

“Imagination is more important than knowledge. For knowledge is limited to all we now know and understand, while imagination embraces the entire world, and all there ever will be to know and understand.” - *Albert Einstein*

Reading**Down the Rabbit Hole*****Before you read***

- Why do people have dreams?
- Find any four other terms that refer to dreaming and explain their meanings.
- What does 'down the rabbit hole' mean?



Now read the following extract from a novel, where Alice, dozing off as her sister reads to her, jumps down the rabbit hole falling for quite a while and landing in a mysterious hall.

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book, her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, “and what is the use of a book,” thought Alice, “without pictures or conversations?”

So she was considering, in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so very remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so very much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself “Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be too late!” (when she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural); but, when the Rabbit actually took a watch out of its waistcoat-pocket, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat-pocket, or a watch to take out of it, and, burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge.

In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down what seemed to be a very deep well.

Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her, and to wonder what was going to happen next. First, she tried to look down and make out what she was coming to, but it was too dark to see anything: then she looked at the sides of the well, and noticed that they were filled with cupboards and book-shelves: here and there she saw maps and pictures hung upon pegs. She took down a jar from one of the shelves as she passed: it was labeled “ORANGE MARMALADE,” but to her great disappointment it was empty: she did not like to drop the jar, for fear of killing somebody underneath, so managed to put it into one of the cupboards as she fell past it.



“Well!” thought Alice to herself. “After such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling down-stairs! How brave they’ll all think me at home! Why, I wouldn’t say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house!” (Which was very likely true.) Down, down, down. Would the fall never come to an end? “I wonder how many miles I’ve fallen by this time?” she said aloud. “I must be getting somewhere near the centre of the earth. Let me see: that would be four thousand miles down, I think....” (for, you see, Alice had learnt several things of this sort in her lessons in the school-room, and though this was not a very good opportunity for showing off her knowledge, as there was no one to listen to her, still it was good practice to say it over) “...yes, that’s about the right distance but then I wonder what Latitude or Longitude I’ve got to?” (Alice had not the slightest idea what Latitude was, or Longitude either, but she thought they were nice grand words to say.)

Presently she began again, “I wonder if I shall fall right through the earth! How funny it’ll seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downwards! The antipathies, I think” (she was rather glad there was no one listening, this time, as it didn’t sound at all the right word) “...but I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know. Please, Ma’am, is this New Zealand? Or Australia?” (and she

tried to curtsy as she spoke fancy, curtseying as you're falling through the air! Do you think you could manage it?) "And what an ignorant little girl she'll think me for asking! No, it'll never do to ask: perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere."

Down, down, down. There was nothing else to do, so Alice soon began talking again. "Dinah'll miss me very much to-night, I should think!" (Dinah was the cat.) "I hope they'll remember her saucer of milk at tea-time. Dinah, my dear! I wish you were down here with me! There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid, but you might catch a bat, and that's very like a mouse, you know. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?" And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and went on saying to herself, in a dreamy sort of way, "Do cats eat bats? Do cats eat bats?" and sometimes "Do bats eat cats?", for, you see, as she couldn't answer either question, it didn't much matter which way she put it. She felt that she was dozing off, and had just begun to dream that she was walking hand in hand with Dinah, and was saying to her, very earnestly, "Now, Dinah, tell me the truth: did you ever eat a bat?", when suddenly, thump! thump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.

Alice was not a bit hurt, and she jumped up on to her feet in a moment: she looked up, but it was all dark overhead: before her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost: away went Alice like the wind, and was just in time to hear it say, as it turned a corner, "Oh my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!" She was close behind it when she turned the corner, but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen: she found herself in a long, low hall, which was lit up by a row of lamps hanging from the roof.

There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked; and when Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other, trying every door, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again.

Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass: there was nothing on it but a tiny golden key, and Alice's first idea was that this might belong to one of the doors of the hall; but, alas! Either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, but at any rate it would not open any of them. However, on the second time round, she came upon a low curtain she had not noticed before, and behind it was a little door about fifteen inches high: she tried the little golden key in the lock, and to her great delight it fitted!

Alice opened the door and found that it led into a small passage, not much larger than a rat-hole: she knelt down and looked along the passage into the loveliest garden

you ever saw. How she longed to get out of that dark hall, and wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains, but she could not even get her head through the doorway; “and even if my head would go through,” thought poor Alice, “it would be of very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only knew how to begin.” For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately, that Alice had begun to think that very few things indeed were really impossible.



There seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle on it (“which certainly was not here before,” said Alice), and tied round the neck of the bottle was a paper label, with the words “DRINK ME” beautifully printed on it in large letters.



It was all very well to say “Drink me,” but the wise little Alice was not going to do that in a hurry. “No, I’ll look first,” she said, “and see whether it’s marked ‘poison’ or not”; for she had read several nice little stories about children who had got burnt, and eaten up by wild beasts, and other unpleasant things, all because they would not remember the simple rules their friends had taught them: such as, that a red-hot poker will burn you if you hold it too long; and that, if you cut your finger very deeply with a knife, it usually bleeds; and she had never forgotten that, if you drink much from a bottle marked “poison,” it is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later.

However, this bottle was not marked “poison,” so Alice ventured to taste it, and, finding it very nice (it had, in fact, a sort of mixed flavour of cherry-tart, custard, pine-apple, roast turkey, toffee, and hot buttered toast), she very soon finished it off.

“What a curious feeling!” said Alice. “I must be shutting up like a telescope!”

And so it was indeed: she was now only ten inches high, and her face brightened up at the thought that she was now the right size for going through the little door into that lovely garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see if she was going to shrink any further: she felt a little nervous about this; “for it might end, you know,” said Alice to herself, “in my going out altogether, like a candle. I wonder what I should be like then?” And she tried to fancy what the flame of a candle looks like after the

candle is blown out, for she could not remember ever having seen such a thing.

After a while, finding that nothing more happened, she decided on going into the garden at once; but, alas for poor Alice! when she got to the door, she found she had forgotten the little golden key, and when she went back to the table for it, she found she could not possibly reach it: she could see it quite plainly through the glass, and she tried her best to climb up one of the legs of the table, but it was too slippery; and when she had tired herself out with trying, the poor little thing sat down and cried.

“Come, there’s no use in crying like that!” said Alice to herself rather sharply. “I advise you to leave off this minute!” She generally gave herself very good advice (though she very seldom followed it), and sometimes she scolded herself so severely as to bring tears into her eyes; and once she remembered trying to box her own ears for having cheated herself in a game of croquet she was playing against herself, for this curious child was very fond of pretending to be two people. “But it’s no use now,” thought poor Alice, “to pretend to be two people! Why, there’s hardly enough of me left to make one respectable person!”

Soon her eye fell on a little glass box that was lying under the table: she opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on which the words “EAT ME” were beautifully marked in currants. “Well, I’ll eat it,” said Alice, “and if it makes me grow larger, I can reach the key; and if it makes me grow smaller, I can creep under the door: so either way I’ll get into the garden, and I don’t care which happens!”

She ate a little bit, and said anxiously to herself “Which way? Which way?” holding her hand on the top of her head to feel which way it was growing; and she was quite surprised to find that she remained the same size. To be sure, this is what generally happens when one eats cake; but Alice had got so much into the way of expecting nothing but out-of-the-way things to happen, that it seemed quite dull and stupid for life to go on in the common way. So she set to work, and very soon finished off the cake.

Lewis Carroll

Ways with words

A. Find the meanings of the following words and phrases from a dictionary and make sentences by using them.

peep into pop down remarkable hedge wonder tumble
doze off earnestly tiny creep

B. Match the words below with their opposites.

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------|
| a. beginning | i. happiness |
| b. stupid | ii. calmly |
| c. natural | iii. educated |
| d. disappointment | iv. clever |
| e. ignorant | v. artificial |
| f. anxiously | vi. ending |

C. Pronouncing /s/ and /ʃ/, /s/ and /z/

a. Practise the pronunciation of the following pairs of words.

- | | | | |
|------------|------------|------------|------------|
| see/she | sip/ship | sort/short | save/shave |
| sock/shock | seat/sheet | so/show | sew/show |
| sit/shit | said/shed | sake/shake | seep/sheep |

b. Pronounce the following minimal pairs of words correctly.

- | | | | |
|-------------|------------|------------|---------------|
| price/prize | rice/rise | peace/peas | loose/lose |
| bus/buzz | face/phase | seal/zeal | device/devise |

Comprehension

A. Answer these questions.

- What did Alice do while her sister was reading a book?
- Why did Alice run across the field after the Rabbit?
- Why didn't she like to drop the jar? What did she do with it?
- What idea came to her mind when she saw a tiny golden key?
- What was written on the bottle that she found? Did she follow what it said?
- Alice was fond of pretending to be two people. Who were they?
- Why did she want to eat the cake that she found?

B. Put these sentences in the right order as they happen in the story.

- Alice ate a small cake, which said, 'EAT ME'.
- Alice found a small key and unlocked a very small door.
- Alice fell down a rabbit hole.
- Alice drank something from a bottle and got very small.

- e. Alice tried to climb a table leg to get the key again.
- f. Alice saw a White Rabbit and ran after him.

Critical thinking

- a. "Down the rabbit hole" is a sort of writing called fantasy. On the basis of your reading of the story point out some special elements of this kind of writing?
- b. Is it good to imagine about the things which are not possible to achieve in reality? Explain.
- c. Do you talk to yourself when you are in a trouble? If yes, how does it help you?

Writing

- a. Narrate, in short, a folktale that you have read or heard.
- b. Describe a strange dream that you have seen recently.

Grammar

Wish

A. Study the given examples.

I wish I **had** a car.

I wish I **could speak** English fluently.

I wish he **would lend** me some money.

I wish I **lived** closer to my family.

He wishes he **could afford** a holiday.

I wish I **hadn't eaten** so much chocolate!

B. Express your wishes in the following situations in three different ways.

Use *I wish/If only.....*

- a. You don't have a mobile phone (You need one).
- b. You don't know the answer of a question from the lesson.
- c. You can't play the guitar.
- d. It's cold.
- e. You are feeling sick.
- f. You live in a crowded city.
- g. You feel lonely.

C. Rewrite the following sentences making correction if necessary.

- a. I wish my father bought me a bike.
- b. I wish I would write poems.
- c. I wish I could remember her name.
- d. I wish I had a god job.
- e. I wish I would be rich.

Listening

A. Look at the given picture and guess answer to the questions.

- a. What is the man doing in the picture? Do you know him? How?
- b. Where did the incidence shown in the picture take place?

B. Listen to a piece of a historic public speech by Martin Luther King Jr. and answer the questions.

- a. When was the Emancipation Proclamation signed?
- b. How did the slaves feel about the proclamation?
- c. How was the condition of the Negro even after a hundred years?
- d. What three things did the American Constitution promise to its citizens?
- e. What does Dr. King compare the American discriminatory notes given to the black citizens?
- f. What, according to him, is the main purpose of their gathering in the capital of the nation?



C. Listen to the audio again and write 'True' for true statements and 'False' for false ones.

- a. 'A great American' in the speech refers to Abraham Lincoln.
- b. The black slaves couldn't have their freedom even after a century of Emancipation Proclamation.
- c. The blacks were treated like foreigners in their own country.
- d. According to King, American banks were refusing to cash the checks of black citizens.

- e. King does not believe that America lacks the opportunity of justice.

D. Listen to the complete audio of “I have a Dream” and make a list of any three things that Martin Luther King dreams of.

Speaking

Expressing regrets

A. Susan has failed her exams. Now she feels sorry for not studying hard. Study the different ways of her expression of regret.

- a. I wish I had studied hard.
- b. I should have paid attention to the teachers in the class.
- c. If only I had been regular to my classes.
- d. I shouldn't have ignored my parents' advice.
- e. If only I hadn't missed my classes.

B. Express regrets using *I wish*/*If only* and *should have* /*had* with past participle based on the following situations. Use negative wherever necessary.

- a. Your friend has betrayed you.
- b. You have got a cold.
- c. You are lost in a town.
- d. You have lost your phone.
- e. You couldn't attend your brother's wedding.



Project work

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland is a children's novel by English author Lewis Carroll, published in 1865. It is a story of a young girl named Alice falling through a rabbit hole into a fantasy world populated by peculiar, anthropomorphic creatures. With its fantastical tales and riddles, it became one of the most popular works of English-language fiction.

Read the whole novel or a similar novel in a library or in the Internet, and write its short review.

“As we look ahead into the next century, leaders will be those who empower others.” –Bill Gates

Reading**Mahabir Pun: A Visionary Social Entrepreneur*****Before you read***

Name any three renowned social workers of Nepal and mention their contributions to the country.

S. N.	Name of the social worker	Contribution
1.		
2.		
3.		

Mahabir Pun (22 January 1955), born and raised at Nangi in Myagdi District, Nepal, is a teacher, social entrepreneur, innovator and social activist. He is known for his extensive work in applying wireless technologies to develop remote areas of the Himalayas. He has designed income-generation initiatives that deliver new economic possibilities to villagers allowing them to be sustainable.



He is building self-sustainable, community-run schools that improve the quality of education, bring jobs and opportunities to villages, and curb migration to urban centers. His works have been recognized by the Ashoka Foundation, the Ramon Magsaysay Foundation, University of Nebraska, Global Ideas Bank and Nepal Government.

Now, read the following interview with Mr. Pun.

You got a scholarship to study in the USA. After your education, why did you come back to Nepal and what plans had you made for Nepal then?

I could have lived in the US if I had wanted to do so. I was a good student at the university and my professors liked me very much. It would not have been difficult for

me to find a job there. However, I had found that life in the US was not easy either as many people think. People in developed countries like the US also have to work hard in order to make money for comfortable living, for raising their family and for maintaining their lifestyle.

Therefore, I decided to come to Nepal to visit my family and friends as soon as I graduated from the university. However, I did not have any plan and idea as what I could do in Nepal. I also did not have money to do anything. The only thing I had decided before I came to Nepal was not to apply for any job for living. I did not start any business either because I did not have money and idea. Therefore, I decided to stay in my home village Nangi of Myagdi district and to help villagers start a high school as a volunteer teacher. That was the beginning of my lifelong journey in Nepal.

But those who go abroad for their higher education rarely return after their education? What made you think to come back and do something for the country?

Yes, many people rarely return after they get their education in the US and in other developed countries. It is their choice. The main reason they do not return is that they know there are almost no job opportunities in Nepal to make money for living. Therefore, they decide to stay abroad and find job. However, I wanted not to work for people or for a company in the US or in Nepal to have “so called” better living. To enjoy in my life, I wanted to work independently and do something on my own for the benefits of human beings. Therefore, I made my decision to come to Nepal and stay in mountain villages. I could not have done what I have been able to do in Nepal if I had decided to find a job either in the US or in Nepal. After I started living in the mountain village and working with the communities, I found that life in the mountain villages was more comfortable for me because I was free to do anything I wanted to try. Therefore, I decided to live in Nepal all my life. I am very glad that I decided to come and stay in Nepal rather than staying in the US.

What motivated you to involve in innovation?

The necessity to gain something in life makes people innovators. It was after I started living in the mountain villages, I found many problems in the communities, and my mind started to think about finding solution for those problems. As a result, I started doing lots of brainstorming by myself and with the communities to find ways to start and run viable projects for community development. My experience tells that you should be innovative especially when you want to find solution for a problem. For example, I had to be innovative to start income generating projects such as paper

making, jam making, cheese making, etc. which nobody in that area had tried before. I also had to be innovative to start wireless networking project to bring the Internet because I did not have ideas and money. The same thing is happening with National Innovation Centre that was started without any idea and money. To make it short, I can tell that it is the necessity of the communities to start different development projects and that it is the necessity to retain the most talented and innovative young people in Nepal for economic development that motivated me to be involved in innovation.

Where did you start doing such an entrepreneurship and what have you done up to now?

I started it from my village Nangi of Myagdi district. It took a few years for me to learn about the situation of other mountain communities and to get acquainted with them.

I started to work as a volunteer in my village and I really did not know how long I could stay in the village. Step by step, I got involved in the field of education to help improve the quality of education in rural schools by helping to build schools and introducing computers and the Internet. I helped to set up community clinics in the villages where there were no health posts in order to help people to get basic health services. Later I connected the clinics to hospital in Pokhara and Kathmandu through the Internet for telemedicine. I worked with the community leaders to start as many income generation programmes as possible to help people to make some money and create job opportunities. Some of the income generating programmes that I helped to start are Yak farming, camping ground for the trekkers, cheese making, jam making, paper making, bee keeping, vegetable farming, handicraft making, fish farming etc. I started community based wireless networking programme to bring computers and the Internet in the remote mountain villages. I helped to start community owned and managed ecotourism programmes by starting five day and twelve day trekking trails with lodges and other facilities for the trekkers. Those projects are running well. Now I am working for the establishment of *Rashtriya Awishkar Kendra* (National Innovation Centre), which has kept me very busy because many young people with innovative and creative ideas come to the centre to present their ideas and to do research and development work. Working with them has become my everyday routine now. Now I am travelling all over Nepal to give information about the innovation centre we have started and to encourage young people to be innovative.

When was National Innovation Centre established and what is its main goal?

National Innovation Centre (NIC) is a nonprofit-making organisation established on

9 December 2012, and started fundraising campaign and some research works from 2016. The centre was built at the premise of Research Centre for Applied Science and Technology, Tribhuvan University Kirtipur, Kathmandu and was formally inaugurated on 18 October 2019.

The main goal of the National Innovation Centre is to retain talented, innovative and creative young people and use their talents for the economic development of Nepal, specifically through research and innovation. I thought about starting the centre because after working for 25 years in the villages, I realized the most important step a country needs to take in order to become economically prosperous is to keep the talented and innovative human capitals in the country and help them become entrepreneurs. All the developed countries have always taken that step, which Nepal must take if we want to become prosperous. That is why I decided to establish innovation centre. Also the ultimate goal of NIC is to help reduce the trade deficit of Nepal by helping innovative people to create and develop products that are being imported from abroad. It is very necessary because we are importing more than 92% of goods and exporting less than 8% that has created a huge trade deficit.

Whose support are you getting to enhance your campaign?

I did not seek funding from the government and donors to start project. For doing all the works that I have done so far, the main support has been coming from people and communities. It is because people have found that the projects that I have started are very beneficial for the communities and for the nation. For example, most of the money for the wireless networking project came from communities because they found that Internet is very useful for them. For the eco-trekking and income generating programmes, the money is coming from communities. Even for the establishment of NIC, almost all of the support is coming from Nepalese people. Therefore, I can tell that my campaign is funded and managed by people for the benefit of people.

How do you think that it would help in developing our country?

Nobody should forget the fact that innovation is the engine to drive the economic development. Without giving topmost priority for research and innovation and without investing huge amount of money for nurturing its innovative citizen, no country in the world has become economically prosperous. The developed countries like the US, the UK, Germany, Japan, Israel and others have become prosperous because they have always given research and innovation the topmost priority for economic development and they are investing huge amount of money for that. However, Nepal, so far, is

not investing any money or too little money for research and innovation. Besides, we do not have culture of innovation that encourages young people to be innovative and creative. Keeping these facts in mind, innovation centre was established. The innovation centre is providing a well-equipped platform in its capacity and full support system to the innovators to do research and development. Our innovators are trying to develop different types of products or services that can be commercialized in the market. That way they would ultimately become entrepreneurs and help for the economic development of Nepal.

What do you want to suggest to youths who are going abroad and living there forgetting their country?

Going abroad in search of better education and job opportunities is something we can't stop or should not stop unless and until we create good opportunities and environment for the talented youths to stay and work in Nepal. Besides, it is human nature to explore for new opportunities in foreign soils. It is not entirely their fault to go abroad. It is our responsibility to create sound environment and support system to keep the most talented and innovative people and use them for the economic development of Nepal. My suggestion and request to those youths, who are going abroad, is not to forget our motherland and help Nepal by bringing back innovative ideas that can help to create the economy of our country and help Nepal become a prosperous nation.

Lastly, do you have to say anything about your plan and vision?

I would like to encourage young students to think about becoming innovators and entrepreneurs by coming up with innovative ideas and by being involved in research and innovation activities while they are still attending schools. They should not wait to become innovative and entrepreneurs until they graduate from the schools or colleges. Also I would like to tell that work of building innovation centres and nurturing our talented and innovative people is something we, the people of Nepal, can do by ourselves. I would like to request the federal government, state government, and local government of Nepal to set aside a small percentage of their development budget for setting up innovation centres in order to capture and utilize the innovative human capitals for the economic development of Nepal.

Thank you for your time and best of luck in the work you have begun.

As always, it is my pleasure to encourage young minds and work with them. With the support from the innovative young people, we will certainly be able to make Nepal a prosperous nation. There is no doubt in it.

Ways with words

A. Find the words from the text which mean the following. The first letter has been given.

- a. making you feel physically relaxed; pleasant to wear, sit on, etc. c.....
- b. having a degree from the university g.....
- c. without being connected with or influenced by something or by each other i.....
- d. the introduction of new things, ideas or ways of doing something i.....
- e. familiar with something, having read, seen or experienced it a.....
- f. a person who makes money by starting or running businesses, especially when this involves taking financial risks e.....
- g. an opportunity or a place for somebody to express their opinions publicly or make progress in a particular area p.....
- h. to use something, especially for a practical purpose u.....

B. The plural form of *bacterium* is *bacteria*. Irregular plural nouns are nouns that do not become plural by adding -s or -es, as most nouns in the English language do. Now, write the plural forms of the following nouns.

calf	basis	sheaf	cactus
louse	crisis	person	formula
ox	fungus	goose	oasis
analysis	curriculum	appendix	

Comprehension

Answer these questions.

- a. How did Mahabir Pun begin his lifelong journey in Nepal after coming back to Nepal from the US?
- b. Why didn't he want to work for other companies in the US or in Nepal?
- c. Why did he involve in innovation?
- d. What are the income-generating programmes that he helped to start?
- e. Whose support is Pun getting to proceed with his campaign?
- f. How have the developed countries become prosperous?
- g. How can we keep the most talented and innovative people in Nepal?

Critical thinking

- Pun says, “We do not have culture of innovation that encourages young people to be innovative and creative”. Do you agree with him? Explain.
- What qualities does an individual need to become an entrepreneur?

Writing

A. Writing an informal email

Read the following email and write a reply to it.

Hi Samia,

Just a quick email to say that sounds like a great idea. Saturday is better for me because I'm meeting my parents on Sunday. So if that's still good for you, why don't you come here? Then you can see the new flat and all the work we've done on the kitchen since we moved in. We can eat at home and then go for a walk in the afternoon. It's going to be so good to catch up finally. I want to hear all about your new job!

