

INSIGHTS - III

GENERAL ENGLISH TEXT BOOK

THIRD SEMESTER

B.Com (CBCS)

B.Com (Business Data Analytics), Semester Scheme

Editor

Dr. Chitra Panikkar

**BENGALURU CENTRAL UNIVERSITY (BCU)
BENGALURU**

INSIGHTS-III: General English Text Book for III Semester B.Com.(CBCS) and B.Com (Business Data Analytics), Bengaluru Central University, prepared by the Members of the Textbook Committee, Bengaluru Central University and Published by Bengaluru Central University Press.

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FOREWORD

INSIGHTS-III General English Text Book for III Semester B.Com (CBCS) and B.Com, Business Data Analytics, Degree Semester Scheme, Bengaluru Central University (BCU), has been designed with the dual-objective of inducing literary sensibility and developing linguistic skills in students. Both of these have been combined in a single text instead of having two separate texts. This is the third General English Text Book for Undergraduate students of BCU, Bengaluru, prepared by the Members of the Text Book Committee.

I congratulate the Text Book Committee on its efforts in the preparation of the material, which includes a variety of literary pieces and workbook 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.

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PREFACE

The General English Text book for III Semester B.Com (CBCS) and B.Com Business Data Analytics, **INSIGHTS-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 extended activities incorporated as part of every lesson would help students interpret literature as a form of cultural expression.

The Course book has two parts: Part I comprises the literary component; Part II concentrates on language. The language section 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 all their time and effort into the realization of this text book. I thank the Vice Chancellor and Registrar of Bangalore Central University for their consistent support. I also thank the publisher, who helped us bring out the book on time.

Dr. Chitra Panikkar

Chairperson

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A Note to the Teacher

INSIGHTS-III, the new General English Text Book for the third semester undergraduate Commerce Course under Bengaluru Central University aims to develop literary sensibility and language competence in students across the four semesters. The Course material is designed with an integrated approach to facilitate language learning and stimulate the literary sensibility. The Job Skills section of the book intends to develop language ability of the students and help them acquire the skills required of them in the global job scenario.

The Literary Component (Part-I) reflects variety and diversity in terms of the themes discussed. It includes a One Act Play, an essay, short stories and an article on adventure sports in addition to Poetry. Selections have been made on the basis of novelty and relevance. The teacher needs to foreground the topic and elicit responses from students and facilitate interactive learning to make it an enjoyable activity. The weightage for the literary component is 40 marks and for the language component, it is 30 marks. 30 marks for Internal Assessment can be allotted as follows.

Internal Assessment = 30 [Assignments/Projects - 15; Test - 10; Attendance – 5]
Final Exam (written) =70
Total = 100

The Job Skills section focuses on the basic skills expected of an under graduate in the competitive global job scenario. It attempts to give a comprehensive training in terms of Persuasion skills and Presentation skills. The importance of the formal letter writing is also taken into account. Social Media Skills become extremely important in the present age of information, communication and technology (ICT). The exercises are meant to be worked out in the classroom and generate meaningful discussion that can lead to proper learning. The teacher can guide and facilitate learning by providing more exercises from other sources including online resources.

Extended Activity is meant to provide opportunities for the students to go beyond the text and gain better insight into the world. The teachers can also use these activities for project work.

The Committee expresses its sincere thanks to Dr. Chitra Panikkar, Chairperson, Bengaluru Central University for constant guidance and support in the preparation of the Text book. The Committee also thanks Dr. Japhet, the Honourable Vice-Chancellor of Bengaluru Central University for his support in bringing out the new textbook.

Dr. R.V. SHEELA
CHAIRPERSON
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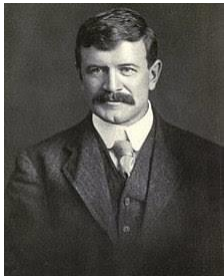
1. THE MAN IN ASBESTOS

STEPHEN BUTLER LEACOCK

Approach to the text:

- Can you imagine life without work? Discuss.
- Machines save a lot of time for us. Are we making optimal utilization of our free time?

About the author:



Stephen Leacock (1869-1944) was born at Swanmore in Hampshire, England.

He was educated at the University of Toronto. He has written books of fun, humour and nonsense that include *Literary Lapses*, *Nonsense Novels*, *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town*, *Behind the Beyond*, *Frenzied Fiction* and *Short Circuits*. He has established himself as one of the finest humourists of the century.

In his story, Stephen Leacock presents the vision of life in future without dreams, work, challenges, threats etc. *The Man in Asbestos* is the story of a man who wakes up in future only to be disillusioned with the dull monotonous life led by the men in asbestos. He finally establishes that *No work and no play deprives people of joy*.

To begin with let me admit that I did it on purpose.

Perhaps it was partly from jealousy. It seemed unfair that other writers should be able at will to drop into a sleep of four or five hundred years, and to plunge head first into a distant future and be a witness of its marvels.

I wanted to do that too.

I always had been, I still am, a passionate student of social problems. The world of today with its roaring machinery, the unceasing toil of its working classes, its strife, its poverty, its war, its cruelty, appals me as I look at it. I love to think of the time that must come some day when man will have conquered nature, and the toil-worn human race enter upon an era of peace.

I loved to think of it, and I longed to see it.

So I set about the thing deliberately.

What I wanted to do was to fall asleep after the customary fashion, for two or three hundred years at least, and wake and find myself in the marvel world of the future.

I made my preparations for the sleep.

I bought all the comic papers that I could find, even the illustrated ones. I carried them up to my room in my hotel: with them I brought up a pork pie and dozens and dozens of doughnuts. I ate the pie and the doughnuts, then sat back in the bed and read the comic papers one after the other. Finally, as I felt the awful lethargy stealing upon me, I reached out my hand for the London Weekly Times, and held up the editorial page before my eye.

It was, in a way, clear, straight suicide, but I did it.

I could feel my senses leaving me. In the room across the hall there was a man singing. His voice, that had been loud, came fainter and fainter through the transom. I fell into a sleep, the deep immeasurable sleep in which the very existence of the outer world was hushed. Dimly I could feel the days go past, then the years, and then the long passage of the centuries.

Then, not as it were gradually, but quite suddenly, I woke up, sat up, and looked about me.

Where was I?

Well might I ask myself.

I found myself lying, or rather sitting up, on a broad couch. I was in a great room, dim, gloomy, and dilapidated in its general appearance, and apparently, from its glass cases and the stuffed figures that they contained, some kind of museum.

Beside me sat a man. His face was hairless, but neither old nor young. He wore clothes that looked like the grey ashes of paper that had burned and kept its shape. He was looking at me quietly, but with no particular surprise or interest.

"Quick," I said, eager to begin; "where am I? Who are you? What year is this; is it the year 3000, or what is it?"

He drew in his breath with a look of annoyance on his face.

"What a queer, excited way you have of speaking," he said.

"Tell me," I said again, "is this the year 3000?"

"I think I know what you mean," he said; "but really I haven't the faintest idea. I should think it must be at least that, within a hundred years or so; but nobody has kept track of them for so long, it's hard to say."

"Don't you keep track of them anymore?" I gasped.

"We used to," said the man. "I myself can remember that a century or two ago there were still a number of people who used to try to keep track of the year, but it died out along with so many other faddish things of that kind. Why," he continued, showing for the first time a sort of animation in his talk, "what was the use of it? You see, after we eliminated death--"

"Eliminated death!" I cried, sitting upright. "Good God!"

"What was that expression you used?" queried the man.

"Good God!" I repeated.

"Ah," he said, "never heard it before. But I was saying that after we had eliminated Death, and Food, and Change, we had practically got rid of Events, and--"

"Stop!" I said, my brain reeling. "Tell me one thing at a time."

"Humph!" he ejaculated. "I see, you must have been asleep a long time. Go on then and ask questions. Only, if you don't mind, just as few as possible, and please don't get interested or excited."

Oddly enough the first question that sprang to my lips was--

"What are those clothes made of?"

"Asbestos," answered the man. "They last hundreds of years. We have one suit each, and there are billions of them piled up, if anybody wants a new one."

"Thank you," I answered. "Now tell me where I am?"

"You are in a museum. The figures in the cases are specimens like yourself. But here," he said, "if you want really to find out about what is evidently a new epoch to you, get off your platform and come out on Broadway and sit on a bench."

I got down. As we passed through the dim and dust-covered buildings I looked curiously at the figures in the cases.

"By Jove!" I said looking at one figure in blue clothes with a belt and baton, "that's a policeman!"

"Really," said my new acquaintance, "is that what a policeman was? I've often wondered. What use they to be used for?"

"Used for?" I repeated in perplexity. "Why, they stood at the corner of the street."

"Ah, yes, I see," he said, "so as to shoot at the people. You must excuse my ignorance," he continued, "as to some of your social customs in the past. When I took my education I was operated upon for social history, but the stuff they used was very inferior."

I didn't in the least understand what the man meant, but had no time to question him, for at that moment we came out upon the street, and I stood riveted in astonishment.

Broadway! Was it possible? The change was absolutely appalling! In place of the roaring thoroughfare that I had known, this silent, moss-grown desolation! Great buildings fallen into ruin through the sheer stress of centuries of wind and weather, the sides of them coated over with a growth of fungus and moss! The place was soundless. Not a vehicle moved. There were no wires overhead--no sound of life or movement except, here and there, there passed slowly to and fro human figures dressed in the same asbestos clothes as my acquaintance, with the same hairless faces, and the same look of infinite age upon them.

Good heavens; And was this the era of the Conquest that I had hoped to see! I had always taken for granted, I do not know why, that humanity was destined to move forward. This picture of what seemed desolation on the ruins of our civilization rendered me almost speechless.

There were little benches placed here and there on the street. We sat down.

"Improved, isn't it," said man in asbestos, "since the days when you remember it?"

He seemed to speak quite proudly.

I gasped out a question.

"Where are the street cars and the motors?"

"Oh, done away with long ago," he said; "how awful they must have been. The noise of them!" and his asbestos clothes rustled with a shudder.

"But how do you get about?"

"We don't," he answered. "Why should we? It's just the same being here as being anywhere else." He looked at me with an infinity of dreariness in his face.

A thousand questions surged into my mind at once. I asked one of the simplest.

"But how do you get back and forwards to your work?"

"Work!" he said. "There isn't any work. It's finished. The last of it was all done centuries ago."

I looked at him a moment open-mouthed. Then I turned and looked again at the grey desolation of the street with the asbestos figures moving here and there.

I tried to pull my senses together. I realized that if I was to unravel this new and undreamed-of future, I must go at it systematically and step by step.

"I see," I said after a pause, "that, momentous things have happened since my time. I wish you would let me ask you about it all systematically, and would explain it to me bit by bit. First, what do you mean by saying that there is no work?"

"Why," answered my strange acquaintance, "it died out of itself. Machinery killed it. If I remember rightly, you had a certain amount of machinery even in your time. You had done very well with steam, made a good beginning with electricity, though I think radial energy had hardly as yet been put to use."

I nodded assent.

"But you found it did you no good. The better your machines, the harder you worked. The more things you had the more you wanted. The pace of life grew swifter and swifter. You cried out, but it would not stop. You were all caught in the cogs of your own machine. None of you could see the end."

"That is quite true," I said. "How do you know it all?"

"Oh," answered the Man in Asbestos, "that part of my education was very well operated--I see you do not know what I mean. Never mind, I can tell you that later. Well, then, there came, probably almost two hundred years after your time, the Era of the Great Conquest of Nature, the final victory of Man and Machinery."

"They did conquer it?" I asked quickly, with a thrill of the old hope in my veins again.

"Conquered it," he said, "beat it out! Fought it to a standstill! Things came one by one, then faster and faster, in a hundred years it was all done. In fact, just as soon as mankind turned its energy to decreasing its needs instead of increasing its desires, the whole thing was easy. Chemical Food came first. Heavens! the simplicity of it. And in your time thousands of millions of people tilled and

grubbed at the soil from morning till night. I've seen specimens of them--farmers, they called them. There's one in the museum. After the invention of Chemical Food we piled up enough in the emporiums in a year to last for centuries. Agriculture went overboard. Eating and all that goes, with it, domestic labour, housework--all ended. Nowadays one takes a concentrated pill every year or so, that's all. The whole digestive apparatus, as you knew it, was a clumsy thing that had been bloated up like a set of bagpipes through the evolution of its use!"

I could not forbear to interrupt. "Have you and these people," I said, "no stomachs--no apparatus?"

"Of course we have," he answered, "but we use it to some purpose. Mine is largely filled with my education--but there! I am anticipating again. Better let me go on as I was. Chemical Food came first: that cut off almost one-third of the work, and then came Asbestos Clothes. That was wonderful! In one year humanity made enough suits to last for ever and ever. That, of course, could never have been if it hadn't been connected with the revolt of women and the fall of Fashion."

"Have the Fashions gone," I asked, "that insane, extravagant idea of--" I was about to launch into one of my old-time harangues about the sheer vanity of decorative dress, when my eye rested on the moving figures in asbestos, and I stopped.

"All gone," said the Man in Asbestos. "Then next to that we killed, or practically killed, the changes of climate. I don't think that in your day you properly understood how much of your work was due to the shifts of what you called the weather. It meant the need of all kinds of special clothes and houses and shelters, a wilderness of work. How dreadful it must have been in your day--wind and storms, great wet masses--what did you call them?--clouds--flying through the air, the ocean full of salt, was it not?--tossed and torn by the wind, snow thrown all over everything, hail, rain--how awful!"

"Sometimes," I said, "it was very beautiful. But how did you alter it?"

"Killed the weather!" answered the Man in Asbestos. "Simple as anything--turned its forces loose one against the other, altered the composition of the sea so that the top became all more or less gelatinous. I really can't explain it, as it is an operation

that I never took at school, but it made the sky grey, as you see it, and the sea gum-coloured, the weather all the same. It cut out fuel and houses and an infinity of work with them!"

He paused a moment. I began to realize something of the course of evolution that had happened.

"So," I said, "the conquest of nature meant that presently there was no more work to do?"

"Exactly," he said, "nothing left."

"Food enough for all?"

"Too much," he answered.

"Houses and clothes?"

"All you like," said the Man in Asbestos, waving his hand. "There they are. Go out and take them. Of course, they're falling down--slowly, very slowly. But they'll last for centuries yet, nobody need bother."

Then I realized, I think for the first time, just what work had meant in the old life, and how much of the texture of life itself had been bound up in the keen effort of it.

Presently my eyes looked upward: dangling at the top of a moss-grown building I saw what seemed to be the remains of telephone wires.

"What became of all that," I said, "the telegraph and the telephone and all the system of communication?"

"Ah," said the Man in Asbestos, "that was what a telephone meant, was it? I knew that it had been suppressed centuries ago. Just what was it for?"

"Why," I said with enthusiasm, "by means of the telephone we could talk to anybody, call up anybody, and talk at any distance."

"And anybody could call you up at any time and talk?" said the Man in Asbestos, with something like horror. "How awful! What a dreadful age yours was, to be sure. No, the telephone and all the rest of it, all the transportation and intercommunication was cut out and forbidden. There was no sense in it. You see," he added, "what you don't realize is that people after your day became gradually more and more reasonable. Take the railroad, what good was that? It brought into every town a lot of people from every other town. Who wanted them? Nobody. When work stopped and commerce ended, and food was needless, and the weather killed, it was foolish to move about. So it was all terminated. Anyway," he said, with a quick look of apprehension and a change in his voice, "it was dangerous!"

"So!" I said. "Dangerous! You still have danger?"

"Why, yes," he said, "there's always the danger of getting broken."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why," said the Man in Asbestos, "I suppose it's what you would call being dead. Of course, in one sense there's been no death for centuries past; we cut that out. Disease and death were simply a matter of germs. We found them one by one. I think that even in your day you had found one or two of the easier, the bigger ones?"

I nodded.

"Yes, you had found diphtheria and typhoid and, if I am right, there were some outstanding, like scarlet fever and smallpox, that you called ultra-microscopic, and which you were still hunting for, and others that you didn't even suspect. Well, we hunted them down one by one and destroyed them. Strange that it never occurred to any of you that Old Age was only a germ! It turned out to be quite a simple one, but it was so distributed in its action that you never even thought of it."

"And you mean to say," I ejaculated in amazement, looking at the Man in Asbestos, "that nowadays you live for ever?"

"I wish," he said, "that you hadn't that peculiar, excitable way of talking; you speak as if everything mattered so tremendously. Yes," he continued, "we live for ever,

unless, of course, we get broken. That happens sometimes. I mean that we may fall over a high place or bump on something, and snap ourselves. You see, we're just a little brittle still--some remnant, I suppose, of the Old Age germ--and we have to be careful. In fact," he continued, "I don't mind saying that accidents of this sort were the most distressing feature of our civilization till we took steps to cut out all accidents. We forbid all street cars, street traffic, aeroplanes, and so on. The risks of your time," he said, with a shiver of his asbestos clothes, "must have been awful."

"They were," I answered, with a new kind of pride in my generation that I had never felt before, "but we thought it part of the duty of brave people to--"

"Yes, yes," said the Man in Asbestos impatiently, "please don't get excited. I know what you mean. It was quite irrational."

We sat silent for a long time. I looked about me at the crumbling buildings, the monotone, unchanging sky, and the dreary, empty street. Here, then, was the fruit of the Conquest, here was the elimination of work, the end of hunger and of cold, the cessation of the hard struggle, the downfall of change and death--nay, the very millennium of happiness. And yet, somehow, there seemed something wrong with it all. I pondered, then I put two or three rapid questions, hardly waiting to reflect upon the answers.

"Is there any war now?"

"Done with centuries ago. They took to settling international disputes with a slot machine. After that all foreign dealings were given up. Why have them? Everybody thinks foreigners awful."

"Are there any newspapers now?"

"Newspapers! What on earth would we want them for? If we should need them at any time there are thousands of old ones piled up. But what is in them, anyway; only things that happen, wars and accidents and work and death. When these went newspapers went too. Listen," continued the Man in Asbestos, "you seem to have been something of a social reformer, and yet you don't understand the new life at

all. You don't understand how completely all our burdens have disappeared. Look at it this way. How used your people were to spend all the early part of their lives?"

"Why," I said, "our first fifteen years or so were spent in getting education."

"Exactly," he answered; "now notice how we improved on all that. Education in our day is done by surgery. Strange that in your time nobody realized that education was simply a surgical operation. You hadn't the sense to see that what you really did was to slowly remodel, curve and convolute the inside of the brain by a long and painful mental operation. Everything learned was reproduced in a physical difference to the brain. You knew that, but you didn't see the full consequences. Then came the invention of surgical education--the simple system of opening the side of the skull and engrafting into it a piece of prepared brain. At first, of course, they had to use, I suppose, the brains of dead people, and that was ghastly"--here the Man in Asbestos shuddered like a leaf--"but very soon they found how to make moulds that did just as well. After that it was a mere nothing; an operation of a few minutes would suffice to let in poetry or foreign languages or history or anything else that one cared to have. Here, for instance," he added, pushing back the hair at the side of his head and showing a scar beneath it, "is the mark where I had my spherical trigonometry let in. That was, I admit, rather painful, but other things, such as English poetry or history, can be inserted absolutely without the least suffering. When I think of your painful, barbarous methods of education through the ear, I shudder at it. Oddly enough, we have found lately that for a great many things there is no need to use the head. We lodge them--things like philosophy and metaphysics, and so on--in what used to be the digestive apparatus. They fill it admirably."

