume; the silence of the night was vocal with the chirping of crickets; the reflections of the trees hung motionless in the lake; and with his staff in his hand he stood, tall and straight and still, like a forest tree. It seemed to me that I had, on opening my eyes, died to all realities of life and undergone a dream birth into a shadow land. Shame slipped to my feet like loosened clothes. I heard his call—"Beloved, my most beloved!" And all my forgotten lives united as one and responded to it. I said, "Take me, take all I am!" And I stretched out my arms to him. The moon set behind the trees. One curtain of darkness covered all. Heaven and earth, time and space, pleasure and pain, death and life merged together in an unbearable ecstasy... With the first gleam of light, the first twitter of birds, I rose up and sat leaning on my left arm. He lay asleep with a vague smile about his lips like the crescent moon in the morning. The rosy red glow of the dawn fell upon his noble forehead. I sighed and stood up. I drew together the leafy lianas to screen the streaming sun from his face. I looked about me and saw the same old earth. I remembered what I used to be, and ran and ran like a deer afraid of her own shadow, through the forest path strewn with shephali flowers. I found a lonely nook, and sitting down covered my face with both hands, and tried to weep and cry. But no tears came to my eyes.

Madana

Alas, thou daughter of mortals! I stole from the divine Storehouse the fragrant wine of heaven, filled with it one

earthly night to the brim, and placed it in thy hand to drink—
yet still I hear this cry of anguish!

Chitra [bitterly]

Who drank it? The rarest completion of life's desire, the first union of love was proffered to me, but was wrested from my grasp? This borrowed beauty, this falsehood that enwraps me, will slip from me taking with it the only monument of that sweet union, as the petals fall from an overblown flower; and the woman ashamed of her naked poverty will sit weeping day and night. Lord Love, this cursed appearance companions me like a demon robbing me of all the prizes of love—all the kisses for which my heart is athirst.

Madana

Alas, how vain thy single night had been! The barque of joy came in sight, but the waves would not let it touch the shore.

Chitra

Heaven came so close to my hand that I forgot for a moment that it had not reached me. But when I woke in the morning from my dream I found that my body had become my own rival. It is my hateful task to deck her every day, to send her to my beloved and see her caressed by him. O god, take back thy boon!

Madana

But if I take it from you how can you stand before your lover? To snatch away the cup from his lips when he has scarcely drained his first draught of pleasure, would not that be cruel? With what resentful anger he must regard thee then?

Chitra

That would be better far than this. I will reveal my true self to him, a nobler thing than this disguise. If he rejects it, if he spurns me and breaks my heart; I will bear even that in silence.

Vasanta

Listen to my advice. When with the advent of autumn, the flowering season is over then comes the triumph of fruitage. A

time will come of itself when the heat-cloyed bloom of the body will droop and Arjuna will gladly accept the abiding fruitful truth in thee. O child, go back to thy mad festival.

SCENE IV

Chitra

WHY do you watch me like that, my warrior?

Arjuna

I watch how you weave that garland. Skill and grace, the twin brother and sister, are dancing playfully on your fingertips. I am watching and thinking.

Chitra

What are you thinking, sir?

Arjuna

I am thinking that you, with this same lightness of touch and sweetness, are weaving my days of exile into an immortal wreath, to crown me when I return home.

Chitra

Home! But this love is not for a home!

Arjuna

Not for a home?

Chitra

No. Never talk of that. Take to your home what is abiding and strong. Leave the little wild flower where it was born; leave it beautifully to die at the day's end among all fading blossoms and decaying leaves. Do not take it to your palace hall to fling it on the stony floor which knows no pity for things that fade and are forgotten.

Arjuna

Is ours that kind of love?

Chitra

Yes, no other! Why regret it? That which was meant for idle days should never outlive them. Joy turns into pain when the

door by which it should depart is shut against it. Take it and keep it as long as it lasts. Let not the satiety of your evening claim more than the desire of your morning could earn ... The day is done. Put this garland on. I am tired. Take me in your arms, my love. Let all vain bickering of discontent die away at the sweet meeting of our lips.

Arjuna

Hush! Listen, my beloved, the sound of prayer bells from the distant village temple steals upon the evening air across the silent trees!

SCENE V

Vasanta

I CANNOT keep pace with thee, my friend! I am tired. It is a hard task to keep alive the fire thou hast kindled. Sleep overtakes me, the fan drops from my hand, and cold ashes cover the glow of the fire. I start up again from my slumber and with all my might rescue the weary flame. But this can go on no longer.

Madana

I know, thou art as fickle as a child. Ever restless is thy play in heaven and on earth. Things that thou for days buildest up with endless detail thou dost shatter in a moment without regret. But this work of ours is nearly finished. Pleasure-winged days fly fast, and the year, almost at its end, swoons in rapturous bliss.

SCENE VI

Arjuna

I woke in the morning and found that my dreams had distilled a gem. I have no casket to enclose it, no king's crown whereon to fix it, no chain from which to hang it, and yet have not the heart to throw it away. My Kshatriya's right arm, idly occupied in holding it, forgets its duties.

(Enter CHITRA.)

Chitra

Tell me your thoughts, sir!

Arjuna

My mind is busy with thoughts of hunting today. See, how the rain pours in torrents and fiercely beats upon the hillside. The dark shadow of the clouds hangs heavily over the forest, and the swollen stream, like reckless youth, overleaps all barriers with mocking laughter. On such rainy days we five brothers would go to the Chitraka forest to chase wild beasts. Those were glad times. Our hearts danced to the drumbeat of rumbling clouds. The woods resounded with the screams of peacocks. Timid deer could not hear our approaching steps for the patter of rain and the noise of waterfalls; the leopards would leave their tracks on the wet earth, betraying their lairs. Our sport over, we dared each other to swim across turbulent streams on our way back home. The restless spirit is on me. I long to go hunting.

Chitra

First run down the quarry you are now following. Are you quite certain that the enchanted deer you pursue must needs be caught? No, not yet. Like a dream the wild creature eludes you when it seems most nearly yours. Look how the wind is chased by the mad rain that discharges a thousand arrows after it. Yet it goes free and unconquered. Our sport is like that, my love! You give chase to the fleet-footed spirit of beauty, aiming at her every dart you have in your hands. Yet this magic deer runs ever free and untouched.

Arjuna

My love, have you no home where kind hearts are waiting for your return? A home which you once made sweet with your gentle service and whose light went out when you left it for this wilderness?

Chitra

Why these questions? Are the hours of unthinking pleasure over? Do you not know that I am no more than what you see before you?