Our address is 52 Charles Road, but it's a bit difficult to find because the house numbers are really strange here. If you turn left at the post office and keep going past the big white house on Charles Road, there's a small side street behind it with the houses 50–56 in. Don't ask me why the side street doesn't have a different name! But call me if you get lost and I'll come and get you.

Let me know if there's anything you do/don't like to eat. Really looking forward to seeing you!

See you soon!

Gregor

(Source: <https://learnenglish.britishcouncil.org>)

B. Communiqué (press release)

Communiqué is an official statement or communication, usually to the press or public. Press release is an example of communiqué.

Study the given press release about a telephone conversation between Honorable Mr. Pradeep Kumar Gyawali and His Excellency Mr. Michael R. Pompeo.



Government of Nepal
MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS
Kathmandu, Nepal

Press Release

Minister for Foreign Affairs, Honorable Mr. Pradeep Kumar Gyawali, had a telephone conversation with His Excellency Mr. Michael R. Pompeo, the United States Secretary of State, this afternoon.

During the conversation, the two sides shared experiences in the fight against the COVID-19 pandemic. They also offered sympathies and condolences on the loss of human lives due to the pandemic. The Foreign Minister and the Secretary of State appreciated each other's governments for the protection and care provided to their nationals.

The two sides discussed the importance of development partnership between the two countries, which has complemented Nepal's efforts for socioeconomic development. Minister Gyawali appreciated the support provided by the US government to Nepal's health sector, among others, through the projects related to the COVID-19 pandemic. Secretary of State Pompeo assured Nepal of continued US cooperation.

The two sides expressed confidence that cooperation will continue to grow in the post-COVID context with an enhanced level economic partnership.

Ministry of Foreign Affairs

Singh Durbar,

Kathmandu

24 June 2020

- C. Suppose you are the secretary of the National Innovation Centre (NIC), Nepal and an innovator from a foreign country had a talk with its chairperson, Mahabir Pun about bilateral cooperation. Write a press release statement.

Present perfect and past simple

A. Notice the use of present perfect and past simple in the following text.

I think I have had a very interesting life. I'm 73 now and I don't work anymore. I was in the army for 31 years. I retired when I was 52. I have been to so many countries that I can't remember all of them. I've been to Australia six or seven times and to South Africa three times. I have also been once to Russia but I didn't like it at all: much too cold for me!

I've never been on television, but I've been on the radio once. It was a programme about life in the military about twenty years ago. I've met a lot of famous people: members of the royal family, famous politicians and also famous cinema and television personalities. I've never met the American President though which is a pity.

Because I've travelled a lot, I've seen a lot of wonderful things and have also eaten and drunk some strange foods and drinks. I ate cat and rat in India and drank something called Mirto on a little island in Italy many years ago.

B. Look at the diagram about the use of present perfect tense.



- C. We use the past simple for past events or actions which have no connection to the present and the present perfect to talk about completed actions which have impacts to the present.

I **lost** my keys yesterday.

I **'ve lost** my key. I can't find it anywhere.

- D. We use both '*been (to)*' and '*gone (to)*' as the past participle of '*go*', but with different meanings.

I **'ve been** to Muktinath.

Prem is on holiday. He **has gone** to Ilam.

Sarika is back home now. She **has been** to Jumla.

- E. Use the correct tense of the verbs in brackets.

- I don't know where Muna is. (you/see) her?
- Janak (not/be) very well last week.
- Last night I (lose) my keys. So I stayed in my friend's home.
- I (lose) my keys. Can you help me look for them?
- I (know) Jamuna for three years. We still meet once a month.
- She (live) in Sikkim when she was a child.
- A: What's wrong?
B: I (break) a glass.
- A: When (you/arrive)?
B: At 10 pm last night.
- How long (you/know) Sarmila for?
- This is the first time I (drive) a car.

- F. Use *been* or *gone*.

- I've never to Japan.
- Kalpna has to Korea. She may come back next year.
- A: Where's Rachana?
B: She has to the shops.
- Harina was here earlier but I think she has now.
- Have you ever to London?

Listening

A. Look at the picture and answer the questions.

- What is special about the woman in the picture?
- Do you have such speciality?



B. Now listen to the recording and answer the following questions in no more than five words.

- When did the speaker get married?
- How did the car accident take place?
- Why did she want to paint in the hospital?
- Why couldn't she sit herself after she came home from hospital?
- Why does she believe that other people are fortunate?
- Note down two of the fears that she mentions.
- What was her biggest fear?
- How did the speaker overcome with the biggest fear?

C. There might be some people in your country who have inspired the world despite their physical disabilities. Find two people and write the following information about them.

S. N.	Name	Type of disability	Inspirational work
1.			
2.			

Speaking

Narrating experiences and achievements

A. Study the following conversation.

Tenzing: Have you travelled a lot, Michael?

Michale: Yes, I've been to many places.

Tenzing: Really? Have you ever been to Darjeeling?

Michale: Yes, I've been to Darjeeling twice.

Tenzing: What about Rara?

Michale: No, I've never been to Rara.

B. Work in pairs. Take turns to ask and answer questions about experiences and/or achievements using *Have you ever...?* Give true answers about yourself.

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------|
| a. going fishing | b. doing yoga |
| c. winning a prize | d. riding a horse |
| e. meeting a celebrity | f. going to Switzerland |
| g. composing music | |

Project work

Work in groups of five. Visit an entrepreneur in your locality and interview him/her. Then prepare a short biography of the entrepreneur and share with your friends.

“History is written by the winners.” -*Napoleon Bonaparte*

Reading**Napoleon Bonaparte*****Before you read***

Discuss these questions with your partner.

- Name some warriors who fought for your country.
- Mention the names of any five famous leaders in the world. Also describe their contributions to their countries.
- Guess the meaning of the words: statesman, leader, warrior, revolution, emperor, empire, guerilla.

Now, read the following article about the power of Napoleon in politics.

Many portraits of Napoleon show him with his right hand placed inside his coat or shirt. In fact, there was nothing wrong with Napoleon's hand. At the time, portrait painters thought this pose made men look more dignified. Also, they had one less hand to draw and paint. Looking at his portraits, we can tell that Napoleon was an important person. But who was this man?



Napoleon Bonaparte was born in 1769 on the French island of Corsica, not far from the coast of Italy. He was one of fourteen children. As a boy, Napoleon loved to play soldiers with his brothers. When he was old enough, his parents sent him to military school to learn how to become a real soldier. After he completed his training at the military school, Napoleon became an officer in the French army.

Four years later, in 1789, there was a sudden and violent change in France. Tired of paying heavy taxes so the king and his nobles could live in luxury, poor and middle-class people started a revolution. They executed the king and queen and many of their royal friends and then declared France a republic where all people were to pay taxes according to their wealth.

When the rulers of other European countries heard what happened in France, they

thought they, too, would lose control over their countries. Austria and Britain went to war with the new republic of France. Napoleon was a brilliant officer and was only twenty-seven years old when he was made Commander-in-Chief of the French army in Italy. He won one victory after another, defeating the Austrians in eighteen battles. Then he moved his army to Egypt to stop the British trade route to India. He won a victory over the Egyptians in 1798 at the Battle of the Pyramids. In 1799, his troops in Egypt discovered the Rosetta Stone, an important object which helped people to understand ancient Egyptian writing for the first time. Napoleon had with him scholars from many fields who wanted to set up schools in Egypt. One group of scholars studied the pyramids and started the science of Egyptology. However, the British destroyed Napoleon's ships and he lost the Rosetta stone to them. Then Napoleon decided to return to France.

When Napoleon returned to France, he was appointed first consul. The French needed a strong ruler at this time, and Napoleon was one. He became consul for life in 1802, and in 1804, Napoleon declared himself emperor of France. The Pope came from Rome to perform the ceremony. Napoleon, richly dressed, listened to the service. Then Napoleon took the crown before the Pope could take it, and he put it on his own head. He did this to show that he got the crown because of his wisdom and military skill; he was not simply given the honour by the Pope.

Soon afterward, Napoleon made himself master of almost all of Europe. He conquered Austria in 1805 and Prussia in 1806. Then he formed an alliance with Russia, and he made one of his brothers the king of Spain and another brother king of Holland.

In France, he ruled wisely and well, and he restored law and order after the revolution. He reorganized the French government and the Bank of France. He built many fine roads and improved the old ones. He turned Paris into a beautiful city with wide streets, fine bridges, and beautiful buildings and monuments, such as the Arc de Triomphe. More important still, he improved the laws. To this day, his Napoleonic Code is the foundation of European law, as well as of laws in Central and South America and Quebec in Canada. Napoleon wrote the Code's original 2,281 articles himself, although he was completely self-taught in legal matters. The Code created a legal system in which all citizens were equal. It was so clearly written that it could be read and understood by ordinary people at a time when all laws were written in Latin and understood by only a few.

Napoleon was a genius as an army commander. He conquered the huge Austrian Empire and ruled Italy, Switzerland, and Germany. He had the largest empire seen in

Europe since the days of the ancient Romans. The only country he could not defeat was Britain, losing to the British in 1805 in the Battle of Trafalgar. Then, in 1812, Napoleon made his biggest mistake by invading Russia. He entered Moscow, but he found that nearly all the people had left. There were fires all over the city, and most of it was destroyed. With no place to house his soldiers and no food for them to eat in the bitter Russian winter, Napoleon had no choice but to retreat. Napoleon lost half a million men in Russia. When he was finally defeated, he was sent to the island of Elba in the Mediterranean. By 1814, one million Frenchmen were dead. Napoleon was humiliated.

After ten months in Elba, Napoleon escaped, went back to France, and declared himself emperor again. He ruled for 100 days. In the meantime, the Europeans gathered their armies to end his rule. The combined armies, led by the British Duke of Wellington, defeated Napoleon at Waterloo in 1815. After this, he was sent to the island of St. Helena in the Atlantic Ocean, where he died six years later at age fifty-two. We do not know what Napoleon died of exactly. Some doctors argued that he died of cancer; others say he was poisoned.

Napoleon was a military genius and had a brilliant mind. He fought many wars and thought there would not be peace in Europe until the continent was under one ruler – himself. Perhaps Napoleon would have an even greater ruler had he not been driven by his love of power.

Milada Broukal

Ways with words

A. Choose the correct meaning of the underlined word.

- a. Many portraits of Napoleon show him with his right hand placed inside his coat.
i. shape ii. hairstyle iii. sketch iv. movement
- b. Napoleon won one victory after another, defeating the Austrians in eighteen battles.
i. beating ii. joining iii. fighting iv. directing
- c. Portrait painters thought this pose made men look more dignified.
i. good-looking ii. young iii. intelligent iv. energetic
- d. They announced France a republic.
i. officially declared ii. informally decided

- ii. put into practice iv. voted into law
- e. Napoleon conquered Austria in 1805.
 - i. lost ii. tried to control
 - iii. triumphed over iv. attacked
- f. There was no place to house his soldiers in the bitter Russian winter.
 - i. difficult ii. cold iii. dark iv. empty
- g. Napoleon was humiliated when he was defeated.
 - i. tortured ii. punished iii. confused iv. shamed

B. Guess the meanings to these words from the text. Check in your dictionary and make sentences of your own.

violent execute ancient alliance brilliant genius consul invading

C. Look at the compound noun phrase *Commander-in-Chief* as used in this sentence from the text.

Napoleon was only twenty-seven years old when he was made Commander-in-Chief of the French army in Italy.

D. Find the meanings of the following noun phrases and use them in sentences.

Vice-President	Editor-in-chief	Deputy Editor-in-Chief	Deputy-Mayor
Joint-secretary	Under-secretary	Deputy-Prime Minister	Vice-Chancellor
Attorney-general	Ex-president	Sub-editor	Co-author

Comprehension

Answer these questions.

- a. Where was Napoleon from?
- b. Why did poor and middle-class people declare France a republic?
- c. When did Napoleon declare himself emperor of France?
- d. What did he do when he ruled France?
- e. Which countries did he rule when he was the emperor?
- f. What was the main cause of his destruction?
- g. How did his rule as emperor end in Europe?
- h. How could Napoleon have been an even greater ruler?

Critical thinking

- a. What are the qualities of a great leader? Can a great leader remain in power for long in a country? Discuss.
- b. The 16th president of the USA, Abraham Lincoln said democracy is government of the people for the people and by the people. Do you think it is perfectly applicable in the present context of Nepal? Explain.

Writing

- a. Write an essay on Power and Politics in about 500 words.
- b. Write a couple of paragraphs about a national hero who fought bravely in the Anglo-Nepal War.

Grammar

may, might, must, can't

A. Study the following sentences.

- a. She may/might be in France.
- b. You've had a long journey. You must be tired.
- c. Niraj can't be in Gorkha - I saw him this morning.

*We use **may** or **might** to talk about the possibility of something in the present or in the future.*

*We use **must** and **can't** to express certainty in the present.*

B. Fill in the blanks with may/might, must or can't.

- a. Matthew be at home. I can see his bike in front of his home.
- b. They be coming tomorrow.
- c. She speak French very well. She's only lived in Paris for two weeks.
- d. My key is not in my pocket or on my desk so it be in the drawer.
- e. I saw him yesterday. He be abroad.
- f. You got the job? That's great. You be very delighted.
- g. I finish it by tomorrow if I stay at work all night, but I'm not sure.
- h. Somebody is knocking on the door. It be Sabina – she promised to come today.

C. Rewrite the following sentences using *may/might*, *must* or *can't*.

Example: Maybe they went away.

They may/might have gone away.

- a. I'm sure he's not going to the cinema today.
- b. Perhaps she knows the answer.
- c. I'm sure he has a car.
- d. I doubt if it rains later on.
- e. Perhaps she wants to be alone.
- f. I'm sure Harina is in her office.

Listening

A. Look at the picture and answer these questions.

- a. Do you know the man in the picture?
- b. What is he famous for?



B. Now, listen to the audio and tick (✓) the correct answer.

- a. Who is the speaker addressing to?
 - i. working men ii. women iii. job holders iv. American citizens
- b. Why did people vote the speaker?
 - i. to complete the task ahead ii. to win the election
 - iii. to support him iv. to help democracy
- c. Why do parents remain awake after their children fall asleep?
 - i. to take care of their children ii. to manage money for family
 - iii. thinking about family matters iv. to find new jobs
- d. How long will it take them in the process of remaking America?
 - i. one year ii. many years iii. one term iv. in short time
- e. At what point will the speaker be more serious to respond to people's voice?
 - i. when he becomes president ii. when he is honest
 - iii. when people agree him iv. when there are differences in opinions
- f. Which of the following ideals doesn't the Republican Party have?
 - i. national unity ii. maturity
 - iii. individual liberty iv. self-reliance

- C. Find more about Barack Obama and write any five things about his life.

Speaking

Expressing certainty and probability

A. Study the following conversation

A: What are you going to do after grade 12?

B: I will study English literature at the university.

A: Are you sure about that?

B: I'm absolutely sure.

A: Which university will you join?

B: Maybe Tribhuvan University.

A: So, you're not quite certain, are you?

B: No, I'm not sure yet.

B. Work in pairs. Answer each question with *may*, *might* or *maybe*. Add one or two more sentences.

Example: A: What are you going to do tonight?

B: I don't know. I may go out with friends. Or I might stay at home.

- What are you going to do after your lesson?
- What are you going to have for dinner?
- What are you going to do next weekend?
- When are you going to finish your homework?
- How are you going to get home?
- Where are you going to celebrate your holiday?

Project work

Collect information about one of the following brave Nepalese warriors. Write a short description of the person based on the information you have collected and present to the class.

Kalu Pandey, Bhakti Thapa, Bhimsen Thapa, Balbhadra Kunwar, Amar Singh Thapa

"If everyone fought for their own convictions, there would be no war." - *Leo Tolstoy*

Reading**Shall there be Peace?*****Before you read***

- What is war?
- What happens if there is a war? Describe its consequences.
- Describe a devastating war in the world history.

Now read the following essay about war in the hope of peace.

Only recently, Wilson and Lloyd George proclaimed their unswerving will to fight on till final victory. In the Italian Chamber the Socialist Mergari was treated like a madman because he had spoken a few natural, human words. And today, with what wooden self-righteousness a Wolff dispatch denies the rumour of a new German peace proposal: "Germany and its allies have not the slightest reason for repeating their magnanimous offer of peace."



In other words, everything goes on as before, and if anywhere a peaceful blade of grass tries to pierce the ground, a military boot is quick to trample it.

Yet at the same time, we read that peace negotiations have begun in Brest-Litovsk, that Herr Kühlmann has opened the session with a reference to the significance of Christmas and has spoken, in the words of the Gospel, of peace on earth. If he means what he says, if he has even the faintest understanding of those tremendous words, peace is inevitable. Unfortunately, our experience of Bible quotations in the mouths of statesmen has not thus far been encouraging.

For many days now, the eyes of the world have been focused upon two places. In those two places, it is widely felt, the destinies of nations are coming to a head, the future beckoning, and disaster threatening. With bated breath the world is looking eastward, to the peace negotiations in Brest-Litovsk. And at the same time it is watching the western front in dire anguish, for everyone feels, everyone knows that, short of a

miracle, the most dreadful disaster that has ever befallen men is there impending: the bitterest, bloodiest, most ruthless and appalling battle of all time.

Everyone knows it and everyone, with the exception of a few sanguine political orators and war profiteers, is trembling at the thought. Concerning the outcome of this mass slaughter, opinions and hopes vary. In both camps, there is a minority who seriously believe in a decisive victory. But one thing that no one endowed with a vestige of good sense can believe is that the ideal, humanitarian aims, which figure so prominently in the speeches of all our statesmen, will be achieved. The bigger, the bloodier, the more destructive these final battles of the World War prove to be, the less will be accomplished for the future, the less hope there will be of appeasing hatreds and rivalries, or of doing away with the idea that political aims can be attained by the criminal instrumentality of war. If one camp should indeed achieve final victory (and this purpose is the one justification offered by the leaders in their incendiary speeches), then what we abhor as “militarism” will have won out. If in their secret heart the partisans of war mean so much as a single word of what they have been saying about war aims, the absurdity, the utter futility of all their arguments staggers the imagination.

Can a new massacre of inconceivable scope be justified by such a jumble of hopeless fallacies, of mutually contradictory hopes and plans? While all people with even the slightest experience of war and its suffering are awaiting the outcome of the Russian peace negotiations in prayer and expectation, while all of us are moved to love and gratitude for the Russians because they, first among nations, have attacked the war at its root and resolved to end it, while half the world is going hungry and useful human effort has been halved where it has not ceased altogether—at such a time, preparations are being made in France for what we shudder even to name, a mass slaughter which is expected to decide, but will not decide, the outcome of the war, for the final senseless mustering of heroism and patience, the final hideous triumph of dynamite and machines over human life and the human spirit!

In view of this situation, it is our duty, the one sacred duty of every man of good will on earth, not to sheathe ourselves in indifference and let things take their course, but to do our utmost to prevent this final catastrophe.

Yes, you say, but what can we do? If we were statesmen and ministers, we would do our bit, but, as it is, we have no power!

This is the easy reaction to all responsibility—until it becomes too pressing. If we turn to the politicians and leaders, they too shake their heads and invoke their helplessness.

We cannot sit back and put the blame on them.

To blame are the inertia and cowardice of each one of us, our obstinacy and reluctance to think. In response to the excellent Mergari, Sonnino refused to say “anything that might give aid and comfort to the enemy”; the Wolff dispatch I have just mentioned declares that Germany has “not the slightest reason” to make another move in behalf of peace. But every day we ourselves give evidence of the same attitude. We accept things as they come, we rejoice in victories, we deplore the losses in our own camp, we tacitly accept war as an instrument of politics.

Alas, every nation and every family, every single individual in all Europe and far beyond it, has more than enough “reason” to give his utmost in behalf of the peace for which we all yearn. Only a vanishing minority of men truly want the war to go on—and beyond a doubt they deserve our contempt and sincerest hatred. No one else, only a very few morbid fanatics or unscrupulous criminals are in favour of this war, and yet—inconceivable as it seems—it goes on and on, with both sides arming indefatigably for the allegedly final holocaust in the West!

This is possible only because we are all too lazy, too easygoing, too cowardly. It is possible only because somewhere in our secret hearts we approve or tolerate the war, because we throw all the resources of our minds and souls to the winds and let the misguided machines roll on! That is what the political leaders do, and what the armies do, but we ourselves, the onlookers, are no better. We all know that we can stop the war if we want to in earnest. We know that whenever men have felt an action to be truly necessary they have performed it against all resistance. We have looked on with admiration and beating hearts as the Russians laid down their arms and manifested their will to make peace. There is no person on earth that has not been profoundly moved in its heart and conscience by this marvelous drama. But at the same moment we reject the obligations such feelings imply. Every politician in the world is all in favour of revolution, reason, and the laying down of arms—but only in the enemy camp, not in his own! If we are in earnest, we can stop the war. Once again the Russians have exemplified the ancient and holy doctrine that the weak can be mightiest. Why does no one follow them? Why do parliaments and cabinets everywhere content themselves with the same dreary drivel, the same day-to-day trivialities, why do they nowhere rise up to champion a great idea, the only idea that matters today? Why do they favour the self-determination of nations only when they themselves hope to profit? Why are people still taken in by the false idealism of official phrasemongers? It has been said that every nation has the

rulers it wants and deserves. May be so. We Europeans at all events have the bloodiest and most ruthless of all rulers: war. Is that what we want and deserve?

No, we don't want it. We all want the opposite. Apart from a small number of profiteers, no one wants this shameful and dismal state of affairs. What then can we do? We can bestir ourselves! We can take every opportunity to manifest our readiness for peace. We can desist from such useless provocations as the above-mentioned Wolff dispatch, and stop talking like Sonnino. At the present juncture a slight humiliation, a concession, a humane impulse can do us no harm! How, when we have befouled ourselves so thoroughly with blood, can we worry about petty national vanities?

Now is the time to oust those statesmen who conceive foreign policy in terms of self-seeking national programmes, who ignore the cry of mankind! Why wait until their stupidity has shed the blood of more millions?

All of us—great and small, belligerents and neutrals—we must not close our ears to the dire warning of this hour, the threat of such unthinkable horrors. Peace is at hand! As a thought, a desire, a suggestion, as a power working in silence, it is everywhere, in every heart. If each one of us opens his heart to it, if each one of us firmly resolves to serve the cause of peace, to communicate his thoughts and intimations of peace—if every man of good will decides to devote himself exclusively for a little while to clearing away the obstacles, the barriers to peace, then we shall have peace.