He paused a moment. Then went on.

"Well, then, to continue, what used to occupy your time and effort after your education?"

"Why," I said, "one had, of course, to work, and then, to tell the truth, a great part of one's time and feeling was devoted toward the other sex, toward falling in love and finding some woman to share one's life."

"Ah," said the Man in Asbestos, with real interest. "I've heard about your arrangements with the women, but never quite understood them. Tell me; you say you selected some woman?"

"Yes."

"And she became what you called your wife?"

"Yes, of course."

"And you worked for her?" asked the Man in Asbestos in astonishment.

"Yes."

"And she did not work?"

"No," I answered, "of course not."

"And half of what you had was hers?"

"Yes."

"And she had the right to live in your house and use your things?"

"Of course," I answered.

"How dreadful!" said the Man in Asbestos. "I hadn't realized the horrors of your age till now."

He sat shivering slightly, with the same timid look in his face as before.

Then it suddenly struck me that of the figures on the street, all had looked alike.

"Tell me," I said, "are there no women now? Are they gone too?"

"Oh, no," answered the Man in Asbestos, "they're here just the same. Some of those are women. Only, you see, everything has been changed now. It all came as

part of their great revolt, their desire to be like the men. Had that begun in your time?"

"Only a little." I answered; "they were beginning to ask for votes and equality."

"That's it," said my acquaintance, "I couldn't think of the word. Your women, I believe, were something awful, were they not? Covered with feathers and skins and dazzling colours made of dead things all over them? And they laughed, did they not, and had foolish teeth, and at any moment they could inveigle you into one of those contracts? Ugh!"

He shuddered.

"Asbestos," I said (I knew no other name to call him), as I turned on him in wrath, "Asbestos, do you think that those jelly-bag Equalities out on the street there, with their ash-barrel suits, can be compared for one moment with our unredeemed, unreformed, heaven-created, hobble-skirted women of the twentieth century?"

Then, suddenly, another thought flashed into my mind--

"The children," I said, "where are the children? Are there any?"

"Children," he said, "no! I have never heard of there being any such things for at least a century. Horrible little hobgoblins they must have been! Great big faces, and cried constantly! And grew, did they not? Like funguses! I believe they were longer each year than they had been the last, and--"

I rose.

"Asbestos!" I said, "this, then, is your coming Civilization, your millennium. This dull, dead thing, with the work and the burden gone out of life, and with them all the joy and sweetness of it. For the old struggle mere stagnation, and in place of danger and death, the dull monotony of security and the horror of an unending decay! Give me back," I cried, and I flung wide my arms to the dull air, "the old life of danger and stress, with its hard toil and its bitter chances, and its heartbreaks. I see its value! I know its worth! Give me no rest," I cried aloud . . .

"Yes, but give a rest to the rest of the corridor!" cried an angered voice that broke in upon my exultation.

Suddenly my sleep had gone.

I was back again in the room of my hotel, with the hum of the wicked, busy old world all about me, and loud in my ears the voice of the indignant man across the corridor.

"Quit your blating, you infernal blatherskite," he was calling. "Come down to earth. I came.

Glossary

strife	: conflict over fundamental issues
faddish	: fashionable but not likely to stay fashionable for a long time
thoroughfare	: a main road in a town
harangues	: a lengthy and aggressive speech
hobgoblins	: an evil or mischievous imp or elf
infernal	: hellish
blatherskite	: gibberish , nonsense

Comprehension

I Answer the following questions in one or two sentences each:

1. What appals the narrator in the story?
2. In which place did the narrator find himself when he woke up?
3. The habit of keeping track of time had become obsolete. True/False
4. The men in future moved about in _____
(jeans, linen, asbestos, space suit)
5. What aroused the curiosity of the narrator?

6. What made the narrator speechless?
7. All work had been done centuries before. True/False
8. What had killed work, according to the man in asbestos?
9. What had replaced food as explained by him?
10. What was the stomach of the man in asbestos filled with?
11. In what way was the problem of old age addressed, according to the man in asbestos?
12. Wars were not fought by men in asbestos. Why?
13. How is education imparted in the age of the man in asbestos?
14. Where were subjects like philosophy and metaphysics lodged?
15. What are the children compared to?

II Answer the following questions in one or two sentences each:

1. What preparations did the narrator make before going to sleep for two or three hundred years?
2. Why was it not necessary to keep track of time anymore?
3. Describe how Broadway had changed since the narrator's time.
4. What had happened to the vehicles and why?
5. Explain how men had been caught in the cogs of their own machine.
6. How had the man in asbestos received education?
7. Why were transportation and intercommunication forbidden?
8. How had death been shunted out of human lives?
9. Write a note on the fruit of the conquest.
10. What did the man in asbestos find dreadful?
11. What was the opinion the man in asbestos had of women?
12. How does the narrator sum up life in the millenium?

III Answer the following questions in about two pages each:

1. Describe the Era of the great conquest of Nature.

2. Why was the narrator disillusioned with the conquest of nature as seen in his dream. Substantiate.
3. Do you think the dream of the narrator is actually a vision of the future of humanity?
4. The humorous story has a profound and compelling message for humanity? Do you agree?

Suggested Reading:

- Hard Times-Charles Dickens

Extended Activity:

- Watch the movie Back to the Future II
- Make a collage on the most recent inventions in the field of technology.

2. SWEETNESS

Tony Morrison

Approach to the text:

- It is not fair to be unfair to the people who are not fair. Discuss.
- Have you ever been a victim of body shaming or witnessed any such incident? Discuss in groups.
- Do you think companies are promoting the belief that fair is beautiful?

About the author:



Tony Morrison (1931-2019) was an American novelist, essayist and college professor. She has authored 11 novels, children’s books and essays. Her novels featured regularly in the New York Times best-seller list. She was the first African-American to win the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1993. Some of her books are “Song of Solomon,” which fetched the National Book Critics Circle Award in 1977, and “Beloved” which won the Pulitzer Prize in 1987.

Sweetness presents the confession of a parent of a black girl who grows up without much love and affection. The former’s racist attitude in lieu with the societal pressure appears to have killed the motherly instinct in her and forced her to bring up her daughter to fall in line with the behavior expected of blacks in the discriminatory society. The story portrays her strong sense of remorse and also her anxiety about her daughter who becomes a mother.

It's not my fault. So you can't blame me. I didn't do it and have no idea how it happened. It didn't take more than an hour after they pulled her out from between my legs for me to realize something was wrong. Really wrong. She was so black she scared me. Midnight black, Sudanese black. I'm light-skinned, with good hair, what we call high yellow, and so is Lula Ann's father. Ain't nobody in my family anywhere near that color. Tar is the closest I can think of, yet her hair don't go with the skin. It's different—straight but curly, like the hair on those naked tribes in Australia. You might think she's a throwback, but a throwback to what? You should've seen my grandmother; she passed for white, married a white man, and never said another word to any one of her children. Any letter she got from my mother or my aunts she sent right back, unopened. Finally they got the message of no message and let her be. Almost all mulatto types and quadroons did that back in the day—if they had the right kind of hair, that is. Can you imagine how many white folks have Negro blood hiding in their veins? Guess. Twenty per cent, I heard. My own mother, Lula Mae, could have passed easy, but she chose not to. She told me the price she paid for that decision. When she and my father went to the courthouse to get married, there were two Bibles, and they had to put their hands on the one reserved for Negroes. The other one was for white people's hands. The Bible! Can you beat it? My mother was a housekeeper for a rich white couple. They ate every meal she cooked and insisted she scrub their backs while they sat in the tub, and God knows what other intimate things they made her do, but no touching of the same Bible.

Some of you probably think it's a bad thing to group ourselves according to skin color—the lighter the better—in social clubs, neighborhoods, churches, sororities, even colored schools. But how else can we hold on to a little dignity? How else can we avoid being spit on in a drugstore, elbowed at the bus stop, having to walk in the gutter to let whites have the whole sidewalk, being charged a nickel at the grocer's for a paper bag that's free to white shoppers? Let alone all the name-calling. I heard about all of that and much, much more. But because of my mother's skin color she wasn't stopped from trying on hats or using the ladies' room in the department stores. And my father could try on shoes in the front part of the shoe store, not in a back room. Neither one of them would let themselves drink from a "Colored Only" fountain, even if they were dying of thirst.

I hate to say it, but from the very beginning in the maternity ward the baby, Lula Ann, embarrassed me. Her birth skin was pale like all babies', even African ones, but it changed fast. I thought I was going crazy when she turned blue-black right before my eyes. I know I went crazy for a minute, because—just for a few seconds—I held a blanket over her face and pressed. But I couldn't do that, no matter how much I wished she hadn't been born with that terrible color. I even thought of giving her away to an orphanage someplace. But I was scared to be one of those mothers who leave their babies on church steps. Recently, I heard about a couple in Germany, white as snow, who had a dark-skinned baby nobody could explain. Twins, I believe—one white, one colored. But I don't know if it's true. All I know is that, for me, nursing her was like having a pickaninny sucking my teat. I went to bottle-feeding soon as I got home.

My husband, Louis, is a porter, and when he got back off the rails he looked at me like I really was crazy and looked at the baby like she was from the planet Jupiter. He wasn't a cussing man, so when he said, "God damn! What the hell is this?" I knew we were in trouble. That was what did it—what caused the fights between me and him. It broke our marriage to pieces. We had three good years together, but when she was born he blamed me and treated Lula Ann like she was a stranger—more than that, an enemy. He never touched her.

I never did convince him that I ain't never, ever fooled around with another man. He was dead sure I was lying. We argued and argued till I told him her blackness had to be from his own family—not mine. That was when it got worse, so bad he just up and left and I had to look for another, cheaper place to live. I did the best I could. I knew enough not to take her with me when I applied to landlords, so I left her with a teen-age cousin to babysit. I didn't take her outside much, anyway, because, when I pushed her in the baby carriage, people would lean down and peek in to say something nice and then give a start or jump back before frowning. That hurt. I could have been the babysitter if our skin colors were reversed. It was hard enough just being a colored woman—even a high-yellow one—trying to rent in a decent part of the city. Back in the nineties, when Lula Ann was born, the law was against discriminating in who you could rent to, but not many landlords paid attention to it. They made up reasons to keep you out. But I got lucky with Mr. Leigh, though I know he upped the rent seven dollars from what he'd advertised, and he had a fit if you were a minute late with the money.

I told her to call me “Sweetness” instead of “Mother” or “Mama.” It was safer. Her being that black and having what I think are too thick lips and calling me “Mama” would’ve confused people. Besides, she has funny-colored eyes, crow black with a blue tint—something witchy about them, too.

So it was just us two for a long while, and I don’t have to tell you how hard it is being an abandoned wife. I guess Louis felt a little bit bad after leaving us like that, because a few months later on he found out where I’d moved to and started sending me money once a month, though I never asked him to and didn’t go to court to get it. His fifty-dollar money orders and my night job at the hospital got me and Lula Ann off welfare. Which was a good thing. I wish they would stop calling it welfare and go back to the word they used when my mother was a girl. Then it was called “relief.” Sounds much better, like it’s just a short-term breather while you get yourself together. Besides, those welfare clerks are mean as spit. When finally I got work and didn’t need them anymore, I was making more money than they ever did. I guess meanness filled out their skimpy paychecks, which was why they treated us like beggars. Especially when they looked at Lula Ann and then back at me—like I was trying to cheat or something. Things got better but I still had to be careful. Very careful in how I raised her. I had to be strict, very strict. Lula Ann needed to learn how to behave, how to keep her head down and not to make trouble. I don’t care how many times she changes her name. Her color is a cross she will always carry. But it’s not my fault. It’s not my fault. It’s not.

Oh, yeah, I feel bad sometimes about how I treated Lula Ann when she was little. But you have to understand: I had to protect her. She didn’t know the world. With that skin, there was no point in being tough or sassy, even when you were right. Not in a world where you could be sent to a juvenile lockup for talking back or fighting in school, a world where you’d be the last one hired and the first one fired. She didn’t know any of that or how her black skin would scare white people or make them laugh and try to trick her. I once saw a girl nowhere near as dark as Lula Ann who couldn’t have been more than ten years old tripped by one of a group of white boys and when she tried to scramble up another one put his foot on her behind and knocked her flat again. Those boys held their stomachs and bent over with laughter. Long after she got away, they were still giggling, so proud of themselves. If I hadn’t been watching through the bus window I would have helped her, pulled her away from that white trash. See, if I hadn’t trained Lula Ann

properly she wouldn't have known to always cross the street and avoid white boys. But the lessons I taught her paid off, and in the end she made me proud as a peacock.

I wasn't a bad mother, you have to know that, but I may have done some hurtful things to my only child because I had to protect her. Had to. All because of skin privileges. At first I couldn't see past all that black to know who she was and just plain love her. But I do. I really do. I think she understands now. I think so.

Last two times I saw her she was, well, striking. Kind of bold and confident. Each time she came to see me, I forgot just how black she really was because she was using it to her advantage in beautiful white clothes.

Taught me a lesson I should have known all along. What you do to children matters. And they might never forget. As soon as she could, she left me all alone in that awful apartment. She got as far away from me as she could: dolled herself up and got a big-time job in California. She don't call or visit anymore. She sends me money and stuff every now and then, but I ain't seen her in I don't know how long.

I prefer this place—Winston House—to those big, expensive nursing homes outside the city. Mine is small, homey, cheaper, with twenty-four-hour nurses and a doctor who comes twice a week. I'm only sixty-three—too young for pasture—but I came down with some creeping bone disease, so good care is vital. The boredom is worse than the weakness or the pain, but the nurses are lovely. One just kissed me on the cheek when I told her I was going to be a grandmother. Her smile and her compliments were fit for someone about to be crowned. I showed her the note on blue paper that I got from Lula Ann—well, she signed it “Bride,” but I never pay that any attention. Her words sounded giddy. “Guess what, S. I am so, so happy to pass along this news. I am going to have a baby. I'm too, too thrilled and, hope you are, too.” I reckon the thrill is about the baby, not its father because she doesn't mention him at all. I wonder if he is as black as she is. If so, she needn't worry like I did. Things have changed a mite from when I was young. Blue-blacks are all over TV, in fashion magazines, commercials, even starring in movies.

There is no return address on the envelope. So I guess I'm still the bad parent being punished forever till the day I die for the well-intended and, in fact, necessary way I brought her up. I know she hates me. Our relationship is down to her sending me

money. I have to say I'm grateful for the cash, because I don't have to beg for extras, like some of the other patients. If I want my own fresh deck of cards for solitaire, I can get it and not need to play with the dirty, worn one in the lounge. And I can buy my special face cream. But I'm not fooled. I know the money she sends is a way to stay away and quiet down the little bit of conscience she's got left.

If I sound irritable, ungrateful, part of it is because underneath is regret. All the little things I didn't do or did wrong. I remember when she had her first period and how I reacted. Or the times I shouted when she stumbled or dropped something. True. I was really upset, even repelled by her black skin when she was born and at first I thought of . . . No. I have to push those memories away—fast. No point. I know I did the best for her under the circumstances. When my husband ran out on us, Lula Ann was a burden. A heavy one, but I bore it well.

Yes, I was tough on her. You bet I was. By the time she turned twelve going on thirteen, I had to be even tougher. She was talking back, refusing to eat what I cooked, primping her hair. When I braided it, she'd go to school and unbraid it. I couldn't let her go bad. I slammed the lid and warned her about the names she'd be called. Still, some of my schooling must have rubbed off. See how she turned out? A rich career girl. Can you beat it?

Now she's pregnant. Good move, Lula Ann. If you think mothering is all cooing, booties, and diapers you're in for a big shock. Big. You and your nameless boyfriend, husband, pickup—whoever—imagine, Oooh! A baby! Kitchee kitchee koo!

Listen to me. You are about to find out what it takes, how the world is, how it works, and how it changes when you are a parent.

Good luck, and God help the child.

Glossary

throwback : a reversion to an ancestral characteristic (in the context)

mulatto : a person born to a white and a black parent

quadroons : a person whose blood is 25% black

pickaninny : a black child

juvenile : a young person, not physiologically mature

unbraid : to separate into several strands

Sororities : a society for female students in a university or college

sassy : bold, cheeky, full of spirit

mite : a very little bit

solitaire : a game played with cards by one person

Comprehension:

I Answer the following questions in one or two sentences each:

1. In what way was Lula Ann different from her parents?
2. Why was Lula Ann's father upset?
3. What does the narrator say about her mother?
4. Mention any two instances of discrimination against blacks in the story.
5. Why didn't the narrator's parents allow their children to drink from the 'coloured only' water fountains?
6. What impact did Lula Ann's birth have on her parents' marriage?
7. Why couldn't the narrator find a decent accommodation in the city?
8. Why wasn't Lula Ann given away to an orphanage?
9. Who took care of Lula Ann when her mother went out?
10. Lula Ann addressed her mother as _____.
11. What kind of a girl did Lula Ann grow up to be?
12. In which place was Ann's mother treated when she caught some bone disease?
13. Why was the return address not mentioned on Lula Ann's letters?
14. What good news did Lula Ann pass on to her other?

II Answer the following questions in about a page each:

1. How did Lula Ann's grandmother handle discriminatory situation in her life?
2. Write a note on the inhuman treatment meted out to the blacks.
3. How did Ann's birth affect the relationship between her parents?
4. How does Ann's mother try to establish that she was not a bad mother?
5. 'What you do to children matters'. How does the statement relate to Ann's mother's life?
6. What memories of Lula Ann's teenage does her mother have?
7. The narrator and Lula Ann, her daughter love each other but are pitched against each other by their circumstances. Do you agree?
8. Do you think the narrator is remorseful about the way she reared up her daughter?

III Answer the following questions in about two pages each:

1. The story portrays the distortions in relationships of the people, owing to the pressures/prejudices of the society on them. Elaborate.
2. Comment on the irony of the title "Sweetness".
3. Give an account of how the blacks tried to live in dignity in spite of the discrimination they faced in the society?
4. The last two lines of the story reveal a flood of emotions. Discuss.

Suggested reading:

- Long Walk of Freedom - Nelson Mandela

Extended Activity:

- Watch the movie Baala. Conduct a Debate on body shaming.
- Collect information about the out bursts of violence on account of the racist attitude of people in U.S.A.,U.K. and other countries. George Floyd incident in the US is the most recent one.
- Make a collage on racial discrimination.

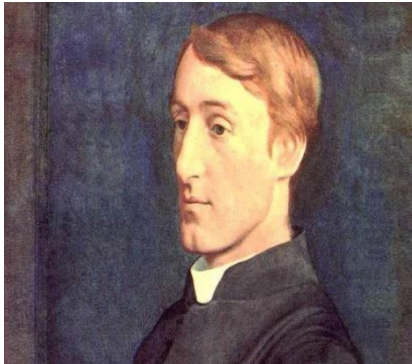
3. INVERSNAID

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

Approach to the text:

- **Do you think humanity is interconnected with nature?**
- **“In wildness is the preservation of the world” – W. Thoreau. Discuss.**

About the poet



Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-89) was born on 28th July 1844 in Stratford, Essex, England. There is no parallel in literary history to the case of G.M. Hopkins, who published nothing in his own lifetime. But after his collected poems were first issued in 1918, they had so deep and wide an influence upon the younger generation which is till today, inexhaustible. When Hopkins entered the Jesuit Order (1868) he burned most of his poetry. Only a small body of verse that he saved at this time and some poems, which were sent later to his friend Robert Bridges, survive. None of them was published during the poet's lifetime, and his reputation developed only after the 1940s.