For me there is no vista beyond. The dew that hangs on the tip of a Kinsuka petal has neither name nor destination. It offers no answer to any question. She whom you love is like that perfect bead of dew.

Arjuna

Has she no tie with the world? Can she be merely like a fragment of heaven dropped on the earth through the carelessness of a wanton god?

Chitra

Yes.

Arjuna

Ah, that is why I always seem about to lose you. My heart is unsatisfied, my mind knows no peace. Come closer to me, unattainable one! Surrender yourself to the bonds of name and home and parentage. Let my heart feel you on all sides and live with you in the peaceful security of love.

Chitra

Why this vain effort to catch and keep the tints of the clouds, the dance of the waves, the smell of the flowers?

Arjuna

Mistress mine, do not hope to pacify love with airy nothings. Give me something to clasp, something that can last longer than pleasure, that can endure even through suffering.

Chitra

Hero mine, the year is not yet full, and you are tired already! Now I know that it is Heaven's blessing that has made the flower's term of life short. Could this body of mine have drooped and died with the flowers of last spring it surely would have died with honour. Yet, its days are numbered, my love. Spare it not, press it dry of honey, for fear your beggar's heart come back to it again and again with unsated desire, like a thirsty bee when summer blossoms lie dead in the dust.

SCENE VII

Madana

TONIGHT, is thy last night.

Vasanta

The loveliness of your body will return tomorrow to the inexhaustible stores of the spring. The ruddy tint of thy lips freed from the memory of Arjuna's kisses, will bud anew as a pair of fresh asoka leaves, and the soft, white glow of thy skin will be born again in a hundred fragrant jasmine flowers.

Chitra

O gods, grant me this my prayer! Tonight, in its last hour let my beauty flash its brightest, like the final flicker of a dying flame.

Madana

Thou shalt have thy wish.

SCENE VIII

Villagers

WHO will protect us now?

Arjuna

Why, by what danger are you threatened?

Villagers

The robbers are pouring from the northern hills like a mountain flood to devastate our village.

Arjuna

Have you in this kingdom no warden?

Villagers

Princess Chitra was the terror of all evil doers. While she was in this happy land we feared natural deaths, but had no other fears. Now she has gone on a pilgrimage, and none knows where to find her.

Arjuna

Is the warden of this country a woman?

Villagers

Yes, she is our father and mother in one.

[Exeunt.

(Enter CHITRA.)

Chitra

Why are you sitting all alone?

Arjuna

I am trying to imagine what kind of woman Princess Chitra may be.
I hear so many stories of her from all sorts of men.

Chitra

Ah, but she is not beautiful. She has no such lovely eyes as mine, dark as death. She can pierce any target she will, but not our hero's heart.

Arjuna

They say that in valour she is a man, and a woman in tenderness.

Chitra

That, indeed, is her greatest misfortune. When a woman is merely a woman; when she winds herself round and round men's hearts with her smiles and sobs and services and caressing endearments; then she is happy. Of what use to her are learning and great achievements? Could you have seen her only yesterday in the court of the Lord Shiva's temple by the forest path, you would have passed by without deigning to look at her. But have you grown so weary of woman's beauty that you seek in her for a man's strength?

With green leaves wet from the spray of the foaming waterfall, I have made our noonday bed in a cavern dark as night. There the cool of the soft green mosses thick on the black and dripping stone, kisses your eyes to sleep. Let me guide you thither.

Arjuna

Not today, beloved.

Chitra

Why not today?

Arjuna

I have heard that a horde of robbers has neared the plains.
Needs must I go and prepare my weapons to protect the frightened
villagers.

Chitra

You need have no fear for them. Before she started on her
pilgrimage, Princess Chitra had set strong guards at all the
frontier passes.

Arjuna

Yet permit me for a short while to set about a Kshatriya's work.
With new glory will I ennoble this idle arm, and make of it a
pillow more worthy of your head.

Chitra

What if I refuse to let you go, if I keep you entwined in my
arms? Would you rudely snatch yourself free and leave me? Go
then! But you must know that the liana, once broken in two,
never joins again. Go, if your thirst is quenched. But, if not,
then remember that the goddess of pleasure is fickle, and waits
for no man. Sit for a while, my lord! Tell me what uneasy
thoughts tease you. Who occupied your mind today? Is it Chitra?

Arjuna

Yes, it is Chitra. I wonder in fulfilment of what vow she has
gone on her pilgrimage. Of what could she stand in need?

Chitra

Her needs? Why, what has she ever had, the unfortunate creature?
Her very qualities are as prison walls, shutting her woman's
heart in a bare cell. She is obscured, she is unfulfilled. Her
womanly love must content itself dressed in rags; beauty is
denied her. She is like the spirit of a cheerless morning,
sitting upon the stony mountain peak, all her light blotted out
by dark clouds. Do not ask me of her life. It will never sound
sweet to man's ear.

Arjuna

I am eager to learn all about her. I am like a traveller come to

a strange city at midnight. Domes and towers and garden-trees look vague and shadowy, and the dull moan of the sea comes fitfully through the silence of sleep. Wistfully he waits for the morning to reveal to him all the strange wonders. Oh, tell me her story.

Chitra

What more is there to tell?

Arjuna

I seem to see her, in my mind's eye, riding on a white horse, proudly holding the reins in her left hand, and in her right a bow, and like the Goddess of Victory dispensing glad hope all round her. Like a watchful lioness she protects the litter at her dugs with a fierce love. Woman's arms, though adorned with naught but unfettered strength, are beautiful! My heart is restless, fair one, like a serpent reviving from his long winter's sleep. Come, let us both race on swift horses' side by side, like twin orbs of light sweeping through space. Out from this slumbrous prison of green gloom, this dank, dense cover of perfumed intoxication, choking breath.

Chitra

Arjuna, tell me true, if, now at once, by some magic I could shake myself free from this voluptuous softness, this timid bloom of beauty shrinking from the rude and healthy touch of the world, and fling it from my body like borrowed clothes, would you be able to bear it? If I stand up straight and strong with the strength of a daring heart spurning the wiles and arts of twining weakness, if I hold my head high like a tall young mountain fir, no longer trailing in the dust like a liana, shall I then appeal to man's eye? No, no, you could not endure it. It is better that I should keep spread about me all the dainty playthings of fugitive youth, and wait for you in patience. When it pleases you to return, I will smilingly pour out for you the wine of pleasure in the cup of this beauteous body. When you are tired and satiated with this wine, you can go to work or play; and when

I grow old I will accept humbly and gratefully whatever corner is left for me. Would it please your heroic soul if the playmate of the night aspired to be the helpmeet of the day, if the left arm learnt to share the burden of the proud right arm?