If that is done we shall all have helped to bring it about, we shall all feel worthy of the great tasks it will impose—whereas hitherto we have all been possessed by a feeling of shared guilt.

Hermann Hesse

NOTES

Wilson and Lloyd George: Woodrow Wilson, the President of America, and David Lloyd George, the Prime Minister of Britain wanted to stop a war ever happening again to establish peace after the World War I, but they did not get on well

Brest-Litovsk: The Treaty of Brest-Litovsk was a peace treaty signed in 1918 between Russia and Germany that ended Russia's participation in World War I

Herr Kühlmann: Herr Kühlmann (1873-1948) was a German diplomat and industrialist. From 6 August 1917 to 9 July 1918, he served as Germany's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Ways with words

A. Match the words on the left side with their meanings on the right.

- | | |
|----------------|--------------------------|
| a. proclaim | i. generous or forgiving |
| b. unswerving | ii. distress |
| c. magnanimous | iii. dreadful |
| d. trample | iv. steady or constant |
| e. tremendous | v. declare |
| f. inevitable | vi. upcoming |
| g. dire | vii. huge |
| h. anguish | viii. pitiless |
| i. impending | ix. unavoidable |
| j. ruthless | x. crush |

B. Fill in the blanks with the suitable word from the list given.

reluctance sanguine slaughter appalling futility bestir absurdity

- The soldiers suffer injuries during the attack.
- She is about prospects for the economic development of the country.
- Innocent people get unexpected in the war.
- The crowd laughed at the of the singer's behaviour.
- The intellectuals should be worried about the horror and of war.
- He sensed her to continue the work.
- They themselves at the first light of morning.

Comprehension

Answer these questions.

- Why was the Italian Socialist Mergari treated like a madman?
- Can political aims be attained by the criminal instrumentality of war? If yes, how?
- Which hopes and plans were said to be mutually contradictory?
- What can be the sacred duty of every man of good will on earth?

- e. Is it good to tacitly accept war as an instrument of politics? If not, what else should be done?
- f. How can we stop war in the world?
- g. What is the main message of this essay?

Critical thinking

- a. Are warmongers the greatest enemies for peace? What do you want to suggest to them?
- b. The Nobel Prize Winner American novelist John Steinbeck (1902-1968) once said, "All war is a symptom of man's failure as a thinking animal." Do you agree with the novelist? Why?
- c. Does any war end all wars and bring lasting peace to the world? Discuss.
- d. Why do you think countries go in wars even though they have their own boundaries?

Writing

Write essays in about 500 words on the following topics.

- a. War and peace
- b. Responsive youths for peace and prosperity

Grammar

Sentence functions

A. Do you know the parts of a sentence? If not, look at this sentence.

The fat man painted the door green last week.

In this sentence, *the fat man* → Subject (S)

painted → Verb (V)

the door → Object (O)

green → Complement (C)

last week → Adverbial (A)

B. Divide the following sentences into different parts.

Example: The man will buy a pen next week.

The man – will buy – a pen – next week.

Subject + Verb + Object + Adverbial

- a. The children are playing now.
- b. Srijana will be reading a story.
- c. Bimala is a very beautiful girl.
- d. She usually wears glasses.
- e. They elected him President.
- f. Rabin is laughing.
- g. He has a big house in Butwal.
- h. The man who lives next door is a professor.
- i. Her uncle has been living in Kathmandu for fifteen years.
- j. The girl with long hair asked me a question last week.

Listening

A. Look at the picture and answer these questions.

- a. Who are these people?
- b. Why do you think they are gathered?



B. Listen to the recording and mark True or False.

- a. Chris is a reporter.
- b. It is the first day of protest.
- c. The people want a big new road coming through the area.
- d. The police confirmed some arrests of people.
- e. The construction work has already begun in the area.

C. Listen to the recording again and answer these questions.

- a. Where is the reporter reporting from?
- b. What is the plan that people refuse?
- c. Why did they prefer the railroad to highway?
- d. In what condition will the people stop that protest?

D. Have you seen or experienced any event of protest? Discuss.

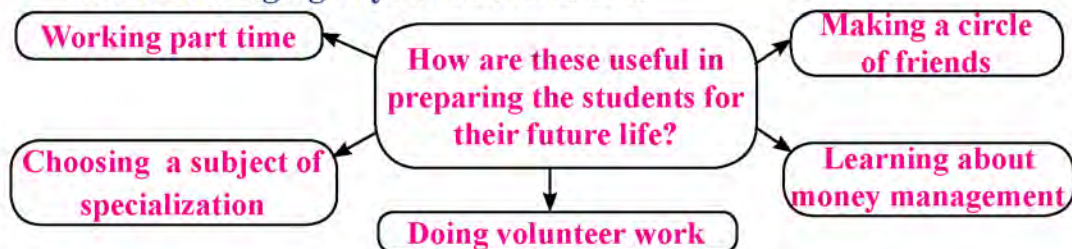
Speaking

Encouraging/discouraging

A. Study these expressions of encouraging and discouraging.

Encouraging	Discouraging
Come on! Go on! Keep it up! You can do it! Well done!/Great! You're doing great/fine! That's fine/good/all right. You're doing very well! It's a good idea.	Give up! Don't bother with it. Don't waste your time. It's not worth the effort. Why do you want to do that? It's not a good idea.

B. Talk to each other how useful these experiences might be in preparing school student for their future life. Use the expressions of encouraging and discouraging in your conversation.



C. Role-play the following situations. Use the expression of encouraging and discouraging.

- Your best friend feels bad because he/she recently did poorly on a test.
- You are teaching your sister how to play tennis.
- You are in a café with your friend who is thinking of taking driving lessons.

Project work

Collect the photos from different sources that show devastating effects of war. Also search the photos that show the effects of peace. Now make a picture story book with captions about the bad effects of war and good effects of peace.

“What is a friend? A single soul dwelling in two bodies.” -*Aristotle*

Reading**What is the Soul?*****Before you read***

- Which one do you think is primary: body or soul? Why?
- “A circle has no beginning”? Do you agree or disagree with the statement? Explain.

Now read the following essay about the existence of the soul in the materialist world.

One of the most painful circumstances of recent advances in science is that each one makes us know less than we thought we did. When I was young we all knew, or thought we knew, that a man consists of a soul and a body; that the body is in time and space, but the soul is in time only. Whether the soul survives death was a matter as to which opinions might differ, but that there is a soul was thought to be indubitable. As for the body, the plain man of course considered its existence self-evident, and so did the man of science, but the philosopher was apt to analyse it away after one fashion or another, reducing it usually to ideas in the mind of the man who had the body and anybody else who happened to notice him. The philosopher, however, was not taken seriously, and science remained comfortably materialistic, even in the hands of quite orthodox scientists.

Nowadays these fine old simplicities are lost: physicists assure us that there is no such thing as matter, and psychologists assure us that there is no such thing as mind. This is an unprecedented occurrence. Who ever heard of a cobbler saying that there was no such thing as boots, or a tailor maintaining that all men are really naked? Yet that would have been no odder than what physicists and certain psychologists have been doing. To begin with the latter, some of them attempt to reduce everything that seems to be mental activity to an activity of the body. There are, however, various difficulties in the way of reducing mental activity to physical activity. I do not think we can yet say with any assurance whether these difficulties are or are not insuperable. What we can say, on the basis of physics itself, is that what we have hitherto called our body is really an elaborate scientific construction not corresponding to any physical reality.

The modern would-be materialist thus finds himself in a curious position, for, while he may with a certain degree of success reduce the activities of the mind to those of the body, he cannot explain away the fact that the body itself is merely a convenient concept invented by the mind. We find ourselves thus going round and round in a circle: mind is an emanation of body, and body is an invention of mind. Evidently this cannot be quite right, and we have to look for something that is neither mind nor body, out of which both can spring.

Let us begin with the body. The plain man thinks that material objects must certainly exist, since they are evident to the senses. Whatever else may be doubted, it is certain that anything you can bump into must be real; this is the plain man's metaphysic. This is all very well, but the physicist comes along and shows that you never bump into anything: even when you run your hand along a stone wall, you do not really touch it. When you think you touch a thing, there are certain electrons and protons, forming part of your body, which are attracted and repelled by certain electrons and protons in the thing you think you are touching, but there is no actual contact. The electrons and protons in your body, becoming agitated by nearness to the other electrons and protons are disturbed, and transmit a disturbance along your nerves to the brain; the effect in the brain is what is necessary to your sensation of contact, and by suitable experiments this sensation can be made quite deceptive. The electrons and protons themselves, however, are only crude first approximations, a way of collecting into a bundle either trains of waves or the statistical probabilities of various different kinds of events. Thus matter has become altogether too ghostly to be used as an adequate stick with which to beat the mind. Matter in motion, which used to seem so unquestionable, turns out to be a concept quite inadequate for the needs of physics.

Nevertheless modern science gives no indication whatever of the existence of the soul or mind as an entity; indeed the reasons for disbelieving in it are very much of the same kind as the reasons for disbelieving in matter. Mind and matter were something like the lion and the unicorn fighting for the crown; the end of the battle is not the victory of one or the other, but the discovery that both are only heraldic inventions. The world consists of events, not of things that endure for a long time and have changing properties. Events can be collected into groups by their causal relations. If the causal relations are of one sort, the resulting group of events may be called a physical object, and if the causal relations are of another sort, the resulting group may be called a mind. Any event that occurs inside a man's head will belong to groups of both kinds; considered as belonging to a group of one kind, it is a constituent of his brain, and

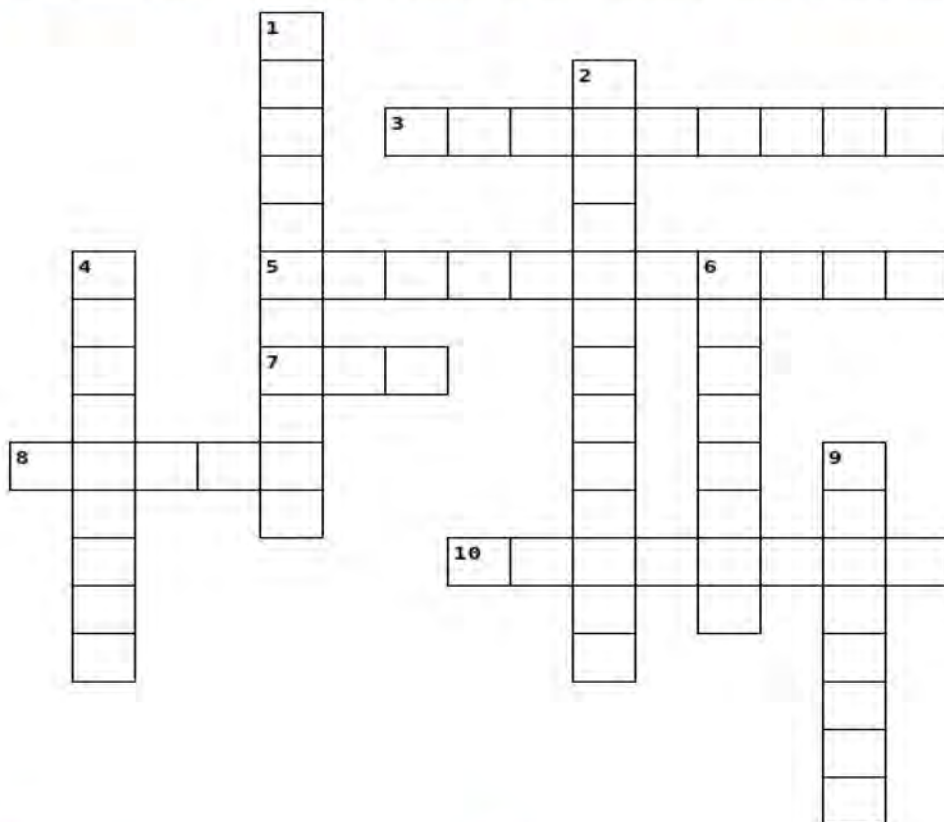
considered as belonging to a group of the other kind, it is a constituent of his mind.

Thus, both mind and matter are merely convenient ways of organizing events. There can be no reason for supposing that either a piece of mind or a piece of matter is immortal. The sun is supposed to be losing matter at the rate of millions of tons a minute. The most essential characteristic of mind is memory, and there is no reason whatever to suppose that the memory associated with a given person survives that person's death. Indeed there is every reason to think the opposite, for memory is clearly connected with a certain kind of brain structure, and since this structure decays at death, there is every reason to suppose that memory also must cease. Although metaphysical materialism cannot be considered true, yet emotionally the world is pretty much the same as I would be if the materialists were in the right. I think the opponents of materialism have always been actuated by two main desires: the first to prove that the mind is immortal, and the second to prove that the ultimate power in the universe is mental rather than physical. In both these respects, I think the materialists were in the right. Our desires, it is true, have considerable power on the earth's surface; the greater part of the land on this planet has a quite different aspect from that which it would have if men had not utilized it to extract food and wealth. But our power is very strictly limited. We cannot at present do anything whatever to the sun or moon or even to the interior of the earth, and there is not the faintest reason to suppose that what happens in regions to which our power does not extend has any mental causes. That is to say, to put the matter in a nutshell, there is no reason to think that except on the earth's surface anything happens because somebody wishes it to happen. And since our power on the earth's surface is entirely dependent upon the sun, we could hardly realize any of our wishes if the sun grew cold. It is of course rash to dogmatize as to what science may achieve in the future. We may learn to prolong human existence longer than now seems possible, but if there is any truth in modern physics, more particularly in the second law of thermodynamics, we cannot hope that the human race will continue forever. Some people may find this conclusion gloomy, but if we are honest with ourselves, we shall have to admit that what is going to happen many millions of years hence has no very great emotional interest for us here and now. And science, while it diminishes our cosmic pretensions, enormously increases our terrestrial comfort. That is why, in spite of the horror of the theologians, science has on the whole been tolerated.

Bertrand Russell

Ways with words

- A. The words in the crossword puzzle are from the text. Find them from the text to solve the puzzle based on the meaning clues given below.



Across

3. emergence or origination
5. impossible to achieve or overcome
7. appropriate or suitable
8. force back
10. up to now

Down

1. unquestionable, impossible to doubt
2. never done or known before
4. obviously or clearly
6. moved with a violent, irregular action
9. conservative

- B. Find the words from the text that mean the following. The first letter is given.

- a. misleading or illusionary (d.....)
- b. in a natural state; not yet processed or refined (c.....)

- c. a mystical horse like animal with a single straight horn projecting from its forehead (u.....)
- d. never dying or decaying (i.....)
- e. come to an end; stop (c.....)
- f. to activate or put into motion (a.....)

Comprehension

Answer these questions.

- a. What's the difference between the body and the soul?
- b. What do you understand by the psychologists' saying that there is no such thing as mind?
- c. How can a mental activity be reduced to a physical activity?
- d. How are mind and body related?
- e. What is the relation between mind and memory? Does memory survive a person's death?
- f. How is our power on the earth's surface entirely dependent upon the sun?

Critical thinking

- a. Do you believe that soul really exists? Write your arguments in support of your answer.
- b. If you want to change your body, you first have to change your mind. Discuss.

Writing

Write critically on the given topics.

- a. The existence of God
- b. Religion influences ethics and morality

Grammar

A. Notice the use of *used to* in the following text.

I was a young girl in the 1960s. My friends and I used to do a lot of things which shocked our parents. We used to do things our mothers never did. We used to cut our hair. We used to wear short skirts. We used to sing songs but did not use to dance.

Now, rewrite the following sentences using '*used to*'. You can make an affirmative/negative statement or a question.

- a. I/live in a flat when I was a child.
- b. She/love eating chocolate but now she hates it.
- c. He/go to fishing in the summer?
- d. My sister/play tennis when she was at school.
- e. He/play football every weekend?
- f. My grandfather/speak five languages.
- g. I/not hate school from the beginning.
- h. You/live in Kathmandu?
- i. He/play Dandibiyo when he was a small child.
- j. She/wear a frock when she was small but nowadays she wears jeans.

B. Write a short paragraph describing your past habits.

Listening

A. Look at the picture and answer these questions.

- a. What are these people doing?
- b. What things do you like around the sea?



B. Listen to the recording and circle the best answer.

- a. Jessica is speaking about
 - i. her mother
 - ii. her father
 - iii. movie director
- b. She has her first memory of her father when she was
 - i. 3-4 years old
 - ii. 5-6 years old
 - iii. 10 years old

- c. Her father used to love
 i. reading scripts ii. taking phone calls iii. painting
- d. Her father used to work
 i. on a boat ii. in Hollywood iii. in a painting shop

C. Listen to the recording again and mark True or False.

- a. Her mother spoke before Jessica.
 b. Jessica doesn't like oceans.
 c. Her father would be happy on the big sails of the boat.
 d. They are publishing a picture book this year.

D. Do you have any special hobbies and interests? Discuss.

Speaking

Comparing past and present habits

A. Study the following.

- A: Did you use to watch cartoons when you were a small child?
 B: Yes, I used to watch Tom and Jerry, but nowadays I watch TV serials.

B. Work in pairs. Ask and answer about your past and present habits based on the following actions.

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| swimming | playing the guitar |
| visiting relatives | going fishing |
| playing Kapardi | drawing pictures |
| listening to music | having long hair |
| going to the cinema | sleeping earlier |

C. Work in pairs. Talk about past and present lifestyles of people in your society.

Project work

Find the essay *Is the soul immortal?* by Swami Vivekananda from the online sources. Critically review the essay and write its summary and present it to the class.

“Globalisation is a strategy of liberalisation that becomes an economic nightmare for the poor.” - *Anonymous*

Reading**What Lost Identity? The Diaspora and Globalisation*****Before you read***

- Why do you think people leave their home countries?
- Do they have their cultural identity in other countries?
- What happens when one's identity is lost?
- How is culture globalised?

Now read the following article about identity loss for the immigrants.

Most of the 5 million Palestinians are refugees. More than two million live in Western Europe and North America. They left Palestine and the refugee camps where they were denied basic human rights to find a better life and better economic opportunities. Most North African Arabs (Egyptians, Moroccans, Tunisians, and

Algerians) left their home countries to look for a better economic life. However, Syrian and Lebanese nationals left their countries not only to improve their economic situation but also to escape from the ravages of the ongoing conflicts there.

There are those who fear the loss of cultural identity when confronted with the process of cultural assimilation. Personally, I believe that no institution, government, group or people can clinically separate the young generations from the huge waves of technological advancement that shape and form this global culture, which is, after all, part of our new global identity. We are living in the 21st century where social media, street journalism and global trans-national corporations participate in providing a catalyst for the new dynamics of global culture formation, quite apart from the issue of



identity which can be defined in terms of religion, culture or language. This signifies that we should not confuse cultural identity with global culture.

However, moving from one side of the world to the other can be an economic challenge for newcomers and host nations alike in places like Western Europe and North America. When the immigrants arrive, the host country needs to integrate them into the labour market, with the prospect of achieving a better life for them and facilitating their contribution to the economy. This cannot happen in a one-step or one-shop integration programme; it needs time, starting from learning the language, integrating culturally with finally, integration into the labour market. Although in the short-term this strategy may prove costly for the government, in the long run, it will make a positive contribution to the economy. Immigrants, however, may find themselves ignored or isolated by society, even though society may see itself as open and immigrant-friendly. This can be seen in the housing situation where immigrants can rent only from housing agencies and in specific areas. Small enclaves in cities where immigrants are concentrated begin to spring up. Take Rosengård in Malmö, Sweden, for instance, where most immigrants can be found and the crime rate is among the highest in the country. Or Lavapiés, a central historic neighbourhood in Madrid, Spain now home to a high concentration of immigrants from China, Bangladesh and the Middle East. Enclaves such as these can be costly to the government and to the immigrants themselves as life in these neighbourhoods often runs parallel to official society and its culture, and integration is not truly achieved.

Many immigrants have started their own businesses in their new homes. Twenty years ago, you could hardly find Palestinian hummus or falafel in any European markets. Today, there are small entrepreneurs who have set up shops to sell Arabic, Hindi, African, Latin American foods and other products, and there is an increasing amount of trade between these countries. Spice exports from India to Saudi Arabia has increased the total sum of economic trade to 80 billion Saudi Riyals. This is not because of the sheer quality of Indian spices, but because of the numbers of Indians who live in Saudi Arabia- naturally for economic reasons. Trade between Turkey and Germany has reached the 25-billion-euro mark and the number of German tourists to Turkey is an estimated 4 million. This illustrates how the existence of immigrants can foster economics at different magnitudes of scale.

Personally, I had the chance to meet many immigrants who were all willing to integrate in the Swedish and Spanish societies where they live. Admittedly, there are many constraints at play, but these constraints are not related to any loss of identity. In fact,

Western societies' creation of immigrant enclaves enables neighbours to share similar identities, cultures, language and perhaps even religion. This, however, has a negative effect in the long run, and it will be the second generation and the government who in the end will pay dearly. Integration programmes do not fail because immigrants are unwilling to be part of the new society, but because society does not open its doors fully to allow them to integrate. Full integration could be costly at first, but at the end of the day, it is an investment in the future. Currently, many schools in Sweden are teaching Arabic as a second language for immigrants and provide students with *halal* food. Any argument about loss of identity in the West does not have a solid foundation.

Countless benefits come from integrating into society. It means that people will focus more on economic opportunities rather than concentrating their efforts on lamenting a so-called identity crisis. And it means they will become sensitised to the norms and standards of the new society – its garbage collection, its traffic lights, its highway code etc. – and start to adopt new ways of thinking. The new generation will have the opportunity of boarding the ship of civilisation and development that Arabs have lost a long time ago. They will have equal opportunities in learning, engagement and self-esteem. Afterwards, they can be a solid bridge between the two cultures or religions – of course, with mutual understanding. On the other hand, the receiving countries will enhance their economic opportunities where immigrants come from. The number of multinational corporations and businesses are increasing because of the increasing number of immigrants in the receiving countries. This will boost an economic, political and cultural interaction between the two sides. Governments of Europe and North America should start their integration programmes by encouraging newcomers to establish their own businesses that link them to their homeland. This will make it easier to understand, smoothly integrate and contribute to the economy.

Finally, we must admit that if we do not run in concordance with global culture, it will eventually usurp us without our even knowing it. The cost of isolation and non-convergence is higher and more damaging than integration. The fear of losing identity must be faced with positive interaction between newcomers and their hosting societies. In the end, most newcomers are guests and must leave a positive impression when they leave, or they are part of this society and they must adapt with it and build their future in conjunction with their new surroundings.