Hopkins was concerned with the unique, the “original, spare, strange” in persons, emotions, or nature. This individualizing quality he called “inscape”; and the individual response which the “inscape” aroused in him, what he called “instress.” His originality lies in the perception and sensuousness achieved by startling imagery, prosody, and diction. He was much influenced by the metaphysical poets in analyzing his own mystic experiences. Hopkins recognized the tensions between the Jesuit and the individualist poet within himself. The profound self-analysis, the new feeling toward rhythm, diction, and syntax, the multiple meanings and

ambiguities of reference have greatly influenced modern poets, notably Eliot and Auden.

‘Inversnaid’ is located on the east bank of Loch Lomond in Scotland and this poem was written by the poet when he visited the place. The poem evokes the wild and untouched wonders of nature, while the focus is on the mountain stream rushing down the hillside and plunging into the lake. It is a four stanza poem with four lines each known as quatrains. The quatrains follow a simple rhyme scheme of AABB CCDD. This pattern, as well as the rhythm inherent to the lines themselves, is known as “sprung rhyme”. Hopkins is best-known for this technique.

Sprung rhythm is an irregular system of prosody developed by Gerard Manley Hopkins. It is based on the number of stressed syllables in a line and permits an indeterminate number of unstressed syllables. In sprung rhythm, a foot may be composed from one to four syllables. (In regular English metres, a foot consists of two or three syllables.) Because stressed syllables often occur sequentially in this patterning rather than in alternation with unstressed syllables, the rhythm is said to be “sprung.” Identification of stressed and unstressed syllables in poetry using sprung rhythm sometimes differs from reader to reader, and Hopkins’s poetry can diverge from the principles he developed. Sprung rhythm’s partly indeterminate structure makes it a bridge between regular metre and free verse.

This darksome burn, horseback brown,
His rollrock highroad roaring down,
In coop and in comb the fleece of his foam
Flutes and low to the lake falls home.

A windpuff-bonnet of fáawn-fróth
Turns and twindles over the broth
Of a pool so pitchblack, féll-frówning,
It rounds and rounds Despair to drowning.

Degged with dew, dappled with dew

Are the groins of the braes that the brook treads through,
Wiry heathpacks, flitches of fern,
And the Beadbonny ash that sits over the burn.

What would the world be, once bereft
Of wet and of wildness? Let them be left,
O let them be left, wildness and wet;
Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.

Glossary

Inversnaid : a remote part of the Scottish Highlands, on the east bank of Loch Lomond

darksome: dark and gloomy

burn: a stream

coop: In his notebook, Hopkins described a coop as an ‘enclosed hollow’

comb: water rippling or running freely

flutes: to make a shape like the flute or stem of a long-stemmed glass; to make the whistling sound of the musical instrument of the same name

windpuff bonnet: froth which sits on top of the water like a lady’s hat, or part of a sail

fawn-froth: fawn-coloured foam created by running water in streams twindles: twists, turns and dwindles

fell-frowning: frowning fiercely, but also reflecting the hill or stretch of high moorland

degged: from the Scottish dialect: a word meaning ‘sprinkled’

groins: sides

braes: hills

brook: stream

heathpacks: clumps of heather

flitches: patches or streaks

beadbonny: made beautiful – ‘bonny’ – by being beaded with berries

ash: a type of tree

bereft: deprived

Comprehension:

I. Answer the following questions in one or two sentences each:

1. Who does “darksome burn” refer to?
2. Give an example of personification from the poem.
3. Why does the poet invent the word “rollrock”?
4. How does the stream flow?
5. What is the tone of the poet in the last stanza of the poem?
6. In what way is the land described in the poem?
7. ‘low to the lake falls home’, What does the poet describe in this line?
8. ‘It rounds and rounds Despair to drowning’. Does the poet relate the whirl in the sea to a human emotion?

II. Answer the following questions in about a page:

1. Explain the importance of natural place as depicted in the poem.
2. The poem is one of the best examples of Nature Writing. Elaborate
3. ‘And the beadbonny ash that sits over the burn’, Discuss the metaphor used in the line.
4. How does the poet describe the stream and landscape?
5. Discuss the literary devices and figures of speech employed in the poem?
6. “Once bereft / of wet and of wildness?” The lines from the poem open a debate on the impact of exploitive attitude of man on earth. Substantiate

III. Answer the following questions in about two pages each:

1. The poem celebrates the vigour and beauty of the natural world and at the same time provides an insight into the darkness and disparity present in the world. Explain the statement with reference to the poem.

2. The representation of the nature in a work of literature is inescapably shaped by human feelings and human imagination. Explain.
3. The poem is an indirect appeal to the mankind to let the nature be undisturbed. Do you think so?
4. The poem presents a beautiful picture of nature which can be spoiled by human intervention. Would you consider the poem to be an appeal to preserve nature?
5. Comment on the figurative use of language in the poem.

Suggested Reading:

- *Excursions* (1863) by Walden Thoreau
- *Imagining the Earth: Poetry and the Vision of Nature* (1985) by John Elder.
- *Romantic Ecology: Wordsworth and the Environment Tradition* (1991) by Jonathan Bate.
- “On Killing a Tree” by Gieve Patel.
- *Batman: The Dark Knight Returns* by Frank Miller.

Extended Activity:

- Adjectives are used almost exclusively to modify nouns, as well as any phrase or part of speech functioning as a noun.

Examples:

- i. Pramod wears **red** glasses. (*Red* modifies the noun *glasses*)
- ii. A **loud** group of students passed by. (*Loud* modifies the noun phrase *group of students*.)
- iii. **Excellent** writing is required for this job. (*Excellent* modifies the gerund *writing*)

There is a huge variety of adjectives in English. While many words are inherently adjectival, such as colors (red, blue, purple, etc.) or characteristics (strong, weak, nice, etc.), there are also several categories of adjectives that are formed from other sources. The table below gives a

brief breakdown of these different categories of adjectives, along with some examples of how they are used in a sentence:

Category of Adjectives	Definition	Example	
		Adjectives	Sentence
Proper Adjectives	Formed from proper nouns to create descriptive words.	<i>Indian, Middle Eastern, Nordic, Shakespearean</i>	“ He likes Indian dishes”
Compound Adjectives	Created from two or more words that work together to modify the same noun; they are often joined with one or more hyphens	<i>top-right, last-minute, sugar-free, record-breaking, expensive-looking</i>	“I know this is a last-minute suggestion, but it’s a good idea.”
Demonstrative Adjectives (or Demonstrative Determiners)	Used to specify what we are referring to and whether it is singular or plural, and to give more information about its proximity to the speaker.	<i>this, that, these, those</i>	“ These cups are very pretty.”
Interrogative Adjectives (or Interrogative Determiners)	Usually used to ask questions about something.	<i>what, which, whose</i>	“ Whose computer is this?”
	Adjectives that perform the function of a noun in a sentence. They are		

Nominal Adjectives	preceded by the word 'the' and can be found as the subject or the object of a sentence or clause.	<i>the best, the stronger, the blue</i>	“He wants the red car, but I want the blue. ”
Collective Adjectives	A subgroup of nominal adjectives , used to refer to a group of people based on a shared characteristics.	<i>the rich, the poor, the innocent, the French, the Americans, the Dutch</i>	“ The rich should help the poor. ”

- Make a list of adjectives under diverse categories from the table above and construct sentences using them.

4. THE QUALITY OF MERCY

An Excerpt from 'THE MERCHANT OF VENICE'

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Approach to the text:

- Do you think law can be both good and bad?
- Great minds such as Benjamin and Derrida believe that 'law is a constitutional compromise with sphere of violence.' Discuss.
- Law refers to generality, while justice refers to singularity. Do you agree?

About the author



William Shakespeare was born on 23rd April, 1564 Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire in England. The village Stratford-upon-Avon was one of the most beautiful and romantic districts in rural England. Of Shakespeare's education, little is known, except that for a few years he probably attended the Grammar School at Stratford. In 1587, Shakespeare left his family and went to London. There he turned to the stage and soon became first an actor and then a playwright. He worked with other men and revised old plays before writing his own and so gained a practical knowledge of his art. He has written 38 plays and 154 sonnets which have earned him a distinctive place in World Literature. He stayed in London for about twenty years and produced on an average a couple of plays a year. About 1610, Shakespeare left London for Stratford where he stayed in his house known as New Place. He died on April 23, 1616.

The Merchant of Venice, Act 4, Scene 1

Portia:

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Glossary

strain'd : forced or constrained

upon the place beneath : on the earth (in context).

Blest : blessed

sceptre : an ornamented staff - symbol of English royalty/sovereignty.

force : (in this context) validity or legality.

temporal : pertaining to this life or this world, not spiritual, not eternal; earthly

attribute : an object of close association; a symbol

sway : rule or control

enthroned: to install (to reinforce the regality of mercy in a ruler)

seasons: tempering, brought to a desired state

Salvation: to save (from Middle English *salvacion* via Anglo-French from Latin *salvation*, which derives from *salvare*)

mitigate: to make less severe

Plot Overview: Antonio, a Venetian merchant, complains to his friends of a melancholy that he cannot explain. His friend Bassanio is desperately in need of money to court Portia, a wealthy heiress who lives in the city of Belmont. Bassanio asks Antonio for a loan in order to travel in style to Portia's estate. Antonio agrees, but is unable to make the loan himself because his own money is all invested in a number of trade ships that are still at sea. Antonio suggests that Bassanio secure the loan from one of the city's moneylenders and name Antonio as the loan's guarantor. In Belmont, Portia expresses sadness over the terms of her father's will, which stipulates that she must marry the man who correctly chooses one of three caskets, that has Portia's portrait in it. None of Portia's current suitors are to her liking, and she and her lady-in-waiting, Nerissa, fondly remember a visit paid some time before by Bassanio.

In Venice, Antonio and Bassanio approach Shylock, a Jewish moneylender, for a loan. Shylock nurses a long-standing grudge against Antonio, who has made a habit of berating Shylock and other Jews for their usury, the practice of loaning

money at exorbitant rates of interest, and who undermines their business by offering interest-free loans. Although Antonio refuses to apologize for his behavior, Shylock acts agreeably and offers to lend Bassanio three thousand ducats with no interest. Shylock adds, however, that should the loan go unpaid, Shylock will be entitled to a pound of Antonio's own flesh. Despite Bassanio's warnings, Antonio agrees. In Shylock's own household, his servant Lancelot decides to leave Shylock's service to work for Bassanio, and Shylock's daughter Jessica schemes to elope with Antonio's friend Lorenzo. That night, the streets of Venice fill up with revelers, and Jessica escapes with Lorenzo by dressing as his page. After a night of celebration, Bassanio and his friend Graziano leave for Belmont, where Bassanio intends to win Portia's hand.

In Belmont, Portia welcomes the prince of Morocco, who has come in an attempt to choose the right casket to marry her. The prince studies the inscriptions on the three caskets and chooses the gold one, which proves to be an incorrect choice. In Venice, Shylock is furious to find that his daughter has run away, but rejoices in the fact that Antonio's ships are rumored to have been wrecked and that he will soon be able to claim his debt. In Belmont, the prince of Aragon also visits Portia. He, too, studies the caskets carefully, but he picks the silver one, which is also incorrect. Bassanio arrives at Portia's estate, and they declare their love for one another. Despite Portia's request that he wait before choosing, Bassanio immediately picks the correct casket, which is made of lead. He and Portia rejoice, and Graziano confesses that he has fallen in love with Nerissa. The couples decide on a double wedding. Portia gives Bassanio a ring as a token of love, and makes him swear that under no circumstances will he part with it. They are joined, unexpectedly, by Lorenzo and Jessica. The celebration, however, is cut short by the news that Antonio has indeed lost his ships, and that he has forfeited his bond to Shylock. Bassanio and Graziano immediately travel to Venice to try and save Antonio's life. After they leave, Portia tells Nerissa that they will go to Venice disguised as men.

Shylock ignores the many pleas to spare Antonio's life, and a trial is called to decide the matter. The duke of Venice, who presides over the trial, announces that he has sent for a legal expert, who turns out to be Portia disguised as a young man of law. Portia asks Shylock to show mercy, but he remains inflexible and

insists the pound of flesh is rightfully his. Bassanio offers Shylock twice the money due him, but Shylock insists on collecting the bond as it is written. Portia examines the contract and, finding it legally binding, declares that Shylock is entitled to the merchant's flesh. Shylock ecstatically praises her wisdom, but as he is on the verge of collecting his due, Portia reminds him that he must do so without causing Antonio to bleed, as the contract does not entitle him to any blood. Trapped by this logic, Shylock hastily agrees to take Bassanio's money instead, but Portia insists that Shylock take his bond as written, or nothing at all. Portia informs Shylock that he is guilty of conspiring against the life of a Venetian citizen, which means he must turn over half of his property to the state and the other half to Antonio. The duke spares Shylock's life and takes a fine instead of Shylock's property. Antonio also foregoes his half of Shylock's wealth on two conditions: first, Shylock must convert to Christianity, and second, he must will the entirety of his estate to Lorenzo and Jessica upon his death. Shylock agrees and takes his leave.

Bassanio, who does not see through Portia's disguise, showers the young law clerk with thanks, and is eventually pressured into giving Portia the ring with which he promised never to part. Graziano gives Nerissa, who is disguised as Portia's clerk, his ring. The two women return to Belmont, where they find Lorenzo and Jessica declaring their love to each other under the moonlight. When Bassanio and Graziano arrive the next day, their wives accuse them of faithlessly giving their rings to other women. Before the deception goes too far, however, Portia reveals that she was, in fact, the law clerk, and both she and Nerissa reconcile with their husbands. Lorenzo and Jessica are pleased to learn of their inheritance from Shylock, and the joyful news arrives that Antonio's ships have in fact made it back safely. The group celebrates its good fortune.

Comprehension:

I. Answer the following questions in one or two sentences each:

1. What does the word 'strained' mean in the poem?
2. Who are blessed by the practice of mercy?
3. Give an example of personification from the poem.
4. What suits a monarch better than his crown and why?

5. Why is the sceptre respected?
6. 'Sceptre' is symbolic of_____.
7. Mention the attributes of 'temporal power'?
8. How does mercy impact justice?
9. What, according to Portia, teaches us all to be merciful?
10. How does the earthly power look when tempered by mercy?

II. Answer the following questions in about a page:

1. How are the royal power and mercy juxtaposed in the poem?
2. In what way is the quality of mercy elevated from earthly to ethereal?
3. Why is mercy considered superior to royal power?
4. In what way is the quality of mercy 'twice blest'?
5. Why does the poet refer to mercy as an 'Attribute of God'?
6. Do you think the speaker is persuading Shylock to be merciful, and give up his claim, though as per law he deserves to get it?
7. How should Shylock be punished for his offence, according to the young law clerk?
8. Describe the figures of speech and literary devices employed in the poem.

III. Answer the following questions in about two pages each:

1. In what way does the poem establish that mercy is mightiest power on earth?
2. Why is mercy considered an attribute to God?
3. The verse, in the context of the play is given a racist interpretation, making it an anti-semitic play. Do you identify such a tone in the verse?
4. Can the verse be considered to represent the clash between legal justice and moral justice? Substantiate.
- 5.

Suggested Reading:

- *The Merchant of Venice* by William Shakespeare.
- *Animal Farm* by George Orwell

- “A Ballad of Sir Pertab Singh” by Henry Newbolt.

Extended Activity

- Create a group in the class and perform the play
- Imagine you are a lawyer. How would you support the case of Shylock in the court?

5. SUPPRESSED DESIRES

(A comedy in two episodes)

SUSAN GLASPELL IN COLLABORATION WITH GEORGE CRAM COOK

Approach to the text:

- Face is the index of mind. Do you agree?
- Face reading and mind reading are the tools of Psychoanalysis. Discuss in groups.
- Is it possible to control and read someone else's mind?
- What are your views on privacy of thought, secret and hidden desires?

About the author:



Susan Glaspell (1876-1948) was an American playwright, novelist, journalist and actress. She founded the first modern American theatre company, the Provincetown Players. She has authored 50 short stories, 9 novels and 15 plays. Her writings mainly depict themes like social issues, gender, ethics, dissent and other contemporary matters. Her play *Alison's House* won her Pulitzer Prize.

Suppressed Desires is a comedy in two episodes, a one-act satire on psychoanalysis. It is also called a Freudian Comedy. The story revolves around three characters Steve, Henreitta and Mabel who unfold their experiences related to suppressed desires in mind. The treatment of characters is very subtle and apt, which captures the imagination of the readers and audience.

SUPPRESSED DESIRES
(A comedy in two episodes)

SUSAN GLASPELL

SCENE I-

A studio apartment in an upper story, Washington Square South. Through an immense north window in the back wall appear tree tops and the upper part of the Washington Arch. Beyond it you look up Fifth Avenue. Near the window is a big table, loaded at one end with serious-looking books and austere scientific periodicals. At the other end are architect's drawings, blue prints, dividing compasses, square, ruler, etc. At the left is a door leading to the rest of the apartment; at the right the outer door. A breakfast table is set for three, but only two are seated at it--

HENRIETTA and STEPHEN BREWSTER. As the curtains withdraw STEVE pushes back his coffee cup and sits dejected.

HENRIETTA. It isn't the coffee, Steve dear. There's nothing the matter with the coffee. There's something the matter with *you*.

STEVE. *(doggedly)* There may be something the matter with my stomach.

HENRIETTA *(scornfully)*. Your stomach! The trouble is not with your stomach but in your subconscious mind.

STEVE Subconscious piffle *(Takes morning paper and tries to read.)*

HENRIETTA Steve, you never used to be so disagreeable. You certainly have got some sort of a complex. You're all inhibited. You're no longer open to new ideas. You won't listen to a word about psychoanalysis.

STEVE A word! I've listened to volumes!

HENRIETTA You've ceased to be creative in architecture--your work isn't going well. You're not sleeping well--

STEVE How can I sleep, Henrietta, when you're always waking me up to find out what I'm dreaming?

HENRIETTA. But dreams are so important, Steve. If you'd tell yours to Dr. Russell he'd find out exactly what's wrong with you.

STEVE. There's nothing wrong with me.

HENRIETTA. You don't even talk as well as you used to.

STEVE. Talk? I can't say a thing without you looking at me in that dark fashion you have when you're on the trail of a complex.

HENRIETTA. This very irritability indicates that you're suffering from some suppressed desire.

STEVE. I'm suffering from a suppressed desire for a little peace.

HENRIETTA. Dr. Russell is doing simply wonderful things with nervous cases. Won't you go to him, Steve?

STEVE (*slamming down his newspaper*). No, Henrietta, I won't!

HENRIETTA But Stephen--!

STEVE. Tst! I hear Mabel coming. Let's not be at each other's throats the first day of her visit. (*He takes out cigarettes. MABEL comes in from door left, the side opposite STEVE, so that he is facing her. She is wearing a rather fussy negligee in contrast to HENRIETTA, who wears "radical" clothes. MABEL is what is called plump.*)

MABEL. Good morning.

HENRIETTA. Oh, here you are, l i t t l e s i s t e r .

STEVE. Good morning, Mabel. (*MABEL nods to him and turns, her face lighting up, to HENRIETTA.*)

HENRIETTA (*giving MABEL a hug as she leans against her*). It's so good to have you here. I was going to let you sleep, thinking you'd be tired after the long trip. Sit down.