Arjuna

I never seem to know you aright. You seem to me like a goddess hidden within a golden image. I cannot touch you, I cannot pay you my dues in return for your priceless gifts. Thus, my love is incomplete. Sometimes in the enigmatic depth of your sad look, in your playful words mocking at their own meaning, I gain glimpses of a being trying to rend asunder the languorous grace of her body, to emerge in a chaste fire of pain through a vaporous veil of smiles. Illusion is the first appearance of Truth. She advances towards her lover in disguise. But a time comes when she throws off her ornaments and veils and stands clothed in naked dignity. I grope for that ultimate you, that bare simplicity of truth.

Why these tears, my love? Why cover your face with your hands? Have I pained you, my darling? Forget what I said. I will be content with the present. Let each separate moment of beauty come to me like a bird of mystery from its unseen nest in the dark bearing a message of music. Let me for ever sit with my hope on the brink of its realization, and thus end my days.

SCENE IX

CHITRA and ARJUNA

Chitra [cloaked]

My lord, has the cup been drained to the last drop? Is this, indeed, the end? No, when all is done something still remains, and that is my last sacrifice at your feet.

I brought from the garden of heaven flowers of incomparable beauty with which to worship you, god of my heart. If the rites are over, if the flowers have faded, let me throw them out of the

temple [unveiling in her original male attire]. Now, look at your worshipper with gracious eyes.

I am not beautifully perfect as the flowers with which I worshipped. I have many flaws and blemishes. I am a traveller in the great world-path, my garments are dirty, and my feet are bleeding with thorns. Where should I achieve flower-beauty, the unsullied loveliness of a moment's life? The gift that I proudly bring you is the heart of a woman. Here have all pains and joys gathered, the hopes and fears and shames of a daughter of the dust; here love springs up struggling toward immortal life. Herein lies an imperfection which yet is noble and grand. If the flower-service is finished, my master, accept this as your servant for the days to come!

I am Chitra, the king's daughter. Perhaps you will remember the day when a woman came to you in the temple of Shiva, her body loaded with ornaments and finery. That shameless woman came to court you as though she were a man. You rejected her; you did well. My lord, I am that woman. She was my disguise. Then by the boon of gods I obtained for a year the most radiant form that a mortal ever wore, and wearied my hero's heart with the burden of that deceit. Most surely, I am not that woman.

I am Chitra. No goddess to be worshipped, nor yet the object of common pity to be brushed aside like a moth with indifference. If you deign to keep me by your side in the path of danger and daring, if you allow me to share the great duties of your life, then you will know my true self. If your babe, whom I am nourishing in my womb be born a son, I shall myself teach him to be a second Arjuna, and send him to you when the time comes, and then at last you will truly know me. Today I can only offer you Chitra, the daughter of a king.

Arjuna

Beloved, my life is full.

Glossary:

Decrepitude: worn out or weakened because of age & neglect

Penance: an act done as a punishment for or acknowledgement of wrongdoing.

Mortification: embarrassment or humiliate

Invincible: too powerful to be defeated

Seclusion: state of being private and away from other people

Sinuous: curving or gracefully swaying

Meandering: following a winding course, to wander aimlessly

Countenance: a person's face or facial expression

Contemptuously: lack of respect

Spurious: false or fake

Perturbed: feeling anxious or concern

Fervent: very passionate

Slumbering: sleeping

Rapturous: expressing great pleasure or enthusiasm.

Obscured: keep from being seen or conceal

Enigmatic: difficult to interpret

Unsullied: not spoiled

Comprehension – I

Short answer questions:

- 1) Who is the king of Seasons and Eternal Youth?
- 2) According to Madana, what sacrifice wasn't fit for the worship of love?
- 3) Whose heart would Chitra win slowly?
- 4) Who dissolved the vow of Arjuna?
- 5) Why does the moon dissolve according to Arjuna?
- 6) Where would the five brothers go to chase the wild beasts?
- 7) What doesn't have a name or destination?
- 8) What does Chitra pray for at the last hour of the night?
- 9) What did the villagers say to Arjuna about Chitra?
- 10) What is broken and never can join, according to Chitra?

Comprehension-II

Paragraph answer questions:

- 1) Why does Chitra say that nature is invincible and solitude to a woman's Chamber?
- 2) Write briefly about Chitra's experience in the forest?
- 3) Why does Chitra ask the Lord of Seasons to make her beautiful for a day?
- 4) What does Chitra say to Madana on seeing Arjuna?
- 5) Why does Chitra feel that her man's training has been crushed under thy feet?
- 6) Why do Madana and Vasanta always appear together to advise Chitra in the play?
- 7) How does Chitra stand for a common woman in the play?
- 8) Why are Chitrangada and Arjuna, an example for a symbol of human love?

Comprehension –III

Analytical/discussion questions:

- 1) Illustrate with examples the suspense and surprise plotted in the story.
- 2) How does Tagore present the sensible and revolutionary ideal of a woman in the play "Chitra"?
- 3) The play "Chitra" is a fine example of truth and illusion. Explain
- 4) Tagore's "Chitra" is a dramatic sermon on the theme of true love and the work of supreme art. Explain.

About the Author:

Rabindranath Tagore was born on 7 May 1861 – 7 August 1941) to a Brahma Hindu family from Calcutta with ancestral gentry roots in Burdwan District also known by his pen name **Bhanu Singha Thakur (Bhonita)**. As humanist, universalist, internationalist, and ardent anti-nationalist, he denounced the British Raj and advocated independence from Britain.

He founded Visva-Bharati University. He reshaped Bengali literature and music, as well as Indian art with Contextual Modernism in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. He became in 1913 the first non-European to win the Nobel Prize in Literature. He is sometimes referred to as "The Bard of Bengal". *Gitanjali (Song Offerings)*, *Gora (Fair-Faced)*

and *Ghare-Baire (The Home and the World)* are his best-known works. His compositions were chosen by two nations as national anthems: India's *Jana Gana Mana* and Bangladesh's *Amar Shonar Bangla*. The Sri Lankan national anthem was inspired by his work.