Abdalahdi Alijla

Ways with words

A. Choose the words from the box for the following meanings.

confront refugee ravage assimilation enclave usurp

- a. the severely damaging or destructive effects of something
- b. someone forced to leave their country in order to escape war, persecution, or natural disaster
- c. to face a difficult situation
- d. take a position of power or importance illegally or by force
- e. the process of becoming a part of a group, country, society, etc.
- f. an area within a larger territory whose inhabitants are culturally or ethnically distinct

B. Collocation refers to words that are found together in spoken and written language. Collocations can be either fixed, where it is difficult to replace one of the words with an alternative, or freer, allowing for more choice of words. The most common types of collocation are:

Verb + noun	accept responsibility
Adjective + noun	firm determination
Verb + adjective + noun	make steady progress
Adverb + verb	strongly recommend
Adverb + adjective	completely useless
Adverb + adjective + noun	totally unacceptable behaviour
Adjective + preposition	accused of
Noun + noun	window frame

C. Fill in the gaps with the correct word from the brackets.

- a. I asked him if he was attending the ceremony and he his head 'no'.
(shook/moved/ nodded)
- b. They made a horrible decision which caused damage to our company.
(hopeless/ inflexible/irreparable)

- c. The leaders need to break down so as to create favorable environment in the nation. (barriers/obstacles/hindrances)
- d. You ought to talk to the manager to the dispute. (solve/settle/clear up)
- e. Perhaps this issue will not get much media (security/examination/coverage)
- f. This week is the first week of Joan as an in-charge. Everything is running (smoothly/calmly/easily)
- g. I haven't read the text thoroughly, but given a ... glance. (fast/quick/rapid)

Comprehension

Answer the following questions.

- a. Why did millions of Palestinians leave their country?
- b. How is the global culture formed? Is cultural identity possible even in the global culture? Justify.
- c. Why can moving from one side of the world to the other be an economic challenge for newcomers?
- d. How can immigrants foster economy at different magnitudes of scale in their new homes?
- e. Can immigrants fully integrate in the new societies? Give reasons.
- f. Mention any two benefits of integrating into a new society for the immigrants.
- g. Why should the immigrants run in concordance with global culture?

Critical thinking

- a. Do you think that the local is globalised and the global is localised? Can there be the global culture as well? Give examples.
- b. What is globalisation? Discuss the effects of globalization on traditional cultures.
- c. Discuss the impacts of globalization on the process and progress of education in Nepal.

PM Oli, Indian PM Modi Jointly Inaugurate Cross-Border Petroleum Pipeline

Writing

A. Look at the following news story.

RSS

Kathmandu, Sept 10 : The much awaited interstate petroleum pipeline project has been inaugurated today. Prime Minister KP Sharma Oli and Indian Prime Minister Narendra Modi jointly inaugurated the project from the respective countries.

A programme was organized at Singha Durbar for the PM Oli and at Hyderabad House for Indian PM Modi to switch on the project together as the inauguration via the video conference. With the inauguration, petroleum product has arrived in Amlekhgunj, Nepal from India's Motihari. The pipeline is the first cross border project in South Asia.

For the first phase, diesel is brought and petrol and kerosene later. The Amlekhgunj-Motihari stretch is 69.2 km long.

The pipeline supplies nearly 4,000 kl petroleum product every day, the project said. With the cross border project in place, more than Rs 2 billion is saved which was earlier spent on its transportation.

Similarly, as the import cost declined, the price of the petroleum products has been slashed by Nepal Oil Corporation.

The NOC cut the price of diesel, petrol and kerosene by Rs 2 per litre. Of the total diesel consumed in the country, 70 percent is supplied from Amlekhgunj.

A high level technical team including NOC Executive Director is at Amlekhgunj in course of the project inauguration. The NOC and Indian Oil Corporation had agreed in 2004 to construct the interstate pipeline project. It was however stalled for a decade on various reasons.

In August 2015, then Minister for Commerce and Supply, Sunil Bahadur Thapa, and his Indian counterpart Dharmendra Pradhan had signed for the construction of the project. Both Nepal and India had special interest on completion of the project.

Similarly, PM Oli and the Indian PM Modi had jointly laid the foundation stone to the pipeline in New Delhi during Oli's visit to India.

The project cost is 2.75 billion Indian currencies.

The programme organized to inaugurate the project at Singha Durbar was attended by Cabinet members, secretaries of various ministries and high level officials of the government.

(The Rising Nepal, 10 September 2019)

B. Have you identified the following parts in the above news story?

- Headline:** title of the news report
- Byline:** who wrote the news article
- Dateline:** where and when the report is written
- Lead paragraph:** expansion of the headline in one or two sentences, usually answering the questions: who? what? where? when? why? how?
- Body paragraphs:** greater detail of the event in chronological order, often in one, two or three paragraphs

C. Write a news story to be published in a newspaper about a local festival/fair you have witnessed.

Grammar

Infinitive and gerund

A. Study the following examples.

It didn't stop raining all day yesterday.

She promised to take me there.

It started raining. or It started to rain.

She stopped smoking three years ago.

It was hot, so we stopped to have a drink.

Verbs usually followed by -ing	Verbs that are usually followed by the infinitive	Verbs followed by either form
stop, finish, imagine, suggest, recommend, avoid, mind, miss, risk, enjoy	decide, hope, offer, fail, agree, forget, manage, learn, afford, arrange, ask, expect, plan, promise, want, invite	start, begin, continue, bother

B. Complete each sentence using *what/how/where/whether* + one of these verbs.

apply get do ride use go

- a. Do you know to Rama's house?
- b. I don't know for the job or not.

- c. Have you decided for your picnic?
- d. Can you show me this camera?
- e. Ask Hari. He'll tell you a bicycle.
- f. I was really astonished. I didn't know on the horse.

C. Paraphrase the following sentences using the verb in brackets as in the example.

Example: She has lost her weight. (seem)

She seems to have lost her weight.

- a. Mahesh forgets closing the windows. (tend)
- b. Your car has broken down. (appear)
- c. Ashika is worried about her exam. (seem)
- d. They have developed the theory. (claim)
- e. He's enjoying his new job. (pretend)

Listening

A. Look at the picture and guess answers to these questions.

- a. Where are the people going? Why?
- b. Why do people go abroad?
- c. What are the effects of globalization?



B. Listen to the recording and complete the following text with correct words.

Globalisation is not an topic to talk about. Development in have made transport and communication easier. This way people and countries can exchange thing with each other in a way that is less When two companies produce the same things, they have with each other. Globalisation has contributed to enable a company to sell its products at a because the products were produced for less. There is not only the exchange of products but also the exchange of services, knowledge, cultural goods and too. One of the disadvantage of globalization is that people and the suffer due to the intense exchange of goods. At the same time, globalization helps to create job opportunities to people from countries when a company

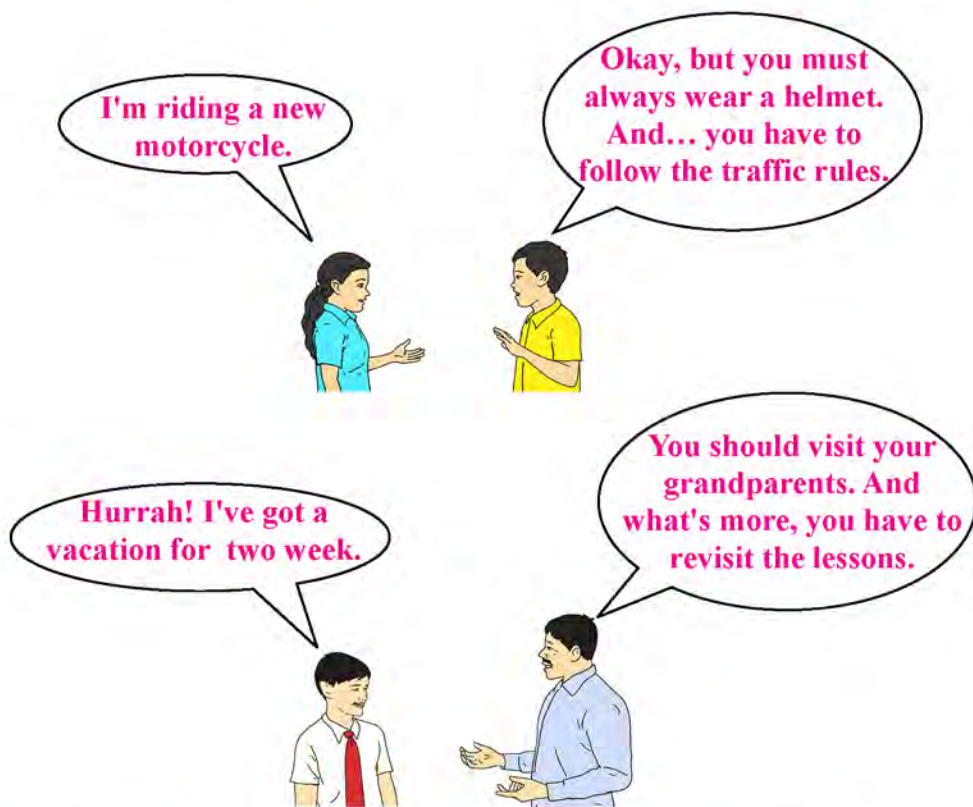
moves there. Another disadvantage is, the , one of the two ecological problems. Globalisation itself is neither good nor bad. It depends on how people deal with new in the future.

C. How has globalization impacted the climate change in Nepal? Have a discussion with your friends.

Speaking

Expressing obligations

A. Look at the pictures below to see what the speakers are saying.



B. Now study these expressions. What function do they serve?

- I have to wear glasses for reading.
- Do you have to wear a uniform at your school?
- You must do more exercise.
- We ought to obey our parents.

- e. I'll have to pay my bills next week.
- f. It is necessary that you follow this guideline.
- g. You are supposed to finish the work by tomorrow.

C. What would you say in the following situations?

- a. You are a pillion rider on your friend's bike and s/he is driving very fast.
- b. You go to visit your friend and find he/she is suffering from fever.
- c. You are in a taxi. You see that the driver is not wearing the seatbelt.
- d. One of your friends is always careless and blames others for his/her failure.

Project work

You might have heard about the Non-Resident Nepali Association (NRNA). Collect some information about it. How far has it been able to meet its expectations? Discuss with your friends and write a newspaper article on 'The role of NRNA in Nation Building'.

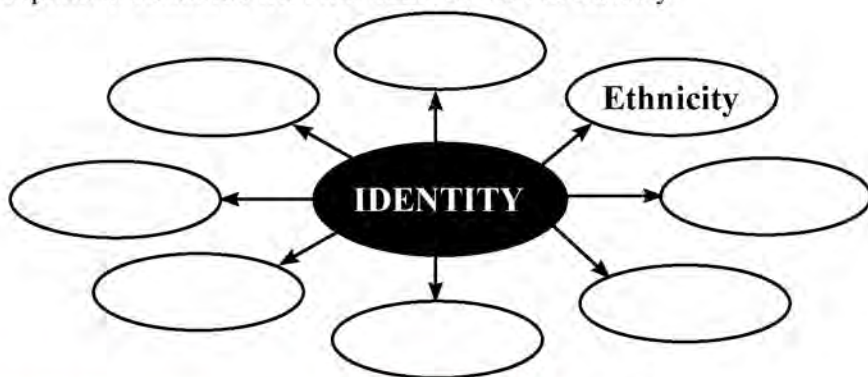
“We are all immigrants. Some people have forgotten that.” - *Moises Rodrigues*

Reading

Identity Crisis in Immigrants

Before you read

- Who are immigrants? Do you think that people living in foreign countries have no identity?
- Complete the bubbles with the terms related to identity.



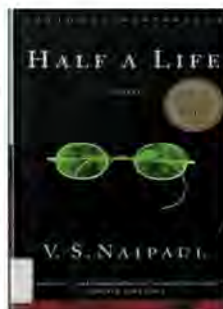
Now read the following book review of the novel *Half A Life*.

HALF A LIFE

V.S. Naipaul

Knopf, 2001, 211 pp.

V.S. Naipaul marks his rise to Nobel laureate, however accidentally, with a strange new novel that is at once of a piece with and apart from most of his previous work. On the one hand it is a continuation of his preoccupation with the innumerable questions raised by cultural and racial identity; on the other hand its spare, melancholy, elusive, somewhat heavily ironic tone contrasts with the more animated quality of his best fiction (*A House for Mr. Biswas*, for example), and the graphic sex with which its final sections are filled is a stark departure from his almost priggish treatment of the subject previously.



The heart of the novel can be found in a brief scene three-quarter of the way through. At a rough restaurant on the coast of the African nation where he is living, Willie Chandran

encounters a "big light-eyed man" man who is being abused by his Portuguese boss as he goes about his work as a tiler. Afterward Willie's lover, Ana, herself part Portuguese and part African, tells him that the tiler is illegitimate, with an African mother and an important Portuguese landowner for a father. "The rich Portuguese put their illegitimate mulatto children to learning certain trades," she tells him: "Electrician, mechanic, metal-worker, carpenter, tiler," to which Willie responds: "I said nothing more to Ana. But whenever I remembered the big sweating man with the abused light eyes, carrying the shame of his birth on his face like a brand, I would think, 'Who will rescue that man? Who will avenge him?' "

It is a question of the utmost urgency to Willie, and the central motif of *Half a Life*, Naipaul's 13th novel. It is about a man -- the phrase is used to describe someone else, but it clearly is meant to describe Willie as well -- "who appeared to have no proper place in the world." He is spending this, what we are to take to be the first half of his life, trying to find such a place, "just letting the days go by," trusting "that one day something would happen, an illumination would come to him, and he would be taken by a set of events to the place he should go."

Willie was born in India 40-some years ago. His father was a "man of high caste, high in the maharaja's revenue service," who heard the call of Mahatma Gandhi in the early 1930s and decided to make a sacrifice of himself, a "lasting kind of sacrifice, something the mahatma would have approved of." Rather than marry in his own caste he would choose "the lowest person I could find." He settled upon a fellow college student, who was "small and coarse featured, almost tribal in appearance, noticeably black, with two big top teeth that showed very white," clearly a woman of "a backward caste."

This man of sacrifice is noticed by the eminent British writer Somerset Maugham, who comes to India (in a cameo role) to research a book. Eventually he emerges in Maugham's portrait as someone of great spirituality and self-sacrifice, a role he knows is far from accurate but into which he finds himself slipping easily and comfortably. But those of whom the greatest sacrifice is exacted are the two children of this strange and unhappy relationship, Willie and his sister. Bitterly unhappy in India, loving his mother and despising his father, Willie manages to get a scholarship to a second-rate college in London and flees there.

In college and in London itself, Willie "thought he was swimming in ignorance, had lived without a knowledge of time." Yet in and out of school, his education proceeds apace. Thousands of miles from home, he begins to sense the condescension and indifference

with which the British had treated his father, and disdain gradually metamorphoses into empathy. He also begins to understand that "the old rules [of India] no longer bound him," that "freedom . . . was his for the asking." It is a revelation: "No one he met, in the college or outside it, knew the rules of Willie's own place, and Willie began to understand that he was free to present himself as he wished. He could, as it were, write his own revolution. The possibilities were dizzying. He could, within reason, remake himself and his past and his ancestry."

This is exactly what he does. He fabricates a past for himself that denies his divided identity and presents himself as whole. For a while he participates in "the special, passing bohemian-immigrant life of London of the late 1950s," though eventually he realizes that "the lost, the unbalanced, the alcoholic, the truly bohemian -- those parties in shabby Notting Hill flats no longer seemed metropolitan and dazzling." By this point he has created a minor career for himself as part-time author of scripts for the BBC, which gives him courage to try his hand at writing stories. He takes scenes and plots from movies with Jimmy Cagney and Humphrey Bogart and reworks them to his own purposes, finding that "it was easier, with these borrowed stories far outside his own experience, and with these characters far outside himself, to be truer to his feelings than it had been with his cautious, half-hidden parables at school."

For a time it works: "Whenever Willie felt he was running out of material, running out of cinematic moments, he went to see old movies or foreign movies." It doesn't last. In time -- inevitably -- his writing "began to lead him to difficult things, things he couldn't face, and he stopped." He cobbles together a little book of stories that is published and almost universally neglected, save by a young woman of mixed African background who tells him in a letter that "in your stories for the first time I find moments that are like moments in my own life." This is Ana. They meet, though he is apprehensive: "But as soon as he saw her all his anxieties fell away, and he was conquered. She behaved as though she had always known him, and had always liked him. She was young and small and thin, and quite pretty. She had a wonderfully easy manner. And what was most intoxicating for Willie was that for the first time in his life he felt himself in the presence of someone who accepted him completely. At home his life had been ruled by his mixed inheritance. [But with Ana] there was, so to speak, nothing to push against, no misgiving to overcome, no feeling of distance."

So when she decides to go back home to her Portuguese African country, he accompanies her. In "that regulated colonial world" in which "to be even a second-rank Portuguese was to have a kind of high status," he finds "a complete acceptance." Though this does

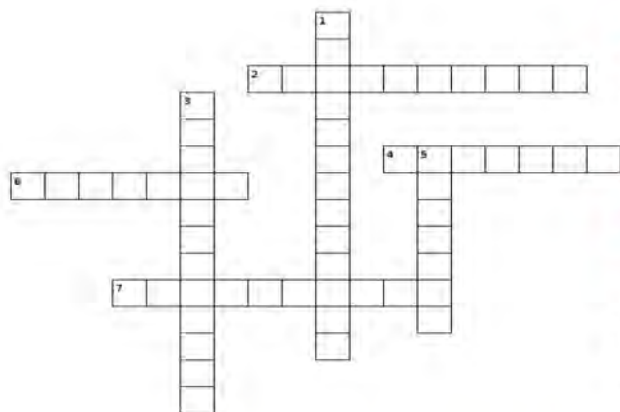
not change, he "began to understand -- and was helped in this understanding by my own background -- that the world I had entered was only a half-and-half world, that many of the people who were our friends considered themselves, deep down, people of the second rank." Wherever he turns, he finds people whose place in the world is no more certain or secure than his own, though at the end of his African sojourn he is still so caught up in his own fears, resentments and anxieties that he fails to grasp that this is, in truth, a universal condition.

It is for Naipaul, not Willie Chandran, to make this central point. He does so with subtlety and nuance. The novel is told by an omniscient narrator -- perhaps to distance Naipaul and his own experience from Willie and his story -- but the point of view is self-evidently Willie's. He is a man of intelligence and character who is blind to the full truth about himself, at once worldly and self-deceiving. It is a state of mind that is, or should be, familiar to all too many of us.

Jonathan Yardley
The Washington Post

Ways with words

- A. Find the words from the text to solve the crossword puzzle below. The meanings of the words are given in the clues.**



Across

- 2. as is certain to happen
- 4. famous and respected
- 6. a temporary stay
- 7. knowing everything

Down

- 1. the state of being preoccupied
- 3. anxious or fearful that something bad will happen
- 5. a person of mixed white and black ancestry

- B. Find the meanings of the following words in a dictionary as they are used in the text.**

melancholy, elusive, motif, disdain, fabricate, intoxicate, resentment

C. Do the bold words in the following sentences have the same pronunciation but different meanings?

Dear **Board** of Education,

I am also **bored** of education!

Homophones are words with the same pronunciation but having different meanings and spellings. For example, board and bored, meet and meat are homophonous.

D. Choose the right word to fill in the blanks.

- a. Can you the box in the back garden? (bury/berry)
- b. Alex could not the branch off the tree. (break/brake)
- c. pencil is on the floor? (Who's/Whose)
- d. We have got very (pew/few) tasks left.
- e. Some tribes worship their gods before they (prey/pray)
- f. it. Everything is messed up. (Dam /Damn)
- g. What a wonderful the professor presented. (lesson/lessen)

Comprehension

Answer these questions.

- a. How is Willie Chandran different from the rest of his family?
- b. Who is the main character of *Half A Life*? How is he described?
- c. Why does Willie leave India?
- d. What is the revelation that Willie begin to feel in college and in London?
- e. Why does Willie accompany Ana?
- f. What is the central issue Naipal has raised in the novel?

Critical thinking

- a. What kind of divided identity is depicted in the novel *Half A Life*? How do characters in the novel try to create new identities for themselves? Explain.
- b. Discuss the similarities between the author and the protagonist in the novel.

Writing

A. Study the general format of a book review and film review.

A book review is a scholarly review in which a book is analyzed in terms of its content, style, and merit. Similarly, a film review is a review that provides a short description of a film including the reviewer's opinion about it. A scholarly review should use formal language. The tips for a book and film review are presented below.

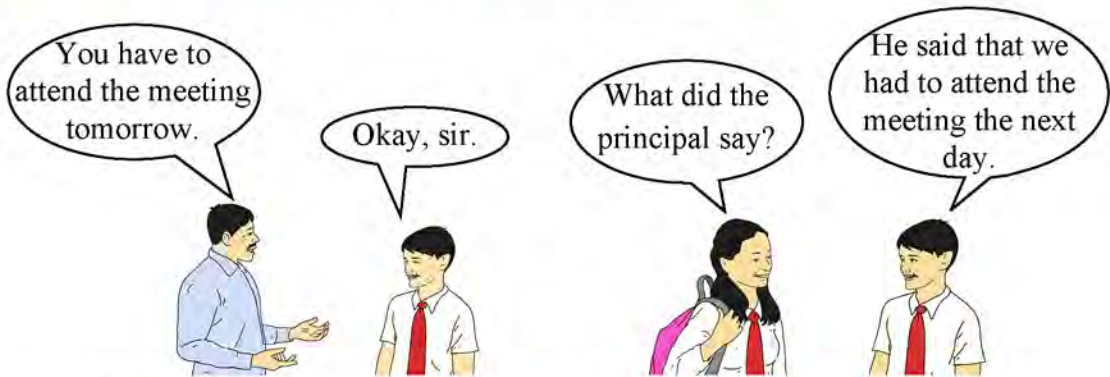
Book review	Film review
● Introduction (title, author, place of publication: publisher, date of publication, number of pages, type of book-fiction, nonfiction etc.) ● Author's background (who the author is and where s/he stands in the genre or field of inquiry adding his/her contribution in literature) ● Summary and plot ● Theme and writing style ● Writer's impression and evaluation of it/critique's opinion	● Introduction (with title, release date, background information, genre, starring) ● Summary of the story ● Analysis of the plot elements (rising action/ climax) ● Creative elements (dialogues, characters, use of colours, camera techniques, mood, tone, symbols, costumes or anything that contributes or takes away from the overall plot) ● Opinion (supported with examples and facts from the story) ● Critique's opinion/Conclusion (announcing whether the filmmaker was successful in his/her purpose, re-statement of the evidence, explanation of how the motion picture was helpful for providing a deeper understand of course)

B. Write a review of a book/film you have recently read or watched.

Grammar

Reported speech

A. Look at the pictures and read the expressions.



B. Study the following.

Direct speech	Indirect speech
'I love the Toy Story films,' she said.	She said she loved the Toy Story films.
'I worked as a waiter before becoming a chef,' he said.	He said he'd worked as a waiter before becoming a chef.
'I'll phone you tomorrow,' he said.	He said he'd phone me the next day.
She asked, "What do you want?"	She asked (me) what I wanted.
He said to me, "Do you live near here?"	He asked me if/whether I lived near there.
"Don't be late," I said to Joe.	I told Joe not to be late.
She said, "Don't the children like ice-cream?"	She was surprised that the children didn't like ice-cream.