There'll be fresh toast in a minute and (rising) will you have-

MABEL. Oh, I ought to have told you, Henrietta. Don't get anything for me. I'm not eating breakfast.

HENRIETTA (*at first in mere surprise*) Not eating breakfast? (*She sits down, and then leans toward MABEL who is seated now, and scrutinizes her.*)

STEVE (*half to himself*) The psychoanalytical look!

HENRIETTA. Mabel, why are you not eating breakfast?

MABEL (*a little startled*) Why, no particular reason. I just don't care much for breakfast, and they say it keeps down--(*A hand on her hip--the gesture of one who is "reducing"*) that is, it's a good thing to go without it.

HENRIETTA. Don't you sleep well? Did you sleep well last night?

MABEL. Oh, yes, I slept all right. Yes, I slept fine last night, only (*laughing*) I did have the funniest dream!

STEVE. S-h! S-t!

HENRIETTA (*moving closer*) And what did you dream, Mabel?

STEVE. Look-a-here, Mabel, I feel it's my duty to put you on. Don't tell Henrietta your dreams. If you do she'll find out that you have an underground desire to kill your father and marry your mother--

HENRIETTA. Don't be absurd, Stephen Brewster. (*Sweetly to MABEL*) What was your dream, dear?

MABEL (*laughing*) Well, I dreamed I was a hen.

HENRIETTA. A hen?

MABEL. Yes; and I was pushing along through a crowd as fast as I could, but being a hen I couldn't walk very fast--it was like having a tight skirt, you know; and there was some sort of creature in a blue cap--you know how mixed up dreams are--and it kept shouting after me, "Step, Hen! Step, Hen!" until I got all excited and just couldn't move at all.

HENRIETTA *(resting chin in palm and peering)* You say you became much excited?

MABEL *(laughing)* Oh, yes; I was in a terrible state.

HENRIETTA *(leaning back, murmurs)*. This is significant.

STEVE. She dreams she's a hen. She is told to step lively. She becomes violently agitated. What can it mean?

HENRIETTA *(turning impatiently from him)*. Mabel, do you know anything about psychoanalysis?

MABEL *(feebly)*. Oh--not much. No-I- *(Brightening)* It's some thing about the war, isn't it?

STEVE. Not that kind of war.

MABEL *(abashed)*. I thought it might be the name of a new explosive.

STEVE. It is.

MABEL *(apologetically to HENRIETTA, who is frowning)*. You see, Henrietta, I--we do not live in touch with intellectual things, as you do. Bob being a dentist--somehow our friends--

STEVE *(softly)* Oh, to be a dentist! *(Goes to window and stands looking out.)*

HENRIETTA. Don't you see anything more of that editorial writer--what was his name?

MABEL. Lyman Eggleston?

HENRIETTA. Yes, Eggleston. He was in touch with things. Don't you see him?

MABEL. Yes, I see him once in a while. Bob doesn't like him very well.

HENRIETTA Your husband does not like Lyman Eggleston?
(Mysteriously) Mabel, are you perfectly happy with your husband?

STEVE *(sharply)* Oh, come now, Henrietta--that's going a little strong!

HENRIETTA. Are you perfectly happy with him, Mabel?

(STEVE goes to work-table.)

MABEL. Why-yes-I guess so. Why-of course I am!

HENRIETTA. Are you happy? Or do you only think you are? Or do you only think you *ought* to be?

MABEL. Why, Henrietta, I don't know what you mean!

STEVE (*seizes stack of books and magazines and dumps them on the breakfast table*) This is what she means, Mabel. Psychoanalysis. My work-table groans with it. Books by Freud, the new Messiah; books by Jung, the new St. Paul; the Psycho analytical Review-back numbers two-fifty per.

MABEL. But what's it all about?

STEVE. All about your sub-un-nonconscious mind and desires you know not of. They may be doing you a great deal of harm. You may go crazy with them. Oh, yes! People are doing it right and left. You're dreaming you're a hen- (*Shakes his head darkly.*)

HENRIETTA. Any fool can ridicule anything.

MABEL (*hastily, to avert a quarrel*). But what do you say it is, Henrietta?

STEVE (*looking at his watch*) Oh, if Henrietta's going to start that! (*During HENRIETTA'S next speech settles himself at work-table and sharpens a leadpencil.*)

HENRIETTA. It's like this, Mabel. You want something. You think you can't have it. You think it's wrong. So you try to think you don't want it. Your mind protects you--avoids pain--by refusing to think the forbidden thing. But it's there just the same. It stays there shut up in your unconscious mind, and it festers.

STEVE. Sort of an in growing mental toenail.

HENRIETTA. Precisely. The forbidden impulse is there full of energy which has simply got to do something. It breaks into your consciousness in disguise, masks itself in dreams, makes all sorts of trouble. In extreme cases it drives you insane.

MABEL (*with a gesture of horror*). Oh!

HENRIETTA (*reassuring*) But psychoanalysis has found out how to save us from that. It brings into consciousness the suppressed desire that was making all the trouble. Psychoanalysis is simply the latest scientific method of preventing and curing insanity.

STEVE (*from his table*) It is also the latest scientific method of separating families.

HENRIETTA (*mildly*) Families that ought to be separated.

STEVE. The Dwights, for instance. You must have met them, Mabel, when you were here before. Helen was living, apparently, in peace and happiness with good old Joe. Well--she went to this psychoanalyzer--she was "psyched," and biff!-bang!-home she comes with an unsuppressed desire to leave her husband. (*He starts work, drawing lines on a drawing board with a T-square.*)

MABEL. How terrible! Yes, I remember Helen Dwight. But--but did she have such a desire?

STEVE. First she'd known of it.

MABEL. And she *left* him?

HENRIETTA (*coolly*). Yes, she did.

MABEL. Wasn't he good to her?

HENRIETTA. Why, yes, good enough.

MABEL. Wasn't he kind to her?

HENRIETTA. Oh, yes--kind to her.

MABEL. And she left her good, kind husband--!

HENRIETTA. Oh, Mabel! "Left her good, kind husband!" How naive--forgive me, dear, but how bourgeois you are! She came to know herself. And she had the courage!

MABEL. I may be very naive and bourgeois--but I don't see the good of a new science that breaks up homes. (*STEVE applauds.*)

STEVE. In enlightening Mabel, we mustn't neglect to mention the case of Art Holden's private secretary, Mary Snow, who has

just been informed of her suppressed desire for her employer.

MABEL. Why, I think it is terrible, Henrietta! It would be better if we didn't know such things about ourselves.

HENRIETTA. No, Mabel, that is the old way.

MABEL. But-but her employer? Is he married?

STEVE (*grunts*) Wife and four children.

MABEL. Well, then, what good does it do the girl to be told she has a desire for him? There's nothing can be done about it.

HENRIETTA. Old institutions will have to be reshaped so that something can be done in such cases. It happens, Mabel, that this suppressed desire was on the point of landing Mary Snow in the insane asylum. Are you so tight-minded that you'd rather have her in the insane asylum than break the conventions?

MABEL. But-but have people always had these awful suppressed desires?

HENRIETTA. Always.

STEVE. But they've just been discovered.

HENRIETTA. The harm they do has just been discovered. And free, sane people must face the fact that they have to be dealt with.

MABEL (*stoutly*) I don't believe they have them in Chicago.

HENRIETTA (*business of giving MABEL up*) People "have them" wherever the living Libido--the center of the soul's energy--is in conflict with petrified moral codes. That means everywhere in civilization. Psychoanalysis--

STEVE. Good God! I've got the roof in the cellar!

HENRIETTA. The roof in the cellar!

STEVE (*holding plan at arm's length*) That's what psychoanalysis does!

HENRIETTA. That's what psychoanalysis could *undo*. Is it any wonder I'm concerned about Steve? He dreamed the other night that the walls of his room melted away and he found himself alone in a forest. Don't you see how significant it is for an architect to have *walls* slip away from him? It symbolizes his

loss of grip in his work. There's some suppressed desire--
STEVE *(hurling his ruined plan viciously to the floor)* Suppressed hell!

HENRIETTA. You speak more truly than you know. It is through suppressions that hells are formed in us.

MABEL *(Looking at STEVE, who is tearing his hair)* Don't you think it would be a good thing, Henrietta, if we went somewhere else? *(They rise and begin to pick up the dishes. MABEL drops a plate which breaks. HENRIETTA draws up short and looks at her--the psychoanalytic look)* I'm sorry, Henrietta. One of the Spode plates, too. *(Surprised and resentful as HENRIETTA continues to peer at her)* Don't take it so to heart, Henrietta.

HENRIETTA I can't help taking it to heart.

MABEL. I'll get you another. *(Pause. More sharply as HENRIETTA does not answer)* I said I'll get you another plate, Henrietta.

HENRIETTA. It's not the plate.

MABEL. For heaven's sake, what is it then?

HENRIETTA. It's the significant little false movement that made you drop it.

MABEL. Well, I suppose everyone makes a false movement once in a while.

HENRIETTA. Yes, Mabel, but these false movements all mean something.

MABEL *(about to cry)* I don't think that's very nice! It was just because I happened to think of that Mabel Snow you were talking about--

HENRIETTA. *Mabel Snow!*

MABEL. Snow-Snow well, what was her name, then?

HENRIETTA. Her name is Mary. You substituted *your own* name for hers.

MABEL. Well, *Mary* Snow, then; *Mary* Snow. I never heard her name but once. I don't see anything to make such a fuss about.

HENRIETTA (*gently*) Mabel dear--mistakes like that in names--

MABEL (*desperately*) They don't mean something, too, do they?

HENRIETTA (*gently*) I am sorry, dear, but they do.

MABEL. But I'm always doing that!

HENRIETTA (*after a start of horror*) My poor little sister, tell me about it.

MABEL. About what?

HENRIETTA. About your not being happy. About your longing for an other sort of life.

MABEL. But I *don't*.

HENRIETTA. Ah, I understand these things, dear. You feel Bob is limiting you to a life in which you do not feel free--

MABEL. Henrietta! When did I ever say such a thing?

HENRIETTA You said you are not in touch with things intellectual. You showed your feeling that it is Bob's profession--that has engendered a resentment which has colored your whole life with him.

MABEL. Why-Henrietta!

HENRIETTA. Don't be afraid of me, little sister. There's nothing can shock me or turn me from you. I am not like that. I wanted you to come for this visit because I had a feeling that you needed more from life than you were getting. No one of these things I have seen would excite my suspicion. It's the combination. You don't eat breakfast (*enumerating on her fingers*); you make false moves; you substitute your own name for the name of another *whose love is misdirected*. You're nervous; you *look* queer; in your eyes there's a frightened look that is most unlike you. And this dream. A *hen*. Come with me this afternoon to Dr. Russell! Your whole life may be at stake, Mabel.

MABEL (*gasping*) Henrietta, I-- you always were the smartest in the family, and all that, but--this is terrible! I don't think

we *ought* to think such things. (*Brightening*) Why, I'll tell you why I dreamed I was a hen. It was because last night, telling about that time in Chicago, you said I was as mad as a wet hen.

HENRIETTA (*superior*) Did you dream you were a *wet* hen?

MABEL (*forced to admit it*). No.

HENRIETTA. No. You dreamed you were a *dry* hen. And why, being a hen, were you urged to step?

MABEL May be it's because when I'm getting on a street car it always irritates me to have them call "Step lively".

HENRIETTA No, Mabel that is only a child's view of it--if you will forgive me. You see merely the elements used in the dream. You do not see into the dream; you do not see its meaning. This dream of the hen--

STEVE. Hen--hen—wet hen--dry hen--mad hen! (*Jumps up in a rage*) Let me out of this!

HENRIETTA (*hastily picking up dishes, speaks soothingly*). Just a minute, dear, and we'll have things so you can work in quiet. Mabel and I are going to sit in my room. (*She goes out left, carrying dishes.*)

STEVE (*seizing hat and coat from an alcove near the outside door*) I'm going to be psychoanalyzed. I'm going now! I'm going straight to that infallible doctor of hers-- that priest of this new religion. If he's got honesty enough to tell Henrietta there's nothing the matter with my unconscious mind, perhaps I can be let alone about it, and then I *will* be alright. (*From the door in a low voice*) Don't tell Henrietta I'm going. It might take weeks, and I couldn't stand all the talk. (*He hurries out.*)

HENRIETTA (*returning*) Where's Steve? Gone? (*With a hopeless gesture*) You see how impatient he is--how unlike himself! I tell you, Mabel, I'm nearly distracted about Steve.

MABEL. I think he's a little distracted, too.

HENRIETTA. Well, if he's gone-you might as well stay here. I have a committee meeting at the book shop, and will have to leave you to yourself for an hour or two. (*As she puts her hat on, taking it from the alcove where STEVE found his, her eye, lighting up almost carnivorously, falls on an enormous volume on the floor beside the work table. The book has been half hidden by the wastebasket. She picks it up and carries it around the table toward MABEL*) Here, dear, is one of the simplest statements of psychoanalysis. You just read this and then we can talk more intelligently. (*MABEL takes volume and staggers back under its weight to chair rear center, HENRIETTA goes to outer door, stops and asks abruptly*) How old is Lyman Eggleston?

MABEL (*promptly*) He isn't forty yet. Why, what made you ask that, Henrietta? (*As she turns her head to look at HENRIETTA her hands move toward the upper corners of the book balanced on her knees.*)

HENRIETTA. Oh, nothing. Au revoir. (*She goes out. MABEL stares at the ceiling. The book slides to the floor. She starts; looks at the book, then at the broken plate on the table*) The plate! The book! (*She lifts her eyes, leans forward, elbow on knee, chin on knuckles and plaintively queries*) Am I unhappy?

CURTAIN

SCENE II *Two weeks later. The stage is as in Scene I, except that the breakfast table has been removed. During the first few minutes the dusk of a winter afternoon deepens. Out of the darkness spring rows of double street-lights almost meeting in the distance. HENRIETTA is at the psychoanalytical end of STEVE'S work-table, surrounded by open books and periodicals, writing. STEVE enters briskly.*

STEVE. What are you doing, mydear?

HENRIETTA. My paper for the Liberal Club.

STEVE. Your paper on--?

HENRIETTA. On a subject which does not have your sympathy.

STEVE. Oh, I'm not sure I'm wholly out of sympathy with psychoanalysis, Henrietta. You worked it so hard. I couldn't even take a bath without its meaning something.

HENRIETTA (*loftily*) I talked it because knew you needed it.

STEVE. You haven't said much about it these last two weeks. Uh-- your faith in it hasn't weakened any?

HENRIETTA. Weakened? It's grown stronger with each new thing I've come to know. And Mabel. She is with Dr. Russell now. Dr. Russell is wonderful! From what Mabel tells me I believe his analysis is going to prove that I was right. Today I discovered a remarkable confirmation of my theory in the hen-dream.

STEVE. What is your theory?

HENRIETTA. Well, you know about Lyman Eggleston. I've wondered about him. I've never seen him, but I know he's less bourgeois than Mabel's other friends--more intellectual and (*significantly*) she doesn't see much of him because Bob doesn't like him.

STEVE. But what's the confirmation?

HENRIETTA. Today noticed the first syllable of his name.

STEVE. Ly?

HENRIETTA. No--egg.

STEVE. Egg?

HENRIETTA (*patiently*) Mabel dreamed she was a *hen*. (*STEVE laughs*) You wouldn't laugh if you knew how important names are in interpreting dreams. Freud is full of just such cases in which a whole hidden complex is revealed by a single significant syllable--like this egg.

STEVE. Doesn't the traditional relation of hen and egg suggest rather a maternal feeling?

HENRIETTA. There is something maternal in Mabel's love, of course, but that's only one element.

STEVE. Well, suppose Mabel hasn't a suppressed desire to be this gentleman's mother, but his beloved. What's to be done about it? What about Bob? Don't you think it's going to be a little rough on him?

HENRIETTA. That can't be helped. Bob, like everyone else, must face the facts of life. If Dr. Russell should arrive independently at this same interpretation I shall not hesitate to advise Mabel to leave her present husband.

STEVE. Um-hum! (*The lights go up on Fifth Avenue. STEVE goes to the window and looks out*) How long is it we've lived here, Henrietta?

HENRIETTA. Why, this is the third year, Steve.

STEVE. I—we—one would miss this view if one went away, wouldn't one?

HENRIETTA. How strangely you speak! Oh, Stephen, I *wish* you'd go to Dr. Russell. Don't think my fears have abated because I've been able to restrain myself. I had to on account of Mabel. But now, dear--won't you go?

STEVE. I - (*He breaks off, turns on the light, then comes and sits beside HENRIETTA*) How long have we been married, Henrietta?

HENRIETTA. Stephen, I don't understand you! You *must* go to Dr. Russell.

STEVE. I have gone.

HENRIETTA. You--what?

STEVE (*jauntily*) Yes, Henrietta, I've been psychéd.

HENRIETTA. You went to Dr. Russell?

STEVE. The same.

HENRIETTA. And what did he say?

STEVE. He said—I--I was a little surprised by what he said,

Henrietta.

HENRIETTA (*breathlessly*) Of course--one can so seldom anticipate. But tell me--your dream, Stephen? It means--?

STEVE. It means--I was considerably surprised by what it means.

HENRIETTA. *Don't* be so exasperating!

STEVE. It means--you really want to know, Henrietta?

HENRIETTA. Stephen, you'll drive me mad!

STEVE. He said--of course he may be wrong in what he said.

HENRIETTA. He *isn't* wrong. *Tell* me!

STEVE. He said my dream of the walls receding and leaving me alone in a forest indicates a suppressed desire--

HENRIETTA. Yes--yes!

STEVE. To be freed from—

HENRIETTA. Yes--freed from--?

STEVE. Marriage.

HENRIETTA (*crumples. Stares*).Marriage!

STEVE. He--he may be mistaken, you know.

HENRIETTA. *May* be mistaken?

STEVE. I--well, of course, I hadn't taken any stock in it myself. It was only your great confidence--

HENRIETTA. Stephen, are you telling me that Dr. Russell--Dr. A.E. Russell--told you this? (*STEVE nods*) Told you- you have a suppressed desire to separate from *me*?

STEVE. That's what he said.

HENRIETTA. Did he know who you were?

STEVE. Yes.

HENRIETTA. That you were married to me?

STEVE. Yes, he knew that.

HENRIETTA. And he told you to leave me?

STEVE. It seems he must be wrong, Henrietta.

HENRIETTA. (*rising*) And I've sent him more patients--! (*Catches herself and resumes coldly*) What reason did he give for this analysis?

STEVE. He says the confining walls are a symbol of my feeling about marriage and that their fading away is a wish-fulfillment.

HENRIETTA (*gulping*) Well, is it? Do you want our marriage to end?

STEVE. It was a great surprise to me that I did. You see I hadn't known what was in my unconscious mind.

HENRIETTA (*flaming*) What did you tell Dr. Russell about me to make him think you weren't happy?

STEVE. I never told him a thing, Henrietta. He got it all from his confounded clever inferences. I -- I tried to refute them, but he said that was only part of my self-protective lying.

HENRIETTA. And that's why you were so—happy--when you came in just now!

STEVE. Why, Henrietta, how can you say such a thing? I was *sad*. Didn't I speak sadly of--of the view? Didn't I ask how long we had been married?

HENRIETTA (*rising*) Stephen Brewster, have you no sense of the seriousness of this? Dr. Russell doesn't know what our marriage has been. You do. You should have laughed him down! Confined--in life with me? Did you tell him that I *believe* in freedom?