About the Text:

The play adapts the story of Chitrangada and Arjuna from Mahabharata. Chitra begins a conversation with Madana, the God of Love and Vasanta, the God of Spring time and expresses her feeling as to how she is been raised like a boy and never had a chance to truly live as a woman. She meets her warrior hero and falls in love instantly and approaches him but Arjuna turns her away due to his vows. Chitra prays to the two Gods to give her perfect beauty to win his heart as she had been spurned by Arjuna and saw a false image of herself. Chitra is advised by Vasanta to spend a year with Arjuna so that he would embrace the true Chitra. Arjuna was informed by the villagers that Manipur was under attack but the woman (Chitra) in disguise assures that the city was well protected. Arjuna's mind is occupied by the thought of Princess whose identity was kept as a secret and his love is incomplete. Finally at the end of the play, the woman admits as she is Princess Chitra and if Arjuna accepts her she would remain with him forever. As he hears this, Arjuna's heart is filled with joy and he states that his life is truly full.

LANGUAGE COMPONENT

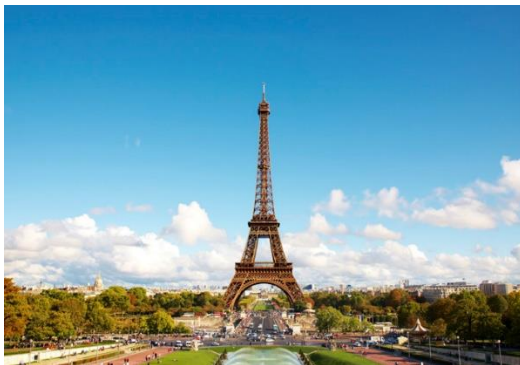
1. Caption writing

The definition of a caption is a heading or title, or words on a screen that communicate what is being said. A caption could be a title of a magazine article, a descriptive title under a photograph, and the words at the bottom of a television or movie screen to translate the dialogue into another language. Strong captions answer **who, what, where, when and why** of every concept and draw the readers into the spread and are always factual.

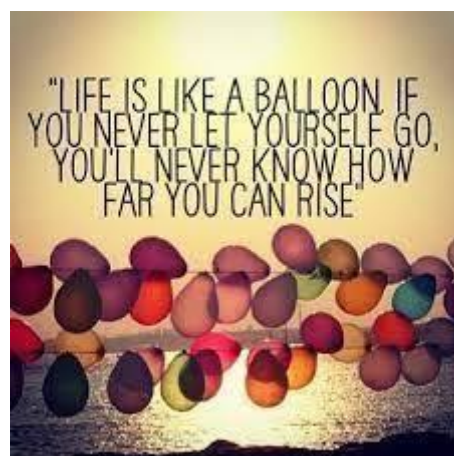
Here are some tips for writing effective captions.

1. Check the facts.
2. Captions should add new information.
3. Always identify the main idea in the image or concept.
4. Conversational language works best.
5. The tone of the caption should match the tone of the image or concept.

Worked out Examples - I:



THE UGLY TOWER OF IRON



The captions are also used in popularising the events, concepts or campaigns with a social or political cause. In such cases, catchy captions are used to reach out to more people and their participation. The examples are given both for pictures and for events and campaigns.

Worked out Examples - II:

1. You are the President of an Adventure club. You are inviting the youth to view the beautiful sight of sunrise at Nandi Hills. Write two captions to campaign about adventure.

- A) Don't miss the golden moment, perfect combo of vibrant and warm colours.
- B) Wake up with the Sun- It's Exhilarating
- C) Opportunities are like Sunrise

2. Forest Department has announced that every citizen should join hands to plant trees.

Write a caption for this campaign.

- A) A person who plants a tree, plants hope
- B) Trees are poems that the Earth writes upon the sky.
- C) All our wisdom is stored in the trees.

3. The Griha Association has organised a rally to create awareness for the safety of the working women in various sectors. Prepare two captions for the rally.

- A) A strong woman builds her own world.
- B) A woman with a voice, is a strong woman.
- C) The day will come when man will recognize a woman as his peer.

4. Government has organised an event to create awareness about educating a girl child. You are asked to write two captions for this programme.

- A) Educate a Girl, Empower a Nation.
- B) The best way to save the environment-educate a woman,
- C) God has given a daughter to preserve the human species on Earth.

5. SWASTH WELFARE ORGANISATION invites students to create awareness in the people about Global Warming. Create two captions for it.

- A) If we destroy creation, Creation will destroy us.
- B) The Earth isn't dying, it's being killed.
- C) Our Trees are our Lungs, The Air our breath and the Earth our Body. Preserve Carefully.

Points to remember:

Describe the ACTION that is going on in the image / concept (without stating the obvious)

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➤ **Points to remember:**

- Describe the **ACTION** that is going on in the image / concept (without stating the obvious)

- Write short sentences using Present Tense Form
- Use active voice
- Provide information that gives **BACKGROUND** about the event in the photo
- Should answer any of the W's not answered in "Action".

Task - I: Write Captions on the pictures given below.

1.



2.



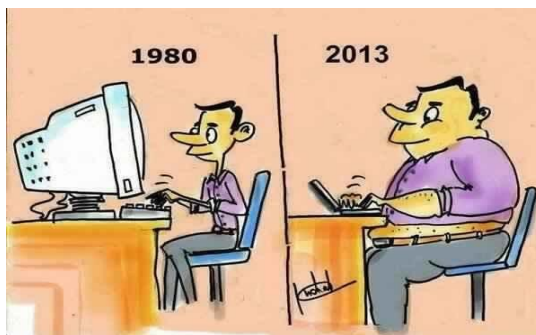
3.



4.



5.



Task - II:

- 1) Write two captions to create an awareness on Water Pollution.
- 2) You are one of the volunteers working for an NGO. You want to raise funds for the welfare of the children. Prepare two captions about the campaign.
- 3) A Book Exhibition has been arranged in your City. Create an awareness to develop the habit of reading. Write two captions.
- 4) Prepare two captions for the Gear up Association who is inviting people to join the group for cycling to create awareness on how to live A Happy and A Healthy Life.
- 5) BESCOM has advertised in Times of India newspaper asking interested candidates to volunteer for Power Saving or Save Electricity. Prepare two captions for it.

1. Leaflet Writing

Leaflet is a piece of paper containing information about a particular subject. The "pamphlet" meaning arose in the 1800s, from leaf, or "page of a book." A leaflet is considered to have a better design than a flyer. The standard size of a leaflet is that of an A6 sheet. In terms of cost too, it is a bit more expensive. They are mostly printed in colours. They can be circulated by either handing them over to the concerned audience, or inserting it in the local newspaper. Not only this, leaflets are often placed tactically where people are bound to take a look. For example, at tables in restaurants, etc.