In indirect speech, we often use a tense which is 'further back' in the past (e.g. worked) than the tense originally used (e.g. work). This is called 'backshift'. We may also need to change other words that were used, for example pronouns.

Change the following into indirect speech.

- She said, "While I was having dinner, the phone rang."
- My friend said, "Where are they staying?"
- Jamila said, "I travel a lot in my job."

- d. She said to me, "We lived in China for five years."
- e. He said to me, "Do you like ice-cream?"
- f. They said, "Hurray! We've won the match."
- g. He said, "I'd tried everything without success, but this new medicine is great."
- h. Sony said, "I go to the gym next to your house."
- i. He said, "Be quiet after 10 o'clock."
- j. He said, "I don't want to go to the party unless he invites me."
- k. He said to me, "I will see you tomorrow if you meet me."
- l. She said, "If I were you, I would give up the work."

Listening

A. Look at the picture and guess answers to these questions.

- a. What do you see in the picture?
- b. Do you watch movies? Why?
- c. What types of movies do you like to watch?



B. Listen to a film review and choose the best answer.

- a. The speaker finds the movie 'Fun in the City' really
i. awesome ii. terrible iii. awful
- b. Through this critique, the speaker
i. wants to save our money being wasted
ii. urges us to watch the movie
iii. recommends a new taste movie
- c. Amidst the film, characters go to which is completely unjustifiable.
i. Japan ii. India iii. New York
- d. The characters in the film
i. have fun, travel and explore
ii. gossip, cry and shop
iii. have a row, quarrel and fight

- e. The speaker suggests us to go and watch the movie, instead.
 - i. Twilight Mirror ii. Twilight Saga iii. Twilight More
- f. How long have the audiences been waiting for the movie?
 - i. 5 years ii. A decade iii. A score of years
- g. The speaker most admires about the film is
 - i. the place ii. the music iii. the story
- h. The speaker is emotionally attached with
 - i. the characters
 - ii. the story and characters
 - iii. their cultural representation

C. List out the words the speaker used which people use to talk about the films.

Speaking

Reporting

A. Yesterday you met your friend. You hadn't seen him/her for a long time. Here are some of the things he/she said to you. Work in pairs. Take turns to report to your partner what he/she said to you.

- a. I like this song.
- b. Where is your sister?
- c. I don't speak Italian.
- d. Say hello to Jim.
- e. The film began at seven o'clock.
- f. Don't play on the grass, boys.
- g. Where have you spent your money?
- h. I never make mistakes.
- i. Does she know Robert?
- j. Don't try this at home.

B. Work in pairs. Ask your partner these questions and take notes. After you have finished this, find a new partner and report what you have learnt about your first partner.

- a. What is your favourite sport?
- b. What are your plans for your next vacation?
- c. Who is your best friend? How long have you known him/her?

- d. What kind of music do you like?
- e. What did you do yesterday evening?
- f. How do you want to improve English?
- g. What do you want to be in the future?

C. Report the following using the verbs from the list. The subject of the reporting clause has been given at the end.

admit	explain	assure	deny	point out
insist	accuse		claim	warn

- a. There will be no delay. (He)
- b. Don't mention it again. (She)
- c. I've taken the money. (My brother)
- d. You took my money. (Neha)
- e. You should have the dinner with me. (She)
- f. No, I haven't stolen anyone's bag. (He)
- g. I have closed the door. I can remember it. (She)
- h. The doctor is out for lunch. (The receptionist)
- i. This van has been in the car park all day. (The guard)

Project work

Meet a person who is living far away from the family for a long time. Ask questions about her/his feelings about homesickness. Then, write a report and present it in the class.

“Two roads diverged in a wood and I – I took the one less travelled by.” - *Robert Frost*

Reading**Discovering West Nepal - The Wild Frontier*****Before you read***

Discuss these questions with your partner.

- Have you ever visited western Nepal? Describe your experience.
- Do you like travelling? Why do people travel?
- Do you know the name of this temple? Where is it located?



Now read the following travelogue by the Philippine freelance writer, Megan Leung about her five-week adventurous experiences of visiting western Nepal.

What do you do when you get lost along your travels?

Along my five-week walk in the western Himalayas of Nepal, a colourful rooster heavy on pink feathers fluffed its roseate plumes at me as though to say, ‘Yes, bideshi, it’s all real’. The flightless bird and I stared at each other for a brief moment/(momentum) and I could have sworn it winked at me. By this point, my sanity had already gone hazy, unlike the clear blue skies above the high passes of Dolpa.

Further along the trail, patches of pink grass and purple flora sprinkled the ground. Sun-dried shrubs filled the crisp Himalayan air with the familiar sweetness of chamomile. Stone houses held themselves together under a rock, above a river, looking too crumbly to live in, but the inhabitants didn’t seem to mind. I wondered how much more oddity hides and flourishes in West Nepal. I wasn’t supposed to be in this region. But, as with any good story, a happy accident would see me walking through the country’s unknown trails.

Having been living on the road as a traveller for four years now and visiting Nepal for the third time, I wanted to push the envelope and experience places where few tourists go. I chose the Dhaulagiri Circuit. The day I started my walk I asked bus drivers in Beni to point me towards the direction of Tatopani. As it were, there are two Tatopani

— one on the east along the Annapurna Circuit, one on the west along the Dhaulagiri Circuit. I would end up in the east and I would learn too late that I was on the other side of where I wanted to be. My options would be to turn back or to swim in the pickle I was in. I took my map out and decided to walk up to Mukhtinath.

In a guest house in Lower Mustang I met an Englishman walking the Great Himalayan Trail. We exchanged stories over cups of hot raksi to warm our cold selves and after looking at his map I decided to make a pilgrimage to Rara Lake.

In Darbang I stopped to resupply food and walked towards a village named Sibang, 15 kilometres further as the crow flies but we are talking about the largest mountains of this planet. It was a long day. From one lush green hill to another, I went mathi and tala, mathi and tala, through warm temperate forests, under giant spider webs, over rapids, beside glassy waterholes too tempting to swim in, if not for their stinging coldness.

In a scenic village named Lamsung, a young couple welcomed me in their home where I stayed the night. In the morning, someone offered to give me a ride on his horse (for a fee) but I decided to keep using my own legs.

In Bhujekhung I washed my clothes and myself by the river. The didi who hosted me for the night called ‘sutne’ (bedtime, literally, to sleep) at seven in the evening. There was no electricity but there was a hole in the ceiling and the bright stars lit the cold dark room up so beautifully that I didn’t mind.

The next day, a 10-hour walk to Dorpatan had me marching until past sunset. I had to take my shoes off to make a river crossing. I knew that the slippery rocks and angry glacial water were going to be a painful adventure. A bahini crossed the river and took my pack, made me wear her flipflops, held me by the hand, instructed me where exactly to place my feet, and got me across. Her girl friends were all cheering, I said my tourist classic Namaste, hugged them all, and moved on.

When finally, I found a base for the night, I was soon joined by local politicians from Kathmandu who were on an official trip. The evening stretched as we all danced in the dining room, Nepali music on full blast.

A village named Thankur had only two houses. On the way there, I had a mild heart attack as three large birds suddenly took flight from a tree next to the footpath. It was an arid region with not much life visible in the periphery but these birds were large, shiny, and rainbow-coloured. They were the national bird of Nepal, the Himalayan

monal. That wasn't the last surprise for the day — the stars in Thankur that evening were blinding, the most brilliant I have ever seen this side of the globe.

In Pelma, I met a Welshman who has been to Nepal nine times. I met him again in Dule and we walked towards the Jang La pass and to Dunai. The distance between the two villages was so long that we decided to camp halfway through the trail. I squeezed into the Welshman's tiny summer tent and attempted to sleep on 4,500-metre altitude. We laughed at the fact that no one else was insane enough to be on that mountain on a cold November night.

Further west into remoter regions, school children led me to a village that sounded like 'Orta', just after Sarmi. The village is built on brown rocks, houses stacked together with open, free-fall decks. A family fed me, sheltered me, and walked with me the day after to show me a shortcut — a snowy pass towards Jumla. I walked for five hours in the snow and a further three hours in cold winds, through ancient alpine forests and exposed mountain ridges.



Jang La pass

By the time I reached Jumla, I was ill with an unknown virus and a bad tummy. An American I met at a hotel gave me medicine. The *pani puri* at a local eatery also helped in my recovery.

Once I felt well enough to carry on, I started walking towards Rara, through Khali Lagna and then Bulbule. In Khali Lagna I was welcomed by a *didi* who was picking the brains out of a sheep skull. She said if I wanted to wash myself there is a bucket of water in the outhouse. I checked it out and the water surface on the bucket was frozen. Cracking it felt strangely satisfying and the *pani* underneath was surprisingly lukewarm. "One more day," I whispered to myself. I was excited for the last push, thinking it would be an easy final walk. Of course it wasn't.

To get to Rara Lake I decided to take a shortcut and cross another pass. On the map, the trail to this pass was barely visible. The suggested route is a 25-kilometre walk. My chosen route was less than half of that. Oh boy.

I walked through foot-deep snow for hours, my shoes and feet became wet but the sky was blue and the sun was bright and the views were otherworldly, giving me enough

to be cheerful about. Once I had reached the pass I was in for a shock: the skinny cliff path was snowed-in. There was a steep drop of 300 metres and I was on top of a 4,000-metre mountain. There was nothing to hold on to but loose metamorphic rocks; grabbing the wrong one could be fatal. But turning back meant walking more hours, and in the dark.



Rara Tal from a snowed-in pass

Without tent and food, that option was only slightly more dangerous than crossing an icy cliff edge without ice axe and crampons.

I dug my heels and hands in the snow, one frozen movement at a time, until I was on the other side. It was cold but my adrenaline ran so high that I was sweating from the suspense. Imagine my relief once I've made it across all four cliff crossings!

And so I arrived at Rara Lake alive and well. The biggest freshwater lake in Nepal, Himalaya was there, glistening in its dark blue glory, waiting for my arrival. The magnificent sky-scraping pine trees decorated the ground with giant pine cones. Coots glided over the crystal clear water, occasionally diving under to disappear and resurface again. White peaks said hello from a distance. There were only two hotels in the national park, at least on the lake side. It's strange to think that Fewa Lake in Pokhara was once this quiet.

Through a five-week long walk, I have covered a distance that totals up to 25 percent of the Nepal Himalaya via the lower Great Himalayan Trail, along with some funky detours. If I ever thought I knew Nepal and its cultures, the west shook that knowing.

By and large, I would describe what I witnessed and experienced as medieval and raw. The wild western region is a step or two back in time, when we knew how to survive with our primal instincts, human intuition, and oneness with nature.

Megan Leung

Ways with words

A. Find the words from the text which mean the following.

- became fuller and softer by shaking
- sound mental health
- consisting of or easily breaking into small pieces
- neither very hot nor very cold
- land that does not have enough water to support the growth of plants
- only slightly warm

B. Find the meanings of the following words in an English dictionary, write their word classes and use them in your own sentences.

hazy frontier lush flipflops altitude fatal magnificent

C. Make a list of the Nepali words used in the text and write their English equivalents. For example: *didi* (Nepali) – *elder sister* (English).

D. Practise saying these words with consonant clusters /sk/, /sp/ and /st/ aloud with your friends.

skin	scare	spot	speak	star	stone
school	scarf	speed	space	stupid	step
skill	skull	sport	spend	steal	stand
scale	skip	spark	special	stock	stain
skirt	ski	speech	spoon	staff	study

Comprehension

Answer these questions.

- How did the author feel when she saw a colourful rooster in the western Himalayas?
- How does she describe the houses on the trails of western Nepal?
- What does she mean when she says "I walked towards a village 15 kilometres further as the crow flies?"
- Describe the village Thankur in brief.
- What happened when she reached Jumla and how was she relieved?
- How does the author describe the bucket water in Khali Lagna?
- How was Rara Lake on the day she reached there?

Critical thinking

- It is said that travelling a place equals to reading three books. Do you agree? Why?
- The author spent five-week long walk along the western Himalayas. Do you think it was adventurous? Why?

Writing

- A. Write a travelogue of your recent visit to a natural/religious place in about 300 words. Use the following clues.**

Local costumes and traditions Cuisine ... Depiction of places of interest, local history and culture Your adventures Prices and transportation ... Entertainment

- B. Write an essay in about 500 words on 'Importance of Tourism in Nepal'.**

Grammar

- A. Study the following table.**

Active sentences	Passive sentences
They destroyed the building.	The building was destroyed.
Are they meeting him at the station?	Is he being met at the station?
She handed me the plate.	I was handed the plate. The plate was handed to me.
Who wrote this book?	Who was this book written by?
They agreed to postpone the meeting.	It was agreed to postpone the meeting.
I don't like people laughing at me.	I don't like being laughed at.
She likes people taking her photograph.	She likes having her photograph taken.
Who built the Taj Mahal?	Who was the Taj Mahal built by?

We use the passive voice to change the focus of the sentence.

My bike was stolen. (passive – focus on *my bike*)

Someone stole my bike. (active – focus on *someone*)

B. Use the passive forms of the verbs given in the brackets.

- a. Letters by the postman every day. (*deliver*)
- b. This bag in the bus yesterday. (*find*)
- c. The gate at 7:00 pm every evening. (*lock*)
- d. I to the party last week. (*invite*)
- e. The telephone by Graham Bell. (*invent*)
- f. Muna Madan by Devkota. (*write*)
- g. How much money in the robbery? (*steal*)
- h. Do you know cheese from milk? (*make*)
- i. I was born in Kathmandu, but in Dhangadhi. (*grow*)

C. Change the following sentences into passive.

- a. I didn't fix the problem.
- b. Police protect the town.
- c. John's mother raised him in a small town.
- d. Someone painted the building last year.
- e. Alexander Fleming discovered penicillin in 1928.
- f. Some students study grammar on the Internet.
- g. Someone had broken the window by 3:00 p.m.
- h. A strange man was watching us.
- i. Who played the Madal in the party?
- j. We are working on the report right now.
- k. My manager has told him to arrive earlier.
- l. They could not have made the mistake.
- m. I hope they are going to hire me soon.
- n. I don't like people staring at me.
- o. She likes people waving at her.
- p. Who told you the story?
- q. Is he repairing the bicycle?

Listening

A. Look at the picture and guess answers to these questions.

- Have you ever been to the place as shown in the picture?
- What should we do if we happen to go there?



B. Listen to the audio and answer these questions.

- What are the agents of carving sandstone layers?
- How can these arches be reached?
- Why should one leave words wherever s/he goes?
- What preparation should the visitor do in case s/he gets injured?
- How can one find the right destination?

C. Listen to the audio and write 'True' or 'False' against the statements.

- Thousands of arches are found in the Arches National Park.
- Visitors can go there only during specified time of the year.
- The writer generally goes hiking with his kith and kins.
- Water resources are available in abundance around the national park.
- You are forbidden to take photos there.

D. Suppose you are the in-charge of a national park. Make a list of 'Dos' and 'Don'ts' for the visitors.

Speaking

Expressing compliments

A. Look at these descriptions.



B. Now look at some ways of expressing compliments and responding to them.

Expressing complements	Responding to complements
- You're looking good. - What a nice shirt! - How beautiful you look today! - I like your new hairdo. - What a nice garden! - You have a beautiful home! - What a cute baby! - You have a beautiful hair.	- Thank you. - Do you think so? - Thank you for the compliment. - It's nice of you to say so. - Oh, thanks. - How kind of you to say so. - I'm glad you think so. - Don't flatter me.

C. Work in pairs. Your friend complements you in the following situations and you respond to them.

- You are at a party. A friend performed a classical dance very well.
- You compliment your friend on his/her appearance.
- Your mother has cooked tasty food.
- Your friend served you banana custard at lunch time at his home.
- You are having dinner at your friend's home.
- You want to tell your friend you like his/her new shoes.
- Your friend has given you a birthday gift.

Project work

Visit one of the interesting cultural/historical site in your surrounding and collect detailed information about the place. And, prepare an artistic brochure of the place.

“One machine can do the work of fifty ordinary men. No machine can do the work of one extraordinary man.” —*Elbert Hubbard*

Reading

Taking my Son to College, Where Technology has Replaced Serendipity

Before you read

Discuss the following questions with your partner.

- What modern gadgets do you have?
- Do they make your school life easier and better? How?
- In what ways does the use of technology affect our education system?
- Look at these two pictures. Is there anything interesting? Discuss.



Now read the following essay about Kline’s reflection of her college experience, in comparison to her son’s college experience.

My son Hayden started college last week. Like many parents of freshmen, my husband and I drove him to school together, the back of the car filled with essentials like extra-long twin sheets, a clip-on light for his bunk bed and a random mix of extension cords. The milk crates, shower caddy and three-ring binders we helped him carry up the stairs flashed me back to my own first days of college - but they weren’t the only reason this experience felt so familiar.

Three decades ago, I was a freshman at the same university. Unlike Hayden, who grew up outside of New York and attended a competitive suburban high school, I was the

only student from my small town in Maine to go to Yale, one of the few to even venture out of state. And I had no idea what I was getting into.

I was lucky, in a way, to be so naive; I didn't know what I didn't know. I floated through my first year obviously unaware of the social currencies being exchanged around me, only dimly perceiving markers of wealth and status.

When a fellow student bragged about his Alfa Romeo, I thought he meant a Camaro, the fanciest car I'd ever seen. When a classmate casually mentioned that she was meeting her parents in Gstaad for the long weekend, I assumed it was a town in Connecticut. Imagine my surprise when I realized that actual Vanderbilts lived in Vanderbilt Hall.

But it wasn't just my relative lack of sophistication that made my experience so vastly different from my son's. Typewriters and carbon paper, telephones with curly cords, TVs with a few channels and no remotes, cassette tapes, compared with the tools Hayden has at his disposal, I went to college in the Stone Age.

Without even thinking about it, my son uses technology in almost everything he does, large and small. He installed Yale-specific apps on his phone that provide information about when the washers and dryers in the basement of his dorm are available, the daily menus of each dining hall, ratings of local restaurants, student contact information, the entire list of classes, and an interactive campus map that shows you where you are and where you're going.

Within minutes of learning his three suitemates' names this summer, he knew an incredible amount about them: They friended and followed each other on Facebook and Twitter and Instagram and immediately had access to each other's prom pictures, family vacation shots, performance videos, philosophical musings. They established an ongoing group text, exchanging information such as who was bringing an Xbox and who had a coffeemaker. Soon after arriving on campus, Hayden made a spreadsheet of potential classes, vetting them in advance by using teacher rating sites and watching videos of potential professors on YouTube.

There's no question that my son is better prepared for college than I was. He manages his time better, is more efficient and more directed, and spends less time in lines and more time doing exactly what he sets out to do.

But I wonder what may be lost. I suspect it's unlikely that he will ever, as I did, trek all the way across campus on a snowy day to a friend's dorm room, only to find that person gone but another roommate available, and making a new friend in the process.

Ways with words

A. Match the words with their correct definitions.

- | | |
|-----------------|---|
| a. freshman | i. say something in a boastful manner |
| b. naive | ii. action of throwing away something |
| c. obviously | iii. not able to be calculated or estimated |
| d. brag | iv. a first-year student at a university, college, or high school |
| e. disposal | v. having a lack of experience or knowledge |
| f. dorm | vi. someone who shares your bathroom/living room/kitchen in college |
| g. suitemate | vii. dormitory, student residence hall or building |
| h. incalculable | viii. without conscious awareness |

B. Replace the bold words in (a–h) selecting synonyms from the box.

delight incredible potential unanticipated fragmented scrutinizing navigate indecipherable

- Her story is **unbelievable** in the literal sense of the word.
- We often read the novels of the **reputed** writers in the world.
- The Facebook users are **scattered** but connected to each other through the Internet.
- Sometimes **unexpected** events happen in our life.
- He paused, **examining** the faces of Anjana and Manju with his glittering eyes.
- I am sorry to say your handwriting is **unreadable**.
- He is matured. He can **direct** his own journey to make his career better.
- Gita's heart swelled with **pleasure**, translating her confidence into power.

C. Complete the sentences by choosing the correct word given in brackets.

- Does television children? (*affect/effect*)
- Does television have an on children? (*affect/effect*)
- Could you me your book, please? (*borrow/lend*)
- Can I your pen? (*borrow/lend*)
- Prices seem to every year. (*raise/rise*)
- You can your hand if you want to ask a question. (*raise/rise*)
- What did he to you? (*say/tell*)

- h. I can't Hindi. (*speak/talk*)
- i. I will to you on the phone. (*speak/talk*)
- j. I think that's a very idea. (*sensible/sensitive*)
- k. My teeth are very to cold. (*sensible/sensitive*)
- l. Our is a popular person. (*principal/principle*)
- m. I couldn't understand the of gravity. (*principal/principle*)
- n. All friends, Nabina, came to the party. (*accept/except*)
- o. Will you my request? (*accept/except*)
- p. They were making too much (*noise/sound*)
- q. All she could hear was the of the waves. (*noise/sound*)
- r. Did you give him any for his career? (*advice/advise*)
- s. My parents me to be a teacher. (*advice/advise*)

Comprehension

Answer these questions.

- a. Why did the author feel that she was lucky to be so naïve of her freshman year at college?
- b. Why did she say that she went to college in the Stone Age?
- c. What kinds of technological tools can Hayden use at his college life unlike at his mother's time?
- d. How has the internet and social sites affected the lifestyle of the youths?
- e. What things about college life will Hayden really miss unlike his mother?
- f. The writer says, "I worry that students today are more connected and more fragmented". Isn't this paradoxical? How?