STEVE. I very emphatically told him that his results were a great surprise to me.

HENRIETTA. But you accepted them.

STEVE. Oh, not at all. I merely couldn't refute his arguments. I'm not a psychologist. I came home to talk it over with you. You being a disciple of psychoanalysis--

HENRIETTA. If you are going, I wish you would go tonight!

STEVE. Oh, my dear! I--surely I couldn't do that! Think of my feelings. And my laundry hasn't come home.

HENRIETTA. I ask you to go tonight. Some women would falter at this, Steve, but I am not such a woman. I leave you free. I do not repudiate psychoanalysis; I say again that it has done great things. It has also made mistakes, of course. But since you accept this analysis—(*She sits down and*

pretends to begin work) I have to finish this paper. I wish you would leave me.

STEVE *(scratches his head, goes to the inner door)*. I'm sorry, Henrietta, about my unconscious mind. *(Alone, HENRIETTA'S face betrays her outraged state of mind--disconcerted, resentful, trying to pull herself together. She attains an air of bravely bearing an outrageous thing--The outer door opens and MABEL enters in great excitement.)*

MABEL *(breathless)* Henrietta, I'm so glad you're here. And alone? *(Looks toward the inner door)* Are you alone, Henrietta?

HENRIETTA *(with reproving dignity)* Very much so.

MABEL *(rushing to her)* Henrietta, he's found it!

HENRIETTA *(aloof)* Who has found what?

MABEL. Who has found what? Dr. Russell has found my suppressed desire!

HENRIETTA. That is interesting.

MABEL. He finished with me today--he got hold of my complex--in the most amazing way! But, oh, Henrietta it is so terrible!

HENRIETTA. Do calm yourself, Mabel. Surely there's no occasion for all this agitation.

MABEL. But there is! And when you think of the lives that are affected--the readjustments that must be made in order to bring the suppressed hell out of me and save me from the insane asylum--!

HENRIETTA. The insane asylum!

MABEL. You said that's where these complexes brought people!

HENRIETTA. What did the doctor tell you, Mabel?

MABEL. Oh, I don't know how I can tell you--it is so awful--so unbelievable.

HENRIETTA. I rather have my hand in at hearing the unbelievable.

MABEL. Henrietta, who would ever have thought it? How can it be

true? But the doctor is perfectly certain that I have a suppressed desire for (*Looks at HENRIETTA, is unable to continue.*)

HENRIETTA. Oh, go on, Mabel. I'm not unprepared for what you have to say.

MABEL. Not unprepared? You mean you have suspected it?

HENRIETTA. From the first. It's been my theory all along.

MABEL. But, Henrietta, I didn't know myself that I had this secret desire for Stephen.

HENRIETTA (*jumps up*). Stephen!

MABEL. My brother-in-law! My own sister's husband!

HENRIETTA. *You have a suppressed Desire for Stephen!*

MABEL. Oh, Henrietta, aren't these unconscious selves terrible? They seem so unlike *us!*

HENRIETTA. What insane thing are you driving at?

MABEL (*blubbing*) Henrietta, don't you use that word to me. I don't *want* to go to the insane asylum.

HENRIETTA. What did Dr. Russell say?

MABEL. Well, you see--oh, it's the strangest thing! But you know the voice in my dream that called "Step, Hen!" Dr. Russell found out today that when I was a little girl I had a story-book in words of one syllable and I read the name Stephen wrong. I used to read it S-t-e-p, step, h-e-n, hen. (*Dramatically*) Step Hen is Stephen. (*Enter STEPHEN, his head bent over a time-table*) Stephen is Step Hen!

STEVE. I? Step Hen?

MABEL (*triumphantly*) S-t-e-p, step, H-e-n, hen, Stephen!

HENRIETTA (*exploding*) Well, what. If Stephen is Step Hen? (*Scornfully*) Step Hen! Step Hen! For that ridiculous coincidence--

MABEL. Coincidence! But it's childish to look at the mere elements of a dream. You have to look *into* it- you have to see what it *means!*

HENRIETTA. On account of that trivial, meaningless play on syllables--on that flimsy basis--you are ready— (*Wails*) O-h!

STEVE. What on earth's the matter? What has happened? Suppose I *am* Step Hen? What about it? What does it mean?

MABEL (crying) It means--that I--have a suppressed desire for *you!*

STEVE. For me! The deuce you have! (*Feebly*) What—er--makes you think so?

MABEL. Dr. Russell has worked it out scientifically.

HENRIETTA. Yes. Through the amazing discovery that Step Hen equals Stephen!

MABEL (*tearfully*) Oh, that isn't all--that isn't near all. Henrietta won't give me a chance to tell it. She'd rather I'd go to the insane asylum than be unconventional.

HENRIETTA. We'll all go there if you can't control yourself. We are still waiting for some rational report.

MABEL (*drying her eyes*) Oh, there's such a lot about names. (*With some pride*) I don't see how I ever did it. It all works in together. I dreamed I was a hen because that's the first syllable of *Henrietta's* name, and when I dreamed I was a hen, I was putting myself in Henrietta's place.

HENRIETTA. With Stephen?

MABEL. With Stephen.

HENRIETTA (*outraged*). Oh! (*Turns in rage upon STEPHEN, who is fanning himself with the time-table*) what are you doing with that timetable?

STEVE. Why-I thought--you were so keen to have me go tonight--I thought I'd just take a run up to Canada, and join Billy--a little shooting—but--

MABEL. But there's more about the names.

HENRIETTA. Mabel, have you thought of Bob--dear old Bob-- your good, kind husband?

MABEL. Oh, Henrietta, “my good, kind husband!”

HENRIETTA. Think of him, M a b e l , out there alone in Chicago, working his head o f f , fixing people's *teeth--for* you!

MABEL. Yes, but think of the living Libido--in conflict with petrified moral codes! And think of the perfectly wonderful way the names all prove it. Dr. Russell said he's never seen anything more convincing. Just look at Stephen's last name--Brewster. I dream I'm a hen, and the name Brewster--you have to say its first letter by itself--and then the hen, that's me, she says to him: "Stephen, Be Rooster!"

(HENRIETTA and STEPHEN collapse into the nearest chairs.)

MABEL I think it's perfectly wonderful! Why, if it wasn't for psychoanalysis you'd never find out how wonderful your own mind is!

STEVE (*begins to chuckle*). Be Rooster! Stephen, Be Rooster!

HENRIETTA. You think it's funny, do you?

STEVE. Well, what's to be done about it? Does Mabel have to go away with me?

HENRIETTA. Do you want Mabel to go away with you?

STEVE Well, but Mabel herself—her complex, her suppressed desire--!

HENRIETTA (*going to her*) Mabel, are you going to insist on going away with Stephen?

MABEL. I'd rather go with Stephen than go to the insane asylum!

HENRIETTA. For heaven's sake, Mabel, drop that insane asylum! If you *did* have a suppressed desire for Stephen hidden away in you--God knows it isn't hidden now. Dr. Russell has brought it into your consciousness--with a vengeance. That's all that's necessary to break up a complex. Psychoanalysis doesn't say you have to *gratify* every suppressed desire.

STEVE (*softly*) Unless it's for Lyman Eggleston.

HENRIETTA (*turning on him*) Well, if it comes to that, Stephen Brewster, I'd like to know why that interpretation of mine isn't as good as this one? Step, Hen!

STEVE. But Be Rooster! (*He pauses, chuckling to himself*) Stephen B-rooster. And Henrietta. Pshaw, my dear, Doc Russell's got you beat a mile! (*He turns away and chuckles*) Be rooster!

MABEL. What has Lyman Eggleston got to do with it?

STEVE. According to Henrietta, you, the hen, have a suppressed desire for Eggleston, the egg.

MABEL. Henrietta, I think that's indecent of you! He is bald as an egg and little and fat--the idea of you thinking such a thing of me!

HENRIETTA. Well, Bob isn't little and bald and fat! Why don't you stick to your own husband? (*To STEPHEN*) What if Dr. Russell's interpretation has got mine "beat a mile"? (*Resentful look at him*) It would only mean that Mabel doesn't want Eggleston and does want you. Does that mean she has to have you?

MABEL. But you said Mabel Snow-

HENRIETTA. *Mary* Snow! You're not as much like her as you think--substituting your name for hers! The cases are entirely different. Oh, I wouldn't have *believed* this of you, Mabel. (*Beginning to cry*) I brought you here for a pleasant visit--thought you needed brightening *up*--wanted to be *nice* to you--and now you--my husband--you insist--(*In fumbling her way to her chair she brushes to the floor some sheets from the psychoanalytical table.*)

STEVE (*with solicitude*) Careful, dear. Your paper on psychoanalysis! (*Gathers up sheets and offers them to her.*)

HENRIETTA. I don't want my paper on psychoanalysis! I'm sick of psychoanalysis!

STEVE (*eagerly*) Do you mean that, Henrietta?

HENRIETTA. Why shouldn't I mean it? Look at all I've done for psycho analysis—and--(*Raising a tear-stained face*) what has psychoanalysis done for me?

STEVE. Do you mean, Henrietta that you're going *to stop talking* psychoanalysis?

HENRIETTA. Why shouldn't I stop talking it? Haven't I seen what it does to people? Mabel has gone crazy about psychoanalysis!

(At the word "crazy" with a moan MABEL sinks to chair and buries her face in her hands.)

STEVE *(solemnly)* Do you swear never to wake me up in the night to find out what I'm dreaming?

HENRIETTA Dream what you please—I don't care what you're dreaming.

STEVE. Will you clear off my worktable so the Journal of Morbid Psychology doesn't stare me in the face when I'm trying to plan a house?

HENRIETTA *(pushing a stack of periodicals off the table)* I'll burn the Journal of Morbid Psychology!

STEVE. My dear Henrietta, if you're going to separate from psychoanalysis, there's no reason why I should separate from you. *They embrace ardently. MABEL lifts her head and looks at them woefully.*

MABEL *(jumping up and going toward them)* But what about me? What am I to do with my suppressed desire?

STEVE *(with one arm still around HENRIETTA, gives MABEL a brotherly hug).* Mabel, you just keep right on suppressing it!

CURTAIN

Glossary

austere : (here) grim-looking
doggedly : persistent, tenacious

subconscious	:	of or concerning the part of mind which is not fully conscious but influences actions
piffle	:	nonsense, empty speech
Psychoanalysis	:	a therapeutic method of treating mental disorders by investigating and bringing repressed fears and conflicts into the conscious mind
scornfully	:	full of contempt, expressing disdain
trail	:	track
negligee	:	a woman's dressing gown of thin fabric
peering	:	look keenly
festers	:	cause continuing annoyance and discomfort, rot
naïve	:	innocent, artless
bourgeois	:	unimaginative, selfishly materialistic
petrified	:	astonishing, fear-causing
viciously	:	violently, in bad-temper
alcove	:	a recess, space/vault in the wall of a room for keeping things
Au revoir	:	(/oh re- vwah) good bye (French)
exasperating	:	intensely irritating
repudiate	:	disown, reject
blubbering	:	sob out words
Deuce	:	'the Devil'- expression of surprise or annoyance
gratify	:	to yield, to please
morbid	:	unwholesome (of mind)

Comprehension:

I. Answer the following in one or two sentences each:

1. Henreitta was interested in
 - a. Reading people's palms
 - b. Reading people's minds
 - c. Reading people's horoscopes
2. What was the trouble faced by Steve, according to Henreitta?
3. Steve was happy knowing about 'psychoanalysis'. True/False.
4. What was Steve suffering from, as analysed by his wife?

5. Who was Mabel? Why did she want to skip breakfast?
6. What did Mabel see in her dream?
7. Who were Bob and Lyman Eggleston? Why was Bob unhappy about Eggleston?
8. Who were Mary Snow and the Dwights? In what way, are the two cases similar?
9. What was Steve's dream that Henreitta worried about?
10. What was the suggestion given by Dr. Russel to Steve?
11. What did Mabel reveal about her consultation with Dr. Russel?
12. How were "Step Hen" and s-t-e-p-h-e-n related to Steve?
13. What was the reaction of Henreitta to the thought of Steve and Mabel living together? Did she like it?
14. What was Henreitta's final decision on suppressed desires and psychoanalysis?

II Answer the following in 80-100 words each:

1. Describe the conversation between Steve and Henreitta before the arrival of Mabel on the stage.
2. What was Mabel's dream? Why was Henreitta interested in it?
3. How did Henreitta explain to Mabel, the hazards of suppressing desires in subconscious mind?
4. What is Psychoanalysis? How does it prevent and cure insanity?
5. How different are the views of Henreitta and Steve about Psychoanalysis?
6. What was the case of the Dwights family? Did Psychoanalysis help in their case?
7. What was Steve's opinion about Mary Snow's case?
8. How does Henreitta interpret 'dropping of plate' instance by Mabel?
9. How did Steve succeed in removing Henreitta's obsession for suppressed desires and psychoanalysis?
10. Write a note each on the portrayals of Steve and Henreitta in the play.
11. Comment on Mabel's role in resolving the crisis in Steve and Henreitta's marriage.
12. A thorn has to be removed by a thorn says an old proverb. Do you think it's the same technique used in the play?

III Answer the following in 200-250 words:

1. Describe the obsession of Henreitta with suppressed desires and Psychoanalysis?
2. How does Steve get frustrated at the mention of suppressed desires? How does he refute all the claims made by his wife about suppressed desires?
3. Names do have a role to play in Psychoanalysis. How does the play substantiate this statement through the characters?
4. 'Psychoanalysis doesn't say you have to gratify every suppressed desire.' This utterance by Henreitta at the end of the play, sums up her disillusionment with suppressed desires and Psychoanalysis. Discuss.
5. Do you think mis-reading of a subject can lead to disasters in life? Discuss with reference to the play.
6. Comment on the humour in the play. Give illustrations from the play.

Suggested activity:

- Watch any play to understand the stagecraft and portrayal of characters and their body language.
- Read a short comedy '**The Never-Never Nest**' by Cedric Mount.

6. ON THE RULE OF THE ROAD

ALFRED GEORGE GARDINER

Approach to the text:

- Fast and furious driving on the roads is an invitation to danger. Discuss.
- Every responsible citizen has a right over the roads, which ceases when he/she act irresponsibly. Do you agree?

About the Author:



Alfred George Gardiner was a British journalist and author. He was a prolific essayist and his style and subject matter easily qualified him to be categorized as what the English would call a very civilized gentleman. His essays include 'On Habits', 'On Being Tidy' and 'On Talk and Talkers'. 'On the Rule of the Road', was included in one of Gardiner's compilations titled 'Leaves in the Wind' and was published under his pseudonym "Alpha of the Plough".

A.G. Gardiner defines the "rule of the road" in the following way: "It means that in order that the liberties of all may be preserved, the liberties of everybody must be curtailed." In other words, each person must have some limits on his or her freedom in order to enjoy the freedom that comes from social order. Gardiner claims that people are becoming "liberty drunk" and only recalling their liberties, not the responsibilities and limits that this liberty relies on.

That was a jolly story which Mr. Arthur Ransome told the other day in one of his messages from Petrograd. A stout old lady was walking with her basket down the

middle of a street in Petrograd to the great confusion of the traffic and with no small peril to herself. It was pointed out to her that the pavement was the place for foot-passengers, but she replied: "I'm going to walk where I like. We've got liberty now." It did not occur to the dear old lady that if liberty entitled the foot-passenger to walk down the middle of the road it also entitled the cab-driver to drive on the pavement, and that the end of such liberty would be universal chaos. Everybody would be getting in everybody else's way and nobody would get anywhere. Individual liberty would have become social anarchy.

There is a danger of the world getting liberty-drunk in these days like the old lady with the basket, and it is just as well to remind ourselves of what the rule of the road means. It means that in order that the liberties of all may be preserved the liberties of everybody must be curtailed. When the policeman, say, at Piccadilly Circus steps into the middle of the road and puts up his hand, he is the symbol not of tyranny, but of liberty. You may not think so. You may, being in a hurry and seeing your motor-car pulled up by this insolence of office, feel that your liberty has been outraged. How dare this fellow interfere with your free use of the public highway? Then, if you are a reasonable person, you will reflect that if he did not, incidentally, interfere with you he would interfere with no one, and the result would be that Piccadilly Circus would be a maelstrom that you would never cross at all. You have submitted to a curtailment of private liberty in order that you may enjoy a social order which makes your liberty a reality.

Liberty is not a personal affair only, but a social contract. It is an accommodation of interests. In matters which do not touch anybody else's liberty, of course, I may be as free as I like. If I choose to go down the Strand in a dressing-gown, with long hair and bare feet, who shall say me nay? You have liberty to laugh at me, but I have liberty to be indifferent to you. And if I have a fancy for dyeing my hair, or waxing my moustache (which heaven forbid), or wearing a tall hat, a frock-coat and sandals, or going to bed late or getting up early, I shall follow my fancy and ask no man's permission. I shall not inquire of you whether I may eat mustard with my mutton. I may like mustard with my mutton. And you will not ask me whether you may be a Protestant or a Catholic, whether you may marry the dark lady or the fair lady, whether you may prefer Ella Wheeler Wilcox to Wordsworth, or champagne to shandygaff.

In all these and a thousand other details you and I please ourselves and ask no one's leave. We have a whole kingdom in which we rule alone, can do what we choose, be wise or ridiculous, harsh or easy, conventional or odd. But directly we step out of that kingdom our personal liberty of action becomes qualified by other people's liberty. I might like to practise on the trombone from midnight till three in the morning. If I went on to the top of Helvellyn to do it I could please myself, but if I do it in my bedroom my family will object, and if I do it out in the streets the neighbours will remind me that my liberty to blow the trombone must not interfere with their liberty to sleep in quiet. There are a lot of people in the world, and I have to accommodate my liberty to their liberties.

We are all liable to forget this, and unfortunately we are much more conscious of the imperfections of others in this respect than of our own.

I got into a railway carriage at a country station the other morning and settled down for what the schoolboys would call an hour's "swot" at a Blue-book. I was not reading it for pleasure. The truth is that I never do read Blue-books for pleasure. I read them as a barrister reads a brief, for the very humble purpose of turning an honest penny out of them. Now, if you are reading a book for pleasure it doesn't matter what is going on around you. I think I could enjoy "Tristram Shandy" or "Treasure Island" in the midst of an earthquake.

But when you are reading a thing as a task you need reasonable quiet, and that is what I didn't get, for at the next station in came a couple of men, one of whom talked to his friend for the rest of the journey in a loud and pompous voice. He was one of those people who remind one of that story of Home Tooke who, meeting a person of immense swagger in the street, stopped him and said, "Excuse me, sir, but are you someone in particular?" This gentleman was someone in particular. As I wrestled with clauses and sections, his voice rose like a gale, and his family history, the deeds of his sons in the war, and his criticisms of the generals and the politicians submerged my poor attempts to hang on to my job. I shut up the Blue-book, looked out of the window, and listened wearily while the voice thundered on with themes like these: "Now what French ought to have done..." "The mistake the Germans made..." "If only Asquith had..." You know the sort of stuff. I had heard

it all before, oh, so often. It was like a barrel-organ groaning out some banal song of long ago.

If I had asked him to be good enough to talk in a lower tone I daresay he would have thought I was a very rude fellow. It did not occur to him that anybody could have anything better to do than to listen to him, and I have no doubt he left the carriage convinced that everybody in it had, thanks to him, had a very illuminating journey, and would carry away a pleasing impression of his encyclopaedic range. He was obviously a well-intentioned person. The thing that was wrong with him was that he had not the social sense. He was not "a clubbable man."