How to write a leaflet?

The following steps can be followed to write a leaflet:

1. Establish the purpose of a leaflet
2. Create catchy headlines
3. Include the key details like what (nature of the event, venture etc.), why (purpose), where(venue), when(time) etc.,
4. Get straight to the point and be informative
5. Finish with a call to action

While preparing a leaflet, REMEMBER TO

- Use short, snappy sentences
- Use persuasive language and a few rhetoric sentence structures, positive adjectives to urge the audience to take action
- Use an appropriate, catchy title
- Use bullet points for the important details and avoid long paragraphs
- Use borders, shapes, different fonts and styles if possible, to get the immediate attention of the reader and keep the drawings, sketches and paintings to the minimum.
- Fill in the essential information only

The structure and layout of a leaflet would include

- Attention grabbing title
- Short introduction
- Headings in bold letters
- Concise, organized sentences/ bullet points
- Pictures or sketches if required as borders or to the sides of the leaflet
- Urging to take an action

Sample leaflet template:

Name of the organization:		
Date: Place: Time:	Call for action	Details of the event
Contact details:		

A sample of a leaflet would be:

Join Our Computer Training Centre

Admissions open for the following courses.
Do visit the centre.
Get information and enroll the courses.
Do not fear. We build career.
Get job or start your own business.

Courses :-

- ♣ MS-CIT
- ♣ Tally
- ♣ Computer Hardware
- ♣ D.T.P.
- ♣ MS- Office
- ♣ C and C++

Duration :- 3 Months to 1 Year
Fees :- Rs. 3000 to 15000
(As per the selected course)
Speciality:-

- Qualified Staff
- Personal Guidance
- Ample practice
- Effective study material


(Free course of web designing to the first 50 participants)

Swami Systems, Tech solutions, M.I.D.C., Chalisgaon

Tasks:

1. Design a leaflet on the session of Dr. Pallavi Jha, General Physician, who will be addressing the students on the preventive measures of Covid – 19.
2. You are starting a new computer training centre. Design a leaflet, advertising your new venture.
3. Write a leaflet informing people to donate household and food items to be given to the sealed down/ Covid - 19 affected areas of the city.
4. You are beginning yoga and meditation classes shortly. Design a leaflet with the essential details in it.
5. You are beginning a training course in acting and cinematography skills. Write a leaflet publicizing it.

2. Giving Instructions

Instructions are detailed information about how a task should be done. It is also advice and information about how to use something. Furthermore, it is the act of educating and giving steps that must be followed in an order.

We often need to describe how to do various tasks for which it is essential to give instructions. Let us study the various ways of Giving Instructions. We can classify instructions into three types:

1. Using a device
2. Describing a task
3. Utilising general services.

1. Using A Device

➤ How to Use a Washing Machine:

- 1) Turn on the switch connected to the washing machine.
- 2) Put the clothes in the washing machine.
- 3) Put the detergent in the detergent compartment (you can use liquid or powder)
- 4) Add bleach or fabric softener in the correct compartment.
- 5) Choose programme.
- 6) Choose temperature according to fabric type.
- 7) Press start button.

DO NOT OPEN THE DOOR WHILE THE MACHINE IS RUNNING.



➤ **How to use a dish washer:**

DISHWASHER - Instructions Manual

- 1.- Arrange cutlery and crockery in baskets.
- 2.- Push baskets into the machine.
- 3.- Put 2 level tablespoons of cleaning agent in the dispenser.
- 4.- Close the door.
- 5.- Check rise-aid level indicator.
- 6.- Check salt level indicator.
- 7.- Press programme button.
- 8.- Turn on the water tap.

When the programme is finished, the machine will stop automatically.

- 9.- Press the off button.



❖ **Verbs Related to Using Devices**

Switch off/on, turn on/off, insert, plug in, increase, decrease, push, release, click, move, key in, tune, adjust, open, close, set, place, press, slide, add, hold

2. Describing a Task:

➤ **Instructions to replace a light bulb:**

- 1) **Firstly**, turn off the electricity.
- 2) **Second**, remove the light bulb.
- 3) **Then**, screw in the new light bulb.
- 4) **Finally**, turn the electricity on and switch on the light.

You can also say “after that” instead of “then” and “first” / “second” instead of “firstly” and “secondly”.

➤ **Instructions on how to mop the floor:**

- 1) Sweep the floor before you mop.
- 2) Take half a bucket of water and put a few drops of detergent in it.
- 3) Dip the mop in the bucket of water.
- 4) Rinse and wring out your mop.
- 5) Start mopping the floor by running the mop in a forward and backward motion.
- 6) Gradually move backwards while mopping so that you don't step on the wet floor.
- 7) Repeat until the required area has been mopped.
- 8) Let the floor air dry and hang the mop.

Activity: List the often-used expressions and verbs while describing a task.

3. Utilising General Services:

➤ Instructions to use an ATM card:

- 1) Go to an ATM and insert an ATM card. Make sure that the ATM card is inserted through the side with bank logo and chip and then take it out.
- 2) Next account holder will be required to select the language of his / her choice.
- 3) Now use the keypad and enter the four-digit PIN. Entering the wrong PIN can get the ATM card blocked.
- 4) Now, choose the transaction type from options such as – Withdraw Money, Balance Enquiry, Deposit Money, Bill Pay, and others. To withdraw cash, opt for the ‘Withdraw Money’ option.
- 5) Next account holder will be required to select the account type – current or savings or any other.
- 6) Enter the amount to withdraw by pressing the keypad and press ok/enter. Make sure there is sufficient balance available in the account.
- 7) Collect the money and withdrawal receipt which is proof of the transaction as well. It also contains account balance available after the withdrawal.
- 8) End the session by pressing the cancel/cross button.

➤ How to Register a FIR (First Information Report):

- 1) Visit the nearest police station within the crime scene (preferably).
- 2) Inform the police either orally or in writing. In case a verbal complaint is made, it is the duty of the authority recording the FIR to convert it into writing.
- 3) First Information Report should be signed by the person giving the complaint.
- 4) It is the duty of the police authorities to register the FIR in a record book.
- 5) The police officer should provide the complainant with a copy of the FIR.

Tasks:

Write a set of instructions for the following:

- 1) Applying for a bus pass
- 2) Cleaning a glass window
- 3) Planting a seed
- 4) Operating a mixer grinder (*mixie*)
- 5) Opening a bank account
- 6) Using a printer

4. Information Transfer

Information transfer is the activity that transfers information from a paragraph to a diagrammatic or semi-diagrammatic form. The information remains the same but the form of information changes. This activity is suitable for teaching and learning English, as the students can develop their language skills. For example, when the students are provided with information in the form of a diagram, they can be motivated to organise ideas or thoughts.