Critical thinking

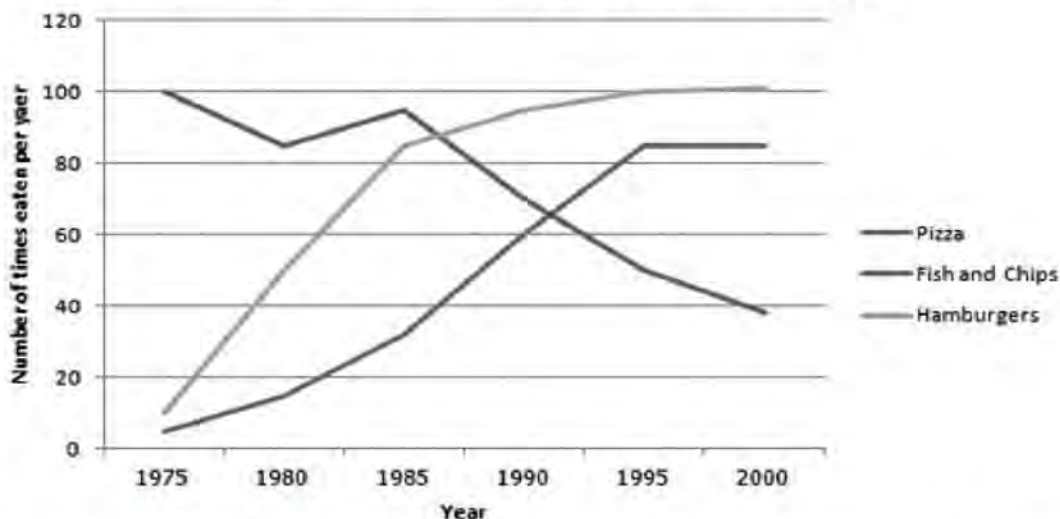
- a. Do you think that advancements of technology can hinder the exposure students receive in school, and block them from gaining some of life's most memorable moments? Give reasons in support of your answer.
- b. Kline's essay focuses on the contrast between her son's freshman college experience and her own, but she also establishes what they have in common. Explain.
- c. Has internet aided to broadening or narrowing the critical thinking capacity of youths or readers? How?

Writing

Interpreting graphs and charts.

- A. Read the model interpretation of a line graph. Focus your attention on **bolded words**.

Consumption of Fast Food by Australian Teenagers



The line graph compares the fast food consumption of teenagers in Australia between 1975 and 2000, a period of 25 years. Overall, the consumption of fish and chips declined over the period, whereas the amount of pizza and hamburgers that were eaten increased.

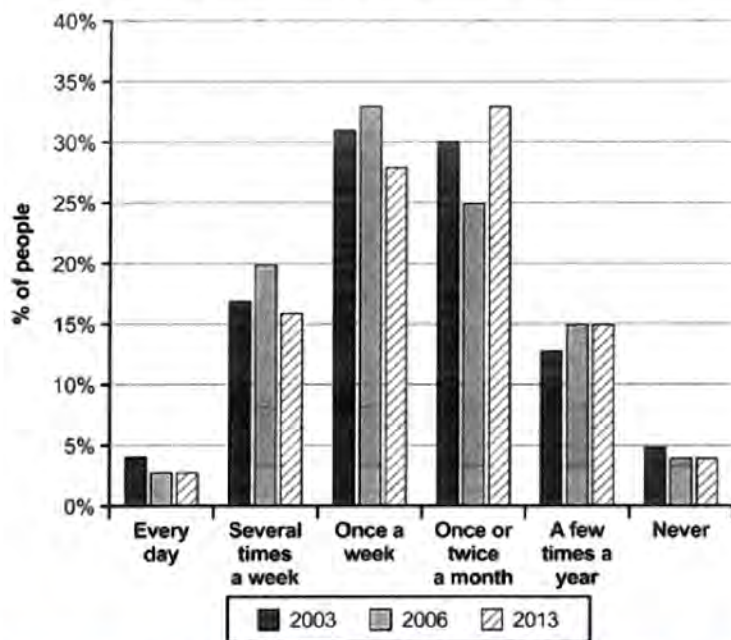
In 1975, the most popular fast food with Australian teenagers was fish and chips, being eaten 100 times a year. This was far higher than Pizza and hamburgers, which were consumed approximately 5 times a year. However, apart from a brief rise again from 1980 to 1985, the consumption of fish and chips gradually declined over the 25-year timescale to finish at just under 40.

In sharp contrast to this, teenagers ate the other two fast foods at much higher levels. Pizza consumption increased gradually until it overtook the consumption of fish and chips in 1990. It then levelled off from 1995 to 2000. The biggest rise was seen in hamburgers as the occasions they were eaten increased sharply throughout the 1970's and 1980's, exceeding that of fish and chips in 1985. It finished at the same level that fish and chips began, with consumption at 100 times a year.

(Source: <https://www.ieltsbuddy.com/ielts-academic-writing-task-1.html>)

B. Interpret the information given in the following chart.

Frequency of eating at fast food restaurants among people in the USA (2003–2013)



C. What gadgets do your friends in the class have? Ask them. Collect data and present it in the pie chart.

Grammar

A. Fill in the gaps with suitable *articles* where necessary.

- Is he working as university professor?
- My younger sister watches television a lot.
- A: What did you get for your birthday?
B: I got lot of good presents.
- I'm going to Dominican Republic for my winter vacation.
- I have to go to bank today to deposit some money.
- Durga was injured in the accident and was taken to nearest hospital.
- Every parent should visit school to meet the teachers.
- Who is woman in this photograph?
- There is piano in the corner of the room.
- A: Do you think he is lying?
B: No, he's the kind of guy that always tells the truth.

B. Put *alan* or *the* in the spaces.

BOB COLLINS: A PROFILE

Bob Collins has recently become minister in the new government, being appointed Minister for Industry. Mr. Collins has had a varied career. He was professional footballer in the 1960s, some people considering him to be most skillful player of his generation. After a serious injury, he became manager of oldest pub in Edinburgh. Five years later, he was offered the position of executive director of Arcon, one of biggest supermarket chains in the country. He became Member of Parliament in 1990.

Listening

A. Look at the picture and guess answers to these questions.

- a. Who are these people?
- b. Where are they?
- c. Have you ever been hospitalized? Why? Share your experiences with your friends.



B. Now, listen to the audio and tick (✓) the correct answer.

- a. The reconstructive surgery is used when
 - i. a child gets injured
 - ii. a man wants his nose changed
 - iii. a woman needs her stomach reshaped
- b. People with severe physical deformity may
 - i. lack educational opportunities
 - ii. lack job opportunities
 - iii. even lack self esteem
- c. Reconstructive surgeries have been widely done these days with the aid of
 - i. affluent people
 - ii. volunteer organizations
 - iii. INGOs

- d. In addition to providing services to the patients, the specialists also
 - i. give health workers valuable in-field training
 - ii. get impetus for future research
 - iii. develop deeper understanding of the patients
- e. After such activities, the patients
 - i. can live with full dignity
 - ii. can live with some normalcy
 - iii. still fear of being severely criticized
- f. The interested and benevolent people can help by
 - i. adopting unwanted/discarded children
 - ii. making financial contributions
 - iii. educating themselves

C. You can find many people with severe physical deformity because of illness or other reasons. How are your feelings towards them? How have they been treated? Discuss.

Speaking

Requesting

A. Study how people make requests.



B. Look at some of the ways of making requests and their responses.

Making request	Accepting	Denying
Can you open the door please?	Yes, sure.	Oh sorry, I can't.
Could you turn on the radio, please?	Sure.	I just can't,
Could you possibly hold my drink?	Yes, of course.	I am sorry.
Would you mind closing the door, please?	Certainly yes.	I am afraid, I can't.
I wonder if you could lend me Rs. 500.	With pleasure.	No, certainly not.
Would it be possible to lend me your bike?	Sure, don't worry.	
I wonder if you could help me?	Sure, no problem.	
You wouldn't take me to the airport, would you?		
I would be grateful if you could send me your price list.		

C. Work in pairs. Make requests and respond using the following prompts. Use different structures.

Example: Ritu: Would you mind opening the window, please?

Bina: Sure. That's no problem at all.

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------------|
| a. turn down the radio | b. do homework |
| c. stop smoking | d. pass the salt |
| e. help to cook food | f. do the washing up |
| g. switch the light on | |

Offering

A. Study how people make offers.



B. Look at the following table and see how offers are made, accepted and denied.

Offering	Accepting offers	Rejecting offers
Can I help you?	Yes, please. I'd like to.	No, thanks.
Shall I bring you a cake?	That would be very kind of you.	It's Ok. I can do it myself.
Would you like some coffee?	Yes please, that would be lovely.	Thank you for your kindness but I can do it myself.
I'll do the cleaning, if you like.	Yes please, I'd love to.	Don't worry. I can do it.
How about eating some pizza?	If you wouldn't mind.	I appreciate that but I can do it myself.
Do you want me to switch on the TV for you?	If you could.	
Let me help you.	Thank you, that would be great	
I'd be happy to take you to the airport.		

C. What would you say in each of the situations below?

- A tourist in your town looks lost. Offer to help her.
- You see an old lady trying to lift a heavy bag.
- Your teacher says that it's hot in the classroom. You are closer to the window.
- You are a guest at somebody's house. The phone is ringing, but your host is busy in the kitchen.
- Your friend is feeling bored.

D. Work in pairs. Make offers and accept or decline the offers, using the prompts below.

Example: A: Shall I carry some of your bags for you?

B: Thanks. That's very kind of you. /No thanks.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------|
| a. turn on the TV | b. clean the room |
| c. polish the shoes | d. get something to drink |
| e. drop you at the bus station | f. get you some water |
| g. make tea | |

Project work

In the presence of the English teacher, organize an oratory contest in the class on 'The impacts of science and technology on human life'.

Section Two

Literature

Short Stories

Poems

Essays

One-Act Plays

The Selfish Giant

Oscar Wilde

Before Reading**Answer these questions.**

- Look at this picture. Is it a real man or mythical human?
- Is it good to be selfish?
- How do selfish people behave?



Oscar Wilde (1854-1900) was an Irish wit, poet, novelist, and playwright. Wilde was born of professional and literary parents. His father, Sir William Wilde, was an ear and eye surgeon, who also published books. His mother was a revolutionary poet and an authority on Celtic myth and folklore. He published a book of poems, lectured in the United States and Canada on the new "English Renaissance in Art" and interior decoration, and then returned to London where he worked prolifically as a journalist.

Known for his biting wit, Wilde became one of the best-known personalities of his day. He is best known for his only novel, *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (1891), and his comic masterpieces *Lady Windermere's Fan* (1892) and *The Importance of Being Earnest* (1895). He was a spokesperson for the late 19th-century Aesthetic movement in England, which advocated art for art's sake.



'The Selfish Giant' is a short story for children written by Oscar Wilde. It was first published in the anthology *The Happy Prince and Other Tales* in 1888. This story is about a giant who learned an important lesson about love and sharing, and holds different meanings for people of different age.

Reading

Every afternoon, as they were coming from school, the children used to go and play in the Giant's garden.

It was a large lovely garden, with soft green grass. Here and there over the grass stood beautiful flowers like stars, and there were twelve peach-trees that in the spring-time broke out into delicate blossoms of pink and pearl, and in the autumn bore rich fruit. The birds sat on the trees and sang so sweetly that the children used to stop their games in order to listen to them. 'How happy we are here!' they cried to each other.

One day the Giant came back. He had been to visit his friend the Cornish ogre, and had stayed with him for seven years. After the seven years were over he had said all that he had to say, for his conversation was limited, and he determined to return to his own castle. When he arrived he saw the children playing in the garden.

'What are you doing here?' he cried in a very gruff voice, and the children ran away.

'My own garden is my own garden,' said the Giant; 'any one can understand that, and I will allow nobody to play in it but myself.' So he built a high wall all round it, and put up a notice-board.



He was a very selfish Giant. The poor children had now nowhere to play. They tried to play on the road, but the road was very dusty and full of hard stones, and they did not like it. They used to wander round the high wall when their lessons were over, and talk about the beautiful garden inside. 'How happy we were there,' they said to each other.

Then the Spring came, and all over the country there were little blossoms and little birds. Only in the garden of the Selfish Giant it was still Winter. The birds did not care to sing in it as there were no children, and the trees forgot to blossom. Once a beautiful flower put its head out from the grass, but when it saw the notice-board it was so sorry for the children that it slipped back into the ground again, and went off to sleep. The only people who were pleased were the Snow and the Frost. 'Spring has forgotten this garden,' they cried, 'so we will live here all the year round.' The Snow

covered up the grass with her great white cloak, and the Frost painted all the trees silver. Then they invited the North Wind to stay with them, and he came. He was wrapped in furs, and he roared all day about the garden, and blew the chimney-pots down. 'This is a delightful spot,' he said, 'we must ask the Hail on a visit.' So the Hail came. Every day for three hours he rattled on the roof of the castle till he broke most of the slates, and then he ran round and round the garden as fast as he could go. He was dressed in grey, and his breath was like ice.



'I cannot understand why the Spring is so late in coming,' said the Selfish Giant, as he sat at the window and looked out at his cold white garden; 'I hope there will be a change in the weather.'

But the Spring never came, nor the Summer. The Autumn gave golden fruit to every garden, but to the Giant's garden she gave none. 'He is too selfish,' she said. So it was always Winter there, and the North Wind, and the Hail, and the Frost, and the Snow danced about through the trees.

One morning the Giant was lying awake in bed when he heard some lovely music. It sounded so sweet to his ears that he thought it must be the King's musicians passing by. It was really only a little linnet singing outside his window, but it was so long since he had heard a bird sing in his garden that it seemed to him to be the most beautiful music in the world. Then the Hail stopped dancing over his head, and the North Wind ceased roaring, and a delicious perfume came to him through the open casement. 'I believe the Spring has come at last,' said the Giant; and he jumped out of bed and looked out.

What did he see?

He saw a most wonderful sight. Through a little hole in the wall the children had crept in, and they were sitting in the branches of the trees. In every tree that he could see there was a little child. And the trees were so glad to have the children back again that they had covered themselves with blossoms, and were waving their arms gently above the children's heads. The birds were flying about and twittering with delight, and the flowers were looking up through the green grass and laughing. It was a lovely scene, only in one corner it was still Winter. It was the farthest corner of the garden, and in it

was standing a little boy. He was so small that he could not reach up to the branches of the tree, and he was wandering all round it, crying bitterly. The poor tree was still quite covered with Frost and Snow, and the North Wind was blowing and roaring above it. 'Climb up! little boy,' said the Tree, and it bent its branches down as low as it could; but the little boy was too tiny.

And the Giant's heart melted as he looked out. 'How selfish I have been!' he said; 'now I know why the Spring would not come here. I will put that poor little boy on the top of the tree, and then I will knock down the wall, and my garden shall be the children's playground forever and ever.' He was really very sorry for what he had done.

So he crept downstairs and opened the front door quite softly, and went out into the garden. But when the children saw him they were so frightened that they all ran away, and the garden became Winter again. Only the little boy did not run, for his eyes were so full of tears that he did not see the Giant coming. And the Giant stole up behind him and took him gently in his hand, and put him up into the tree. And the tree broke at once into blossom, and the birds came and sang on it, and the little boy stretched out his two arms and flung them round the Giant's neck, and kissed him. And the other children, when they saw that the Giant was not wicked any longer, came running back, and with them came the Spring. 'It is your garden now, little children,' said the Giant, and he took a great axe and knocked down the wall. And when the people were going to market at twelve o'clock, they found the Giant playing with the children in the most beautiful garden they had ever seen.

All day long they played, and in the evening they came to the Giant to bid him good-bye.

'But where is your little companion?' he said: 'the boy I put into the tree.' The Giant loved him the best because he had kissed him.

'We don't know,' answered the children; 'he has gone away.'

'You must tell him to be sure and come here tomorrow,' said the Giant. But the children said that they did not know where he lived, and had never seen him before; and the Giant felt very sad.

Every afternoon, when school was over, the children came and played with the Giant. But the little boy whom the Giant loved was never seen again. The Giant was very kind to all the children, yet he longed for his first little friend, and often spoke of him. 'How I would like to see him!' he used to say.

Years passed, and the Giant grew very old and feeble. He could not play about any

more, so he sat in a huge armchair, and watched the children at their games, and admired his garden. 'I have many beautiful flowers,' he said; 'but the children are the most beautiful flowers of all.'

One winter morning he looked out of his window as he was dressing. He did not hate the Winter now, for he knew that it was merely the Spring asleep, and that the flowers were resting.

Suddenly he rubbed his eyes in wonder, and looked and looked. It certainly was a marvellous sight. In the farthest corner of the garden was a tree quite covered with lovely white blossoms. Its branches were all golden, and silver fruit hung down from them, and underneath it stood the little boy he had loved.

Downstairs ran the Giant in great joy, and out into the garden. He hastened across the grass, and came near to the child. And when he came quite close his face grew red with anger, and he said, 'Who hath dared to wound thee?' For on the palms of the child's hands were the prints of two nails, and the prints of two nails were on the little feet.

'Who hath dared to wound thee?' cried the Giant; 'tell me, that I may take my big sword and slay him.'

'Nay!' answered the child; 'but these are the wounds of Love.'

'Who art thou?' said the Giant, and a strange awe fell on him, and he knelt before the little child.

And the child smiled on the Giant, and said to him, 'You let me play once in your garden, today you shall come with me to my garden, which is Paradise.'

And when the children ran in that afternoon, they found the Giant lying dead under the tree, all covered with white blossoms.

Glossary

awe (n.): feeling of respect and slight fear

blossoms (n.): mass of flowers

cease(v.): stop happening or existing

cloak (n.): a thing that covers something

crept (v.): crawled

feeble (adj.): very weak

gruff (adj.): unfriendly, hoarse-voiced

hastened (v.): acted without delay

hath (old English word): has

linnet (n.): a small brown and grey bird

marvellous (adj.): wonderful

ogre (n.): a brutish giant

rattled (v.): made a series of short loud sounds that of hailstones

slay (v.): kill

thee (old English word): you (object)

thou (old English word): you (subject)

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

- a. Where did the children use to play?
- b. What did the Snow and the Frost do to the garden?
- c. What did the giant hear when he was lying awake in bed?
- d. Why do you think spring season never came to the giant's garden?
- e. How did the giant realise his mistake?

Reference to the context

A. Read the extracts given below and answer the questions that follow.

- a. "How happy we were there!" they said to each other.
 - i. Where does 'there' refer to?
 - ii. What does 'they' refer to?
 - iii. Why are they saying so?
- b. "I have many beautiful flowers," he said; "but the children are the most beautiful flowers of all."
 - i. Who is the speaker?
 - ii. Who is he speaking to?
 - iii. Who are 'the children' that the speaker is referring to?
 - iv. Why is the speaker saying that 'the children are the most beautiful flowers of all'?
- c. When the little child smiled at the Giant, and said to him, "You let me play once

in your garden, today you shall come with me to my garden, which is Paradise," shortly afterwards, the happy giant dies. What is the coincidence of this event? Describe it in relation to this fairy tale.

- B. The story makes use of personification as one of the main figures of speech. Cite three examples of personification from the story. What is the significance of the seasons personified in the story?**
- C. This story can be read as a fairytale, where the children, the seasons, the tree, the corner of the garden, the snow, the wind and the frost are all used as symbolism. Interpret those symbols.**
- D. Which figure of speech is used for 'winter, frost, snow, north wind, hail and little child'? Who is the little child compared to?**

Reference beyond the text

- a. What is the main theme of this story?
- b. Does God punish those who are cruel to children and are very selfish?

Edgar Allan Poe

Before Reading

- a. Which of the following emotions do you anticipate experiencing while you are reading *The Oval Portrait*? Tick the relevant boxes and write the corresponding adjectives next to the nouns.

☐ joy	☐ happiness
☐ fear	☐ annoyance
☐ compassion	☐ sadness
☐ pity	☐ terror
☐ enthusiasm	☐ surprise

- b. Portraits have the power to connect us with other humans through the face. Whose face do you expect the portrait of this story to be of? Tick (✓) the box you expect from the following list.

☐ Poe himself

☐ his wife

☐ a beautiful woman

☐ a well-known person in Poe's time

☐ an unknown man or a woman

☐ a saint or a martyr

Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849) was an American writer, poet, literary critic and editor. Poe is best known for his poetry and short stories. He is widely regarded as a central figure of Romanticism in the United States and of the American literature as a whole. He is generally considered the inventor of the detective fiction and is further credited with contributing to the emerging genre of science fiction. He is famous for his dark, mysterious poems and stories, including *The Raven*, *The Black Cat*, *The Fall of the House of Usher*, and



Heart. His tale *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* (1841) initiated the modern detective story, and the atmosphere in his tales of horror is unrivaled in American fiction. His *The Raven* (1845) is among the best-known poems in the national literature.

'*The Oval Portrait*' was first published as a longer version titled '*Life in Death*' in Graham's Magazine in 1842. The shorter version, renamed '*The Oval Portrait*' was published in the April 26, 1845 edition of the Broadway Journal. This is the story of an artist who wants to make a painting of his young wife, but becomes so obsessed with it that he doesn't realize his wife is dying meanwhile. This is a short horror story about the relationship between art and life, through the narrator's encounter with the oval portrait of a young woman in a chateau in the Appenines.

Reading

The chateau into which my valet had ventured to make forcible entrance, rather than permit me, in my desperately wounded condition, to pass a night in the open air, was one of those piles of commingled gloom and grandeur which have so long frowned among the Appennines, not less in fact than in the fancy of Mrs. Radcliffe. To all appearance, it had been temporarily and very lately abandoned. We established ourselves in one of the smallest and least sumptuously furnished apartments. It lay in a remote turret of the building. Its decorations were rich, yet tattered and antique. Its walls were hung with tapestry and bedecked with manifold and multiform armorial trophies, together with an unusually great number of very spirited modern paintings in frames of rich golden arabesque. In these paintings, which depended from the walls not only in their main surfaces, but in very many nooks which the bizarre architecture of the chateau rendered necessary - in these paintings my incipient delirium, perhaps, had caused me to take deep interest; so that I bade Pedro to close the heavy shutters of the room - since it was already night - to light the tongues of a tall candelabrum which stood by the head of my bed - and to throw open far and wide the fringed curtains of black velvet which enveloped the bed itself. I wished all this done that I might resign myself, if not to sleep, at least alternately to the contemplation of these pictures, and the perusal of a small volume which had been found upon the pillow, and which purported to criticise and describe them. Long - long I read - and devoutly, devotedly I gazed. Rapidly and gloriously the hours flew by and the deep midnight came. The position of the candelabrum displeased me, and outreaching my hand with difficulty, rather than disturb my slumbering valet, I placed it so as to throw its rays more fully upon the book. But the action produced an effect altogether unanticipated. The rays of the numerous candles (for there were many) now fell within a niche of the room which had hitherto

been thrown into deep shade by one of the bed-posts. I thus saw in vivid light a picture all unnoticed before. It was the portrait of a young girl just ripening into womanhood. I glanced at the painting hurriedly, and then closed my eyes. Why I did this was not at first apparent even to my own perception. But while my lids remained thus shut, I ran over in my mind my reason for so shutting them. It was an impulsive movement to gain time for thought - to make sure that my vision had not deceived me - to calm and subdue my fancy for a more sober and more certain gaze. In a very few moments I again looked fixedly at the painting.