A reasonable consideration for the rights or feelings of others is the foundation of social conduct. It is commonly alleged against women that in this respect they are less civilised than men, and I am bound to confess that in my experience it is the woman—the well-dressed woman—who thrusts herself in front of you at the ticket office. The man would not attempt it, partly because he knows the thing would not be tolerated from him, but also because he has been better drilled in the small give-and-take of social relationships. He has lived more in the broad current of the world, where you have to learn to accommodate yourself to the general standard of conduct, and his school life, his club life, and his games have in this respect given him a training that women are only now beginning to enjoy.

I believe that the rights of small people and quiet people are as important to preserve as the rights of small nationalities. When I hear the aggressive, bullying horn which some motorists deliberately use, I confess that I feel something boiling up in me which is very like what I felt when Germany came trampling like a bully over Belgium. By what right, my dear sir, do you go along our highways uttering that hideous curse on all who impede your path? Cannot you announce your coming like a gentleman? Cannot you take your turn? Are you someone in particular or are you simply a hot gossamer of the prophet Nietzsche? I find myself wondering what sort of a person it is who can sit behind that hog-like outrage without realising that he is the spirit of Prussia incarnate, and a very ugly spectacle in a civilised world.

And there is the more harmless person who has bought a very blatant gramophone, and on Sunday afternoon sets the thing going, opens the windows and fills the street with "Keep the Home Fires Burning" or some similar banality. What are the right limits of social behaviour in a matter of this sort? Let us take the trombone as an illustration again. Hazlitt said that a man who wanted to learn that fearsome instrument was entitled to learn it in his own house, even though he was a nuisance to his neighbours, but it was his business to make the nuisance as slight as possible. He must practise in the attic, and shut the window. He had no right to sit in his front room, open the window, and blow his noise into his neighbours' ears with the maximum of violence. And so with the gramophone. If you like the gramophone you are entitled to have it, but you are interfering with the liberties of your neighbours if you don't do what you can to limit the noise to your own household. Your neighbours may not like "Keep the Home Fires Burning." They may prefer to have their Sunday afternoon undisturbed, and it is as great an impertinence for you to wilfully trespass on their peace as it would be to go, unasked, into their gardens and trample on their flower beds.

There are cases, of course, where the clash of liberties seems to defy compromise. My dear old friend X., who lives in a West End square and who is an amazing mixture of good nature and irascibility, flies into a passion when he hears a street piano, and rushes out to order it away. But nearby lives a distinguished lady of romantic picaresque tastes, who dotes on street pianos, and attracts them as wasps are attracted to a jar of jam. Whose liberty in this case should surrender to the other? For the life of me I cannot say. It is as reasonable to like street pianos as to dislike them—and vice versa. I would give much to hear Sancho Panza's solution of such a nice riddle.

I suppose the fact is that we can be neither complete anarchists nor complete Socialists in this complex world—or rather we must be a judicious mixture of both. We have both liberties to preserve—our individual liberty and our social liberty. We must watch the bureaucrat on the one side and warn off the anarchist on the other. I am neither a Marxist, nor a Tolstoyan, but a compromise. I shall not permit any authority to say that my child must go to this school or that, shall specialise in science or arts, shall play rugger or soccer. These things are personal. But if I proceed to say that my child shall have no education at all, that he shall be brought

up as a primeval savage, or at Mr. Fagin's academy for pickpockets, then Society will politely but firmly tell me that it has no use for primeval savages and a very stern objection to pickpockets, and that my child must have a certain minimum of education whether I like it or not. I cannot have the liberty to be a nuisance to my neighbours or make my child a burden and a danger to the commonwealth.

It is in the small matters of conduct, in the observance of the rule of the road, that we pass judgment upon ourselves, and declare that we are civilised or uncivilised. The great moments of heroism and sacrifice are rare. It is the little habits of commonplace intercourse that make up the great sum of life and sweeten or make bitter the journey. I hope my friend in the railway carriage will reflect on this. Then he will not cease, I am sure, to explain to his neighbour where French went wrong and where the Germans went ditto; but he will do it in a way that will permit me to read my Blue-book undisturbed.

Glossary

Mr. Arthur Ransome: A Journalist who later became a very successful writer of books of children

Petrograd: Formerly St. Petersburg, the capital of Russia. It is now called Leningrad

We've got liberty now: The reference is to the freedom which the Bolshevik Revolution brought from the Tsarist rule in Russia in 1917

peril: risk

pedestrians: persons who walk on the streets

Social anarchy: absence of any law and order in society

Piccadilly circus: a busy centre in the West End of London where a number of roads meet and the traffic is very heavy

preserved: maintained

tyranny: autocracy

insolence of office: rude behaviour shown by the officer, (misuse of power the policeman)

outraged: violated

maelstrom: a whirlpool, a place or state of confusion and struggle

contract: commitment

The Strand- a street in London, so called because it once ran along the side of river Thames

fancy: desire

dark lady: The reference is to the dark lady of Shakespeare's sonnets

Ella Wheeler Wilcox: a popular American poetess

Shandy: lemonade

Trombone: a trumpet-like instrument

Swat: working hard at one's studies

Helvellyn: a high mountain in wales

Tristram Shandy- a novel by Robert Louis Stevenson

Asquith-H.H: Asquith, the Prime Minister of England 1908-16

barrel-organ: mechanical musical instrument

a clubbable man: a person who can adjust with those around him like a member of a club adjusting with other fellow members

rugger: Rugby football

Nietzsche: Friedrich Nietzsche (1844 to 1900) was a German philosopher whose works had a profound influence on modern intellectual history.

Sancho Panza: Sancho Panza is a fictional character in the novel Don Quixote written by Cervantes known for earthy wit.

Comprehension

I. Answer the following questions in one or two sentences each:

1. Why did the old lady think she was entitled to walk down the middle of the road?
2. What would be the consequence of the old lady's action?
3. The traffic policeman becomes a symbol of and not
4. What would happen at Piccadilly Circus if there was no policeman?
5. Why should individual liberty be curtailed?
6. How would a reasonable person react when his actions affect other person's liberty?
7. In what way does the author define Liberty?
8. What is the foundation of social conduct?
9. According to the author, what are we more conscious of?
10. How can we sweeten our life's journey?
11. 'Keep the home fires burning', How does the author relate the saying?
12. When can society intervene in the personal affairs of a citizen?

II. Answer the following questions in about a page each:

1. What is liberty according to the old lady? How would it cause universal chaos?
2. Explain with examples what exactly freedom means according to the author?
3. "A reasonable consideration for the rights or feelings of others is the foundation of social conduct." Discuss.
4. "My right to swing my fist ends, where your nose begins." Elucidate with reference to, 'On the Rule of the Road'.
5. Civilization can only exist when the public collectively accepts constraints on its freedom of action – Do you agree?
6. What does the author mean by Liberty drunk?

III. Answer the following questions in about two pages each:

1. What is the importance of the rule of the road in our life as presented by A G Gardiner?
2. "We can be neither complete anarchists not complete socialists in this complex world". Why does the author say so?

3. We have both liberties to preserve- “our individual liberty and our social liberty.” Discuss.
- 4.”Liberty is not a personal affair only, but a social contract.’ Elaborate.
5. In the essay “On the Rule of the Road,’ A.G. Gardiner says that some people are becoming “liberty drunk.” How can a connection be made between his claim and today’s scenario on the roads?
6. Why does the author say individual freedom should not affect universal freedom?

Suggested Reading:

- Road Safety and Traffic Rules : S.S. Randhawa
- Traffic: Why We Drive the Way We Do : Tom Vanderbilt
(and What It Says About Us)

Extended Activities:

- Watch Short films depicting traffic rules
- Form groups among yourselves and conduct an exercise on ‘Identification of road sign boards’.

7. OPERATION INDIAN OCEAN

MIHIR SEN

Approach to the text:

- Have you read adventurous stories?
 - It is an adventure that expands human abilities and leads to achievements.
- Discuss

About the author



Mihir Sen (16 November 1930 – 11 June 1997) was an Indian long distance swimmer and businessman. Even as a student in Britain he made several attempts to swim the English Channel. He was the first Indian to swim the English Channel from Dover to Calais in 1958, and did so in the fourth fastest time (14 hours and 45 minutes). He has several firsts to his credit; the first to have swum the Indian Ocean, the first Asian to have swum the straits of Gibraltar, the first man ever to have swum the 40 mile long Straits of Dardanelles; the first non-American to have swum the Panama Canal. He was the only man to swim the oceans of the five continents in one calendar year (1966). This unique achievement earned him a place in 'The Guinness Book of Records as the 'world's greatest long distance swimmer'.

He is the recipient of Padma Bhushan and Padma Shree awards. His adventures have been encouraging the youth of India to undertake exploits worthy of her illustrious past.

In this unit, one can understand that through will power everything is possible. Where is a will, there is a way. And through his achievement and also with his advices, he encourages the youth to imbibe the qualities of self-belief and perseverance. In addition, he has proved that he had undertaken the very dangerous swim, not only for his own fame or trophies, but to prove once again to the world that Indians are no longer afraid.

It is true, the call of the seas has always found an echo in me. Not being rich enough to roam the seas in a private yacht, I have taken the poor man's way out - I swim across them! I have always been fascinated by the Indian Waters – whether at Bombay, at Puri or at Gopalpur. I have swum at all these places and have felt the thrill. But the idea of swimming the Palk Straits did not occur to me until after I had swum the English Channel. Steeped in the history and tradition of this nation, practically uncharted, unconquered, teeming with hair-raising hazards, the seas between India and Ceylone had all the elements of challenge, danger and difficulty that tempt me. By way of preparation, I continued a strict and rigorous course of training which had begun in 1960. I had also to collect a comprehensive range of facts and information about this sea. Neither was easy.

Despite all the information I had gathered, I soon found that very little was known about the Palk Straits, especially about the tides and currents. Everything about the English Channel is known; there is a Channel Swimming Association, there are trained pilots, there are boats to be hired, accurate weather forecasts to be had for the asking, dependable tide tables; and every other form of assistance is readily available. All that one needs is money! Here in the Palk Straits one had first to find out where information could be obtained and then to decide how much of it was incorrect or misleading!

Owing to the prevalence of two monsoons (the South-west and the North-east) this sea can only be attempted during a brief period of about thirty days from early March.

But what makes Palk Straits a formidable challenge to swimmers is the presence of deadly marine hazards. Warm, tropical seas teem with all kinds of marine life. The natural dwellers of these seas include sharks – a terror to all swimmers. These could be either tiger sharks or the fierce hammer-headed ones. Both are man-eaters. Then there are those panthers of the deep, the barracuda. They are powerful and mean and attack anything that moves! With a shark repellent (a chemical) one can hope to keep single sharks at bay; with a rifle or with divers around, barracuda can be discouraged. But there is nothing one can do about the reptiles of the Indian Ocean. Owing perhaps to the presence of the chain of rocks and sand dunes in this area known as Adams Bridge, the snakes infect the seas.

They come in all sizes from three-foot ones to giants thirty feet long! They are, all of them, not only poisonous but deadly poisonous. This is where sea snakes differ from fresh water snakes. Sea snakes are shy; they will not bite a man unless he touches or hurts them. But a swimmer naturally will not know what his hand will touch next. And here lies the real terror. During my own swim we sighted some snakes in the day but during the night they were far more numerous. There is nothing one can do about the snakes except trust in God!

Then there were the practical problems which often seemed to me almost insurmountable. Travel between India and Ceylon is rigidly controlled. My team, by the time we were ready to go, grew to between 100 and 150 persons and over a dozen craft. The numerous travel regulations had to be waived.

But for the sporting co-operation of the Navy, all my efforts would have come to naught. Admiral Chatterjee without hesitation issued instructions to two of the gunboats, I.N.S. Sukanya and I.N.S. Sharda operating in these waters, to lend their support in navigating the swim and take over the task of protecting my life.

The swim was due to start at 5 a.m. on April 3, 1966 from Talaimannar. We were to sail for Ceylon at 7 a.m., the previous day and camp at Talaimannar circuit house overnight. But one of the equatorial storms having unexpectedly broken, I caught a chill, while out on a fairly long training swim in the Gulf of Mannar. I was in no state to start the swim on the 3rd. At the last minute we had to postpone the entire operation by 48 hours. I was, however, able to start the swim, somewhat shaken and weaker – but dead on time, at 5.45 a.m. on April 5, 1966. It being a full moon night, I knew the sea would get literally moon-struck and somewhat mad as

it usually does on such nights. Knowing this, I had to take the plunge, for two reasons.

The experts, the men who had been sailing these seas for 20 to 25 years – ferry-boat captains, Pamban pilots, port authorities – all told me that at this time of the year the moon would not make much difference and the tides would get stronger only by about half a knot (one knot is approximately a mile). There was one other point with the South-west monsoon due any day now, no attempt would be possible for the next eleven months if it actually broke. So we were in a hurry. I had calculated the swim to last not more than 12 to 15 hours. But this calculation was based on the facts and information I had, which I must say, I later found wanting in accuracy.

The early part of the swim was in total darkness and against a strong current. This is the usual practice with swimmers, so they can stand up to the fight while they are fresh. Soon the sun rose, and the swim went on amidst optimism and excitement. But by nine o'clock the blistering heat of the equatorial sun made itself felt. From ten o'clock onwards, I was tortured by heat over my head and by extreme, frequent thirst. In a long swim of this type, the swimmer usually has to depend on liquid food. I took green coconut water, honey, lemonade and ice-cold water – gallons of it! But the cold drinks brought little relief.

I kept on a steady pace of a little over one and a half knots per hour. By 12 noon we were half way through. At 2.30 p.m. I was told I was eight miles off the Indian coast; and at 4.30 p. m., I was five miles off Dhanushkodi. I calculated that if I swam hard for the next three hours, I would be close by Dhanushkodi, if not exactly there; and nothing would stop me from touching land by or before 8 p.m.

Everything worked out fine, and it seemed all set for an early evening landing, until the evening came! About 7.30 p.m., I asked Lt. Martis, who was leading a team of crack divers and was in charge of protecting me, how far we were. He said we should be within two miles of the shore. He was quite confident about it. But little did I know that both of us were terribly wrong. Just to check, Lt. Martis went to the big navy ship I.N.S. Sharda and was told by Lt. Sharma that we were almost six miles off! When he announced this to me, I was furious. How could such a thing have happened, especially when I had swum those three hours in slack water – that is, with little opposition from the tides? Someone had bungled, and we had

gone towards Rameshwaram, which was twenty miles to the south, instead of towards Dhanushkodi. It was the most heart breaking moment during the entire swim. I knew the fierce flood tide was going to start from 8 p. m. and the moon was already up in the sky.

Soon the 'flood' started, a stiff breeze broke out and the choppy sea was transformed into a raging, foaming hell. By this time I had already done almost fifteen hours of continuous swimming, much of it under the blazing sun. There had been unnerving encounters with a largish snake, and Lt. Martis had saved my life almost at the last minute by shooting it down from his boat with his 303 rifle. It was now an indescribable agony to face the powerful tide and the ten foot waves and the spray. From this time I kept on through sheer will power.

As soon as the sea turned very rough, the danger of further navigational errors also grew. The four boats guarding me with fully armed and equipped crack divers found it difficult to keep close to me or even on the course. At this time Lt. Martis gallantly took over the job of guiding me and the boats. He guided the swim sometimes from the escort boat, sometimes by swimming ahead of me. Numerous were the occasions during the night when I encountered slippery reptiles of varying sizes. Gun fire from the escort boats was frequent and interrupted the grim fury of the night. Sometime in the night the whaler (a large boat) was found missing and the worst was feared. Happily enough it was soon traced.

Finally at about 1 a. m. the tide slackened and I was able to make rapid, though painful, progress. The sea raged and the wind whistled all the night through.

By 3 a.m. I was able to see the lights of Dhanushkodi pier. At 5 a.m. as the moon was setting, I caught sight of the silvery strip of land on the sacred shores of Dhanushkodi. The goal was at last in sight but not the end of the ordeal. I still had two-and-a-half hours' tough fight ahead. But the tantalizing sight before me wiped off all tiredness and I began pressing on with new vigour. Gradually, but ever so slowly, that strip of land came closer. Then I was determined I would get there, even if it took me 30 hours.

Finally at about 7.24 a.m. after swimming over 40 miles I touched land amidst scenes of tremendous excitement! It was a home-coming no man can forget. After the gruelling day-and-night swim, every bone aching in my body, but in wild excitement, I stood at last on the shores of India! Words will never adequately

describe my feelings at this frenzied moment. There were tears and laughter, the flash bulbs were blazing away, there was nadaswaram welcoming me home. People were dancing, jostling and even rolling on the ground! There was my wife, Bella, laughing through tears of deep relief. My little brother Kalyan too was awaiting me. Both had taken a terrible beating on a small boat these 25 hours and 36 minutes. The ‘Operation Snakes and Sharks’, as someone had nicknamed it, had come to a magnificent close. A message went out of the radio room of I.N.S. Sukanya to the Naval Headquarters and the world: The swim successfully concluded at 0724 hours!

No sooner had I boarded I.N.S. Sukanya than a crash radio message was handed over to me. It was from the President! As I read it, my vision grew misty and I was overcome by emotion. This was the crowning hour of an exacting venture, which was as risky as it was difficult, a moment that will perhaps never come again in a life time.

I had undertaken this perilous swim, not to gain fame or trophies but to prove once again to the world that Indians are no longer afraid. To the youth of India this triumph will have dramatically demonstrated that nothing is impossible for them – all they have to do is to BELIEVE and PERSEVERE and the goal will be theirs! For it is my firm conviction that unless we individually become adventurous and positively restless and enterprising, India will not be able to break the bonds of apathy and tradition, whether on the physical or on the intellectual fronts. My Indian Ocean venture was a humble contribution towards this end.

Glossary

uncharted: having no chart showing the costs, routes, depth, light houses etc.

hair raising hazards: which makes one’s hair stand on end .

teem: to be full of people, animals etc.

Barracuda: a large fierce flesh-eating tropical fish.

waived: ignored (here) not sought to be obeyed

circuit house: traveller’s rest house.

Talaimannar: a place on the north coast of Srilanka.

dead on time: exactly on time

moon-struck: crazy, very rough supposedly owing to the influence of the moon.

take a plunge: take an important decision involving risks.

blistering heat: intense heat causing blisters.

lemonade: a drink made from fresh lemons with sugar and water.

slackened: reduce in activity.

frenzied: full of uncontrolled excitement.

perilous: very dangerous.

formidable: inspiring fear or dread, causing dread.

insurmountable: unable to be surmounted or overcome.

ferry-boat: a boat used to transport from one place to another, especially as a regular service.

choppy: fairly rough (of the sea, the weather etc.)

Pier: a structure of iron or wood raised on piles and leading out to sea, a lake, etc., used as a promenade and landing stage.

Comprehension

I. Answer the following questions in one or two sentences each:

1. What was Mihir Sen fascinated by?
2. When did the idea of swimming the Palk Straits first occur to Mihir Sen?
3. Mention the qualities of the seas between India and Ceylon that tempted Mihir Sen?
4. Which is the most suitable part of the year for attempting a swim across the Straits?
5. What makes Palk Straits a formidable challenge to swimmers?
6. Which marine creature poses greater danger to a swimmer of the Straits? Why?
7. What is the area in the seas with the chains of rocks and sand dunes infested by snakes called?
8. When did all efforts of Mihir Sen come to naught?
9. Who issued instructions to two of the gun-boats? Name those two gun-boats.