In transferring the content of information, the students need to concentrate on arranging and organising ideas in an order to produce good quality writing. It requires students to develop ideas or thoughts and it can reinforce their grammatical structure and vocabulary. This helps students improve their ability to organise and formulate ideas into quality writing.

Information transfer is of two types:

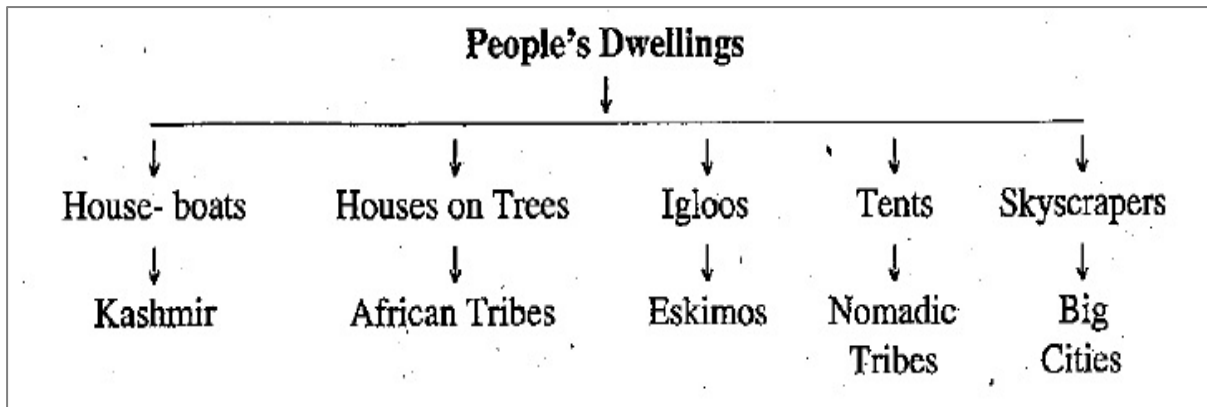
- i. Converting a paragraph into a diagrammatic table (e.g., tree diagram)
- ii. If a graph or flow chart is given, it should be converted into a paragraph.

Tree Diagram

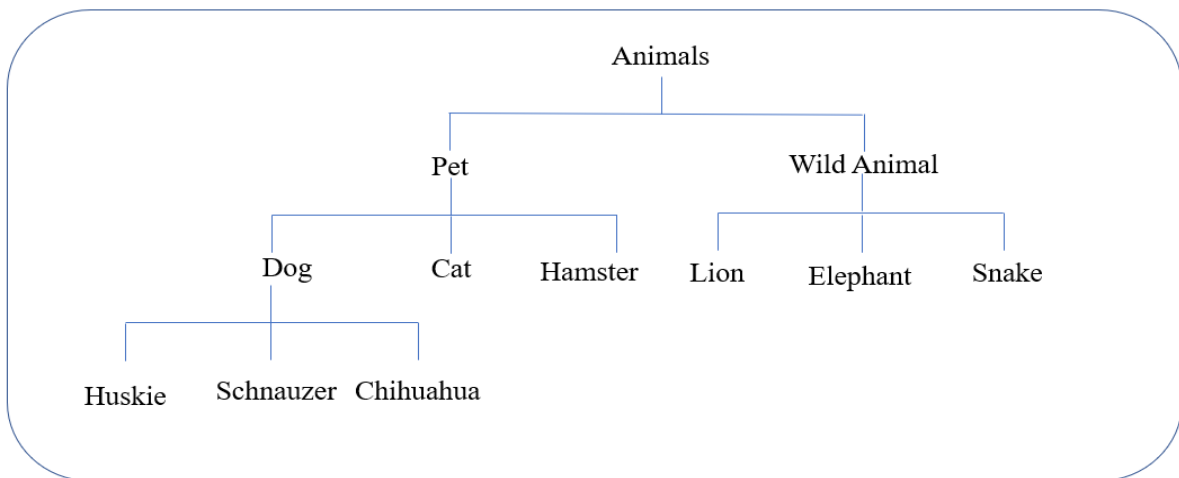
A tree diagram is a way of representing the hierarchical nature of a structure in a graphical form. It is named “Tree Diagram” because the classic representation resembles a tree, even though the chart is upside down compared to an actual tree, with the “root” at the top and the “leaves” at the bottom. Tree diagram provides us visual representation of the constituents of the corresponding expression.

➤ Converting a Paragraph into a Tree Diagram:

People's Dwellings - People live in different types of dwellings (homes). Some different types are house boats, tree houses, igloos, tents, skyscrapers, etc. House boats can be seen in Kashmir. Some African tribes live in tree houses. Eskimos are known to live in igloos. Nomadic tribes find tents convenient to live in. In big cities, people who can afford it live in skyscrapers.

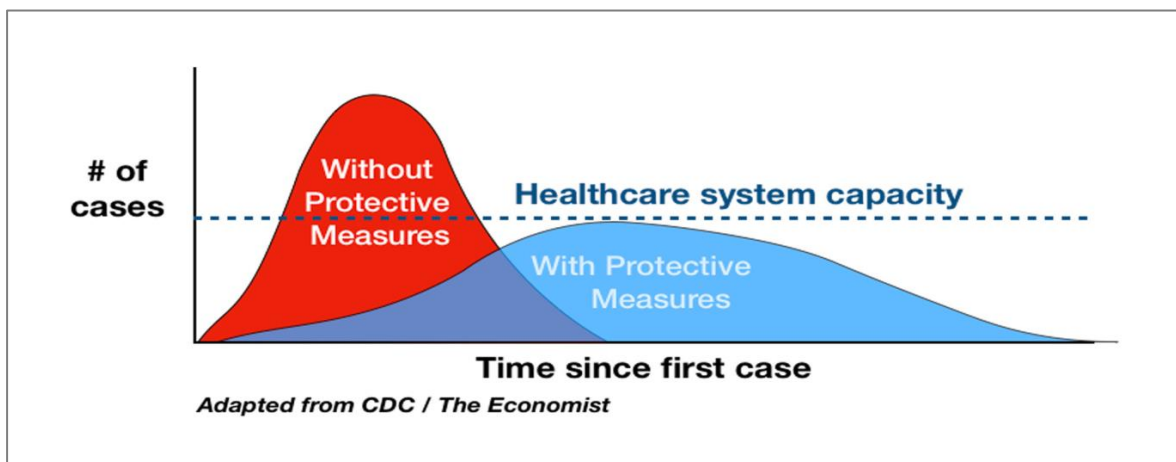


➤ **Converting a Tree Diagram into a Paragraph:**



Types of Animals - Animals can be of two types. They can be pets or they can be wild animals. Examples of pets are dog, cat and hamster. There are different types of dog breeds like husky, schnauzer and Chihuahua. Examples of wild animals are lion, elephant and snake.