That I now saw aright I could not and would not doubt; for the first flashing of the candles upon that canvas had seemed to dissipate the dreamy stupor which was stealing over my senses, and to startle me at once into waking life. The portrait, I have already said, was that of a young girl. It was a mere head and shoulders, done in what is technically termed a vignette manner; much in the style of the favourite heads of Sully. The arms, the bosom, and even the ends of the radiant hair melted imperceptibly into the vague yet deep shadow which formed the



background of the whole. The frame was oval, richly gilded and filigreed in Moresque. As a thing of art nothing could be more admirable than the painting itself. But it could have been neither the execution of the work, nor the immortal beauty of the countenance, which had so suddenly and so vehemently moved me. Least of all, could it have been that my fancy, shaken from its half slumber, had mistaken the head for that of a living person. I saw at once that the peculiarities of the design, of the vignetting, and of the frame, must have instantly dispelled such idea - must have prevented even its momentary entertainment. Thinking earnestly upon these points, I remained, for an hour perhaps, half sitting, half reclining, with my vision riveted upon the portrait. At length, satisfied with the true secret of its effect, I fell back within the bed. I had found the spell of the picture in an absolute life-likeness of expression, which, at first startling, finally confounded, subdued, and appalled me. With deep and reverent awe, I replaced the candelabrum in its former position. The

cause of my deep agitation being thus shut from view, I sought eagerly the volume which discussed the paintings and their histories. Turning to the number which designated the oval portrait, I there read the vague and quaint words which follow: "She was a maiden of rarest beauty, and not more lovely than full of glee. And evil was the hour when she saw, and loved, and wedded the painter. He, passionate, studious, austere, and having already a bride in his Art; she a maiden of rarest beauty, and not more lovely than full of glee; all light and smiles, and frolicsome as the young fawn; loving and cherishing all things; hating only the Art which was her rival; dreading only the pallet and brushes and other untoward instruments which deprived her of the countenance of her lover. It was thus a terrible thing for this lady to hear the painter speak of his desire to portray even his young bride. But she was humble and obedient, and sat meekly for many weeks in the dark, high turret-chamber where the light dripped upon the pale canvas only from overhead. But he, the painter, took glory in his work, which went on from hour to hour, and from day to day. And he was a passionate, and wild, and moody man, who became lost in reveries; so that he would not see that the light which fell so ghastly in that lone turret withered the health and the spirits of his bride, who pined visibly to all but him. Yet she smiled on and still on, uncomplainingly, because she saw that the painter (who had high renown) took a fervid and burning pleasure in his task, and wrought day and night to depict her who so loved him, yet who grew daily more dispirited and weak. And in sooth some who beheld the portrait spoke of its resemblance in low words, as of a mighty marvel, and a proof not less of the power of the painter than of his deep love for her whom he depicted so surpassingly well. But at length, as the labour drew nearer to its conclusion, there were admitted none into the turret; for the painter had grown wild with the ardour of his work, and turned his eyes from canvas merely, even to regard the countenance of his wife. And he would not see that the tints which he spread upon the canvas were drawn from the cheeks of her who sat beside him. And when many weeks had passed, and but little remained to do, save one brush upon the mouth and one tint upon the eye, the spirit of the lady again flickered up as the flame within the socket of the lamp. And then the brush was given, and then the tint was placed; and, for one moment, the painter stood entranced before the work which he had wrought; but in the next, while he yet gazed, he grew tremulous and very pallid, and aghast, and crying with a loud voice, 'This is indeed Life itself!' turned suddenly to regard his beloved: She was dead!

NOTES

Mrs. Radcliffe : Ann Radcliffe (1764-1823) was an English author and pioneer of Gothic fiction. Gothic fiction is a style of writing that is characterized by elements of fear, horror, death, and gloom, as well as romance, revolved around a large, ancient house such as castles or monasteries.

Appennines : Apennine Mountains - a mountain range in Italy

Glossary

ardour (n.): enthusiasm or passion

chateau (n.): a large French country house or castle

contemplation (n.): the action of looking thoughtfully at something for a long time

countenance (n.): face, look or appearance

frolicsome (adj.): lively and playful

ghastly (adj.): causing great horror or fear; frightful

glee (n.): a strong feeling of happiness; great pleasure or satisfaction

gloom (n.): partial or total darkness; a state of hopelessness

niche (n.): suitable position

reverent (adj.): feeling or showing deep respect

stupor (n.): a state of reduced consciousness or sensibility

sumptuously (adv.): in a way that is impressive and seems expensive

tapestry (n.): a piece of thick handwoven textile fabric with pictures used for hangings

tremulous (adj.): shaking or quivering slightly

valet (n.): a man's male servant

vehemently (adv.): in a forceful, passionate or intense manner

vignette (n.): a small portrait photograph fading into its background

Understanding the text

Answer these questions.

- Where did the narrator and his servant make forcible entrance?
- Which special picture did the narrator notice in the room?
- Describe the portrait that the narrator saw in the room.
- What is the relationship between the portrait painter and its subject?

Reference to the context

- a. What is the central theme of the story? Who is the woman depicted in the oval portrait?
- b. "The Oval Portrait" is a short horror story by Edgar Allan Poe involving the disturbing circumstances surrounding a portrait in a chateau. Elaborate.
- c. "The Oval Portrait" suggests that the woman's beauty condemns her to death. Discuss.
- d. Discuss the story as a frame narrative (a story within a story).
- e. The story is told in a descriptive style, with plenty of imagery and symbolism. Which images and symbols do you find in the story?
- f. What does the expression "She was dead!" mean?

Reference beyond the text

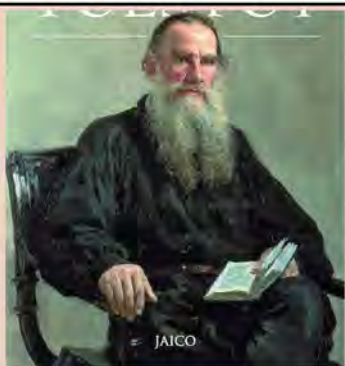
- a. Do you think there is life in art?
- b. As a thing of art nothing could be more admirable than the painting itself. Explain.
- c. A more intense look at the painting reveals the illusion. Have you noticed any such painting?

Leo Tolstoy

Before Reading**Answer these questions.**

- What does the title of the story mean?
- Is it fair to punish the innocent people in the name of justice?
- Do you believe dreams might predict the terrible fate of a person?

Leo Tolstoy (1828-1910) was a Russian writer and a master of realistic fiction. He was born in a wealthy family in Russia. His parents died when he was a child. He was brought up by his elder brothers and relatives. He studied languages and law at Kazan University for three years. He was dissatisfied with the school and left Kazan without a degree. Then he returned to his estate and educated himself independently.



In 1848, he moved to the capital, St. Petersburg, where he passed two tests for a law degree. He took military training and became an Army officer. He wrote his first novel *Childhood* (1852), which became a success. With writing *Boyhood* (1854) and *Youth* (1857), he concluded the autobiographical trilogy. He also wrote *Sevastopol Sketches* (1855), based upon his experiences in the Crimean War. He primarily wrote novels and short stories. Later in his life, he also wrote plays and essays. He is best known for the novels *War and Peace* (1869) and *Anna Karenina* (1877). His fiction includes dozens of short stories and several novellas such as *The Death of Ivan Ilyich* (1886), *Family Happiness* (1859), and *Hadji Murad* (1912). During his last three decades, Tolstoy also achieved world renown as a moral and religious teacher.

Tolstoy's short story '*God Sees the Truth, but Waits*' first published in 1872 is about the false conviction and imprisonment of a man for a murder he did not commit, and it takes the form of a parable for forgiveness.

Reading

In the town of Vladimir lived a young merchant named Ivan Dmitrich Aksionov. He had two shops and a house of his own.

Aksionov was a handsome, fair-haired, curly-headed fellow, full of fun, and very fond of singing. When quite a young man he had been given to drink, and was riotous when he had had too much; but after he married he gave up drinking, except now and then.

One summer Aksionov was going to the Nizhny Fair, and as he bade good-bye to his family, his wife said to him, "Ivan Dmitrich, do not start today; I have had a bad dream about you."

Aksionov laughed, and said, "You are afraid that when I get to the fair I shall go on a spree."

His wife replied: "I do not know what I am afraid of; all I know is that I had a bad dream. I dreamt you returned from the town, and when you took off your cap I saw that your hair was quite grey."

Aksionov laughed. "That's a lucky sign," said he. "See if I don't sell out all my goods, and bring you some presents from the fair."

So he said good-bye to his family, and drove away.

When he had travelled half-way, he met a merchant whom he knew, and they put up at the same inn for the night. They had some tea together, and then went to bed in adjoining rooms.

It was not Aksionov's habit to sleep late, and, wishing to travel while it was still cool, he aroused his driver before dawn, and told him to put in the horses.

Then he made his way across to the landlord of the inn (who lived in a cottage at the back), paid his bill, and continued his journey.

When he had gone about twenty-five miles, he stopped for the horses to be fed. Aksionov rested awhile in the passage of the inn, then he stepped out into the porch, and, ordering a samovar to be heated, got out his guitar and began to play.

Suddenly a troika drove up with tinkling bells and an official alighted, followed by two soldiers. He came to Aksionov and began to question him, asking him who he was and whence he came. Aksionov answered him fully, and said, "Won't you have some tea with me?" But the official went on cross-questioning him and asking him. "Where did you spend last night? Were you alone, or with a fellow-merchant? Did you see the other merchant this morning? Why did you leave the inn before dawn?"

Aksionov wondered why he was asked all these questions, but he described all that had happened, and then added, "Why do you cross-question me as if I were a thief or

a robber? I am travelling on business of my own, and there is no need to question me."

Then the official, calling the soldiers, said, "I am the police-officer of this district, and I question you because the merchant with whom you spent last night has been found with his throat cut. We must search your things."

They entered the house. The soldiers and the police-officer unstrapped Aksionov's luggage and searched it. Suddenly the officer drew a knife out of a bag, crying, "Whose knife is this?"

Aksionov looked, and seeing a blood-stained knife taken from his bag, he was frightened.

"How is it there is blood on this knife?"

Aksionov tried to answer, but could hardly utter a word, and only stammered: "I--don't know--not mine." Then the police-officer said: "This morning the merchant was found in bed with his throat cut. You are the only person who could have done it. The house was locked from inside, and no one else was there. Here is this blood-stained knife in your bag and your face and manner betray you! Tell me how you killed him, and how much money you stole?"

Aksionov swore he had not done it; that he had not seen the merchant after they had had tea together; that he had no money except eight thousand rubles of his own, and that the knife was not his. But his voice was broken, his face pale, and he trembled with fear as though he went guilty.

The police-officer ordered the soldiers to bind Aksionov and to put him in the cart. As they tied his feet together and flung him into the cart, Aksionov crossed himself and wept. His money and goods were taken from him, and he was sent to the nearest town and imprisoned there. Enquiries as to his character were made in Vladimir. The merchants and other inhabitants of that town said that in former days he used to drink and waste his time, but that he was a good man. Then the trial came on: he was charged with murdering a merchant from Ryazan, and robbing him of twenty thousand rubles.

His wife was in despair, and did not know what to believe. Her children were all quite small; one was a baby at her breast. Taking them all with her, she went to the town where her husband was in jail. At first she was not allowed to see him; but after much begging, she obtained permission from the officials, and was taken to him. When she saw her husband in prison-dress and in chains, shut up with thieves and criminals, she fell down, and did not come to her senses for a long time. Then she drew her children

to her, and sat down near him. She told him of things at home, and asked about what had happened to him. He told her all, and she asked, "What can we do now?"

"We must petition the Czar not to let an innocent man perish."

His wife told him that she had sent a petition to the Czar, but it had not been accepted.

Aksionov did not reply, but only looked downcast.

Then his wife said, "It was not for nothing I dreamt your hair had turned grey. You remember? You should not have started that day." And passing her fingers through his hair, she said: "Vanya dearest, tell your wife the truth; was it not you who did it?"

"So you, too, suspect me!" said Aksionov, and, hiding his face in his hands, he began to weep. Then a soldier came to say that the wife and children must go away; and Aksionov said good-bye to his family for the last time.

When they were gone, Aksionov recalled what had been said, and when he remembered that his wife also had suspected him, he said to himself, "It seems that only God can know the truth; it is to Him alone we must appeal, and from Him alone expect mercy."

And Aksionov wrote no more petitions; gave up all hope, and only prayed to God.

Aksionov was condemned to be flogged and sent to the mines. So he was flogged with a knot, and when the wounds made by the knot were healed, he was driven to Siberia with other convicts.

For twenty-six years Aksionov lived as a convict in Siberia. His hair turned white as snow, and his beard grew long, thin, and grey. All his mirth went; he stooped; he walked slowly, spoke little, and never laughed, but he often prayed.

In prison, Aksionov learnt to make boots, and earned a little money, with which he bought *The Lives of the Saints*. He read this book when there was light enough in the prison; and on Sundays in the prison-church he read the lessons and sang in the choir; for his voice was still good.

The prison authorities liked Aksionov for his meekness, and his fellow-prisoners respected him: they called him "Grandfather," and "The Saint." When they wanted to petition the prison authorities about anything, they always made Aksionov their spokesman, and when there were quarrels among the prisoners they came to him to put things right, and to judge the matter.

No news reached Aksionov from his home, and he did not even know if his wife and children were still alive.

One day a fresh gang of convicts came to the prison. In the evening the old prisoners collected round the new ones and asked them what towns or villages they came from, and what they were sentenced for. Among the rest Aksionov sat down near the newcomers, and listened with downcast air to what was said.

One of the new convicts, a tall, strong man of sixty, with a closely-cropped grey beard, was telling the others what he had been arrested for.

"Well, friends," he said, "I only took a horse that was tied to a sledge, and I was arrested and accused of stealing. I said I had only taken it to get home quicker, and had then let it go; besides, the driver was a personal friend of mine. So I said, 'It's all right.' 'No,' said they, 'you stole it.' But how or where I stole it they could not say. I once really did something wrong, and ought by rights to have come here long ago, but that time I was not found out. Now I have been sent here for nothing at all... Eh, but it's lies I'm telling you; I've been to Siberia before, but I did not stay long."

"Where are you from?" asked some one.

"From Vladimir. My family are of that town. My name is Makar, and they also call me Semyonich."

Aksionov raised his head and said: "Tell me, Semyonich, do you know anything of the merchants Aksionov of Vladimir? Are they still alive?"

"Know them? Of course I do. The Aksionovs are rich, though their father is in Siberia; a sinner like ourselves, it seems! As for you, Gran'dad, how did you come here?"

Aksionov did not like to speak of his misfortune. He only sighed, and said, "For my sins I have been in prison these twenty-six years."

"What sins?" asked Makar Semyonich.

But Aksionov only said, "Well, well--I must have deserved it!" He would have said no more, but his companions told the newcomers how Aksionov came to be in Siberia; how someone had killed a merchant, and had put the knife among Aksionov's things, and Aksionov had been unjustly condemned.

When Makar Semyonich heard this, he looked at Aksionov, slapped his own knee, and exclaimed, "Well, this is wonderful! Really wonderful! But how old you've grown, Gran'dad!"

The others asked him why he was so surprised, and where he had seen Aksionov before; but Makar Semyonich did not reply. He only said: "It's wonderful that we

should meet here, lads!"

These words made Aksionov wonder whether this man knew who had killed the merchant; so he said, "Perhaps, Semyonich, you have heard of that affair, or maybe you've seen me before?"

"How could I help hearing? The world's full of rumours. But it's a long time ago, and I've forgotten what I heard."

"Perhaps you heard who killed the merchant?" asked Aksionov.

Makar Semyonich laughed, and replied: "It must have been him in whose bag the knife was found! If someone else hid the knife there, 'He's not a thief till he's caught,' as the saying is. How could anyone put a knife into your bag while it was under your head? It would surely have woken you up."

When Aksionov heard these words, he felt sure this was the man who had killed the merchant. He rose and went away. All that night Aksionov lay awake. He felt terribly unhappy, and all sorts of images rose in his mind. There was the image of his wife as she was when he parted from her to go to the fair. He saw her as if she were present; her face and her eyes rose before him; he heard her speak and laugh. Then he saw his children, quite little, as they were at that time: one with a little cloak on, another at his mother's breast. And then he remembered himself as he used to be—young and merry. He remembered how he sat playing the guitar in the porch of the inn where he was arrested, and how free from care he had been. He saw, in his mind, the place where he was flogged, the executioner, and the people standing around; the chains, the convicts, all the twenty-six years of his prison life, and his premature old age. The thought of it all made him so wretched that he was ready to kill himself.

"And it's all that villain's doing!" thought Aksionov. And his anger was so great against Makar Semyonich that he longed for vengeance, even if he himself should perish for it. He kept repeating prayers all night, but could get no peace. During the day he did not go near Makar Semyonich, nor even look at him.

A fortnight passed in this way. Aksionov could not sleep at night, and was so miserable that he did not know what to do.

One night as he was walking about the prison, he noticed some earth that came rolling out from under one of the shelves on which the prisoners slept. He stopped to see what it was. Suddenly Makar Semyonich crept out from under the shelf, and looked up at Aksionov with frightened face. Aksionov tried to pass without looking at him, but

Makar seized his hand and told him that he had dug a hole under the wall, getting rid of the earth by putting it into his high-boots, and emptying it out every day on the road when the prisoners were driven to their work.

"Just you keep quiet, old man, and you shall get out too. If you blab, they'll flog the life out of me, but I will kill you first."

Aksionov trembled with anger as he looked at his enemy. He drew his hand away, saying, "I have no wish to escape, and you have no need to kill me; you killed me long ago! As to telling of you--I may do so or not, as God shall direct."

Next day, when the convicts were led out to work, the convoy soldiers noticed that one or other of the prisoners emptied some earth out of his boots. The prison was searched and the tunnel found. The Governor came and questioned all the prisoners to find out who had dug the hole. They all denied any knowledge of it. Those who knew would not betray Makar Semyonich, knowing he would be flogged almost to death. At last the Governor turned to Aksionov whom he knew to be a just man, and said:

"You are a truthful old man; tell me, before God, who dug the hole?"

Makar Semyonich stood as if he were quite unconcerned, looking at the Governor and not so much as glancing at Aksionov. Aksionov's lips and hands trembled, and for a long time he could not utter a word. He thought, "Why should I screen him who ruined my life? Let him pay for what I have suffered. But if I tell, they will probably flog the life out of him, and maybe I suspect him wrongly. And, after all, what good would it be to me?"

"Well, old man," repeated the Governor, "tell me the truth: who has been digging under the wall?"

Aksionov glanced at Makar Semyonich, and said, "I cannot say, your honour. It is not God's will that I should tell! Do what you like with me; I am your hands."

However much the Governor tried, Aksionov would say no more, and so the matter had to be left.

That night, when Aksionov was lying on his bed and just beginning to doze, someone came quietly and sat down on his bed. He peered through the darkness and recognised Makar.

"What more do you want of me?" asked Aksionov. "Why have you come here?"

Makar Semyonich was silent. So Aksionov sat up and said, "What do you want? Go

away, or I will call the guard!"

Makar Semyonich bent close over Aksionov, and whispered, "Ivan Dmitrich, forgive me!"

"What for?" asked Aksionov.

"It was I who killed the merchant and hid the knife among your things. I meant to kill you too, but I heard a noise outside, so I hid the knife in your bag and escaped out of the window."

Aksionov was silent, and did not know what to say. Makar Semyonich slid off the bed-shelf and knelt upon the ground. "Ivan Dmitrich," said he, "forgive me! For the love of God, forgive me! I will confess that it was I who killed the merchant, and you will be released and can go to your home."

"It is easy for you to talk," said Aksionov, "but I have suffered for you these twenty-six years. Where could I go to now?... My wife is dead, and my children have forgotten me. I have nowhere to go..."

Makar Semyonich did not rise, but beat his head on the floor. "Ivan Dmitrich, forgive me!" he cried. "When they flogged me with the knot it was not so hard to bear as it is to see you now ... yet you had pity on me, and did not tell. For God's sake forgive me, wretch that I am!" And he began to sob.

When Aksionov heard him sobbing he, too, began to weep. "God will forgive you!" said he. "Maybe I am a hundred times worse than you." And at these words his heart grew light, and the longing for home left him. He no longer had any desire to leave the prison, but only hoped for his last hour to come.

In spite of what Aksionov had said, Makar Semyonich confessed, his guilt. But when the order for his release came, Aksionov was already dead.

Glossary

alight (v.): come down from a horse or vehicle

confess (v.): admit or state that one has committed a crime

convict (n.): a person found guilty of a criminal offense and serving a sentence of prison

Czar (n.): emperor, specifically the ruler of Russia until the 1917 revolution

despair (n.): absence of hope

flog (v.): beat (someone) with a whip or stick as punishment or torture

- inn (n.):** an establishment for the lodging and entertaining of travellers
- knot (n.):** a fastening made by tying a piece of string, rope, or something similar
- mercy (n.):** pity, compassion or forgiveness shown toward someone
- mirth (n.):** fun and enjoyment as shown by laughter
- perish (v.):** suffer death, typically in a violent, sudden, or untimely way
- petition (v.):** make a formal request to (an authority) with respect to a particular cause
- riotous (adj.):** involving public disorder; out of control; unruly
- spree (n.):** unrestrained activity of drinking alcohol
- tinkle (v.):** make or cause to make a light, clear ringing sound
- troika (n.):** a Russian vehicle drawn by three horses abreast

Understanding the text

Answer these questions.