10. Why was Mihir Sen compelled to postpone the swim? And how long was it postponed?
11. Who were there on the shore to welcome Mihir Sen?
12. What does the feat of Mihir Sen demonstrate to the youth of India?
13. Why did the swim start on April 5, 1966, instead of the scheduled date April 3?
14. What are the differences between sea snakes and fresh water snakes?
15. Why had Mihir Sen taken the perilous swim?

II. Answer the following questions in a page each:

1. Which was the most heart breaking moment for Mihir Sen during the swim? Why was it so?
2. What hazards did Mihir Sen encounter while swimming across the Palk Straits?
3. What were the challenges, dangers and difficulties that a swimmer faced during the swim in the Palk Straits?
4. In what ways was the Palk Straits more difficult to swim than the English Channel?
5. Describe the early part of the swim.
6. Why was Mihir Sen furious during the swim?
7. "The goal was in sight, but not the end of the ordeal." Why does the author say so?
8. What, according to Mihir Sen, was the crowning hour of his life?

III. Answer the following questions in two pages each:

1. What is the significance of the title 'Operation Indian Ocean'.
2. What are the difficulties that Mihir Sen came across while sailing? How did he manage to reach the shore despite so many dangers and challenges?
3. 'In spite of the hardships, there was no obstruction for his spirit and enthusiasm.' Explain this statement with reference to the lesson.
4. In spite of knowing the truth, 'It being a full moon night, the sea would get literally moon-struck', what reasons made the swimmer to take the plunge?

Suggested Reading:

- The Last March – Captain Scott
- The Ascent of Everest – Tenzing Norgay
- Starting from Mile Zero – Preety Sengupta
- Chasing the Monsoon – Alexander Fraxter
- King Solomon’s mines – Sir H. Rider Haggard

Extended Activities:

- Collect information about Ferdinand Magellan – the first to sail around the world.
- Watch on YouTube - The first successful climb of Mt. Everest by Tenzing Norgay and Edmund Hillary

JOB SKILLS

I. Presentation skills

II. Letter writing

III. Persuasion skills

IV. Social Media skills

V. Expanding the outline

1.

PRESENTATION SKILLS

Objectives:

- To illustrate the use of technology in dispensation of knowledge
- To provide techniques for preparing and delivering a presentation in a well-organized structure

There are many reasons, why students are asked to give presentations and these will be influenced by your academic course- situational and organizational factors. The purpose and circumstances of your presentation will influence its style, content and structure. You will need to communicate clearly and succinctly. If you can think of presentations as opportunities for your own development, they may seem less daunting to you and indeed, this approach may help you to gain more benefit from preparing and delivering your presentations. Most presentations will involve a combination of purposes but it may be helpful to think about the different features of each of these presentations.

Purpose of Presentations

Advocacy/persuasion: This presentation usually involves persuading members of the audience to take some action or make a decision. For Examples: support a cause; buy a product or service and etc. This type of presentation will need a combination of relevant factual content delivered in a convincing and confident style.

Training: This type of presentation includes examples where students may demonstrate their skills in the use of equipment and also their skills as a trainer or teacher. These types of presentations may be used to practise, demonstrate and eventually assess the level of these skills and techniques. Examples include: demonstrating the use of a piece of equipment and demonstrating a medical procedure and alike.

Teaching and learning: Almost all presentations should have some elements of teaching and learning as part of their purpose. It is useful to develop a deeper understanding of a topic or text; cover specific areas of the curriculum in more detail; explain an experiment or cooking process or as a technical aid of an invited subject expert to speak on a given topic.

Information Dispensation: In some circumstances this could be seen as similar to teaching but the aim of this type of presentation could be to communicate as much information as possible in the time available. The purpose of the presentation may be to describe a new policy; outline a set of instructions and give a progress report on some research or development. This type of presentation is used in many organizations where students or employees are expected to report progress at key stages of a project. For a student situation, a Colloquium could have this purpose where he/she presents his/her research aims and results then answer questions from the audience.

Assessment: Student presentations are frequently assessed and may be awarded a percentage of the marks that contribute to the overall module mark and credits. Use of assessment can have a positive advantage. For some students, presentations offer opportunities to earn a higher grade or marks. They may evolve as better communicators and presenters with their use of speech, visuals or technology.

Three Vital Components of a Presentation:

The Audience:

The more you know about your audience, the more relevant and interesting your presentation will be. How can you engage people, if you don't have a clue what really interests them? But how can you find out? Where do you start?

Try responding to the following set of questions:

Why are they there? What do they want from the presentation? How do they listen? What will they remember? What will turn them on or off, make them comfortable or uncomfortable? What language do they speak? How much do they know? What questions will they ask? What will they find hard to listen to? What are their business needs? How do you find out about them? Can you analyze their response? What might make them hostile? How will you get feedback from them?

You – the Presenter:

Why are you there? What do you want to achieve? What do you look like, what do you sound like? What will you do about nerves? How will you rehearse? How will you remember what to say? What is charisma? How will you handle questions? What will you do if they are hostile? How will you keep your energy up? How will you introduce yourself? Is there an efficient way of handling the technology?

The response to the above set of questions may be as follows:

Objective - **SMART**:

Simple enough to be expressed in one or two short sentences;

Measurable by the success criteria you have set;

Achievable within the boundaries of what you can do;

Realistic in terms of your time scales and resources;

Timed appropriately.

The Presentation itself:

What is it trying to achieve? What is it about? What are its limits? What visuals or handouts will be needed, what technology is available? How long should it be? Will it need a follow up? How will the information it contained be remembered? Which parts will be difficult or hard to understand? How will the script be prepared?

First, think about: What you are actually trying to do with your presentation?

It may be one or many of the following:

Selling	Instructing	Introducing	Image making
Providing a choice	Persuading	Scene setting	Damage control
Updating	Information cascading	Giving good news	Giving bad news
Amusing	Motivating	Correcting	

Each of these three components is vital to a successful presentation – like a three-legged stool, when all the legs are there it is stable, but remove or shorten one of them and the whole thing collapses. No matter how well-constructed the presentation is, if it is badly delivered it will fail; no matter how well-delivered the presentation is, if it doesn't make sense then it will fail. Most importantly of all, even if the presentation is perfect and the presenter inspired and charismatic, if the audience isn't interested or engaged, then the presentation will certainly fail.

There are Five Major Rules that you should keep in mind at all times:

- i.** Do not introduce evidence that you cannot substantiate. The more you use examples and case studies the better
- ii.** Steer as clear from jargon as you can. Even though you are utterly familiar with it, you cannot be sure that your audience will be. This is particularly true of acronyms, which seem to be spattered throughout all technical presentations. If you are going to use an acronym, abbreviation or technical term, explain what it means in full, the first time you use it
- iii.** Think about how your audience will respond to every point you make. If you are going to say something contentious or something that may upset the audience, you will need to consider what they will be thinking about.
- iv.** Editing - Less is always more: it is no good over-loading the audience with too many facts. Equal importance to be given to words, punctuation, colour, spacing and backgrounds
- v.** Use an emphatic introductory sentence to show that you are moving on to another topic

Designing a visual aid:

Whatever form of visual aid you choose, there is one overriding criterion: everyone in the audience must be able to see everything you show. This sounds obvious, but inexperienced speakers sometimes crowd their material on the screen, whether it is words or diagrams, until it is impossible for the audience to see the details. There are some points in most presentations at which a visual aid is appropriate.

- An introductory slide - showing your name(s), the title of your talk and the date. This makes a useful introduction and gives the audience something to look at as you start.
- An outline of your talk. This is likely to be a list of points, either numbered or bulleted, which the audience can note in order to have an overview of what you are going to say.
- You need to pay attention at the potential problems of words, punctuation, colour and backgrounds.

- A general view, before you look at the detail. This would apply to a slide of a painting, a management hierarchy chart, a building site or an electronic circuit block diagram.
- Detail which you are going to discuss, and which the audience needs to see in order to be able to follow what you say. This could, for instance, be a line of poetry, a small part of a painting, a line drawing of a component or the seed of a plant under a microscope.
- Movement which you need to describe. This might be the growth pattern of a tree or the possible spread of fire through a building. The data projector is particularly good at showing such development.
- Relationships which you need to discuss. This might involve a family tree, a flow chart or a map of a country showing population distribution or climate change.
- Simple mathematical material, such as a table of figures or a graph. However, if such material becomes complex, it ceases to be useful as a visual aid.

The following is the list of characteristics, which contributes to the overall effectiveness of your presentation. The characteristics are given in the order of preparing and delivering the presentation rather than in any order of importance:

- Plan and prepare well. Preparing a presentation usually takes longer than you think it will. Good time management is essential.
- Develop relevant and interesting content. Make sure it is useful for the audience and is suitable for the purpose of the presentation.
- Create a clear and logical structure that will be easy for the audience to understand and will help you to feel in control.
- Communicate clearly using a variety of skills and techniques.
- Use the technologies suitable for the purpose. They should enhance the delivery rather than control or restrict it.
- Create clear supporting documentation that will be useful for the presenter and the audience during and after the presentation.
- Think about how much audience participation you need and include this in your content and structure.

- Finally, make sure that you understand the purpose of the presentation and how it will be assessed by the tutor and measured for quality and effectiveness by the audience.

Points to focus:

- 👉 Positive body language
- 👉 Voice modulation- loud and clear
- 👉 Avoid reading from the slide
- 👉 Professional dress code
- 👉 Appearance- allow yourself to move a bit
- 👉 Plan- Practice- Rehearse
- 👉 Make a strong start-Engage the audience in first 2-4 minutes
- 👉 Show your passion through your movements and gestures
- 👉 Make an eye contact
- 👉 Don't forget to smile unless your topic is grim

Structuring Your Presentation:

- Name and designation of the presenter/s
- Introduction
- Topic
- Sub topic/s (if any)
- Main Content:
 - Beginning-Definition/ Meaning
 - With Sub-points
 - Summary (may extended to three to four slides and it is optional)
 - Analysis
 - Sub-points
- Conclusion
- Thank the Audience
- Question and Answer

Example: 1. How to keep your heart healthy?

Slide-1

Topic-World Heart day-24th Sept
Sub Topic-Have a Healthy Heart

Dr. Shailaja
Cardiologist
Sri Jayadeva Institute of Cardio-vascular
Sciences and Research

Slide-2

Objectives of the presentation

- To control death and disability
- To increase awareness
- To offer tips/measures for heart health

Slide: 3

Causes of Heart Attacks:

- Smoking & alcohol
- Lack of physical exercise
- Wrong eating habits
- Stressful life
- Inheritance factors

Slide-4

Role of Physical Exercise:

- Prevents heart attack
- Walking- best exercise
- Cycling
- Swimming
- Consult cardiologist before beginning any exercise programme

Slide -5

Regular health checkup:

- Blood pressure
- Diabetes
- Cholesterol
- Triglycerides
- Thyroid
- obesity

Slide-6

Stay fit stay healthy

Thank you

Exercises:

Prepare 6 Presentation slides on each of the following topics:

1. Communication Skills
2. Creating Awareness on Covid -19-Corona
3. Benefits of Social Media
4. Alternative energy resources
5. Environment Pollution

Suggested Activity:

Practise group power point presentations in the class

2. LETTER WRITING

Letter is the most commonly used form of communication. The knowledge of the art of writing letters is a must for every educated person. Letters are written to relatives, friends, officials, civic authorities, newspapers, departments and others. Hence they can be classified under two headings:

- Formal letters
- Informal letters

Formal letters are letters to editors, heads of the institutions, job applications, officials of various departments, companies and others. Informal letters are written to friends and relatives. Sometimes, even business letters take the garb of informal form, which is a rarity. Even in modern times, when emails have become the order of the day, conventional letters have their own place.

In this edition, let us take up the **letters to the editor** of newspapers and magazines and **letters of complaint** to civic authorities. These letters could be of common interest as you may write about an issue related to many. Drawing the attention of the official towards a matter of importance is the first priority. Hence the language should be formal, content brief and clear to the point and approach, dignified and polite. If need be, these letters could be sent along with enclosures like copies of documents, receipts, photographs etc.

Format:

1. Sender's address ('From' address)
2. Date
3. Receiver's address ('To' address)
4. Salutation
5. Subject (preferred in formal letters)
6. Body of the letter
7. Leave taking
8. Signature
9. Name in brackets
10. Enclosures, if any

All features on the left hand side, with no initial space.

Sample 1- A letter to the Editor

#45, 11th main, 1st stage
K S Layout
Bengaluru-xxxxxx

12 July 2020

The Editor
News Beat
A P Road
Bengaluru-xxxxxx

Dear Sir,

I am Santosh, a resident of Bengaluru since 2010. I would like to make a few observations regarding indiscriminate use of plastic in our vicinity.

It has been observed by one and all that the use of plastic has been a menace for society. Though the authorities have tried their best to educate people in this regard, it has not been effective. Educating people in this regard should be the priority. Especially, the youngsters will have to take up this matter in their households and make their inmates understand the gravity of the situation.

Even while shopping we must refuse plastic covers and use our bags instead. Carrying water bottles while travelling should become a habit. The school children are already educated in this regard at schools. We should not shy away from our responsibility of making this society plastic free. After all, this is a global problem now and several countries are already on war footing to get rid of this plastic curse.

LET US MAKE THIS WORLD A BETTER PLACE TO LIVE.

Thank you.

Yours faithfully
Santosh
(SANTOSH)

Sample 2 - A letter of Complaint

#3887, 12th cross, 5th main
Kumaraswamy Layout
Bengaluru-xxxxxx

2 August 2020

The Public Grievance Officer
BMTC
Banashankari
Bengaluru-xxxxxx

Dear Sir,
Sub: An appeal to schedule more route buses.

I am, Nagaraj M. K. a resident of above mentioned address since 2016. I would like to bring to your notice certain things.

I am studying in XYZ Evening College in R R Road. Our college gets over at 9 pm on all week days. Earlier we used to get sufficient number of buses to Kumaraswamy Layout from our college even after 9.30 pm. But of late, there are no buses from 9 pm. There are many students who travel on this route and all of them are facing a lot of problems. Among them there are several girl students.

We had given a requisition in this regard at Banashankari depot. It had the signatures of all the students. Even many other commuters have voiced the same opinion and are facing problems. Those who work till late and on shift system have a tough time. We therefore request you to schedule more buses on this route after 9 p.m. on week days.

Thank you,

Yours faithfully,
Nagaraj
(Nagaraj M. K.)

Enclosure: A copy of requisition submitted earlier with the signatures of students and commuters.

Sample 3 - A letter to the Editor of a newspaper expressing your views against the nuisance of banners and cut-outs.

#45, 11th main, 1st stage

K S Layout

Bengaluru-xxxxxx

14 July 2020

The Editor

The News Roar

A P Road

Bengaluru-xxxxxx

Dear Sir,

In the recent past we have seen a sharp increase in the use of illegal hoardings, banners and cut-outs of stars and political leaders. The civic authorities have stipulated some norms for these hoardings but in vain. The local leaders and their followers use occasions like birthdays, anniversaries, foreign travel and election season as a pretext to put banners and cut-outs.

The birthdays of the film stars and famous celebrities are also celebrated in the similar manner. Every new film which releases will invariably have a cut out of its star. Even when national leaders of various parties arrive, to welcome them we have these banners, which results in destroying the beauty of the city. Sometimes major landmarks and notice boards get eclipsed by these banners and hoardings. Moreover the banners hang on for weeks and months even after the event. This will cause nuisance and public space is inappropriately used for private purpose, which needs to be stopped.

I request the concerned authorities to take notice of the menace and issue orders to curtail the same.

Thank you,

Yours faithfully

Varija

(VARIJA)

Sample 4 - A letter to the Registrar (Evaluation) BCU regarding the Exam Dates.

#45, 11th main, 1st stage

K S Layout

Bengaluru-xxxxxx

12 July 2020

The Registrar (Evaluation)

Bengaluru Central University

Bengaluru-xxxxxx

Dear Sir,

I am Rekha Kumari, a second year B.Com student in PQR College affiliated to Bengaluru Central University.

I have joined CA Course in a Day institute and pursuing graduation in evening college. I had opted for dual programs in anticipation of clearing both simultaneously. But my college authorities say that the B.Com exam dates announced clash with the dates of CA Final Examination. I also checked BCU website and the timetable shows the same.

There are many students who have opted for CA and it is an All-India level examination conducted by ICAI. Kindly coordinate with them and hold the exams on different days, so that students like me are not put to inconvenience. This will help the student community in a big way.

Kindly do the needful.

3. PERSUASION SKILLS

Objectives

- To enable the students to learn the skill of persuasion.
- To make them understand how to convince people, in homes, working places, and even in business places or their customers.

What is meant by persuasion skills?

Persuasion skills refer to the talent of changing the attitudes, beliefs, behaviors

of a person or group towards another person, group, event, object, or idea. It is usually done by conveying in a message, some feelings, information, reasoning or combinations.

The 7 techniques of persuasion are as follows:

1. Persuasion is not Manipulation
 2. Persistence pays
 3. Tell the truth
 4. Build rapport
 5. Clarity in communication is the key
 6. Being prepared gives the advantage
 7. Confidence and certainty
- **Persuasion is not manipulation:** Persuasion is an art of getting people to do something that are in their own best interest that also benefits the persuader.
 - **Persistence pays:** The person who is willing to keep asking for what they want, and keeps demonstrating value, is ultimately the most persuasive. The way that so many historical figures have ultimately persuaded masses of people is by staying persistent in their endeavors and message. Consider Abraham Lincoln, who lost his mother, three sons, a sister, his girlfriend, failed in business and lost eight separate elections before he was elected president of the United States.
 - **Tell the truth:** Sometimes the most effective way to persuade somebody is by telling them the things about themselves that nobody else is willing to

say. Truth-tell without judgment or agenda, and you will find others' quite surprising.

- **Build rapport:** By mirroring and matching others' habitual behaviors (body language, cadence, language patterns, etc.) you can build a sense of rapport where people feel more comfortable with you and become more open to your suggestions.
- **Clarity in communication is the key:** The art of persuasion lies in simplifying something down to its core, and communicating to others what they really care about.
- **Being prepared gives advantage:** Starting point should always to know more about the people and situation around. Meticulous preparation allows for effective persuasion.
- **Confidence and certainty:** There is no quality as compelling, intoxicating and attractive as certainty. It is the person who has an unbridled sense of certainty that will always be able to persuade others.

What is the subject of persuasion?

It is not easy to persuade anyone to work. Before you start your persuasion, it is very important to have complete knowledge about the subject matter. What you want. Why you want to answer these questions in your persuasion. If you know the subject very well, then you can give the best arguments.

For example:

If you want to persuade your parents to buy a dog, then it is very important to focus on the main topic.

How do you to persuade your audience?

If you want your listener to agree with you, it is necessary to speak in a convincing manner. Here are some steps to keep in mind while persuading. Namely,

- What is the subject of persuasion?
- Do you know your listener well?
- Is your logic relevant?
- How important is the final appeal?

Three parts of persuasive writing:

Ethos can be defined as ethics, or morality used to convince the audience of our goodwill of good moral character. In order to find us credible, the audience first needs to determine whether we have good intentions or not, and whether we have strong understanding of the topic. It is our duty as the writer to present ourselves as trustworthy.