➤ **Converting a graph into a paragraph:**



This graph explains the importance of protective measures like social distancing and self - isolation (achieved by lockdown). If there is no social distancing and more people are

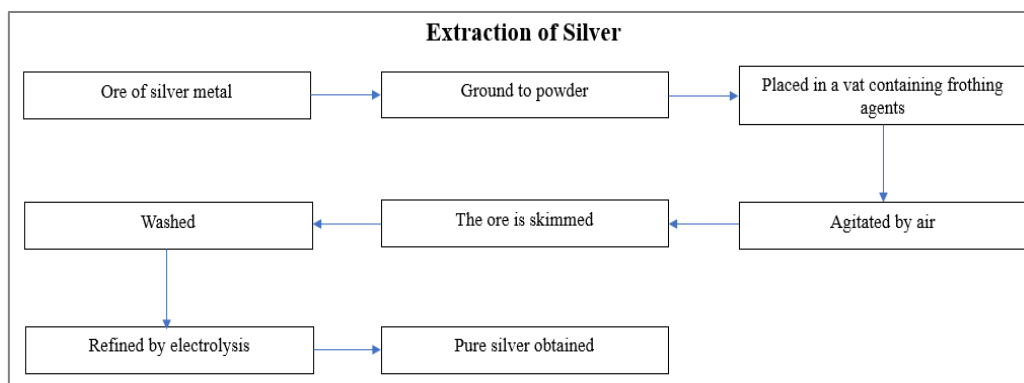
outside their homes, the virus will spread rapidly from person to person causing a sharp spike in such cases. This will cause great difficulty for the hospitals as they have to deal with large number of cases with limited resources and infrastructure. However, if lockdown measures and social distancing are implemented, there will be fewer cases for the hospital to deal with, meaning more patients will get the care they need. As you can see, this “flattens the curve” (shown in blue) and eventually the number of cases will reduce.

Flow chart:

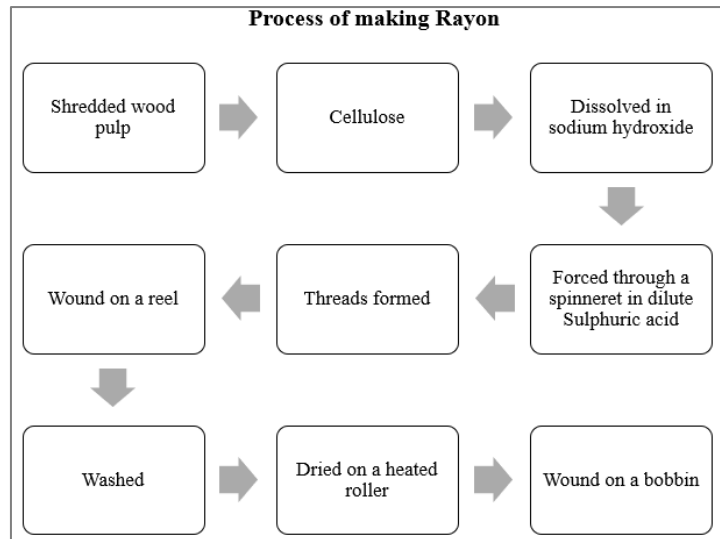
A flowchart is a type of diagram that represents a workflow or process. A flowchart can also be defined as a diagrammatic representation of a step-by-step approach to solving a task.

➤ **Converting a paragraph into a Flow Chart**

Silver occurs in the ores of several metals. The froth process of extracting silver, accounts for about 75% of all silver recovered. Here the ore is ground to a powder, then placed in large vats containing a water suspension of frothing agents, and thoroughly agitated by jets of air. Depending on the agents used, either the silver bearing ore or the gangue adhering to the bubbles of the froth, is skimmed off and washed. The final refining is done using electrolysis.



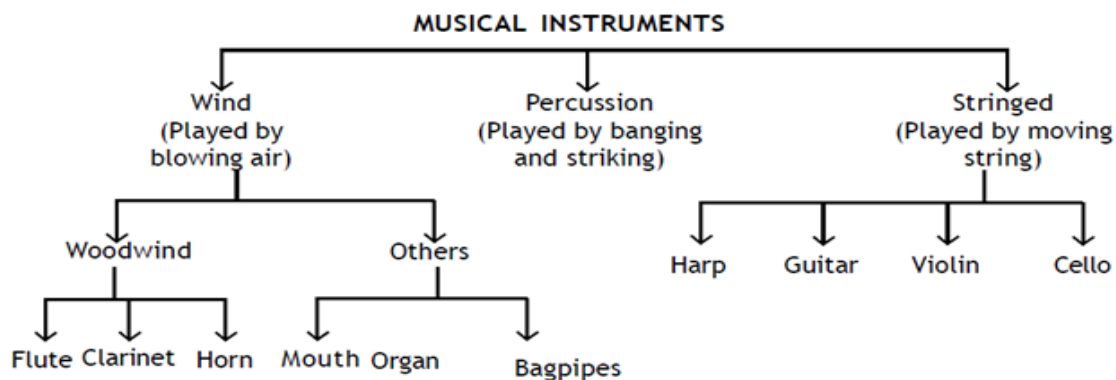
➤ **Converting a flow chart into a paragraph:**



Rayon is a man-made fibre. It is a reconstituted natural fibre-cellulose. Rayon is made by dissolving cellulose in a solution of sodium hydroxide, or caustic soda. The cellulose is obtained from shredded wood pulp. The dissolved cellulose is formed into threads by forcing it through a spinneret in a setting bath of dilute sulphuric acid. The threads are drawn from the setting bath, wound on a reel, washed, then dried on a heated roller, and finally wound on to a bobbin.