- What bad habits did Aksionov have before his marriage?
- What can be the meaning of his wife's dream?
- Why did Aksionov think of killing himself?
- Why did Makar disclose that he had killed the merchant?
- Why doesn't Aksionov wish to return to his family at the end of the story?

Reference to the context

- "Well, old man," repeated the Governor, "tell me the truth: who has been digging under the wall?"
 - Who is that old man?
 - Which truth is the speaker asking about?
 - Which wall does the speaker mean?
- Describe Aksionov's character.
- What is the theme of the story?
- Which symbols are used in the story and what do they indicate?

Reference beyond the text

- What role does religion play in Aksionov's life? How does he undergo a spiritual transformation in the story?
- What does the story tell us about the existence of unfair system of justice?

Roald Dahl

Before Reading**Answer these questions.**

- What frightens you? Snakes, spiders, or any other things?
- What do you do about frightening things: face them or avoid them?
- Do you have any frightening event in your childhood? Share it with the class.

Roald Dahl (1916-1990) was a British novelist, short story writer and screenwriter. He was born in Wales of Norwegian immigrant parents. He spent his childhood in England and, at the age of eighteen, went to work for the Shell Oil Company in Africa. When the World War II broke out, he joined the Royal Air Force and became a fighter pilot.



At the age of twenty-six he moved to Washington, D.C., and began to write. After establishing himself as a writer for adults, he began writing children's stories in 1960 while living in England with his family. He is now considered one of the most beloved storytellers of our time. His fantastic novels include *James and the Giant Peach*, *Matilda*, and *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, and many more classics for children, along with short stories for adults.

The story '*The Wish*' is about a young boy's fantasy in which his carpet is alive with snakes and fire. Using imagery and metaphor, Dahl uses the character of a curiously imaginative young boy to help us reflect on the delicacy of our childhood innocence. This story goes inside the mind of a young child to explore his imagination. This is about a young boy who had a frightening event in his childhood.

Reading

Under the palm of one hand, the child became aware of the scab of an old cut on his kneecap. He bent forward to examine it closely. A scab was always a fascinating thing; it presented a special challenge he was never able to resist.

Yes, he thought, I will pick it off, even if it isn't ready, even if the middle of it sticks,

even if it hurts like anything.

With a fingernail, he began to explore cautiously around the edges of the scab. He got a nail underneath it, and when he raised it, but ever so slightly, it suddenly came off, the whole hard brown scab came off beautifully, leaving an interesting little circle of smooth red skin.

Nice. Very nice indeed. He rubbed the circle and it didn't hurt. He picked up the scab, put it on his thigh and flipped it with a finger so that it flew away and landed on the edge of the carpet, the enormous red and black and yellow carpet that stretched the whole length of the hall from the stairs on which he sat to the front door in the distance. A tremendous carpet. Bigger than the tennis lawn. Much bigger than that. He regarded it gravely, setting his eyes upon it with mild pleasure. He had never really noticed it before, but now, all of a sudden the colours seemed to brighten mysteriously and spring out at him in a most dazzling way.

You see, he told himself, I know how it is. The red parts of the carpet are red-hot lumps of coal. What I must do is this: I must walk all the way along it to the front door without touching them. If I touch the red, I will be burnt. As a matter of fact, I will be burnt up completely. And the black parts of the carpet... yes, the black parts are snakes, poisonous snakes, adders mostly, and cobras, thick like tree-trunks round the middle, and if I touch one of them, I'll be bitten and I'll die before tea time. And if I get across safely, without being burnt and without being bitten, I will be given a puppy for my birthday tomorrow.

He got to his feet and climbed higher up the stairs to obtain a better view of this vast tapestry of colour and death. Was it possible? Was there enough yellow? Yellow was the only colour he was allowed to walk on. Could it be done? This was not a journey to be undertaken lightly; the risks were far too great for that. The child's face—a fringe of white-gold hair, two large blue eyes, a small pointed chin peered down anxiously over the banisters. The yellow was a bit thin in places and there were one or two widish gaps, but it did seem to go all the way along to the other end. For someone who had only yesterday triumphantly travelled the whole length of the brick path from the stables to the summer-house without touching the cracks, this carpet thing should not be too difficult. Except for the snakes. The mere thought of snakes sent a fine electricity of fear running like pins down the backs of his legs and under the soles of his feet.

He came slowly down the stairs and advanced to the edge of the carpet. He extended one small sandalled foot and placed it cautiously upon a patch of yellow. Then he

brought the other foot up, and there was just enough room for him to stand with the two feet together. There! He had started! His bright oval face was curiously intent, a shade whiter perhaps than before, and he was holding his arms out sideways to assist his balance. He took another step, lifting his foot high over a patch of black, aiming carefully with his toe for a narrow channel of yellow on the other side. When he had completed the second step he paused to rest, standing very stiff and still. The narrow channel of yellow ran forward unbroken for at least five yards and he advanced gingerly along it, bit by bit, as though walking a tightrope. Where it finally curled off sideways, he had to take another long stride, this time over a vicious-looking mixture of black and red. Halfway across he began to wobble. He waved his arms around wildly, windmill fashion, to keep his balance, and he got across safely and rested again on the other side. He was quite breathless now, and so tense he stood high on his toes all the time, arms out sideways, fists clenched. He was on a big safe island of yellow. There was lots of room on it, he couldn't possibly fall off, and he stood there resting, hesitating, waiting, wishing he could stay for ever on this big safe yellow island. But the fear of not getting the puppy compelled him to go on.

Step by step, he edged further ahead, and between each one he paused to decide exactly where he should put his foot. Once, he had a choice of ways, either to left or right, and he chose the left because although it seemed the more difficult, there was not so much black in that direction. The black was what had made him nervous. He glanced quickly over his shoulder to see how far he had come. Nearly halfway. There could be no turning back now. He was in the middle and he couldn't turn back and he couldn't jump off sideways either because it was too far, and when he looked at all the red and all the black that lay ahead of him, he felt that old sudden sickening surge of panic in his chest - like last Easter time, that afternoon when he got lost all alone in the darkest part of Piper's Wood.

He took another step, placing his foot carefully upon the only little piece of yellow within reach, and this time the point of the foot came within a centimetre of some black. It wasn't touching the black, he could see it wasn't touching, he could see the small line of yellow separating the toe of his sandal from the black; but the snake stirred as though sensing his nearness, and raised its head and gazed at the foot with bright beady eyes, watching to see if it was going to touch.

"I'm not touching you! You mustn't bite me! You know I'm not touching you!"

Another snake slid up noiselessly beside the first, raised its head, two heads now, two

pairs of eyes staring at the foot, gazing at a little naked place just below the sandal strap where the skin showed through. The child went high up on his toes and stayed there, frozen stiff with terror. It was minutes before he dared to move again.

The next step would have to be a really long one. There was this deep curling river of black that ran clear across the width of the carpet, and he was forced by his position to cross it at its widest part. He thought first of trying to jump it, but decided he couldn't be sure of landing accurately on the narrow band of yellow on the other side. He took a deep breath, lifted one foot, and inch by inch he pushed it out in front of him, far far out, then down and down until at last the tip of his sandal was across and resting safely on the edge of the yellow. He leaned forward, transferring his weight to his front foot. Then he tried to bring the back foot up as well. He strained and pulled and jerked his body, but the legs were too wide apart and he couldn't make it. He tried to get back again. He couldn't do that either. He was doing the splits and he was properly stuck. He glanced down and saw this deep curling river of black underneath him. Parts of it were stirring now, and uncoiling and beginning to shine with a dreadfully oily glister. He wobbled, waved his arms frantically to keep his balance, but that seemed to make it worse. He was starting to go over. He was going over to the right, quite slowly he was going over, then faster and faster, and at the last moment, instinctively he put out a hand to break the fall and the next thing he saw was this bare hand of his going right into the middle of a great glistening mass of black and he gave one piercing cry as it touched.

Outside in the sunshine, far away behind the house, the mother was looking for her son.

Glossary

adder (n.): a type of poisonous snake

beady (adj.): bright and penetrating

doing the splits (idm.): spreading legs widely apart

frantically (adv.): in a panic and frightening way

fringe (n.): the front part of the hair which covers the forehead

gingerly (adv.): carefully

gravely (adv.): seriously

instinctively (adv.): unconsciously, by instinct

jerked (v.): made a sudden sharp movement

scab (n.): a piece of hard skin which covers a wound or cut

tapestry (n.): heavy woven cloth
triumphantly (adv.): successfully

Understanding the text

Answer the following the questions.

- What did the child do to the scab on his knee?
- What kind of effect did the carpet have on the child?
- What was he afraid of while walking across the carpet?
- What motivated and encouraged the child to start and continue on his journey?
- What did the child see as he looked down on the black patterns of the carpet?

Reference to the context

- The writer creates two voices in the story. Who are they?
- Read the extracts given below and answer the questions that follow.

“...the black parts are snakes, poisonous snakes, adders mostly, and cobras, thick like tree-trunks round the middle, and if I touch one of them, I'll be bitten and I'll die before tea time. And if I get across safely, without being burnt and without being bitten, I will be given a puppy for my birthday tomorrow.”

 - What does ‘the black part’ mean?
 - Who is the speaker?
 - Why doesn't the speaker want to be burnt?
- Which images and metaphors are used in the story?
- Summarise the short story “The Wish” in about 200 words.
- The story shows the events through the eyes of the narrator and the child. Comparing the two styles, who presents more interesting or effective view for the readers? Why?
- Is “The Wish” a story about self-confidence overcoming fear or about greed? Give your arguments.

Reference beyond the text

- Do you think our wish can be fulfilled? Why or why not?
- Why do you think some people might have a frightening nature? What would you suggest to them to overcome it?
- Write a folktale that you have heard or read.

Chinua Achebe

Before Reading**Answer these questions.**

- Do you think there would be complete peace after the war?
- If a disaster occurred, what would you save to ensure your “happy survival”?
- If someone stole something from you out of very few possessions, how would you feel? Would you accept the loss or get angry?

Chinua Achebe /tʃɪnwɑː ətʃɛbeɪ/ (1930 -2013) was a Nigerian novelist, poet, professor, and critic. He studied English, history, and theology at University college, the University of Ibadan. His first novel *Things Fall Apart* (1958) is the most widely read book in modern African literature.



His later novels include *No Longer at Ease* (1960), *Arrow of God* (1964), *A Man of the People* (1966), *Anthills of the Savannah* (1987), and his last novel *There Was a Country* was published in 2012. He also published a large number of short stories, children's books, and essay collections. Since he was born in the Igbo village of Ogidi in south-eastern Nigeria, his novels focus on the traditions of Igbo society. He wrote about the cultural and political turmoil of Nigeria, from colony to postcolony, and through civil war and beyond.

The story '*Civil Peace*' (1971) is set in the aftermath of the Nigerian Civil War. It is about the effects of the Nigerian Civil War on the people, and the “civil peace” that followed. Nigeria became an independent nation from the British colony in 1960. The Nigerian Civil War began in 1967 when the Igbo tried to separate from Nigeria to form the independent Republic of Biafra. After enduring three years of bloody battles, the Ibo were forced to surrender in 1970, ending the war. Biafrans suffered a severe famine due to the effect of war. Nearly a million people died of starvation.

Reading

Jonathan Iwegbu counted himself extra-ordinarily lucky. 'Happy survival!' meant so much more to him than just a current fashion of greeting old friends in the first

hazy days of peace. It went deep to his heart. He had come out of the war with five inestimable blessings - his head, his wife Maria's head and the heads of three out of their four children. As a bonus he also had his old bicycle - a miracle too but naturally not to be compared to the safety of five human heads.

The bicycle had a little history of its own. One day at the height of the war it was commandeered 'for urgent military action'. Hard as its loss would have been to him he would still have let it go without a thought had he not had some doubts about the genuineness of the officer. It wasn't his disreputable rags, nor the toes peeping out of one blue and one brown canvas shoe, nor yet the two stars of his rank done obviously in a hurry in biro, that troubled Jonathan; many good and heroic soldiers looked the same or worse. It was rather a certain lack of grip and firmness in his manner. So Jonathan, suspecting he might be amenable to influence, rummaged in his raffia bag and produced the two pounds with which he had been going to buy firewood which his wife, Maria, retailed to camp officials for extra stock-fish and corn meal, and got his bicycle back. That night he buried it in the little clearing in the bush where the dead of the camp, including his own youngest son, were buried. When he dug it up again a year later after the surrender all it needed was a little palm-oil greasing. 'Nothing puzzles God,' he said in wonder.

He put it to immediate use as a taxi and accumulated a small pile of Biafran money ferrying camp officials and their families across the four-mile stretch to the nearest tarred road. His standard charge per trip was six pounds and those who had the money were only glad to be rid of some of it in this way. At the end of a fortnight he had made a small fortune of one hundred and fifteen pounds.

Then he made the journey to Enugu and found another miracle waiting for him. It was unbelievable. He rubbed his eyes and looked again and it was still standing there before him. But, needless to say, even that monumental blessing must be accounted also totally inferior to the five heads in the family. This newest miracle was his little house in Ogui Overside. Indeed, nothing puzzles God! Only two houses away a huge concrete edifice some wealthy contractor had put up just before the war was a mountain of rubble. And here was Jonathan's little zinc house of no regrets built with mud blocks quite intact! Of course the doors and windows were missing and five sheets off the roof.

But what was that? And anyhow he had returned to Enugu early enough to pick up bits of old zinc and wood and soggy sheets of cardboard lying around the neighbourhood before thousands more came out of their forest holes looking for the same things.

He got a destitute carpenter with one old hammer, a blunt plane and a few bent and rusty nails in his tool bag to turn this assortment of wood, paper and metal into door and window shutters for five Nigerian shillings or fifty Biafran pounds. He paid the pounds, and moved in with his overjoyed family carrying five heads on their shoulders. His children picked mangoes near the military cemetery and sold them to soldiers' wives for a few pennies - real pennies this time - and his wife started making breakfast akara balls for neighbours in a hurry to start life again. With his family earnings he took his bicycle to the villages around and bought fresh palm-wine which he mixed generously in his rooms with the water which had recently started running again in the public tap down the road, and opened up a bar for soldiers and other lucky people with good money.

At first he went daily, then every other day and finally once a week, to the offices of the Coal Corporation where he used to be a miner, to find out what was what. The only thing he did find out in the end was that that little house of his was even a greater blessing than he had thought. Some of his fellow ex-miners who had nowhere to return at the end of the day's waiting just slept outside the doors of the offices and cooked what meal they could scrounge together in Bournvita tins. As the weeks lengthened and still nobody could say what was what Jonathan discontinued his weekly visits altogether and faced his palm-wine bar.

But nothing puzzles God. Came the day of the windfall when after five days of endless scuffles in queues and counter-queues in the sun outside the Treasury he had twenty pounds counted into his palms as ex-gratia award for the rebel money he had turned in. It was like Christmas for him and for many others like him when the payments began. They called it (since few could manage its proper official name) egg-rasher.

As soon as the pound notes were placed in his palm Jonathan simply closed it tight over them and buried fist and money inside his trouser pocket. He had to be extra careful because he had seen a man a couple of days earlier collapse into near-madness in an instant before that oceanic crowd because no sooner had he got his twenty pounds than some heartless ruffian picked it off him. Though it was not right that a man in such an extremity of agony should be blamed yet many in the queues that day were able to remark quietly at the victim's carelessness, especially after he pulled out the innards of his pocket and revealed a hole in it big enough to pass a thief's head. But of course he had insisted that the money had been in the other pocket, pulling it out too to show its comparative wholeness. So one had to be careful.

Jonathan soon transferred the money to his left hand and pocket so as to leave his

right free for shaking hands should the need arise, though by fixing his gaze at such an elevation as to miss all approaching human faces he made sure that the need did not arise, until he got home.

He was normally a heavy sleeper but that night he heard all the neighbourhood noises die down one after another. Even the night watchman who knocked the hour on some metal somewhere in the distance had fallen silent after knocking one o'clock'. That must have been the last thought in Jonathan's mind before he was finally carried away himself. He couldn't have been gone for long, though, when he was violently awakened again.

'Who is knocking?' whispered his wife lying beside him on the floor.

'I don't know,' he whispered back breathlessly.

The second time the knocking came it was so loud and imperious that the rickety old door could have fallen down.

'Who is knocking?' he asked them, his voice parched and trembling.

'Na tief-man and him people,' came the cool reply. 'Make you hopen de door.' This was followed by the heaviest knocking of all.

Maria was the first to raise the alarm, then he followed and all their children.

'Police-o! Thieves-o! Neighbours-o! Police-o! We are lost! We are dead! Neighbours, are you asleep? Wake up! Police-o!'

This went on for a long time and then stopped suddenly. Perhaps they had scared the thief away. There was total silence. But only for a short while.

'You done finish?' asked the voice outside. 'Make we help you small. Oya, everybody!'

'Police-o! Tief-man-so! Neighbours-o! we done loss-o! Police- o!...'

There were at least five other voices besides the leader's.

Jonathan and his family were now completely paralysed by terror. Maria and the children sobbed inaudibly like lost souls. Jonathan groaned continuously.

The silence that followed the thieves' alarm vibrated horribly. Jonathan all but begged their leader to speak again and be done with it.

'My frien,' said he at long last, 'we don try our best for call dem but I think say dem all done sleep-o ... So wetin we go do now? Sometaim you wan call soja? Or you wan make we call dem for you? Soja better pass police. No be so?'

'Na so!' replied his men. Jonathan thought he heard even more voices now than before and groaned heavily. His legs were sagging under him and his throat felt like sandpaper.

'My friend, why you no de talk again. I de ask you say you wan make we call soja?'

'No'.

'Awrighto. Now make we talk business. We no be bad fief. We no like for make trouble. Trouble done finish. War done finish and all the katakata wey de for inside. No Civil War again. This time na Civil Peace. No be so?'

'Na so!' answered the horrible chorus.

'What do you want from me? I am a poor man. Everything I had went with this war. Why do you come to me? You know people who have money. We. ...'

'Awright! We know say you no get plenty money. But we sef no get even anini. So derefore make you open dis window and give us one hundred pound and we go commot. Orderwise we de come for inside now to show you guitar-boy like dis ...'

A volley of automatic fire rang through the sky. Maria and the children began to weep aloud again.

'Ah, missisi de cry again. No need for dat. We done talk say we na good tief. We just take our small money and go nwayor-ly. No molest. Abi we de molest?'

'At all!' sang the chorus.

'My friends,' began Jonathan hoarsely. 'I hear what you say and I thank you. If I had one hundred pounds ...'

'Lookia my frien, no be play we come play for your house. If we make mistake and step for inside you no go like am-o. So derefore ...'

'To God who made me; if you come inside and find one hundred pounds, take it and shoot me and shoot my wife and children. I swear to God. The only money I have in this life is this twenty-pounds egg-rasher they gave me today ...'

'Ok. Time de go. Make you open dis window and bring the twenty pound. We go manage am like dat.'

There were now loud murmurs of dissent among the chor- us: 'Na lie de man de lie; e get plenty money ... Make we go inside and search properly well ... Wetin be twenty pound? ...'

'Shurrup!' rang the leader's voice like a lone shot in the sky and silenced the murmuring at once. 'Are you dere? Bring the money quick!'

'I am coming,' said Jonathan fumbling in the darkness with the key of the small wooden box he kept by his side on the mat.

At the first sign of light as neighbours and others assembled to commiserate with him

he was already strapping his five-gallon demijohn to his bicycle carrier and his wife, sweating in the open fire, was turning over akara balls in a wide clay bowl of boiling oil. In the corner his eldest son was rinsing out dregs of yesterday's palm-wine from old beer bottles.

'I count it as nothing,' he told his sympathizers, his eyes on the rope he was tying. 'What is egg-rasher? Did I depend on it last week? Or is it greater than other things that went with the war? I say, let egg-rasher perish in the flames! Let it go where everything else has gone. Nothing puzzles God.'

Glossary

akara balls (n.): deep fried balls of ground beans

amenable (adj.): responsive, open

anini (n.): a small Nigerian coin worth less than one cent

Biafran (n.): of the rebellious southeastern region of Nigeria, which declared itself the independent Republic of Biafra in the Civil War of 1967

biro (n.): British expression for 'ballpoint pen'

commandeer (v.): to seize for military use

commiserate (v.): sympathize with or show sorrow for

demijohn (n.): a large bottle with a short neck

destitute (adj.): lacking the basic necessities of life' poverty-stricken

disreputable (adj.): not respectable; having or deserving a bad reputation

dissent (n.): disagreement; refusal to accept a common opinion

edifice (n.): a building, especially a large, important-looking one

Enugu (n.): a city in southeastern Nigeria

fortnight (n.): British English for 'two weeks'

katakata (n.): (Nigerian English dialect) confusion, trouble

Na tief-man... hopen de door (dialect): I am a thief of my accomplices. Open the door.

raffia bag (n.): a bag woven from the fibers of the raffia palm tree

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

- a. Why did Jonathan think of himself as 'extraordinarily lucky'?

- b. What are the 'five blessings' for which Jonathan is grateful?
- c. Why did Jonathan mistrust the officer who wanted to take his bicycle? What does this tell you about the situation in Nigeria?
- d. What visitors might be at the door? Are Jonathan and his wife completely surprised? Explain.
- e. Why does no one in the neighbourhood respond when the thieves pound on Jonathan's door? Why do the thieves call for the police?

Reference to the context

- a. What does Jonathan mean by his expression "Nothing puzzles God"? What does this expression reveal about his character? Explain by citing details from the story.
- b. How does Jonathan change as he experiences the conflicts in his life? Explain.
- c. Read the extract and answer the questions below.
"To God who made me; if you come inside and find one hundred pounds, take it and shoot me and shoot my wife and children. I swear to God. The only money I have in this life is this twenty pounds egg-rasher they gave me today ..."
 - i. Who is the speaker?
 - ii. Who is the speaker talking to?
 - iii. Who does "they" refer to?
- d. Nigerian English has words like soja 'soldier' and katakata 'confusion', 'trouble' derived apparently from English words but transformed by native languages' phonologies. What does the author's use of dialect here add to the story?
- e. Why do you think the thieves who come to rob Jonathan speak English with a heavier African accent than Jonathan does?
- f. The title of the story "Civil Peace" itself is ironical as there is little to differentiate 'civil peace' from 'civil war'. Do you think that the title of this story is appropriate, or would "Civil War" have been a better title? Explain.

Reference beyond the text

- a. How would you describe the civil peace in Nigeria?
- b. What kind of attitude towards life do you think you would have if your situation was similar to that of Jonathan's?
- c. Draw the character sketch of Jonathan Iwegbu.