Examples:

Many of you know me. I am your neighbor and a long-standing resident of this community. You know me and know how much I care about our community's development.

As a biology teacher of twenty years, my experience gives me keen insight into this issue.

Logos or **Logic** is another method for persuading an audience. This method uses rationality and reason to convince the audience of your point of view.

Think of facts and evidences that are hard to dispute.

Examples:

- In the thousands of years humans have existed, there has been recorded evidence of a flying pig. Therefore, it stands to reason pigs cannot fly.
- If you know jumping off of a cliff would most likely kill you, you probably wouldn't make the jump.

Pathos is the third method in persuasive writing or an appeal to the audience's emotions. This is the opposite of logos because it is an argument without the use of reason. Many consider anger, fear, and empathy to be strong factors in influencing audience, making this method of argumentation a worthy one.

Examples:

- Thousands of animals are being tortured and killed every year, and for what, so that we can modernize our beauty products and overstock our grocery stores?

- How many homeless people have you passed on the street this week? Can you imagine what it must feel like to sleep in an alley? To go to bed hungry and cold every night? We need to stop ignoring this issue and start helping, because these people are the victims – not the enemies.

Persuasive writing in Ad Campaigns:

- An entire psychology behind Ad campaigns is – the expert marketers look for ways to convince customers to buy their products. Sometimes, they will make promises-true or false-and other times they will use words with a sense of urgency like ‘today’ or ‘now’. Let us explore a few examples.
- A Lexi Mattress is the most comfortable bed you will ever sleep on. Take a 30-day trial and see for yourself. If you are not satisfied, we will come to your home, remove the mattress, and refund you in full. You have got nothing to lose. Give it a try today.
- Chippers are the crispiest, crunchiest, and most delicious brand of chips you will ever taste. Buy a bag today.
- Chompers Dog Food is sure to make dog’s tail wag. If you truly love your pup, you will try one of your all-natural selections today.

Speeches and persuasive writing:

A powerful persuasive speech stands the chance of rocking an entire nation. Presidential candidates rally for months before an election year. Small town councils meet regularly, often to listen to persuasive speeches about the community. At some point in your college career, you might even find yourself in a public speaking class that will ask you to deliver a persuasive speech.

Examples:

- a. Are you tired of seeing your paychecks slashed by unjust tax deductions? We work hard to provide for our families and then wind up being able to live paycheck to paycheck. If you vote for me. I will make sure your taxes are lowered and you get the government services that you depend on. Imagine everything you will be able to do with more wiggle room in your monthly income. Cast your vote today.
- b. We need to act now to save our community garden. It is ten years in the making, with enough organic vegetables to feed every month in this neighborhood. Hud and Co. has not right to come into our town and pave a parking lot over one of our

most prominent food sources. Come rally with me this Friday. Together, we will stand in stand in their way and protect our beloved town.

c. Raising taxes is wrong because people should be entitled to keep their own money and because an increase in tax revenue will be stifling to business. We should keep taxes low or even reduce tax rates to encourage growth.

In each of these examples, the goal is to get someone to do something or support something. Sound reasoning is required to convince the audience that there is a benefit to their taking action.

Sample persuasive paragraphs:

1. Laughter, the medicine

Laughter is one of the greatest healing devices known to man. Laughter is powerful and can help people in many different ways. It has the power to cure something as little as a bad day or to heal the wounds of a terminally ill person. Laughing has helped create the smile which is the universal sign of wellbeing. Generally, individuals who do not laugh live miserably and have unhappy lives. Dr. Robert Holden found out that smiling and laughing releases endorphins in the brain which gives people a overall happy wellbeing. Using comedy, many doctors have stimulated the healing process in manic depressants and fatally ill patients giving them hope and ambition. In many clinics laughter is being used in replacing antidepressants and reduces the need for pain killers (Dr. Gael Crystal). Take comedians for example, they usually live long and happy lives. Putting a smile on faces and laughs in souls is what makes life complete. Laughter helps heal people and brightens spirits for a better and healthier life. Laughing is a sign of joy and hope and keeps people normal and the world happy. Using the techniques of laughter and happiness is the best medicine known to man. Laughter is the universal sign of wellbeing and happiness within health. Laughing brightens the spirit and heals the mind and body of people who allow it to overcome them. So try a smile and laugh on for size and live a longer happier life with loved ones.

2. Turn in Poachers

Hungers, hikers, and park recreationalists should turn in poachers. Poachers are people who kill animals illegally by hunting without a proper permit, or trespassing on someone's property. Not only it is cruel to leave an animal carcass lying out to rot, but it can also spread disease among the other animals. It also brings up the

3. These days, due to busy schedules, people do not cast their votes during Elections. They keep away from the responsibility. How do you persuade people to cast their votes without fail?

4. SOCIAL MEDIA SKILLS

Objectives:

- To equip the students with the skills of social media
- To highlight the role of social media and the benefit derived from this new medium of marketing and communication
- To understand the nuances of this radically different form of communication

SOCIAL MEDIA

Social media is the collection of online communication channels dedicated to community-based input, interaction, content-sharing and collaboration. Websites and applications dedicated to forums, microblogging, social networking, social bookmarking, social curation, and wikis are among the different types of social media.

Types of Social Media

Here are some examples of popular social media platforms:

- **Facebook** is a popular free social networking website that allows registered users to create profiles, upload photos and videos, send messages and keep in touch with friends, family and colleagues.
- **Twitter** is a free microblogging service that allows registered members to broadcast short posts called tweets. Twitter members can broadcast tweets and follow other users' tweets by using multiple platforms and devices.
- **Google+** (pronounced *Google plus*) was Google's social networking project, designed to replicate the way people interact offline more closely than is the case in other social networking services. This website is no longer offered to new users and plans to shut down remaining accounts in 2019.
- **Wikipedia** is a free, open content online encyclopedia created through the collaborative effort of a community of users known as Wikipedians. Anyone registered on the site can create an article for publication; however, registration is not required to edit articles. Wikipedia was founded in January of 2001.

- **LinkedIn** is a social networking site designed specifically for the business community. The goal of the site is to allow registered members to establish and document networks of people they know and trust professionally.
- **Reddit** is a social news website and forum where stories are socially curated and promoted by site members. The site is composed of hundreds of sub-communities, known as "subreddits." Each subreddit has a specific topic such as technology, politics or music. Reddit site members, also known as, "redditors," submit content which is then voted upon by other members. The goal is to send well-regarded stories to the top of the site's main threadpage.
- **Instagram** is a social networking app made for sharing photos and videos from a smartphone. The platform has noticeably fleshed out in the last year, introducing a “more immersive” shopping experience, direct messaging, live video, albums (multiple images per post) and stories. The platform’s proliferation of new features suggests it’s gunning to be a destination in your daily journey through social media. For Example: Last week Instagram launched #HereForYou, a campaign to raise awareness of mental health issues, with a promotional clip in which attractive young “members of the Instagram community” talked about the support and connection they had found on the platform.
- **Pinterest** is a social curation website for sharing and categorizing images found online. Pinterest requires brief descriptions but the main focus of the site is visual. Clicking on an image will take you to the original source. For example, clicking on a picture of a pair of shoes might redirect users to a purchasing site and an image of blueberry pancakes might redirect to the recipe.
- **Blog** is a website in which items are posted on a regular basis and displayed in reverse chronological order. The term blog is a shortened form of weblog or web log. Authoring a blog, maintaining a blog or adding an article to an existing blog is called “blogging”. Individual articles on a blog are called “blog posts,” “posts” or “entries”. A person who posts these entries is called a “blogger”. A blog comprises text, hypertext, images, and links (to other web pages and to video, audio and other files). Blogs use a conversational style of documentation.

Social media platforms have shrunk the world today.

They have created a virtual world shattering physical distances. They are of immense importance in a global world and contribute to the growth and development of sophisticated society. Social media is one of the rarest gift of technology which needs to use with maturity and responsibility like any other gift of science.

Benefits of Social Media in marketing:

- **Social Media helps establish your brand**

Social media networks give your small business the opportunity to show your audience your brand. Whether you share your content through Twitter, Facebook, Instagram, Pinterest or any other existing platform, you can share visual and written content to communicate what your business is all about.

- **Extending your reach in the market**

Social networking for small businesses represents an efficient way to expand your potential reach. Social Media platforms are designed to connect people who have things in common so that your enterprise can find customers and potential buyers based on their preferences, tastes and personality. If we consider Facebook with more than 950 million active users per month the sheer numbers suggest that you can reach out to enough potential buyers for you to achieve critical mass very quickly with a minimal advertising spend.

- **How to interact with your audience?**

With social networking you can reach and interact with your potential buyers. Social media platforms allow you instant communication by answering your buyers' concerns and promoting your new or existing products and services. Many social networks allow you to study further the behaviour of your audience through different analytical softwares, to allow you to build and implement even more efficient strategies.

- **Share & spread the word about your product**

It is easy to make your information reach more and more people or become viral within social networks. The presence of a brand on social media platforms will allow your users to share and spread the word about your product or service simply by clicking social sharing buttons on your website. That's how a satisfied customer will be able to share his experience with his friends and his other social media followers.

To conclude, Social media with its viral videos, blogs and articles, has more than what could be called a healthy turnover of innovative ideas that keep customers occupied and continue to grab their attention. From global giants like Microsoft, Apple, Amazon all the way down to little restaurants just around the corner and small locally owned businesses are using social media as platform to identify and reach out to their target audiences. More and more e-marketers who are new to the field, are honing their skills to emerge as expert practitioners of social network marketing.

Making use of social media - both unpaid and paid posts can be huge for getting a blog off the ground. If you're serious about using social media to make an impact for you, it would be wise to invest in social media tools to help you schedule your posts in advance and track engagement. **Twitter** and **Facebook** are great places to grow an audience and find like-minded people online.

Dos

Don'ts

Control your privacy settings

Posting insensitive contents

Disconnect from negativity

Over- sexualized clothing

Take care when posting pictures of others

Humiliate or publicly shame others

Connect with people with whom you feel safe

Sharing embarrassing meme

Parents can regularly check on children's activity while on social media platform	Connect with the cyber-predators
Remind children that parents love and support them	Allow children to get on social media too early
Parents need to guide children on dangers of social media	Deceptive marketing
Educate children on bully behaviour with the help of a resource like Pacer's National Bullying Prevention Centre	On line bullying
Make sure that your children are never criticizing, teasing or attacking others online	Posting about going on vacations on social media

COMPREHENSION

1. What is social media?
2. Mention four types of social media platforms that are commonly used?
3. What are the benefits of social media in the recent times?
4. What is blogging?
5. Name the other social media platforms that are not discussed in the given unit?
6. Mention steps involved in creating a blog.
7. Which are the social media platforms that you usually use and why?
8. How can a businessman promote his product through social media platform?
9. Which are the platforms that are user friendly and why?

10. Do you believe that social media platforms have made life easy? Discuss.

11. Do social media platforms help in socialising with people? Explain.

Suggested Activity

- Create a blog and post your article
- Prepare a chart/ppt indicating the benefits of various social media platforms

5. EXPANDING THE OUTLINE

Objectives

- To improve and develop written language skills.
- To promote innovative thinking and usage of appropriate vocabulary

How to develop the outline?

- Have a clear idea of the plot in your mind.
- Organize in a chronological order with proper thoughts.
- Use proper punctuations
- Do not omit any point
- Maintain the order in which the events take place.
- Narrate the event systematically.
- Use simple language.
- Do not change the main part of the story, reproduce by expanding it.

The guideline below will help you organize your paragraphs. Since paragraphs and essays are similar in structure, these guidelines can be applied to the organization of an entire essay.

- Write a paragraph to explore a single idea using a topic sentence at the beginning of the paragraph.
- Maintain paragraph unity, the logical development of a single idea in a group of related sentences, by using:
- A consistent organizing strategy: Paragraphs not only present ideas, they group detailed information necessary to develop ideas. Organizing strategies arrange that information into logical and easy-to-anticipate patterns. Other strategies use of stories, descriptions, examples, definitions, categorizations, comparisons and contrasts, or causes and effects to logically organize information. As you become more proficient at writing, you will probably incorporate more than one strategy in a paragraph.
- Transitional phrases or words to connect sentences and/or ideas. For example: **First**, Manju gathered the ingredients. **Then** she started to cook. **In a while** a delicious meal was ready.

Sample one:

Dr. A.P.J Abdul Kalam A great personality..... man of virtue..... born in a poor family.... man of versatility.....scientist...politician..... peoples’ man.....adorable.....man with vision and mission..... Chairman of ISRO.....awarded Bharath Ratna.

Dr A.P.J Abdul Kalam was a man of simplicity; He was born in a poor family and earned his livelihood by distributing newspapers house to house. Even though born in a poor family he was a man of intellect and vision. He later went on to work in ISRO as a scientist and later became the chief of the space organization.

Dr. Kalam had a great liking towards children and strongly believed they are the ones who would take the country ahead. After his tenure in ISRO, Dr Kalam went on to become the President of the country. He was known for his simplicity. Several developmental projects on science and technology were launched and successfully executed during his time. He was later conferred with country’s most prestigious honour Bharath Ratna.

Tasks

Expand the given outline into a well –knit story.

- 1) Taj Mahal.....monument in Agra.....symbol of love..... Shah-Jahan.... the Mughal Emperor built it in memory of his beloved wife..... Mumtaz Mahal....one of the wonders of the world...marble structure....immortalising love.....historical place.....tourist attraction.

2) A young man knocks Bernard Shaw, an Irish Playwright and critic.....a Nobel Prize winner.....upset but cool.....gets up. Shaw sayssilly fellow.....you missed a chance to get into history..... The young man, a college student.....understood what a great man Bernard Shaw was.... indicates his sense of humour and satire.

3) An eccentric rich man.....wants to find out the laziest man in the town..... walks down the street....finds everyone busy.....sees three beggars lying in the sun..... shows gold pieces “A prize - to the laziest”two jumped up.....each claims coin.....but the third wins.....too lazy even to claim prize for laziness

4) The mice thought of outwitting their common enemy, the cat..... They sat in council.....One mouse suggested tying a bell around the neck of the cat this would serve as a warning.....to escape. The proposal met with the general approval.....But an old mouse got up and said, “That’s all very well, but who will bell the cat”?. an eternal question.

5) An English sailor becomes a prisoner of war in Germany.....war ends.....He is released..... reaches home..... in London.....As he walks down the street one evening.....finds a bird-seller selling birds.....buys all the cages.....opens them.....sets all the birds free.....giving out a message.....?

6) A sailortook his pet monkey with him..... to a sea trip.....terrible storm overturned ship,.....a dolphin saved the monkey's life took the monkey to an island.....monkey said that he was the Princeof that island.... Dolphin realized he was a cheat..... left monkey alone in the island.....serves the monkey right.

**Third Semester B.Com (CBCS) and B.Com Business Data Analytics
Degree Examination (Semester Scheme)
General English – Language English-III
(INSIGHTS-III)
(Question Paper Pattern)**

Time—3 Hours

Max. Marks—70

Section-A (Job Skills-30 Marks)

I. Presentation skills	10
II. Letter Writing	05
III. Persuasion Skills (1 out of 2)	05
IV. Social Media Skills	05
V. Expanding the Outline	05

Section-B (Literature Component-40 Marks)

VI. Answer any FIVE of the following questions in one or two sentences each:

(5 out of 7 questions) **5x2=10**

VII. Answer any TWO of the following questions in about a page each, selecting ONE from poetry:

(2 out of 4 questions, **1 from poetry compulsory**) **2x5=10**

VIII. Answer any ONE of the following questions in about two pages each:

(1 out of 3 questions, **from prose and poetry**) **1x10=10**

IX. Answer any ONE of the following questions in about two pages each:

(1 out of 3 questions, **from the play**) **1x10=10**

Note: TEACHERS ARE REQUESTED TO FOLLOW THE PATTERN GIVEN BELOW FOR INTERNAL ASSESSMENT

INTERNAL ASSESSMENT

TOTAL 30 MARKS

ASSIGNMENT/PROJECT	15 Marks
TEST	10 Marks
ATTENDANCE	05 Marks

Third Semester B.Com (CBCS), B.Com Business Data Analytics

Degree Examination (Semester Scheme)

General English – Language English-III

INSIGHTS-III

Model Question Paper

Time - 3 Hours

Max. Marks - 70

Note: 1. Read the instructions carefully before answering questions.

2. Write correct question numbers.

SECTION-A (Job Skills-30 marks)

I Prepare **five** slides to make a presentation on the topic ‘Importance of Parks in Cities’. Slides should have suitable points and sub-points. **10**

II Write a letter to The Police Commissioner, Bengaluru City, regarding reckless violation of traffic rules, irresponsibility in driving on the roads and lack of civic sense during lockdown in your area. **05**

III Imagine your friend is addicted to playing games on the mobile phone, disregarding his studies and health. How would you persuade your friend to come out of this dangerous habit? Write a paragraph of persuasion using the following hints: **05**

- Hazards and side-effects of excessive use of phone for gaming
- Benefits of socialization
- Disadvantage of using phone for games alone
- Smart use of smartphones for studies

OR

Car-pooling is the best way to decongest city traffic and save time and fuel. Write a persuasive paragraph, appealing and persuading your friends to the use car-pooling.

IV Answer the following questions on Social Media Skills: 05

1. What is social media?
2. Mention four types of social media platforms that are commonly used?

3. What are the benefits of social media in the recent times?
4. What is blogging?
5. Posting insensitive comments on social media is considered rude. True/False

V Expand the following outline into a coherent paragraph: 5

An English sailor becomes a prisoner of war in Germany.....war ends.....He is released..... reaches home..... in London.....As he walks down the street one evening.....finds a bird-seller selling birds.....buys all the cages.....opens them.....sets all the birds free.....giving out a message... ?

SECTION-B (Literature Component-40 marks)

VI Answer any five of the following in one or two sentences each: 5x2=10

1. The men in future moved about in_____.
(jeans, linen, asbestos, space suit)
2. Why was Lula Ann's father upset in the story 'Sweetness'?
3. How does the stream flow as mentioned in 'Inversnaid'?
4. Why is the sceptre respected, according to Shakespeare?
5. What was the trouble faced by Steve, according to Henreitta?
6. In what way does the author define Liberty, in the essay 'On the Rule of the Road'?
7. Mention the qualities of the seas between India and Ceylon that tempted Mihir Sen?

VII Answer any two of the following in about a page each selecting one from poetry: 2x5=10

1. What preparations did the narrator make before going to sleep for two or three hundred years in the story 'The Man in Asbestos'?
2. How does the poet describe the stream and landscape in the poem 'Inversnaid'?

3. What exactly does freedom mean, according to Gardiner? Illustrate.
4. What were the challenges, dangers and difficulties that a swimmer faced during the swim in the Palk Straits?

VIII Answer **any one** of the following in about **two** pages: **1x10=10**

1. How does Ann's mother try to establish that she was not a bad mother in the story 'Sweetness'?
2. Why does the poet refer to mercy as an 'Attribute of God' in the poem 'The Quality of Mercy'?
3. 'In spite of the hardships, there was no obstruction for his spirit and enthusiasm.' Explain this statement with reference to 'Operation Indian Ocean'.

IX Answer **any one** of the following in about **two** pages: **1x10=10**

1. Describe the obsession of Henreitta with suppressed desires and Psychoanalysis?
2. What trick do Steve and Mabel play on Henreitta to get her out of her obsession?
3. Discuss the element of humour in the play 'Suppressed Desires'?