Tasks:

1. Write a paragraph about the following tree diagram.



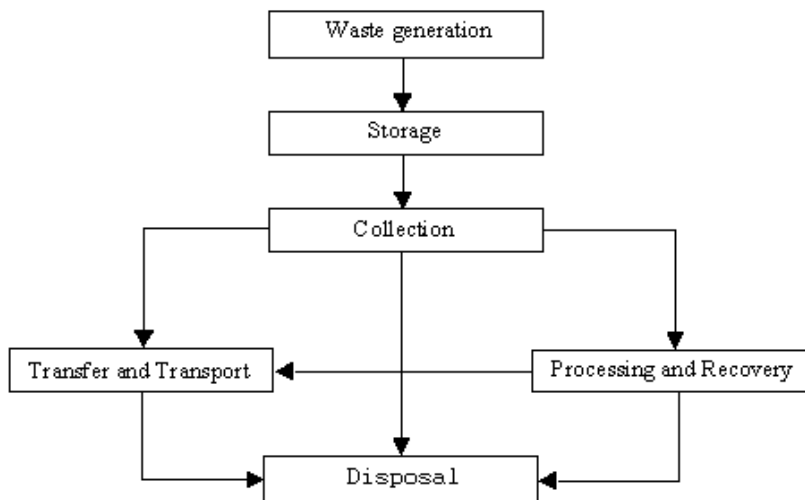
2. Draw a tree diagram using the following paragraph:

Morphemes are small linguistic units with a word that can carry a meaning. There are two types of morphemes. Free morphemes and Bound morphemes. Bound morphemes are classified in three divisions namely prefix (initial position), Infix (middle position) and suffix (final position). Suffix could be of three types i.e., Derivational, Inflexional and Bound base. And Bound base is further divided in two forms: class changing and class maintaining.

3. Convert the following into a flow chart:

Making brownies: Melt the chocolate and butter in a heatproof bowl set over a pot of barely simmering water. Keep stirring as it melts. You can also use a microwave-safe bowl and heat in 30-second intervals stirring in between until fully melted. Mix in the sugar. It's important to add the sugar while the melted chocolate is hot. The sugar will melt ensuring the baked brownies aren't grainy. Mix in the eggs and vanilla. Let the chocolate mixture cool before adding the eggs so they don't scramble. Then whisk them in really well with the vanilla. Mix in the flour and cocoa powder. Add the flour and cocoa powder then use a silicone spatula to fold it in just until it's incorporated. Take care not to overmix. Bake the brownies for 25-30 minutes in a 350°F oven. Use the toothpick test to check for doneness. There should be a little batter and a few moist crumbs clinging to the toothpick.

4. Convert the following flow chart into a paragraph:



Question Paper Pattern
III Semester CBCS (Freshers)
Additional English
B.A/B.COM/ BBA/BCA/B.SC(FAD)

Time: 3 hours

Marks: 70

Section – A

(Prose and Poetry)

- I. Answer any five out of seven questions in one or two sentences each. (2x5=10 marks)**
- II. Answer any three out of six questions in a paragraph each. (3x5=15 marks)**
- III. Answer any one of the following in about two pages. (1x10 =10marks)**

Section – B

(Drama)

- IV Answer any one of the following in a paragraph. (1x5=5 marks)**
- V. Answer any one of the following in about two pages. (1x10=10 marks)**

Section – C

(Language Component)

- VI. Caption writing (2.5x2 = 5 marks)**
- VII. Leaflet writing (1 x 5 = 5 marks)**
- VIII. Giving instructions (1 x5 = 5 marks)**
- IX. Information transfer (1 x 5 = 5 marks)**

Model Question Paper
III semester CBCS (Freshers)
Additional English
B.A/B.COM/BBA/BCA/B.SC (FAD)

Time: 3 hours

Marks: 70

Section – A

I. Answer any FIVE of the following in ONE OR TWO sentences each.

(2x5 = 10)

1. Which country did Esther Kurojwa come from?
2. Why did Malala feel proud?
3. In what ways are people divided in the world?
4. Why does the palace seem dark to Yasodhara?
5. How old was the Kashmiri landlady?
6. What did the letter “H” stand for “When I Started School”?
7. What does Yasodhara finally decide to do?

II. Answer any THREE out of the following in a paragraph each.

(3x5 = 15)

1. Describe the environment of how three lived in the session “No One Had Expected”
2. Esther reacts to the predicament of old Chinese couple in a detached manner. Explain.
3. What are the issues Malala wants to see for the last time?
4. How have different cultures become a disturbing factor to establish the world peace?
5. Explain the lament and acceptance of Yasodhara.
6. Why do you think the speaker is unable to cry in the poem ‘When It Rains in Dharmasala’?

III. Answer any ONE of the following in about two pages.

(1x10 = 10)

1. How does terrorism become an obstacle in the way of women’s development?
Explain this with reference to Malala’s speech.

2. “Wilshire Bus” is a disturbing story of alienation and loneliness of a migrant community in America. Discuss.
3. Comment on the reference of “Country” in the poem “When it Rains in Dharamsala”.

Section – B

(DRAMA)

IV. Answer any ONE of the following in a paragraph. (1x5 = 5)

1. What does Chitra say to Madana on seeing Arjuna?
2. How does Chitra stand for a common woman in the play?
3. Write a note on Chitra’s experience in the forest.

V. Answer any ONE of the following in about two pages. (1x10 = 10)

1. The play ‘Chitra’ is a fine example of truth and illusion. Explain.
2. Tagore’s ‘Chitra’ is a dramatic sermon on the theme of true love. Elaborate.

Section – C

VI

a. Write a caption for the following picture. (2.5x2 = 5)



(2.5)

- b. The BBMP has invited students to be a part of an awareness on keeping the environment clean for a healthy city. Prepare a caption for this campaign. (2.5)

VII. Prepare a leaflet advertising the grand opening of the local multi-cuisine restaurant. Include all the important details. (5)

VIII. Write instructions for any ONE of the following:

(5)

1. To prepare a cup of lime juice.
2. To insert a SIM card into a mobile phone.
3. How to apply for a driving licence.

IX.

a. Read the following paragraph and draw a diagram of your choice.

(5)

Stress is a 21st century illness. The pressures on all of us are great because speed and competition a part of everyday life. Social isolation, the competitiveness of our society, and several other factors are responsible for stress. This is what is commonly referred to as a rat race. People react the rat race in different ways. Some of us get tired easily, others get depressed, and some others are irritable or worried, and so on. The rat race affects everybody in society, from teenagers to elderly people. There is always something that worries us. Sometimes, the stress on us is too great. We fall out of the rat race and have a nervous breakdown. Extreme cases of illness can lead to self-harm and suicide.

OR

b. Write a paragraph summarising the following diagram:

