

Resonance- II

II Semester B.A. / B.S.W. /B. A. (Music)

Editor:
Dr. Chitra Panikkar

PRASARANGA
BENGALURU CENTRAL UNIVERSITY (BCU)
BANGALURU

RESONANCE–II: General English Text Book for II Semester B.A/B.S.W/B.A (Music) and other courses coming under Faculty of Arts, is prepared by the Members of the Textbook Committee, Bengaluru Central University (BCU).

**© Bengaluru Central University
First Edition : 2020**

Published by:

**Bengaluru Central University Press
Bengaluru Central University (BCU)
Central College Campus
Bengaluru- 560001.**

FOREWORD

RESONANCE–II General English Text Book for II Semester B.A/B.S.W/B.A (Music) and other courses coming under Faculty of Arts, Bengaluru Central University (BCU) has been designed with the dual-objective of inducing literary sensibility and developing linguistic skills in students. Both of these have been combined in a single text instead of two separate texts. This is the first General English Text Book for Undergraduate students of BCU, Bengaluru, prepared by the Members of the Textbook Committee.

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

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

Prof. S. Japhet
Vice-Chancellor
Bengaluru Central University
Bengaluru-560001.

PREFACE

The General English Coursebook for II Semester B.A, RESONANCE-II, introduces undergraduate students to a spectacular kaleidoscope of literary selections that cover a wide range of subjects and issues. These model pieces of writing cast in different genres and forms are meant not only to cultivate literary sensibilities in students but also to sensitise them to social concerns. It is assumed that the thinking practices and extended activities incorporated as part of every lesson-plan would help students interpret literature as a form of cultural expression.

The Coursebook has two parts: Part I comprises the literary component; Part II concentrates on language. The language section is designed to perfect and hone the soft skills of students pertaining to effective verbal expression and communication.

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

I would like to thank Poornima.P.S, the Chairperson and her team of teachers, who have put in all their time and effort into the realisation of this textbook. I thank the Vice Chancellor Central University for their consistent support. I also thank the publisher, who helped us bring out the book on time.

Dr. Chitra Panikkar
Chairperson,
UG Board of Studies,
Bengaluru Central University,
Bengaluru.

MEMBERS OF THE BOARD OF STUDIES

Dr. Chitra Panikkar

Chairperson
Board of Studies in English, UG
Bengaluru Central University (BCU)
Bengaluru-560001

1. Dr. Ramadevi .M.

Government Arts College,
Dr. Ambedkar Veedhi,
Bengaluru- 560001.

2. Prof. M. Shivaprasad

Vivekananda Degree College,
Dr.Rajkumar Road,
Bengaluru-560055.

3. Prof. Mah Jabeen

B.M.S College for Women,
Bengaluru- 560004.

4. Usharani.C.P

S.J.R.College of Arts, Science and Commerce,
Race Course Road,
Bengaluru-560009.

5. Dr. Macquillin. C.D

H.K.E.S Veerendra Patil Degree College,
Sadashivanagar,
Bengaluru- 560 080.

6. Dr. R Rajaram

St. Joseph's College of Commerce (Autonomous),
Bengaluru- 560 025.

7. Dr. N.S. Gundur,

Tumkur University,
Tumkur -572 102.

8. Prof. Kannan

Akkamahadevi Women's University,
Jnana Shakthi Campus, Tonvi,
Vijayapura - 585 101.

MEMBERS OF THE TEXTBOOK COMMITTEE

Poornima.P.S.

Chairperson
Government Arts College,
Dr. B.R. Ambedkar Veedhi,
Bengaluru -560 001

Prof. Mah Jabeen

Member, Board of Studies
B.M.S College for Women,
Bengaluru- 560004

1. Prof. PremaKumari.H.N.

Vivekananda College,
Dr.Raj Kumar Road,
Bengaluru-560055.

2. Dr. Sahana Priyadarshini

Government First Grade College,
Mallerswaram,
Bengaluru-560012.

3. Prof. Suvarna .V. Patil

Government Science College (Autonomous),
N.T. Road,
Bengaluru -560001.

4. Prof. Nisha. D. Borges

Nagarjuna Degree College,
Yelahanka,
Bengaluru-560064.

5. Prof. Asma Fathima

Abbas Khan Degree College for Women,
Cubbonpet,
Bengaluru- 560002.

6. Dr. Vedha Surendra

Baldwin Women's Methodist College,
Richmond Road,
Bengaluru-560025.

NOTE TO THE TEACHER

The General English Textbook prescribed for the courses coming under the faculty of Arts is aimed at exposing the students to various genres. Some of the genres have already been introduced in the I Semester Textbook. Care is taken to create awareness about the current affairs and the prevailing social issues. Students can easily relate to certain literary pieces especially the poem, 'Shut Down the Shop', which emphasises the impact of globalization. The poem, 'The Cold Within' draws attention to the concept of discrimination based on various aspects. Another trend witnessed today is the migration of Indians to the Western world in search of greener pastures. The story, 'Mrs. Dutta Writes a Letter' depicts the plight of the Indian diaspora.

The grammar section introduced in the II Semester begins with verbs, phrases, phrasal verbs and clauses to reinforce the basic skills of syntax. Employability today is largely dependent on communication skills. Dialogue to narration with a special focus on writing skills caters to the demand of job market. Passive voice enables report writing and academic writing skills which gives them a cutting edge in the competitive world. The section concludes with Letters of Complaint which helps the students learn the skill of letter writing in the appropriate language and tone.

The committee believes that the grammar section goes a long way in brightening the career prospects of the students. Space given at the end of each lesson provides an opportunity to prepare the gist of the units which will help them become self-reliant. This will invariably benefit the students and serve as a confidence booster.

Poornima.P.S.
Chairperson,
Text Book Committee
BCU, Bengaluru.

CONTENTS

PART I - LITERARY SECTION

| | | |
|---|-------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. Shut Down the Shop | - <i>K. S. Nissar Ahmed</i> | 10 |
| 2. A Face in the Dark | - <i>Ruskin Bond</i> | 14 |
| 3. Give All to Love | - <i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> | 18 |
| 4. The Cold Within | - <i>James Patrick Kinney</i> | 23 |
| 5. Mrs. Dutta Writes a Letter | - <i>Chitra B. Divakaruni</i> | 27 |
| 6. The Fly | - <i>Katherine Mansfield</i> | 46 |
| 7. The Good, Bad, and In-between of Social Media | | 54 |
| 8. Hayavadana | - <i>Girish Karnad</i> | 61 |

PART II- GRAMMAR SECTION

| | |
|---------------------------------|------------|
| 1. VERBS | 81 |
| 2. PHARASES | 86 |
| 3. PHRASAL VERBS | 90 |
| 4. CLAUSES | 92 |
| 5. DIALOGUE TO NARRATION | 96 |
| 6. PASSIVE VOICE | 103 |
| 7. LETTERS OF COMPLAINT | 109 |
| | |
| QUESTION PAPER PATTERN | 114 |
| | |
| MODEL QUESTION PAPER | 116 |

1. SHUT DOWN THE SHOP

- K. S. Nissar Ahmed

Pre-reading Activity:

- *Have you heard of barter system? How has it evolved into the present-day mall culture?*
- *Discuss the impact of shopping malls on retail outlets.*
- *Which is your favourite shopping jaunt? Why?*
- *What are your childhood memories of shopping?*

Note on the Author:



K. S. Nissar Ahmed (5 February, 1936) is an Indian poet and writer in Kannada language. He holds a post-graduate degree in Geology and worked as an Assistant Geologist in The Mysore Mines. He worked as a lecturer in Geology in Bangalore, Chitradurga and Shivamogga. He is best known for 'Nityotsava'- a collection of poems. He was the 73rd President for Kannada Sahitya Sammelana held at Shivamogga in the year 2007. K S Nissar Ahmed had the honour of inaugurating the 407th edition of Mysuru Dasara. He is a recipient of a number of awards: The Karnataka Sahitya Akademi

Award for Poetry (1982), Rajyotsava Award (1981), Nadoja Award (2003), Padma Shri (2008), Pampa Award (2017) and an honorary doctorate from Kuvempu University.

The poem 'Shut down the Shop' depicts the plight of the small shops which sold varied kinds of goods earlier. With the onset of globalization they are depleting in number, jeopardizing the shopkeeper's livelihood. The goods sold in the malls show the change in the taste of the customers and the strategies of the multinational companies to lure them. The poet sarcastically tells the shopkeepers to shut down the shops on their own since the mall culture will devour them sooner or later.

.....

Shut down the shop
How long will you sport
Your scattered wares and display them for sale?
However much you publicise

Can you exhaust the stale contents?

Though the shop is kept open always,
A place that would not allow sunlight
Wooden planks kept to guard the shop
The door that is century old,
Shut it, so as not to reopen
Let not others ridicule you for your predicament.

The octagon shaped clock that refuses to show time is broken down,
Handing cob-webs
Eaten away by the rusting metallic board.
Is this not enough to reveal your trading?
The last of your employees have given up their jobs,
In search of new avenues.
Who would buy, even if you lend them?
Fly covered lemon and garlic peppermint?
When petty shops can sell
Imported toffees, chewing gums and mesmerizing scent?

This street had a shop or two, in those days,
You were the ruler, provided all, as did *Kamadhenu*
But today, can be found at every step, a luxury shop
That can supply anything at our door step
You too had supplied in the past,
Refined, edible groceries without any fraud in weights and measures,
So, your shop was swarming with customers all day and night.
But, things are different now.
Even if you beg, the buyers hesitate to buy anything.
A thousand or two, was your capital huge,
Dealings you could enthrall
Long before this *mohalla* became extant
Now with the populace exceeding millions.

Day after day, with increasing rivalry in trade,
At least now change for the better
Before this petty shop could be discarded with contempt,
Shut down the shop, on your own, forever,
Lest you suffer, dishonor and ridicule,
Live your life well,
Like an Hon'ble person in exile.

Glossary:

| | |
|-------------------------|--|
| ridicule | : mockery |
| predicament | : embarrassing situation |
| mesmerizing | : capturing ones' attention as if by magic |
| <i>Kamadhenu</i> | : divine bovine goddess described in Hinduism as Gou Matha (cow of plenty) provides |
| | her owner whatever he desires. |
| enthrall | : attract |
| <i>mohalla</i> | : locality |
| contempt | : dislike/ hatred |
| lest | : so as not to (suffer) |
| exile | : the state or a period of forced absence from one's country or home |

Comprehension Questions:

I. Answer the following questions in a sentence or two each:

1. How is the shopkeeper trying to sell the wares of the shop?
2. What forced the employees to give up their jobs?
3. Mention a few things sold at the petty shop.
4. Why is the shop compared to *Kamadhenu*?
5. Why should the shopkeeper shut down his shop?

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

1. Describe the condition of the petty shop.
2. The shopkeeper's predicament is derided throughout the poem. Explicate.
3. The shopkeeper is compared to '*Kamadhenu*' in the past, but things are different now. Explain.
4. The poet concludes with the lines, 'Live your life well, Like an Hon'ble person in exile'. What is the irony implied here?

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

1. Globalization is detrimental to retail shopkeepers. Substantiate the statement.
2. What tone does the title 'Shut down the Shop' indicate? Can you suggest alternative measures for the sustenance of the small shopkeepers?
3. 'Out with the old, in with the new' is a popular saying. Study the poem from this perspective.
4. The retail shops cater to the needs of the people whereas the malls satiate the greed of the people. Do you agree? Justify your views

2. A FACE IN THE DARK

-*Ruskin Bond*

Pre -reading Activity:

- *What are supernatural forces? Can you recollect any movie based on the same?*
- *Have you ever passed through deserted roads on a new moon day? Share your experience.*
- *Do you think educated people believe in superstitions?*

Note on the Author:



Ruskin Bond was born in Kasauli (Himachal Pradesh) in 1934. He grew up in Jamnagar (Gujarat), Dehradun, New Delhi and Shimla. An Indian author of British descent, he is a prolific writer whose works are popular with adults and children alike. His first novel, *The Room on the Roof*, written when he was seventeen, received the John Llewellyn Rhys Memorial Prize in 1957. Since then he has written over 500 short stories, essays and novellas (including *Vagrants in the Valley* and *A Flight of Pigeons*) and more than forty books for children. He received the Sahitya Akademi Award for English writing in India in 1993, the Padma Shri in 1999, and the Delhi government's Lifetime Achievement Award in 2012.

In the story 'A Face in the Dark', Ruskin Bond relates a thrilling incident set amidst the picturesque hills around Shimla. He makes skilful use of all the elements of a horror story – fear, surprise, suspense and mystery to explore humanity's collective fascination with the dark. His fascination with the paranormal finds expression in this macabre tale. Mr. Oliver, a school teacher is on his way back to his house late one night when he meets a strange young boy- the encounter fills him with terror and he takes to his heels...Only to discover that there is no escape for him...

Mr. Oliver, an Anglo-Indian teacher, was returning to his school late one night, on the outskirts of the hill-station of Shimla. From before Kipling's time, the school had been run on English public school lines; and the boys, most of them from wealthy Indian families, wore blazers, caps and ties. Life magazine, in a feature on India, had once called it the 'Eton of the East'. Mr. Oliver had been teaching in the school for several years.

The Shimla Bazaar, with its cinemas and restaurants, was about three miles from the school; and Mr. Oliver, a bachelor, usually strolled into the town in the evening, returning after dark, when he would take a short cut through the pine forest.

When there was a strong wind, the pine trees made sad, eerie sounds that kept most people to the main road. But Mr. Oliver was not a nervous or imaginative man. He carried a torch, and its gleam-the batteries were running down-moved fitfully down the narrow forest path. When its flickering light fell on the figure of a boy, who was sitting alone on a rock, Mr. Oliver stopped. Boys were not supposed to be out after dark.

‘What are you doing out here, boy?’ asked Mr. Oliver sharply, moving closer so that he could recognize the miscreant. But even as he approached the boy, Mr. Oliver sensed that something was wrong. The boy appeared to be crying. His head hung down, he held his face in his hands, and his body shook convulsively. It was a strange, soundless weeping, and Mr. Oliver felt distinctly uneasy.

‘Well, what’s the matter?’ he asked, his anger giving way to concern. ‘What are you crying for?’ The boy would not answer or look up. His body continued to be racked with silent sobbing. ‘Come on, boy, you shouldn’t be out here at this hour. Tell me the trouble. Look up!’ The boy looked up. He took his hands from his face and looked up at his teacher. The light from Mr. Oliver’s torch fell on the boy’s face – if you could call it a face.

It had no eyes, ears, nose or mouth. It was just a round smooth head-with a school cap on top of it! And that’s where the story should end. But for Mr. Oliver it did not end here.

The torch fell from his trembling hand. He turned and scrambled down the path, running blindly through the trees and calling for help. He was still running towards the school buildings when he saw a lantern swinging in the middle of the path. Mr. Oliver stumbled up to the watchman, gasping for breath. ‘What is it, Sahib?’ asked the watchman. ‘Has there been an accident? Why are you running?’

‘I saw something-something horrible- a boy weeping in the forest-and he had no face!’

‘No face, Sahib?’

‘No eyes, nose, mouth-nothing!’

‘Do you mean it was like this, Sahib?’ asked the watchman, and raised the lamp to his own face. The watchman had no eyes, no ears, no features at all –not even an eyebrow! And that’s when the wind blew the lamp out.

Glossary:

| | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| strolled | : walk leisurely |
| eerie | : unnerving |
| flickering | : wavering |
| miscreant | : troublemaker |
| convulsively | : uncontrollably |
| racked | : disturbed |
| sobbing | : crying |
| gasping | : struggle for breath |

Comprehension Questions:

I. Answer the following questions in a word or a sentence each:

1. What was the usual leisure activity of Mr. Oliver?
2. Life magazine had called the school
3. What did Mr. Oliver carry with him when he walked through the pine forest?
4. Where did Mr. Oliver find the boy? Why was Mr. Oliver surprised?
5. What was the boy doing when Mr. Oliver found him?
6. Why did Mr. Oliver feel distinctly uneasy when he walked through the pine forest?
7. Why was Mr. Oliver shocked to see the boy's face?
8. What did Oliver see when he was still running?
9. What did the watchman do when the teacher was running?

II. Answer the following questions in a page each:

1. What kind of man was Mr. Oliver as described earlier by the author? How did he prove himself opposite of this description?
2. How did Mr. Oliver express his concern for the boy? How did the boy react to it?
3. What suspense and thrill do you find at the end of the story?

III. Answer the following questions in two pages each:

1. Describe Mr. Oliver's encounter with the boy?
2. How successful is Ruskin Bond in creating an eerie atmosphere and suspense in the story?
3. 'A Face in the Dark' is a supernatural story. Comment.
4. How does the macabre tale relate to the title 'A Face in the Dark.'?

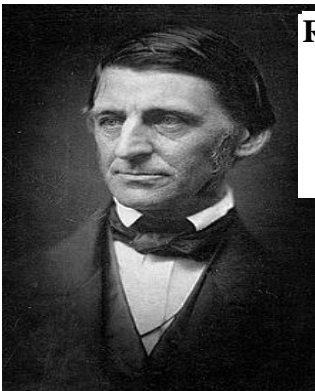
3. GIVE ALL TO LOVE

-Ralph Waldo Emerson

Pre-reading Activity:

- What are your views on love?
- Whom do you consider very dear/precious? Why?
- Is altruistic sacrifice necessary for love? Debate.
- How do you cope with grief and loss?

Note on the Author:



Ralph Waldo Emerson (May 25, 1803 – April 27, 1882) was an American essayist, lecturer, philosopher, and a poet who led the transcendentalist movement in the mid-19th century. His first publication, "Thoughts on the Religion of the Middle Ages" appeared in 1822 in the *Christian Disciple*.

He was the founder of the Transcendental Club in 1836, a meeting point for intellectuals in New England like Henry David Thoreau, Margaret Fuller and Henry William Chunning. Emerson gradually moved away from the religious and social beliefs of his contemporaries, formulating and expressing the philosophy of transcendentalism in his 1836 essay "Nature". Following this work, he gave a speech entitled "The American Scholar" in 1837, which was considered to be America's "intellectual Declaration of Independence."

Emerson's first two collections of essays, *Essays: First Series* (1841) and *Essays: Second Series* (1844), represent the core of his thinking. They include the well-known essays "Self-Reliance", "The Over-Soul", "Circles", "The Poet", and "Experience".

In the poem 'Give All to Love', Emerson emphasizes one's selfless sacrifice to love, the struggles he endures to transcend the grief of losing it and the consolation he gets by accrediting love as 'Nature' and 'God'.

Give all to love;
Obey thy heart;
Friends, kindred, days,
Estate, good-fame,
Plans, credit and the Muse,—
Nothing refuse.

'T is a brave master;
Let it have scope:
Follow it utterly,
Hope beyond hope:

High and more high
It dives into noon,
With wing unspent,
Untold intent:
But it is a god,
Knows its own path
And the outlets of the sky.

It was never for the mean;
It requireth courage stout.
Souls above doubt,
Valor unbending,
It will reward,—
They shall return
More than they were,
And ever ascending.

Leave all for love;
Yet, hear me, yet,
One word more thy heart behoved,
One pulse more of firm endeavour,—
Keep thee to-day,
To-morrow, forever,
Free as an Arab
Of thy beloved.

Cling with life to the maid;
But when the surprise,
First vague shadow of surmise
Flits across her bosom young,
Of a joy apart from thee,
Free be she, fancy-free;
Nor thou detain her vesture's hem,
Nor the palest rose she flung
From her summer diadem.

Though thou loved her as thyself,
As a self of purer clay,
Though her parting dims the day,
Stealing grace from all alive;
Heartily know,
When half-gods go,
The gods arrive.

Transcendentalism is derived from the Latin word '*transcendere*', which means "above or beyond." A transcendentalist believes in the existence of a divine world beyond the world of the senses. The divine cannot be known by reason or rational analysis but it can be felt and experienced by the spirit through intuition. Man can know the divine and ultimately unify with it through Nature which speaks to the soul and not to the reasoning faculty. Thus, there is unification of God, Man and Nature. The transcendentalist stressed the worth of an individual, dignity of the human soul and taught man to rely on himself, on his intuition, natural instincts and impulses, and not on any authority or tradition, however sacred or old.

Glossary:

| | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| Thy | : your |
| kindred | : family |
| Muse | :inspiration |
| 'Tis | : it's |
| requireth | :requires (needs) |
| stout | :strong, firm |
| valor | : courage |
| ascending | : increasing |
| behooved | : duty/ obligation |
| endeavour | : attempt |
| Arab | : Bedouin (nomadic) |
| thee | : you |
| cling | : hold on to |
| maid | :beloved/wife |
| vague | : unclear |
| flits | : move swiftly |
| detain | : keep |
| vesture's hem | : edge of the dress |
| palest | : faint/ dull |
| diadem | : crown |
| half-gods | : mortal beings |

Comprehension Questions:

I. Answer the following questions in a sentence or two each:

1. What does the poet mean by "all" in the line, 'Give All to Love'?
2. One must obey thy _____ to give all to love (fill in the blank).
3. _____ knows its own path.
a) Mean heart b) love c) hope
4. Is love meant for the 'mean' kind? What does it require?

5. How can the beloved's soul be set free?
6. What dims the poet's life?
7. 'Half-Gods' mean

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

1. According to the poet what must one do to be rewarded abundantly by love?
2. Bring out the qualities of love as delineated through the poem.
3. What are the hints stated by the poet which surmise that he's going to lose his love? How does he attempt to cope with the loss?
4. How does the poet attempt to merge materialism and spirituality in the lines, 'When half-Gods leave, The Gods arrive'?

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

1. 'Love is personified as a leader and a master who guides the individual to an ascending path'. Explain.
2. Emerson's individual struggles with love are manifested in the theme of the poem. Elucidate.
3. The poem 'Give All to Love' connects the finite circles of natural order with the infinite eternal order through individual feelings and experiences governed by love. Discuss with reference to the poem.

Suggested Reading:

- ◆ Nothing Gold Can Stay – Robert Frost
- ◆ Daisy Time – Marjorie Pickthall
- ◆ An Absent Soul- Federico Garcia Lorca

Extended Activity:

- ◆ Make a list of transcendental poets and their works. Collect a few transcendental quotes.
- ◆ Watch a documentary on Ralph Waldo Emerson.
- ◆ Nature is a stress buster. Discuss.

E- source:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ralph_Waldo_Emerson

4. THE COLD WITHIN

-James Patrick Kinney

Pre-reading Activity:

- *Discrimination and Racism are raising their heads time and again. Discuss*
- *Humans lack humanity. Do you agree? Discuss in groups*
- *When is 'Vishwamanava Dina' observed? What does it signify?*

Note on the Author:



James Patrick Kinney (16 March, 1923- 29 May, 1974): Born in a humble Irish family, James Patrick Kinney, an Irish American poet, was mostly self-educated. Owing to the responsibility of his mother, upon reaching 10th grade in high school, James dropped out. It was during this period of self-education that he started taking interest in poetry. A man of integrity, Kinney lived his principles and created poems that spoke his heart. Primarily known for his poem, “The Cold Within”, James received recognition posthumously. His other popular works are A Better world, A poem, A Glimpse of Pioneer ways and Gone Camping (Eulogy to Johny).

The poem ,‘The Cold Within’ is a simple yet powerful reminder that if we selfishly hold on to the world’s resources, and the wealth that it has to offer, if we persist in discriminating on grounds of race, religion, caste, gender and ethnicity, we are all lost.

Six humans trapped by happenstance
In bleak and bitter cold.
Each one possessed a stick of wood
Or so the story’s told.

Their dying fire in need of logs
The first man held his back
For of the faces round the fire
He noticed one was black.

The next man looking 'cross the way
Saw one not of his church
And couldn't bring himself to give
The fire his stick of birch.

The third one sat in tattered clothes.
He gave his coat a hitch.
Why should his log be put to use
To warm the idle rich?

The rich man just sat back and thought
Of the wealth he had in store
And how to keep what he had earned
From the lazy shiftless poor.

The black man's face bespoke revenge
As the fire passed from his sight.
For all he saw in his stick of wood
Was a chance to spite the white.

The last man of this forlorn group
Did nought except for gain.
Giving only to those who gave
Was how he played the game.

Their logs held tight in death's still hands
Was proof of human sin.
They didn't die from the cold without
They died from the cold within.

Glossary:

| | |
|------------------------------|--|
| trapped | : caught in a difficult and inescapable situation |
| happenstance | : chance, here it refers to an event which seems to be pre- arranged and not accidental |
| stick of wood | : small log of wood |
| back | : did not give up |
| black | : of African origin |
| not of his church | : person of different religion |
| bring himself to give | : force himself to give something |

| | |
|------------------------------|--|
| tattered clothes | : rags |
| gave his coat a hitch | : tightened his coat, symbolic of his meanness |
| idle rich | : the rich who do not work hard but thrive on the labor of the poor |
| shiftless | : without ambition to succeed in life |
| bespoke | : showed |
| spite | : hatred |
| forlorn | : lonely |
| nought | : nothing |
| cold without | : cold weather outside |
| cold within | : lack of human feelings like kindness, generosity, selflessness, etc. |

Comprehension Questions:

I. Answer the following questions in a sentence or two each:

1. Where are the six men trapped?
2. What does the first person hold back? Why?
3. The third man sat in _____ clothes.
4. What thoughts run in the rich man's mind?
5. Explain the phrase 'forlorn group'. Which figure of speech is used here?
6. What game is the poet referring to while mentioning the last man of the group?
7. All six men died with their logs tightly clutched in their hands. (True/ False)

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

1. What message is the poet trying to convey in the poem? Does he succeed in doing so?
2. How does the poet bring out the lack of warmth and compassion in human beings?
3. Prejudices and cold heartedness bring self-destruction. Explicate this line in context to the poem.

5. MRS. DUTTA WRITES A LETTER

- Chitra B. Divakaruni

Pre-reading Activity:

- *Students move from one country to another to pursue studies or for a career. How do they adapt themselves in the new environment?*
- *Contrast the role played by a woman in India and in America.*
- *Does race, culture or ethnicity shape an individual's identity? Discuss.*

Note on the Author:



Chitra Divakaruni was born in Calcutta, India, on July 29, 1956, into a traditional, middle-class Indian family. She lived in several Indian cities while she was growing up and then attended the University of Calcutta, where she earned her bachelor's degree in English. Her family expected that she would get married after she finished her education and spend her time raising a family in India. However, in 1976, when she was nineteen, she immigrated to the United States. In 1978, she graduated with a Master's Degree in

English from Wright State University in Dayton, Ohio. The next year, she married S. Murthy Divakaruni, although not in a traditional arranged marriage. In 1985, she graduated from the University of California at Berkeley with her Doctorate in English. While she was a student at Berkeley, she volunteered at a women's center, where she worked with abused women. This experience inspired her in many ways. After school, she taught creative writing at Diablo Valley College (1987–1989). She also began writing her own poems.

The story 'Mrs. Dutta Writes a Letter' revolves around the first generation diaspora woman Mrs. Prameela Dutta, who leaves India, and immigrates to the USA. Mrs. Dutta looks forward to a happy life with her son and his family. However she finds that she is ill-prepared for life there as a wave of nostalgia sweeps her. Although, she feels alienated, displaced and fervently yearns for her home in India, she attempts to adapt and learn to accept life in America. The story relies on a unique plot device, which helps to drive it forward. The plot device consists of two letters- Mrs. Basu's letter and Mrs. Dutta's response which play a pivotal role in making Mrs. Dutta realise her inner strength and change her long-held beliefs. She finally explores her inner voice to fight her pretentious halo of happiness to a real one .

WHEN the alarm goes off at 5:00 A.M., buzzing like a trapped wasp, Mrs. Dutta has been lying awake for quite a while. She still has difficulty sleeping on the Perma Rest mattress that Sagar and Shyamoli, her son and daughter-in-law, have bought specially for her, though she has had it now for two months. It is too American-soft,



unlike the reassuringly solid copra ticking she used at home. *But this is home now*, she reminds herself. She reaches hurriedly to turn off the alarm, but in the dark her fingers get confused among the knobs, and the electric clock falls with a thud to the floor. Its angry metallic call vibrates through the walls of her room, and she is sure it will wake everyone.

She yanks frantically at the wire until she feels it give, and in the abrupt silence that follows she hears herself breathing, a sound harsh and uneven and full of guilt.

Mrs. Dutta knows, of course, that this ruckus is her own fault. She should just not set the alarm. She does not need to get up early here in California, in her son's house. But the habit, taught her by her mother-in-law when she was a bride of seventeen, *A good wife wakes before the rest of the household*, is one she finds impossible to break. How hard it was then to pull her unwilling body away from the sleep-warm clasp of her husband, Sagar's father, whom she had just learned to love; to stumble to the kitchen that smelled of stale garam masala and light the coal stove so that she could make morning tea for them all -- her parents- in- law, her husband, his two younger brothers, and the widowed aunt who lived with them.

After dinner, when the family sits in front of the TV, she tries to tell her grandchildren about those days. "I was never good at starting that stove -- the smoke stung my eyes, making me cough and cough. Breakfast was never ready on time, and my mother- in- law -- oh, how she scolded me, until I was in tears. Every night I'd pray to Goddess Durga, please let me sleep late, just one morning!"

"Mmmm," Pradeep says, bent over a model plane.

"Oooh, how awful," Mrinalini says, wrinkling her nose politely before she turns back to a show filled with jokes that Mrs. Dutta does not understand.

"That's why you should sleep in now, Mother," Shyamoli says, smiling at her from the recliner where she sits looking through *The Wall Street Journal*. With her legs crossed so elegantly under the shimmery blue skirt she has changed into after work, and her unusually fair skin, she could pass for an American, thinks Mrs. Dutta, whose own skin is as brown as roasted cumin. The thought fills her with an uneasy pride.

From the floor where he leans against Shyamoli's knee, Sagar adds, "We want you to be comfortable, Ma. To rest. That's why we brought you to America."

In spite of his thinning hair and the gold- rimmed glasses that he has recently taken to wearing, Sagar's face seems to Mrs. Dutta still that of the boy she used to send off to primary school with his metal tiffin box. She remembers how he crawled into her bed on stormy monsoon nights, how when he was ill, no one else could make him drink his barley water. Her heart lightens in sudden gladness because she is really here, with him and his children in America. "Oh, Sagar," she says, smiling, "now you're talking like this! But did you give me a moment's rest while you were growing up?" And she launches into a description of childhood pranks that has him shaking his head indulgently while disembodied TV laughter echoes through the room.

But later he comes into her bedroom and says, a little shamefaced, "Mother, please don't get up so early in the morning. All that noise in the bathroom -- it wakes us up, and Molli has such a long day at work."

And she, turning a little so that he won't see her foolish eyes filling with tears, as though she were a teenage bride again and not a woman well over sixty, nods her head, *yes*,

WAITING for the sounds of the stirring household to release her from the embrace of her Perma Rest mattress, Mrs. Dutta repeats the 108 holy names of God. *Om Keshavaya Namah, Om Narayanaya Namah, Om Madhavaya Namah*. But underneath she is thinking of the bleached-blue aerogram from Mrs. Basu that has been waiting unanswered on her bedside table all week, filled with news from home. Someone robbed the Sandhya jewelry store. The bandits had guns, but luckily no one was hurt. Mr. Joshi's daughter, that sweet-faced child, has run away with her singing teacher. Who would've thought it? Mrs. Barucha's daughter-in-law had one more baby girl. Yes, their fourth. You'd think they'd know better than to keep trying for a boy. Last Tuesday was Bangla Bandh, another labor strike, everything closed down, not even the buses running. But you can't really blame them, can you? After all, factory workers have to eat too. Mrs. Basu's tenants, whom she'd been trying to evict forever, finally moved out. Good riddance, but you should see the state of the flat.

At the very bottom Mrs. Basu wrote, *Are you happy in America?*

Mrs. Dutta knows that Mrs. Basu, who has been her closest friend since they both moved to Ghoshpara Lane as young brides, cannot be fobbed off with descriptions of Fisherman's Wharf and the Golden Gate Bridge, or even with anecdotes involving grandchildren. And so she has been putting off her reply, while in her heart family loyalty battles with insidious feelings of -- but she turns from them quickly and will not name them even to herself.

Now Sagar is knocking on the children's doors -- a curious custom this, children being allowed to close their doors against their parents. With relief Mrs. Dutta gathers up her bathroom things. She has plenty of time. Their mother will have to rap again before Pradeep and Mrinalini open their doors and stumble out. Still, Mrs. Dutta is not one to waste the precious morning. She splashes cold water on her face and neck (she does not believe in pampering herself), scrapes the night's gumminess from her tongue with her metal tongue cleaner, and brushes vigorously, though the minty toothpaste does not leave her mouth feeling as clean as does the bittersweet neem stick she's been using all her life. She combs the knots out of her hair. Even at her age it is thicker and silkier than her daughter-in-law's permed curls. *Such vanity*, she scolds her reflection, *and you a grandmother and a widow besides*. Still, as she deftly fashions her hair into a neat coil, she remembers how her husband would always compare it to monsoon clouds.

She hears a sudden commotion outside.

"Pat! Minnie! What d'you mean you still haven't washed up? I'm late to work every morning nowadays because of you kids."

"But, Mom, *she's* in there. She's been there forever..." Mrinalini says.

Pause. Then, "So go to the downstairs bathroom."

"But all our stuff is here," Pradeep says, and Mrinalini adds, "It's not fair. Why can't *she* go downstairs?"

A longer pause. Mrs. Dutta hopes that Shyamoli will not be too harsh with the girl. But a child who refers to elders in that disrespectful way ought to be punished. How many times did she slap Sagar for something far less, though he was her only one, the jewel of her eye, come to her after she had been married for seven years and everyone had given up hope? Whenever she lifted her hand to him, her heart was pierced through and through. Such is a mother's duty.

But Shyamoli only says, in a tired voice, "That's enough! Go put on your clothes, hurry!"

The grumblings recede. Footsteps clatter down the stairs. Inside the bathroom Mrs. Dutta bends over the sink, fists tight in the folds of her sari. Hard with the pounding in her head to think what she feels most -- anger at the children for their rudeness, or at Shyamoli for letting them go unrebuked. Or is it shame she feels (but why?), this burning, acid and indigestible, that coats her throat in molten metal?

It is 9:00 A.M., and the house, after the flurry of departures, of frantic "I can't find my socks" and "Mom, he took my lunch money" and "I swear I'll leave you kids behind if you're not in the car in exactly one minute," has settled into its quiet daytime rhythms.

Busy in the kitchen, Mrs. Dutta has recovered her spirits. Holding on to grudges is too exhausting, and besides, the kitchen -- sunlight spilling across its countertops while the refrigerator hums reassuringly in the background -- is her favorite place.

Mrs. Dutta hums too as she fries potatoes for alu dum. Her voice is rusty and slightly off-key. In India she would never have ventured to sing, but with everyone gone the house is too quiet, all that silence pressing down on her like the heel of a giant hand, and the TV voices, with their strange foreign accents, are no help at all. As the potatoes turn golden-brown, she permits herself a moment of nostalgia for her Calcutta kitchen -- the new gas stove she bought with the birthday money Sagar sent, the scoured-shiny brass pots stacked by the meat safe, the window with the lotus-pattern grille through which she could look down on white-uniformed children playing cricket after school. The mouth-watering smell of ginger and chili paste, ground fresh by Reba, the maid, and, in the evening, strong black Assam tea brewing in the kettle when Mrs. Basu came by to visit. In her mind she writes to Mrs. Basu: *Oh, Roma, I miss it all so much. Sometimes I feel that someone has reached in and torn out a handful of my chest.*

But only fools indulge in nostalgia, so Mrs. Dutta shakes her head clear of images and straightens up the kitchen. She pours the half-drunk glasses of milk down the sink, though Shyamoli has told her to save them in the refrigerator. But surely Shyamoli, a girl from a good Hindu family, doesn't expect her to put contaminated *jutha* things with the rest of the food. She

washes the breakfast dishes by hand instead of letting them wait inside the dishwasher till night, breeding germs. With practiced fingers she throws an assortment of spices into the blender: coriander, cumin, cloves, black pepper, a few red chilies for vigor. No stale bottled curry powder for her. *At least the family's eating well since I arrived*, she writes in her mind. *Proper Indian food, puffed-up chapatis, fish curry in mustard sauce, and real pulao with raisins and cashews and ghee -- the way you taught me, Roma -- instead of Rice-a-roni*. She would like to add, *they love it*, but thinking of Shyamoli, she hesitates.

At first Shyamoli was happy enough to have someone take over the cooking. "It's wonderful to come home to a hot dinner," she'd say. Or "Mother, what crispy papads, and your fish curry is out of this world." But recently she has taken to picking at her food, and once or twice from the kitchen Mrs. Dutta has caught wisps of words, intensely whispered: "cholesterol," "all putting on weight," "she's spoiling you." And though Shyamoli always says no when the children ask if they can have burritos from the freezer instead, Mrs. Dutta suspects that she would really like to say yes.

The children. A heaviness pulls at Mrs. Dutta's entire body when she thinks of them. Like so much in this country, they have turned out to be -- yes, she might as well admit it a disappointment.

For this she blames, in part, the Olan Mills portrait. Perhaps it was foolish of her to set so much store by a photograph, especially one taken years ago. But it was such a charming scene -- Mrinalini in a ruffled white dress with her arm around her brother, Pradeep chubby and dimpled in a suit and bow tie, a glorious autumn forest blazing red and yellow behind them. (Later Mrs. Dutta was saddened to learn that the forest was merely a backdrop in a studio in California, where real trees did not turn such colors.)

The picture had arrived, silver- framed and wrapped in a plastic sheet filled with bubbles, with a note from Shyamoli explaining that it was a Mother's Day gift. (A strange concept, a day set aside to honor mothers. Did the sahibs not honor their mothers the rest of the year, then?) For a week Mrs. Dutta could not decide where it should be hung. If she put it in the drawing room, visitors would be able to admire her grandchildren, but if she put it on the bedroom wall, she would be able to see the photo last thing before she fell asleep. She finally opted for the bedroom, and later, when she was too ill with pneumonia to leave her bed for a month, she was glad of it.

Mrs. Dutta was accustomed to living on her own. She had done it for three years after Sagar's father died, politely but stubbornly declining the offers of various relatives, well- meaning and otherwise, to come and stay with her. In this she surprised herself as well as others, who thought of her as a shy, sheltered woman, one who would surely fall apart without her husband to handle things for her. But she managed quite well. She missed Sagar's father, of course, especially in the evenings, when it had been his habit to read to her the more amusing parts of the newspaper while she rolled out chapatis. But once the grief receded, she found she enjoyed being mistress of her own life, as she confided to Mrs. Basu. She liked being able, for the first time ever, to lie in bed all evening and read a new novel of Shankar's straight through if she wanted, or to send out

for hot eggplant pakoras on a rainy day without feeling guilty that she wasn't serving up a balanced meal.

When the pneumonia hit, everything changed.

Mrs. Dutta had been ill before, but those illnesses had been different. Even in bed she'd been at the center of the household, with Reba coming to find out what should be cooked, Sagar's father bringing her shirts with missing buttons, her mother-in-law, now old and tamed, complaining that the cook didn't brew her tea strong enough, and Sagar running in crying because he'd had a fight with the neighbor boy. But now she had no one to ask her, querulously, *Just how long do you plan to remain sick?* No one waited in impatient exasperation for her to take on her duties again. No one's life was inconvenienced the least bit by her illness.

Therefore she had no reason to get well.

When this thought occurred to Mrs. Dutta, she was so frightened that her body grew numb. The walls of the room spun into blackness; the bed on which she lay, a vast four-poster she had shared with Sagar's father since their wedding, rocked like a dinghy caught in a storm; and a great hollow roaring reverberated inside her head. For a moment, unable to move or see, she thought, *I'm dead*. Then her vision, desperate and blurry, caught on the portrait. *My grandchildren*. With some difficulty she focused on the bright, oblivious sheen of their faces, the eyes so like Sagar's that for a moment heartsickness twisted inside her like a living thing. She drew a shudder of breath into her aching lungs, and the roaring seemed to recede. When the afternoon post brought another letter from Sagar -- *Mother, you really should come and live with us. We worry about you all alone in India, especially when you're sick like this* -- she wrote back the same day, with fingers that still shook a little, *You're right: my place is with you, with my grandchildren*.

But now that she is here on the other side of the world, she is wrenched by doubt. She knows the grandchildren love her -- how can it be otherwise among family? And she loves them, she reminds herself, even though they have put away, somewhere in the back of a closet, the vellum-bound *Ramayana for Young Readers* that she carried all the way from India in her hand luggage. Even though their bodies twitch with impatience when she tries to tell them stories of her girlhood. Even though they offer the most transparent excuses when she asks them to sit with her while she chants the evening prayers. *They're flesh of my flesh, blood of my blood*, she reminds herself. But sometimes when she listens, from the other room, to them speaking on the phone, their American voices rising in excitement as they discuss a glittering, alien world of Power Rangers, Metallica, and Spirit Week at school, she almost cannot believe what she hears.

STEPPING into the back yard with a bucket of newly washed clothes, Mrs. Dutta views the sky with some anxiety. The butter-gold sunlight is gone, black-bellied clouds have taken over the horizon, and the air feels still and heavy on her face, as before a Bengal storm. What if her clothes don't dry by the time the others return home?

Washing clothes has been a problem for Mrs. Dutta ever since she arrived in California.

"We can't, Mother," Shyamoli said with a sigh when Mrs. Dutta asked Sagar to put up a clothesline for her in the back yard. (Shyamoli sighed often nowadays. Perhaps it was an American habit? Mrs. Dutta did not remember that the Indian Shyamoli, the docile bride she'd mothered for a month before putting her on a Pan Am flight to join her husband, pursed her lips in quite this way to let out a breath at once patient and exasperated.) "It's just not *done*, not in a nice neighborhood like this one. And being the only Indian family on the street, we have to be extra careful. People here sometimes" She broke off with a shake of her head. "Why don't you just keep your dirty clothes in the hamper I've put in your room, and I'll wash them on Sunday along with everyone else's."

Afraid of causing another sigh, Mrs. Dutta agreed reluctantly. She knew she should not store unclean clothes in the same room where she kept the pictures of her gods. That would bring bad luck. And the odor. Lying in bed at night she could smell it distinctly, even though Shyamoli claimed that the hamper was airtight. The sour, starchy old-woman smell embarrassed her.

She was more embarrassed when, on Sunday afternoons, Shyamoli brought the laundry into the family room to fold. Mrs. Dutta would bend intently over her knitting; face tingling with shame, as her daughter-in-law nonchalantly shook out the wisps of lace, magenta and sea-green and black those were her panties, placing them next to a stack of Sagar's briefs. And when, right in front of everyone, Shyamoli pulled out Mrs. Dutta's crumpled, baggy bras from the heap, she wished the ground would open up and swallow her, like the Sita of mythology.

Then one day Shyamoli set the clothes basket down in front of Sagar.

"Can you do them today, Sagar?" (Mrs. Dutta, who had never, through the forty-two years of her marriage, addressed Sagar's father by name, tried not to wince.) "I've *got* to get that sales report into the computer by tonight."

Before Sagar could respond, Mrs. Dutta was out of her chair, knitting needles dropping to the floor.

"No, no, no, clothes and all is no work for the man of the house. I'll do it." The thought of her son's hands searching through the basket and lifting up his wife's -- and her own -- underclothes filled her with horror.

"Mother!" Shyamoli said. "This is why Indian men are so useless around the house. Here in America we don't believe in men's work and women's work. Don't I work outside all day, just like Sagar? How'll I manage if he doesn't help me at home?"

"I'll help you instead," Mrs. Dutta ventured.

"You don't understand, do you, Mother?" Shyamoli said with a shaky smile. Then she went into the study.

Mrs. Dutta sat down in her chair and tried to understand. But after a while she gave up and whispered to Sagar that she wanted him to teach her how to run the washer and dryer.

"Why, Mother? Molli's quite happy to ..."

"I've got to learn it ..." Her voice was low and desperate as she rummaged through the tangled heap for her clothes.

Her son began to object and then shrugged. "Oh, very well. If it makes you happy."

But later, when she faced the machines alone, their cryptic symbols and rows of gleaming knobs terrified her. What if she pressed the wrong button and flooded the entire floor with soapsuds? What if she couldn't turn the machines off and they kept going, whirring maniacally, until they exploded? (This had happened on a TV show just the other day. Everyone else had laughed at the woman who jumped up and down, screaming hysterically, but Mrs. Dutta sat stiff-spined, gripping the armrests of her chair.) So she has taken to washing her clothes in the bathtub when she is alone. She never did such a chore before, but she remembers how the village washerwomen of her childhood would beat their saris clean against river rocks. And a curious satisfaction fills her as her clothes hit the porcelain with the same solid wet *thunk*.

My small victory, my secret.

This is why everything must be dried and put safely away before Shyamoli returns. Ignorance, as Mrs. Dutta knows well from years of managing a household, is a great promoter of harmony. So she keeps an eye on the menacing advance of the clouds as she hangs up her blouses and underwear, as she drapes her sari along the redwood fence that separates her son's property from the neighbor's, first wiping the fence clean with a dish towel she has secretly taken from the bottom drawer in the kitchen. But she isn't worried. Hasn't she managed every time, even after that freak hailstorm last month, when she had to use the iron from the laundry closet to press everything dry? The memory pleases her. In her mind she writes to Mrs. Basu: *I'm fitting in so well here, you'd never guess I came only two months back. I've found new ways of doing things, of solving problems creatively. You would be most proud if you saw me.*

WHEN Mrs. Dutta decided to give up her home of forty-five years, her relatives showed far less surprise than she had expected. "Oh, we all knew you'd end up in America sooner or later," they said. She had been foolish to stay on alone so long after Sagar's father, may he find eternal peace, passed away. Good thing that boy of hers had come to his senses and called her to join him. Everyone knows a wife's place is with her husband, and a widow's is with her son.

Mrs. Dutta had nodded in meek agreement, ashamed to let anyone know that the night before she had awakened weeping.

"Well, now that you're going, what'll happen to all your things?" they asked.

Mrs. Dutta, still troubled over those traitorous tears, had offered up her household effects in propitiation. "Here, Didi, you take this cutwork bedspread. Mashima, for a long time I have

meant for you to have these Corning Ware dishes; I know how much you admire them. And Boudi, this tape recorder that Sagar sent a year back is for you. Yes, yes, I'm quite sure. I can always tell Sagar to buy me another one when I get there."

Mrs. Basu, coming in just as a cousin made off triumphantly with a bone-china tea set, had protested. "Prameela, have you gone crazy? That tea set used to belong to your mother-in-law.

"But what'll I do with it in America? Shyamoli has her own set"

A look that Mrs. Dutta couldn't read flitted across Mrs. Basu's face. "But do you want to drink from it for the rest of your life?"

"What do you mean?"

Mrs. Basu hesitated. Then she said, "What if you don't like it there?"

"How can I not like it, Roma?" Mrs. Dutta's voice was strident, even to her own ears. With an effort she controlled it and continued. "I'll miss my friends, I know -- and you most of all. And the things we do together -- evening tea, our walk around Rabindra Sarobar Lake, Thursday night Bhagavad Gita class. But Sagar -- they're my only family. And blood is blood, after all."

"I wonder," Mrs. Basu said drily, and Mrs. Dutta recalled that though both of Mrs. Basu's children lived just a day's journey away, they came to see her only on occasions when common decency dictated their presence. Perhaps they were tightfisted in money matters, too. Perhaps that was why Mrs. Basu had started renting out her downstairs a few years earlier, even though, as anyone in Calcutta knew, tenants were more trouble than they were worth. Such filial neglect must be hard to take, though Mrs. Basu, loyal to her children as indeed a mother should be, never complained. In a way, Mrs. Dutta had been better off, with Sagar too far away for her to put his love to the test.

"At least don't give up the house," Mrs. Basu was saying. "You won't be able to find another place in case ... "

"In case what?" Mrs. Dutta asked, her words like stone chips. She was surprised to find that she was angrier with Mrs. Basu than she'd ever been. Or was she afraid? *My son isn't like yours*, she'd been on the verge of spitting out. She took a deep breath and made herself smile, made herself remember that she might never see her friend again.

"Ah, Roma," she said, putting her arm around Mrs. Basu. "You think I'm such an old witch that my Sagar and my Shyamoli will be unable to live with me?"

MRS. Dutta hums a popular Tagore song as she pulls her sari from the fence. It's been a good day, as good as it can be in a country where you might stare out the window for hours and not see one living soul. No vegetable vendors with enormous wicker baskets balanced on their heads, no knife sharpeners with their distinctive call *scissors- knives-choppers, scissors- knives-choppers* to bring the children running. No peasant women with colorful tattoos on their arms to

sell you cookware in exchange for your old silk saris. Why, even the animals that frequented Ghoshpara Lane had personality -- stray dogs that knew to line up outside the kitchen door just when the leftovers were likely to be thrown out; the goat that maneuvered its head through the garden grille hoping to get at her dahlias; cows that planted themselves majestically in the center of the road, ignoring honking drivers. And right across the street was Mrs. Basu's two-story house, which Mrs. Dutta knew as well as her own. How many times had she walked up the stairs to that airy room, painted sea-green and filled with plants, where her friend would be waiting for her?

Mrs. Dutta tells herself severely. *Every single one of your relatives would give an arm and a leg to be in your place, you know that. After lunch you're going to write a nice letter to Roma telling her exactly how delighted you are to be here.*

From where Mrs. Dutta stands, gathering up petticoats and blouses, she can look into the next yard. Not that there's much to see -- just tidy grass and a few pale-blue flowers whose name she doesn't know. Two wooden chairs sit under a tree, but Mrs. Dutta has never seen anyone using them. *What's the point of having such a big yard if you're not even going to sit in it?* she thinks. Calcutta pushes itself into her mind again, with its narrow, blackened flats where families of six and eight and ten squeeze themselves into two tiny rooms, and her heart fills with a sense of loss she knows to be illogical.

When she first arrived in Sagar's home, Mrs. Dutta wanted to go over and meet her next-door neighbors, maybe take them some of her special sweet rasogollahs, as she'd often done with Mrs. Basu. But Shyamoli said she shouldn't. Such things were not the custom in California, she explained earnestly. You didn't just drop in on people without calling ahead. Here everyone was busy; they didn't sit around chatting, drinking endless cups of sugar-tea. Why, they might even say something unpleasant to her.

"For what?" Mrs. Dutta had asked disbelievingly, and Shyamoli had said, "Because Americans don't like neighbors to" -- here she used an English phrase -- "invade their privacy." Mrs. Dutta, who didn't fully understand the word "privacy," because there was no such term in Bengali, had gazed at her daughter-in-law in some bewilderment. But she understood enough not to ask again. In the following months, though, she often looked over the fence, hoping to make contact. People were people, whether in India or in America, and everyone appreciated a friendly face. When Shyamoli was as old as Mrs. Dutta, she would know that too.

Today, just as she is about to turn away, out of the corner of her eye Mrs. Dutta notices a movement. At one of the windows a woman is standing, her hair a sleek gold like that of the TV heroines whose exploits baffle Mrs. Dutta when she tunes in to an afternoon serial. She is smoking a cigarette and a curl of gray rises lazily, elegantly, from her fingers. Mrs. Dutta is so happy to see another human being in the middle of her solitary day that she forgets how much she disapproves of smoking, especially in women. She lifts her hand in the gesture she has seen her grandchildren use to wave an eager hello.

The woman stares back at Mrs. Dutta. Her lips are a perfect painted red, and when she raises her cigarette to her mouth, its tip glows like an animal's eye. She does not wave back or smile.

Perhaps she is not well? Mrs. Dutta feels sorry for her, alone in her illness in a silent house with only cigarettes for solace, and she wishes the etiquette of America did not prevent her from walking over with a word of cheer and a bowl of her fresh-cooked alu dum.

Mrs Dutta rarely gets a chance to be alone with her son. In the morning he is in too much of a hurry even to drink the fragrant cardamom tea that she (remembering how as a child he would always beg for a sip from her cup) offers to make him. He doesn't return until dinnertime, and afterward he must help the children with their homework, read the paper, hear the details of Shyamoli's day, watch his favorite TV crime show in order to unwind, and take out the garbage. In between, for he is a solicitous son, he converses with Mrs. Dutta. In response to his questions she assures him that her arthritis is much better now; no, no, she's not growing bored being at home all the time; she has everything she needs Shyamoli has been so kind. But perhaps he could pick up a few aerograms on his way back tomorrow? She obediently recites for him an edited list of her day's activities, and smiles when he praises her cooking. But when he says, "Oh, well, time to turn in, another working day tomorrow," she feels a vague pain, like hunger, in the region of her heart.

So it is with the delighted air of a child who has been offered an unexpected gift that she leaves her half-written letter to greet Sagar at the door today, a good hour before Shyamoli is due back. The children are busy in the family room doing homework and watching cartoons (mostly the latter, Mrs. Dutta suspects). But for once she doesn't mind, because they race in to give their father hurried hugs and then race back again. And she has him, her son, all to herself in a kitchen filled with the familiar, pungent odors of tamarind sauce and chopped coriander leaves.

"Khoka," she says, calling him by a childhood name she hasn't used in years, "I could fry you two-three hot-hot luchis, if you like." As she waits for his reply, she can feel, in the hollow of her throat, the rapid thud of her heart. And when he says yes, that would be very nice, she shuts her eyes tight and takes a deep breath, and it is as though merciful time has given her back her youth, that sweet, aching urgency of being needed again.

MRS. Dutta is telling Sagar a story.

"When you were a child, how scared you were of injections! One time, when the government doctor came to give us compulsory typhoid shots, you locked yourself in the bathroom and refused to come out. Do you remember what your father finally did? He went into the garden and caught a lizard and threw it in the bathroom window, because you were even more scared of lizards than of shots. And in exactly one second you ran out screaming right into the waiting doctor's arms."

Sagar laughs so hard that he almost upsets his tea (made with real sugar, because Mrs. Dutta knows it is better for her son than that chemical powder Shyamoli likes to use). There are tears in his eyes, and Mrs. Dutta, who had not dared to hope that he would find her story so amusing, feels gratified. When he takes off his glasses to wipe them, his face is oddly young, not like a father's at all, or even a husband's, and she has to suppress an impulse to put out her hand and rub away the indentations that the glasses have left on his nose.

"I'd totally forgotten," Sagar says. "How can you keep track of those old, old things?"

Mrs. Dutta thinks. *To tell those stories over and over, until they are lodged, perforce, in family lore. We are the keepers of the heart's dusty corners.*

But as she starts to say this, the front door creaks open, and she hears the faint click of Shyamoli's high heels. Mrs. Dutta rises, collecting the dirty dishes.

"Call me fifteen minutes before you're ready to eat, so that I can fry fresh luchis for everyone," she tells Sagar.

"You don't have to leave, Mother," he says.

Mrs. Dutta smiles her pleasure but doesn't stop. She knows that Shyamoli likes to be alone with her husband at this time, and today, in her happiness, she does not grudge her this.

"You think I've nothing to do, only sit and gossip with you?" she mock-scolds. "I want you to know I have a very important letter to finish."

Somewhere behind her she hears a thud -- a briefcase falling over. This surprises her. Shyamoli is always careful with it, because it was a gift from Sagar when she was finally made a manager in her company.

"Hi!" Sagar calls, and when there's no answer, "Hey, Molli, you okay?"

Shyamoli comes into the room slowly, her hair disheveled as though she has been running her fingers through it. Hot color blotches her cheeks.

"What's the matter, Molli?" Sagar walks over to give her a kiss. "Bad day at work?" Mrs. Dutta, embarrassed as always by this display of marital affection, turns toward the window, but not before she sees Shyamoli move her face away.

"Leave me alone." Her voice is low, shaking. "Just leave me alone."

"But what is it?" Sagar says with concern.

"I don't want to talk about it right now." Shyamoli lowers herself into a kitchen chair and puts her face in her hands. Sagar stands in the middle of the room, looking helpless. He raises his hand and lets it fall, as though he wants to comfort his wife but is afraid of what she might do. A protective anger for her son surges inside Mrs. Dutta, but she moves away silently. In her mind- letter she writes, *Women need to be strong, not react to every little thing like this. You and I, Roma, we had far worse to cry about, but we shed our tears invisibly. We were good wives and daughters- in- law, good mothers. Dutiful, uncomplaining. Never putting ourselves first.*

A sudden memory comes to her, one she hasn't thought of in years -- a day when she scorched a

special kheer dessert. Her mother-in-law had shouted at her, "Didn't your mother teach you anything, you useless girl?" As punishment she refused to let Mrs. Dutta go with Mrs. Basu to the cinema, even though *Sahib, Bibi aur Ghulam*, which all Calcutta was crazy about, was playing, and their tickets were bought already. Mrs. Dutta had wept the entire afternoon, but before Sagar's father came home, she washed her face carefully with cold water and applied *kajal* to her eyes so that he wouldn't know.

But everything is getting mixed up, and her own young, trying-not-to-cry face blurs into another -- why, it's Shyamoli's -- and a thought hits her so sharply in the chest that she has to hold on to her bedroom wall to keep from falling. *And what good did it do? The more we bent, the more people pushed us, until one day we'd forgotten that we could stand up straight. Maybe Shyamoli's the one with the right idea after all ...*

Mrs. Dutta lowers herself heavily onto her bed, trying to erase such an insidious idea from her mind. Oh, this new country, where all the rules are upside down, it's confusing her. The space inside her skull feels stirred up, like a pond in which too many water buffaloes have been wading. Maybe things will settle down if she can focus on the letter to Roma.

Then she remembers that she has left the half-written aerogram on the kitchen table. She knows she should wait until after dinner, after her son and his wife have sorted things out. But a restlessness -- or is it defiance? -- has taken hold of her. She is sorry that Shyamoli is upset, but why should she have to waste her evening because of that? She'll go get her letter -- it's no crime, is it? She'll march right in and pick it up, and even if Shyamoli stops in mid-sentence with another one of those sighs, she'll refuse to feel apologetic. Besides, by now they're probably in the family room, watching TV.

She writes in her head, as she feels her way along the unlighted corridor, *the amount of TV they watch here is quite scandalous. The children, too, sitting for hours in front of that box like they've been turned into painted dolls, and then talking back when I tell them to turn it off.* Of course she will never put such blasphemy into a real letter. Still, it makes her feel better to be able to say it, if only to herself.

In the family room the TV is on, but for once no one is paying it any attention. Shyamoli and Sagar sit on the sofa, conversing. From where she stands in the corridor, Mrs. Dutta cannot see them, but their shadows -- enormous against the wall where the table lamp has cast them -- seem to flicker and leap at her.

She is about to slip unseen into the kitchen when Shyamoli's rising voice arrests her. In its raw, shaking unhappiness it is so unlike her daughter-in-law's assured tones that Mrs. Dutta is no more able to move away from it than if she had heard the call of the *nishi*, the lost souls of the dead, the subject of so many of the tales on which she grew up.

"It's easy for you to say 'Calm down.' I'd like to see how calm *you'd* be if she came up to you and said, 'Kindly tell the old lady not to hang her clothes over the fence into my yard.' She said it twice, like I didn't understand English, like I was a savage. All these years I've been so careful not to give these Americans a chance to say something like this, and now"

"Shhh, Shyamoli, I *said* I'd talk to Mother about it."

"You always say that, but you never *do* anything. You're too busy being the perfect son, tiptoeing around her feelings. But how about mine? Aren't I a person too?"

"Hush, Molli, the children ... "

"Let them hear. I don't care anymore. Besides, they're not stupid. They already know what a hard time I've been having with her. You're the only one who refuses to see it."

In the passage Mrs. Dutta shrinks against the wall. She wants to move away, to hear nothing else, but her feet are formed of cement, impossible to lift, and Shyamoli's words pour into her ears like fire.

"I've explained over and over, and she still does what I've asked her not to -- throwing away perfectly good food, leaving dishes to drip all over the countertops. Ordering my children to stop doing things I've given them permission to do. She's taken over the entire kitchen, cooking whatever she likes. You come in the door and the smell of grease is everywhere, in all our clothes even. I feel like this isn't my house anymore."

"Be patient, Molli. She's an old woman, after all."

"I know. That's why I tried so hard. I know having her here is important to you. But I can't do it any longer. I just can't. Some days I feel like taking the kids and leaving." Shyamoli's voice disappears into a sob.

A shadow stumbles across the wall to her, and then another. Behind the weatherman's nasal tones, announcing a week of sunny days, Mrs. Dutta can hear a high, frightened weeping. The children, she thinks. This must be the first time they've seen their mother cry.

"Don't talk like that, sweetheart." Sagar leans forward, his voice, too, anguished. All the shadows on the wall shiver and merge into a single dark silhouette.

Mrs. Dutta stares at that silhouette, the solidity of it. Sagar and Shyamoli's murmurs are lost beneath the noise in her head, a dry humming -- like thirsty birds, she thinks wonderingly. After a while she discovers that she has reached her room. In darkness she lowers herself onto her bed very gently, as though her body were made of the thinnest glass. Or perhaps ice -- she is so cold. She sits for a long time with her eyes closed, while inside her head thoughts whirl faster and faster until they disappear in a gray dust storm.

WHEN Pradeep finally comes to call her for dinner, Mrs. Dutta follows him to the kitchen, where she fries luchis for everyone, the perfect circles of dough puffing up crisp and golden as always. Sagar and Shyamoli have reached a truce of some kind: she gives him a small smile, and he puts out a casual hand to massage the back of her neck. Mrs. Dutta shows no embarrassment at this. She eats her dinner. She answers questions put to her. She laughs when someone makes a

joke. If her face is stiff, as though she had been given a shot of Novocain, no one notices. When the table is cleared, she excuses herself, saying she has to finish her letter.

Now Mrs. Dutta sits on her bed, reading over what she wrote in the innocent afternoon.

Dear Roma,

Although I miss you, I know you will be pleased to hear how happy I am in America. There is much here that needs getting used to, but we are no strangers to adjusting, we old women. After all, haven't we been doing it all our lives?

Today I'm cooking one of Sagar's favorite dishes, alu dum. It gives me such pleasure to see my family gathered around the table, eating my food. The children are still a little shy of me, but I am hopeful that we'll soon be friends. And Shyamoli, so confident and successful—you should see her when she's all dressed for work. I can't believe she's the same timid bride I sent off to America just a few years ago. But Sagar, most of all, is the joy of my old age . . .

With the edge of her sari Mrs. Dutta carefully wipes a tear that has fallen on the aerogram. She blows on the damp spot until it is completely dry, so the pen will not leave a telltale smudge. Even though Roma would not tell a soul, she cannot risk it. She can already hear them, the avid relatives in India who've been waiting for something just like this to happen. *That Dutta-ginni, so set in her ways, we knew she'd never get along with her daughter-in-law. Or, worse, Did you hear about poor Prameela? How her family treated her? Yes, even her son, can you imagine?*

This much surely she owes to Sagar.

And what does she owe herself, Mrs. Dutta, falling through black night with all the certainties she trusted in collapsed upon themselves like imploded stars, and only an image inside her eyelids for company? A silhouette -- man, wife, children, joined on a wall -- showing her how alone she is in this land of young people. And how unnecessary.

She is not sure how long she sits under the glare of the overhead light, how long her hands clench themselves in her lap. When she opens them, nail marks line the soft flesh of her palms, red hieroglyphs -- her body's language, telling her what to do.

Mrs. Dutta writes,

I cannot answer your question about whether I am happy; for I am no longer sure I know what happiness is. All I know is that it isn't what I thought it to be. It isn't about being needed. It isn't about being with family either. It has something to do with love, I still think that, but in a different way than I believed earlier, a way I don't have the words to explain. Perhaps we can figure it out together, two old women drinking cha in your downstairs flat (for I do hope you will rent it to me on my return) while around us gossip falls—but lightly, like summer rain, for that is all we will allow it to be. If I'm lucky—and perhaps, in spite of all that has happened, I am—the happiness will be in the figuring out.

Pausing to read over what she has written, Mrs. Dutta is surprised to discover this: now that she no longer cares whether tears blotch her letter, she feels no need to weep.

Glossary:

| | |
|-----------------------|---|
| frantically | : in a state of panic |
| abrupt | : sudden hasty transition from one subject to another |
| ruckus | : a noisy disturbance |
| awful | : very bad |
| elegantly | : gracefully smoothly |
| barley water | : a soft drink decoction made by boiling water with Barley and adding sugar and flavoring agent |
| indulgently | : yield to one's own desire |
| disembodied | : having no material body, being immaterial |
| shamefaced | : humiliated |
| deftly | : quickly and neatly |
| aerogram | : letter |
| recede | : to move back |
| grudge | : long term ill-will about someone or something |
| jutha | : half eaten |
| burritos | : a Mexican dish with stuffed meat or vegetables |
| reverberated | : to repel or go back |
| shudder | : a shivering tremor often from fear or horror |
| wrenched | : a violent emotional change caused by separation |
| baffle | : to publicly disgrace |
| hamper | : a plastic basket for holding laundry |
| reluctantly | : in a hesitant manner |
| nonchalantly | : indifferent, unconcerned |
| whirring | : to fly or move rapidly |
| maniacally | : affected with excitement or frenzy |
| thunk | : to strike against something making a thunk (thud) sound |
| rummaged | : to search something thoroughly and with disregard for the way in which things are arranged |
| filial | : respectful of the duties and attitudes of a son or a daughter |
| towards | their parents |
| maneuvered | : a movement often performed with difficulty |
| bewilderment | : a state of being in a confused situation |
| solace | : comfort in a time of loneliness |
| etiquette | : the customary code of polite behaviour in society |
| aching urgency | : painful condition |
| rasgollas | : a sweet dish made with milk and sugar syrup |
| perforce | : by force |
| luchis | : Bengali style deep fried puffed bread |

| | |
|-------------------|---|
| disheveled | : to throw in disorder |
| insidious | : causing harm that is not easily noticed |
| fobbed | : to trick |
| defiance | : the feeling or spirit of being in a rebellious mood |
| blasphemy | : lack of reverence for any religion, deity |
| savage | : unpleasant or unfair |
| tiptoeing | : moving carefully, quietly |
| silhouette | : an illustrated outline filled in with colors, like a shadow |
| hieroglyph | : a system of writing that uses pictures instead of words |

Comprehension Questions:

I. Answer the following questions in a sentence or two each:

1. Where did Mrs. Prameela Dutta immigrate to? Why?
2. What did the mother-in-law teach Prameela when she was a young bride?
3. Why was Mrs. Prameela Dutta punished by her mother-in-law? What was the punishment?
4. Name any two occasions mentioned in the letter by Mrs. Basu?
5. What were the three things that Mrs. Dutta missed the most in California?
6. What was the important question asked by Mrs. Basu in the letter? Why was Mrs. Dutta putting off the reply?
7. Why did Shyamoli stop her mother-in-law from meeting the American neighbors?
8. Where did Mrs. Dutta finally manage to dry her clothes?

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

1. What news did Mrs. Dutta get from Calcutta through Mrs. Basu's letter?
2. Describe Mrs. Prameela Dutta's relationship with her mother-in-law?
3. Why is Mrs. Dutta disappointed in her grandchildren?
4. What do you think Mrs. Dutta purports when she says, "ignorance... is a great promoter of harmony?"
5. 'My small victory, my secret' what is the victory and secret Mrs. Dutta is
6. What does Shyamoli mean when she says, "All these years I've been so careful not to give these Americans a chance to say something like this"?
7. What do you think Mrs. Dutta "owes herself" after overhearing Shyamoli and Sagar's argument?
8. "Now that she no longer cares whether tears blotch her letter, she feels no need to weep"- how do these words reflect the agony of Mrs. Dutta.
9. Why didn't Shyamoli want Mrs. Dutta to visit her neighbors?
10. How did Mrs. Dutta spend the three years after her husband's death?

6. THE FLY

- Katherine Mansfield

Pre-reading Activity:

- Name some of the wars fought in the world.
- Discuss the consequences of the two World Wars.
- What happened in Hiroshima and Nagasaki? How has it affected the people? Has time helped them to overcome the grief?

Note on the Author:



Katherine Mansfield (1888-1922) was born in Wellington, New Zealand. She is known for her short stories and poems. Her most popular stories are *The Garden Party*, *A Dill Pickle*, *Mr and Mrs Dove* and *The Fly*. Mansfield's health began to decline just as her work started receiving international attention. Some of her poems are *A Little Boy's Dream*, *Butterfly Laughter*, *Fairy Tale* etc. Despite her health, she published two major collections, 'Bliss' in 1920, and 'The Garden Party' in 1922. During her writing career, Mansfield was incredibly inspired by the works of Oscar Wilde and Anton Chekhov. Mansfield's creative years were burdened with loneliness, illness, jealousy, alienation, all of which is reflected in her work. Mansfield depicted trivial events and subtle changes in human behaviour.

'The Fly' brings out the polarity between the boss and his friend's reaction towards the loss of their sons in the First World War. It highlights the long term repercussions that war can have on the psyche of the near ones of the departed. It unravels the futile and persistent efforts of the individuals to survive during the war. The pen and the ink symbolize the whims of man (leaders) to victimize the innocent (soldiers) at their discretion during the World Wars.

'Y'are very snug in here,' piped old Mr. Woodifield, and peered out of the great, green-leather armchair by his friend the boss's desk as a baby peers out of its pram. His talk was over; it was time for him to be off. But he did not want to go. Since he had retired, since his ... stroke, the wife and the girls kept him boxed up in the house every day of the week except Tuesday. On

Tuesday he was dressed and brushed and allowed to cut back to the City for the day. Though what he did there the wife and girls couldn't imagine. Made a nuisance of himself to his friends, they supposed....Well, perhaps so. All the same, we cling to our last pleasures as the tree clings to its last leaves. So there sat old Woodifield, smoking a cigar and staring almost greedily at the boss, who rolled in his office chair, stout, rosy, five years older than he, and still going strong, still at the helm. It did one good to see him.

Wistfully, admiringly, the old voice added, 'It's snug in here, upon my word!'

'Yes, it's comfortable enough,' agreed the boss, and he flipped the Financial Times with a paper-knife. As a matter of fact, he was proud of his room; he liked to have it admired, especially by old Woodifield. It gave him a feeling of deep, solid satisfaction to be planted there in the midst of it in full view of that frail old figure in the muffler.

'I've had it done up lately,' he explained, as he had explained for the past how many weeks.

'New carpet,' and he pointed to the bright red carpet with a pattern of large white rings. 'New furniture and he nodded towards the massive bookcase and the table with legs like twisted treacle. 'Electric heating!' He waved almost exultantly towards the five transparent, pearly sausages glowing so softly in the tilted copper pan.

But he did not draw old Woodifield's attention to the photograph over the table of a grave-looking boy in uniform standing in one of those spectral photographers' parks with photographers' storm-clouds behind him. It was not new. It had been there for over six years.

'There was something I wanted to tell you,' said old Woodifield, and his eyes grew dim remembering. 'Now what was it? I had it in my mind when I started out this morning.' His hands began to tremble, and patches of red showed above his beard.

Poor old chap, he's on his last pins, thought the boss. And, feeling kindly, he winked at the old man, and said jokingly,

'I tell you what. I've got a little drop of something here that'll do you good before you go out into the cold again. It's beautiful stuff. It wouldn't hurt a child.' He took a key off his watch-chain, unlocked a cupboard below his desk, and drew forth a dark, squat bottle. 'That's the medicine,' said he. 'And the man from whom I got it told me on the strict Q.Tit came from the cellars at Windsor Castle.'

Old Woodifield's mouth fell open at the sight. He couldn't have looked more surprised if the boss had produced a rabbit.

'It's whisky, ain't it?' he piped feebly.

The boss turned the bottle and lovingly showed him the label. Whisky it was.

'D'you know,' said he, peering up at the boss wonderingly, 'they won't let me touch it at home.' And he looked as though he was going to cry.

'Ah, that's where we know a bit more than the ladies,' cried the boss, swooping across for two tumblers that stood on the table with the water-bottle, and pouring a generous finger into each. 'Drink it down. It'll do you good. And don't put any water with it. It's sacrilege to tamper with stuff like this. Ah!' He tossed off his, pulled out his handkerchief, hastily wiped his moustaches, and cocked an eye at old Woodifield, who was rolling his in his chaps.

The old man swallowed, was silent a moment, and then said faintly, 'It's nutty!'

But it warmed him; it crept into his chill old brain he remembered.

'That was it,' he said, heaving himself out of his chair.

'I thought you'd like to know. The girls were in Belgium last week having a look at poor Reggie's grave, and they happened to come across your boy's. They're quite near each other, it seems.'

Old Woodifield paused, but the boss made no reply. Only a quiver in his eyelids showed that he heard.

'The girls were delighted with the way the place is kept,' piped the old voice. 'Beautifully looked after. Couldn't be better if they were at home. You've not been across, have yer?'

'No, no!' For various reasons the boss had not been across.

'There's miles of it,' quavered old Woodifield, 'and it's all as neat as a garden. Flowers growing on all the graves. Nice broad paths.' It was plain from his voice how much he liked a nice broad path.

The pause came again. Then the old man brightened wonderfully.

'D'you know what the hotel made the girls pay for a pot of jam?' he piped. 'Ten francs! Robbery, I call it. It was a little pot, so Gertrude says, no bigger than a half-crown. And she hadn't taken more than a spoonful when they charged her ten francs. Gertrude brought the pot away with her to teach 'em a lesson. Quite right, too; it's trading on our feelings. They think because we're over there having a look round we're ready to pay anything. That's what it is.' And he turned towards the door.

'Quite right, quite right!' cried the boss, though what was quite right he hadn't the least idea. He came around by his desk, followed the shuffling footsteps to the door, and saw the old fellow out. Woodifield was gone.

For a long moment the boss stayed, staring at nothing, while the grey-haired office messenger, watching him, dodged in and out of his cubby-hole like a dog that expects to be taken for a run. Then: 'I'll see nobody for half an hour, Macey,' said the boss. 'Understand! Nobody at all.'

'Very good, sir.'

The door shut, the firm heavy steps recrossed the bright carpet, the fat body plumped down in the spring chair, and leaning forward, the boss covered his face with his hands. He wanted, he intended, he had arranged to weep....

It had been a terrible shock to him when old Woodifield sprang that remark upon him about the boy's grave. It was exactly as though the earth had opened and he had seen the boy lying there with Woodifield's girls staring down at him. For it was strange. Although over six years had passed away, the boss never thought of the boy except as lying unchanged, unblemished in his uniform, asleep for ever. "My son!" groaned the boss. But no tears came yet. In the past, in the first months and even years after the boy's death, he had only to say those words to be overcome by such grief that nothing short of a violent fit of weeping could relieve him. Time, he had declared then, he had told everybody, could make no difference. Other men perhaps might recover, might live their loss down, but not he. How was it possible! His boy was the only son. Ever since his birth the boss had worked at building up this business for him; it had no other meaning if it was not for the boy. Life itself had come to have no other meaning. How on earth could he have slaved, denied himself, kept going all those years without the promise for ever before him of the boy's stepping into his shoes and carrying on where he left off?

And that promise had been so near being fulfilled. The boy had been in the office learning the ropes for a year before the war. Every morning they had started off together; they had come back by the same train. And what congratulations he had received as the boy's father! No wonder; he had taken to it marvellously. As to his popularity with the staff, every man jack of them down to old Macey couldn't make enough of the boy. And he wasn't in the least spoilt. No, he was just his bright natural self, with the right word for everybody, with that boyish look and his habit of saying, 'Simply splendid!'

But all that was over and done with as though it never had been. The day had come when Macey had handed him the telegram that brought the whole place crashing about his head. 'Deeply regret to inform you ...' And he had left the office a broken man, with his life in ruins.

Six years ago, six years.... How quickly time passed! It might have happened yesterday. The boss took his hands from his face; he was puzzled. Something seemed to be wrong with him. He wasn't feeling as he wanted to feel. He decided to get up and have a look at the boy's photograph. But it wasn't a favourite photograph of his; the expression was unnatural. It was cold, even stern-looking. The boy had never looked like that.

At that moment the boss noticed that a fly had fallen into his broad inkpot, and was trying feebly but desperately to clamber out again. Help! Help! said those struggling legs. But the sides of the inkpot were wet and slippery; it fell back again and began to swim. The boss took up a pen, picked the fly out of the ink, and shook it on to a piece of blotting-paper. For a fraction of a

second it lay still on the dark patch that oozed round it. Then the front legs waved, took hold, and, pulling its small, sodden body up, it began the immense task of cleaning the ink from its wings. Over and under, over and under, went a leg along a wing as the stone goes over and under the scythe. Then there was a pause, while the fly, seeming to stand on the tips of its toes, tried to expand first one wing and then the other. It succeeded at last, and, sitting down, it began, like a minute cat, to clean its face. Now one could imagine that the little front legs rubbed against each other lightly, joyfully. The horrible danger was over; it had escaped; it was ready for life again.

But just then the boss had an idea. He plunged his pen back into the ink, leaned his thick wrist on the blotting-paper, and as the fly tried its wings down came a great heavy blot. What would it make of that! What indeed! The little beggar seemed absolutely cowed, stunned, and afraid to move because of what would happen next. But then, as if painfully, it dragged itself forward. The front legs waved, caught hold, and, more slowly this time, the task began from the beginning.

He's a plucky little devil, thought the boss, and he felt a real admiration for the fly's courage. That was the way to tackle things; that was the right spirit. Never say die; it was only a question of... But the fly had again finished its laborious task, and the boss had just time to refill his pen, to shake fair and square on the new-cleaned body yet another dark drop. What about it this time? A painful moment of suspense followed. But behold, the front legs were again waving; the boss felt a rush of relief. He leaned over the fly and said to it tenderly, "You artful little b..." And he actually had the brilliant notion of breathing on it to help the drying process. All the same, there was something timid and weak about its efforts now, and the boss decided that this time should be the last, as he dipped the pen deep into the inkpot.

It was. The last blot fell on the soaked blotting-paper, and the draggled fly lay in it and did not stir. The back legs were stuck to the body; the front legs were not to be seen.

'Come on,' said the boss. 'Look sharp!' And he stirred it with his pen in vain. Nothing happened or was likely to happen. The fly was dead.

The boss lifted the corpse on the end of the paper-knife and flung it into the waste-paper basket. But such a grinding feeling of wretchedness seized him that he felt positively frightened. He started forward and pressed the bell for Macey.

'Bring me some fresh blotting-paper,' he said sternly, 'and look sharp about it.' And while the old dog padded away he fell to wondering what it was he had been thinking about before. What was it? It was... He took out his handkerchief and passed it inside his collar. For the life of him he could not remember.

Glossary:

| | |
|-----------------------|---|
| snug | : comfortable/warm and cosy |
| helm | : at the top/in authority |
| wistfully | : feeling of vague or regretful longing |
| frail | : weak and delicate |
| exultantly | : triumphantly happy |
| sausages | : minced meat encased in a skin |
| spectral | : of or like a ghost, menacing face |
| Q.T | : abbreviation of quiet transaction/quiet talk |
| sacrilege | : violation or misuse of what is regarded as sacred |
| quiver | : tremble or shake with a slight rapid motion |
| cubby-hole | : a small enclosed space or room |
| every man jack | : each and every person(used for emphasis) |

Comprehension Questions:

I. Answer the following questions in sentence or two each:

1. What is common between the boss and Mr. Woodifield in their personal lives?
2. Why was Woodifield kept boxed up in the house?
3. What did Woodifield do on Tuesdays?
4. How did the boss give a new look to his office?
5. Whose photograph was there on the table? How long had it been there?
6. 'There was something I wanted to tell you,' said old Woodifield. What did he want to tell the boss?
7. Who are the girls referred to in the story? Where did they go?
8. Who is Reggie? What had happened to him?
9. What is the significance of the statement, "There's miles of it"?
10. Why was the boy popular with the office staff?
11. What incident had left the boss in ruins?
12. Why does the boss call the fly as 'a plucky little devil'?
13. How did the boss kill the fly?

II Answer the following questions in about a page each:

1. Compare and contrast Mr.Woodifield and the boss.
2. What information does Mr. Woodifield give about his daughters' visit to Belgium?
3. Bring out the cordiality between the boss and his son.
4. Give an account of the grief of the boss over his son's death.
5. Depict the struggle of the fly. What message do you derive from the struggle of the fly?

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

1. The narrator’s views about life, death, and fate are delineated poignantly in the backdrop of war. Discuss.
2. “War to end all wars” has proven that mankind has to learn the ultimate folly of war. Discuss.
3. Set after World War I, Mansfield’s story offers us many layers of grief. Consider the story in three parts: the initial interaction with Woodfield, the grappling with the memory of the boy, and finally with the fly. Each section conveys a different sense of mourning and a different side of the man’s character. Discuss.
4. The narrator has redefined the concept of time as a healer. Substantiate.

Suggested Reading:

- ◆ Strange Meeting (poem) - Wilfred Edward Salter Owen
- ◆ War and Peace - Leo Tolstoy
- ◆ Mother Courage and Her Children – Bertolt Brecht

Extended Activity:

- ◆ Enact a street play or perform a mime depicting the brutality of war.
- ◆ Interview a few families to find out how they have coped with the loss of a near one in a war.
- ◆ Find out more about World War I and World War II.
- ◆ Discuss the impact of war on a country and its people.

Short note/ Gist of the story:

7. THE GOOD, BAD, AND IN-BETWEEN OF SOCIAL MEDIA

Pre – reading Activity:

- *Social Media has broken barriers in communication and at the same time it is a transgression on morals/ privacy. Discuss.*
- *Have you heard of Slacktivism? Have a group discussion.*
- *Internet plays a pivotal role and social media is an added challenge today. Share your views.*



Pros and Cons of Social Media

Whenever there's a significant technological advance that fundamentally changes the way people live, it generates debate over the nature of that change and whether it's "good" or "bad." Internet-based, social media tools like email, Facebook, and YouTube have revolutionized the way human beings get information and communicate and interact with one another. In the relatively short time, they've been in existence, social media has had some very positive effects in terms of empowering and connecting people. At the same time, they have provided new platforms for some decidedly unhealthy and destructive behaviours.

Some of the leading arguments for this technology—the pros and cons of social media—are outlined below. There’s plenty of anecdotal evidence to support either assessment; however, research into the effects of social media is still in its infancy, so scientific data are relatively scarce. What is clear is that the internet, social media sites, and the digital devices on which they operate are here to stay. Therefore, it is incumbent on each of us to understand, and help others to understand, how to use them productively and responsibly.

Pros of Social Media

One of the biggest pros of social media is that it nurtures and expands relationships. Improving communication and strengthening human connection is the reason social media emerged. Facebook, Twitter, Instagram, Pinterest, Snapchat, chat groups, LinkedIn, and countless other social networking sites help people build on existing relationships, make new friends, and reinvigorate relationships that have lapsed over time. Regardless of where a person lives, it’s possible to find others who share the same interests and concerns.

Social media has exponentially increased the resources for mental health information and support. Research shows that people who get support from peers (those struggling with the same problems) have better health outcomes, whether they have a physical condition like diabetes or a psychological one like depression. Internet support groups, discussion boards, blogs, and other social media platforms have significantly enhanced the resources for individuals wrestling with mental health, behavioural, and/or addiction issues. Online support offers certain advantages that make it attractive to individuals who might not otherwise seek help, for example:

1. Anonymity. Many people find it easier to share problems and feelings openly when there’s minimal risk of identification or “real-life” consequences.
2. 24/7 availability. The internet never sleeps, and with the prevalence of cell phones, you don’t even need to be home at your computer to access the resources you need. In the event of a crisis, this can truly be life-saving; web-based support communities have been credited with saving people from suicide and accidental drug overdoses.
3. No geographic limitations. Location can be an obstacle to participating in traditional support groups that require physical attendance. Online groups pull members from all over and can host larger numbers of people, adding to the pool of knowledge and experience.

The internet and social media boost productivity. These tools offer more information— including real-time news—than a library full of encyclopaedias, and the information is accessible at any time of day or night. Studies have linked internet/social media use with greater success in academics as well as improved job performance and employment prospects. Social media gives small business owners the power to be more competitive with larger companies. By simply creating and maintaining a Facebook account they can reach a wider audience, perform better

customer service, share press releases and other company news, connect with job seekers, and more.

Cons of Social Media

The very same attributes that make social media a positive force in our lives make it potentially dangerous. For example, anonymity allows for cyber bullying. This is especially problematic for teens, as bullies can target and prey on vulnerable high school peers without taking personal responsibility. Stalking can also be an issue, as social media users sometimes post their whereabouts, and their habits can be easily monitored.

Just as it can bring people together for constructive reasons, social media can connect dissatisfied, disgruntled, and misguided people together, further fuelling negative attitudes and beliefs, or even making things like coordinated terrorist attacks more possible.

Teens and young adults are considered particularly at risk to negative effects. They are a generation raised on the internet, social media, and digital technology so these things are integral, indispensable parts of their lives. Young people also are impressionable, eager for acceptance, and relatively inexperienced, which can cloud judgment. Most adults today remember what life was like before the internet, social media, and mobile devices so it's easier to step away from them. But it has still proved problematic, especially for adults who are prone to addictive behaviour or have pre-existing mental health issues.

Social Media and Internet Addiction

Social media is addictive. Internet addiction is not officially listed in the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders (DSM), the mental health profession's guide to classifying psychological disorders. However, in the recently revised DSM-5, "Internet Gaming Disorder" is mentioned as "a condition warranting more clinical research and experience" for possible inclusion as a "formal disorder." Lack of formal recognition hasn't stopped people from referring to compulsive internet use—for gaming or any other reason—as an "addiction." Several recent studies seem to support this conclusion, including brain imaging studies of compulsive internet users that have shown structural and functional brain abnormalities similar to those found in people with substance abuse problems.

While it remains to be seen when and if Internet Addiction will make it into the DSM, the characteristics of pathological internet use are very similar to the ones listed for "Substance-Related and Addictive Disorders":

- Preoccupation with substance/activity
- Use to improve one's mood

- Increasing tolerance (need to spend more time or take larger quantities to achieve same “high”)
- Loss of other interests
- Continued use despite awareness of the harm it’s causing
- Withdrawal symptoms when the object of the addiction is no longer available
- Unsuccessful attempts to quit

More of the Bad Side

Social media invites us to compare ourselves with others. For people with self-esteem issues and insecurities, hearing about other people’s happiness and successes can deepen feelings of inferiority. It’s easy to forget that social media posts, like photos of air-brushed models in magazines, can present an idealized, heavily edited version of what’s actually going on. In addition, some determine their self-worth based on their number of Facebook friends or how many likes, shares, or other interactions they receive.

Social media is detrimental to face-to-face interaction. It’s hard not to be concerned when you see a group of people sitting together, each engrossed in his or her own smartphone or iPad constantly scrolling through their news feed. And studies indicate that irresponsible use of social media can have that effect.

Another one of the cons of social media is the viral nature of content distribution. It allows unreliable/ false information as well as indiscreet remarks and photos to spread quickly.

Once something’s out there, you can’t take it back.

...And the Middle Ground

Dr. David Buch, Chief Medical Officer of Carrier Clinic® (a Central Jersey behavioral health centre), sums up:

As with any healthy relationship, use of social media should have its boundaries. Ultimately, whether social media is “good” or “bad”/“healthy” or “unhealthy” for a person’s mental health and well-being is directly related to how they are used (or abused), by whom, and to some degree by who is passing judgment. Key to enjoying the benefits while avoiding the problems is to use these powerful tools sensibly, constructively, and in moderation. Like food, which we truly can’t live without, the right choices in the right amounts keep people healthy and satisfied, while poor choices and excess consumption can lead to significant, potentially life-threatening health conditions.

(Courtesy: Hackensack Meridian Health Carrier Clinic, online article, 08 August, 2019)

Glossary:

| | |
|---|---|
| empower | : give (someone) the authority or power to do something |
| slacktivism | : the practice of supporting a political or social cause by means such as social media or online petitions, characterized as involving very little effort or commitment |
| transgress | : go beyond the limits of (what is morally, socially, or legally acceptable) |
| anecdotal | :(of an account) not necessarily true or reliable, because based on personal accounts rather than facts or research |
| Facebook, Twitter, Instagram, Pinterest, Snapchat, LinkedIn: popular social media networking sites | |
| cyber bullying | : the use of electronic communication to bully a person, typically by sending messages of an intimidating or threatening nature |
| hacking | : the gaining of unauthorized access to data in a system or computer |
| pathology | : the science of the causes and effects of diseases, especially the branch of medicine that deals with the laboratory examination of samples of body tissue for diagnostic or forensic purposes |
| exponent | : a person who supports an idea or theory and tries to persuade people of its truth or benefits |
| Encyclopaedia | : a book or set of books giving information on many subjects or on many aspects of one subject and typically arranged alphabetically |
| incumbent | : office-holder, occupant |
| disgruntle | : angry or dissatisfied |

Comprehension Questions:

I. Answer the following questions in a sentence or two each:

1. What has revolutionized the way human beings get information?
2. What is incumbent on each one of us while using social media?
3. What is the reason for the emergence of social media?

4. How has social media enhanced the resources for mental health information and support?
5. How is social media especially problematic for teens?
6. How does social media fuel negative attitudes and beliefs?
7. Why are the teens particularly at risk due to social media?
8. What is DSM?

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

1. Social media is a blessing for people with mental health issues. Discuss.
2. How does social media boost productivity?
3. How is social media potentially dangerous?
4. Social media is addictive. Substantiate.
5. What are the characteristics of Substance Related Abusive Disorders?
6. Why should social media be used in moderation?

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

1. What are the adverse effects of social media?
2. In the years to come social media and internet will hamper speech—a unique trait of humans.
How far is the statement true?
3. Social media is a double-edged sword. Explain.
4. “Do I have to be on every social network.” Express your views.

Suggested Reading:

- ◆ The Art of Social Media – Guy Kawasaki
- ◆ Social Media Marketing Workbook: How to Use Social Media For Business- Jason Mc Donald

Extended Activity:

- ◆ Make creative videos and upload on YouTube
 - i. About plastic- free college campus
 - ii. College profile
 - iii. College literary and cultural programs
 - iv. National festivals held in college
- ◆ Fun Social Media Projects to be assigned in the classroom
<https://www.livetiles.nyc/6-fun-social-media-projects-assign-classroom>

Short note/ Gist:

8. HAYAVADANA (HAYAVADANA-AN EXTRACT)

-Girish Karnad



GIRISH RAGHUNATH KARNAD- (1938-2019)

“The point about a play is that it cannot simply be about its own time.”

TRIBUTES:

“In his life, he embodied the richness and depth of Indian civilisation more nobly and less self-consciously than anyone else I knew.”

-Ramachandra Guha”

“Can you think of anyone else who could become President of the Oxford Union, could then come back & write brilliant plays in Kannada, could direct Art films & also act in Salman Khan movies? Just a glimpse of what a Renaissance man Girish Karnad was...”

-Vir Sanghvi

“For Girish Karnad, ideas of resistance were not confined to books – he took them to the streets.”

- Arundati Ghosh

‘A flame has been extinguished that lit up so many minds.’ - **Shashi Tharoor**

The late Girish Karnad was a renowned Kannada writer, playwright and poet whose versatility and creativity were exhibited through multifarious platforms like acting, publishing, film-making directing, and compering of television talk shows.

He earned his Bachelor's Degree in Mathematics and Statistics at Karnatak University. While pursuing his Masters in Politics, Philosophy and Economics as a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, he wrote his critically acclaimed first play *Yayati*, in Kannada, his adopted tongue although he wanted to earn international fame by writing in English. His second play *Tughlaq* remained his best known play. He worked as an actor and director with *Madras Players* in English plays. He donned the lead roles in the Kannada version of *Oedipus Rex* and the Kannada play, *Jokumaraswamy*, directed by B. V. Karantha. His plays were thought provoking and evoked critical responses. He largely explored the present by way of the past. He wrote nine plays in Kannada and translated six of them into English. He was particular about translating his plays as translation for Karnad, was a quest for suitable cultural equivalents. Karnad retold myth to make it relevant and to suit contemporary reality. *Naga-Mandala*, one of such popular plays, won the 'Karnataka Sahitya Academy Award'. His play *Tale-Danda* won the 'Karnataka Natak Academy Award'. *Hayavadana* is even now widely recognized as one of his most important plays of post-independent India. For his contributions to [theatre](#), he was awarded the 'Padma Shri', one of India's top civilian honours, in 1974.

His entry into the film world was through the filmmaking of *Samskara*. He won the 'President's Gold Medal' Award for script, dialogue writing and for the lead role in the movie. This was followed by *Vamsa Vriksha*, co-directed by B. V. Karantha. He acted in several Hindi feature films, television films and serials of Mrinal Sen, Satyajit Ray, and Shyam Benegal. In 1992 the Indian government awarded Karnad another of its highest honours, the Padma Bhushan, in recognition of his contributions to the arts. For his contributions to [literature](#) and theatre he was awarded the '[Jnanpith Award](#)', India's highest literary honor, in 1998. He continued to work in films, directing such movies as *Kanooru Heggadithi* (1999) and [acting](#) in *Iqbal* (2005), *Life Goes On* (2009), and *24* (2016), among other noteworthy films. Karnad was part of India's post-independence renaissance, as much at ease with exploring classical Sanskrit plays, as the finer points of the '*yakshagana*' tradition.

ABOUT THE PLAY

Hayavadana (1971) is based on Thomas Mann's 1940 novella; *The Transposed Heads*, which itself reminds one of a tale from a Sanskrit text of 11.CE, namely, *Kathasaritasagara*. It is perhaps, the first modern play to use a folk-art form. The play articulates the story of two friends who are in love with the same woman and whose heads are accidentally interchanged. A comedy ending in tragedy, the

layered narrative also relates the story of a man with a horse's head who seeks to become human. It is written in two acts with the character of the Bhagavata providing a commentary on the events unfolding in the play.

The play begins with a puja to Lord Ganesha seeking his blessings for the success of the play. Ganesha himself is a hybrid being with an elephant head and a human body. So, the theme of hybridity and incompleteness begins here. Ganesha himself represents the idea of incompleteness through his mismatched body.

The "Bhagavata," or worshipper of Ganesha, introduces the characters. Two friends, Devadatta and Kapila, are the major characters-the first being a handsome Brahmin poet, and the second, the plain looking son of an iron-smith. Devadatta is known for his sensitivity, while Kapila is known for his physical strength. Each represent intellect and sexuality, mind and matter respectively. While the Bhagavata is describing these men, he is interrupted by an actor who runs onstage exclaiming in horror; he claims to have seen a strange creature. This is when the creature Hayavadana, enters the stage. Hayavadana also has a mismatched head and body- the head of a horse on the body of a man .This mismatch proves to be real when the Bhagavata tries to pry the horse's head from the human body.

Hayavadana explains his peculiar condition by narrating the story of his strange birth. His mother, a princess, who fell in love with a horse, lived with it for fifteen years until her love broke the curse on the horse. The horse returned to its true form, which was that of a celestial being. She decided not to accompany the being back to heaven, and he in turn, cursed her by turning her into a horse. Hayavadana is the result of that strange union. On completion of the story of his birth, the Bhagavata advises Hayavadana to go to the temple of Kali for seeking her grace to become a complete human being. Hayavadana leaves the place to do so.

The story further unfolds when Devadatta enters the scene. He asks his friend Kapila to find out the name and address of the woman whom he loves. He tells him that he loves her so much that he would sacrifice his head and his arms to have her. Kapila finds the woman's home and knocks on her door, only to fall in love with her. Yet, he tells Padmini, the lady that Devadatta loves, about his friend's wish to marry her. Devadatta and Padmini marry, and Padmini is due to bear their son in

six months. The two are supposed to go on a trip to Ujjain with their friend, Kapila, but Devadatta is hesitant as he believes that Padmini is attracted to his friend. Due to Devadatta's jealousy, Padmini decides to cancel the trip but changes her mind when Kapila arrives. The party passes a temple and Devadatta decides to honour his promise by giving up an arm and his head. He leaves the pair and cuts off his head. Kapila finds a dead Devadatta and decides to cut off his head as well. When Padmini finds her husband and his friend headless, she decides to kill herself, but is stopped by the goddess Kali. She asks Padmini to place the men's heads back to their bodies so that she could heal them. Padmini rushes to follow the Goddess' instructions, but as the men are revived, she finds that in her haste, she has mixed up the heads and placed them on the wrong bodies.

On returning home, the two men argue over who is Padmini's husband. Kapila's head claims that his body accepted her hand in marriage and created the child. Devadatta's head argues that the head is in charge of the body, so he claims to be her husband. Padmini chooses Devadatta's head. Soon after, Devadatta goes to the fair in Ujjain and purchases two dolls in preparation for his child's arrival. Padmini gives birth to her child. The child's dolls narrate some of the action in the household. Padmini is pleased with Devadatta's new body until it begins to look more and more like his old one. She picks fights with Devadatta, and the dolls reveal that she secretly dreams of Kapila.

On a trip to the forest with her son, Padmini comes upon Kapila living in the woods. Devadatta's body has softened, but Kapila has regained his former strength. Padmini tells Kapila that her son is also Kapila's son since her husband has his body. She points out that her son has a mole in the same place that Kapila does. Padmini stays in the woods with him for several days. Devadatta goes looking for Padmini and finds her with Kapila. The two men fight, and both die.

Padmini plans to commit Sati and instructs Bhagavata to take her son to hunters. She asks him to tell them that her child is Kapila's son. She further asks him to take the child to Devadatta's father after five years and tell him that he is Devadatta's son. Meanwhile, Hayavadana comes onto the scene, as a complete horse. The transformation is due to Goddess Kali who changes him into a complete horse instead of a complete human being. Padmini's son is also there, and the

Bhagavata says that the boy does not speak or laugh. But on hearing the strange story, the boy laughs and sings along with Hayavadana, who wishes to have a horse's voice. Hayavadana's attempts to claim a horse's voice keeps the boy laughing. Eventually, Hayavadana's laugh sounds like a horse's neigh. The action ends with a thanksgiving to Ganesha for having made the play successful.

The universal predicament of the gap between expectations and realities is wonderfully drawn by Girish Karnad through the first act. It raises profound questions of what constitute identity and beauty—supreme intellect or raw physical prowess; brain or brawn. It also harkens to the conflict being played out within each of us to achieve completeness and further recounts how, often, one fails to get there. The play therefore deals with different aspects of human challenges and its limitations. It illustrates that the drama of incompleteness is eternally being played out. The three levels of incompleteness are dealt with here- Divine (Ganesha), Human (Hayavadana) and Animal (Hayavadana with his horse-voice) Furthermore, the play underlines that the quest and struggle for locating and moulding identities to fill the gaps are inevitable, incomprehensible and eternal.

Hayavadana was first presented in English by the Madras Players at the Museum Theatre, Madras on 7 December 1972. It was directed by Lakshmi Krishnamurthy and Yamuna Prabhu, with music by B.V. Karanth. The cast was as follows:

BHAGAVATHA

ACTOR I

HAYAVADANA

ACTOR II

DEVADATTA

KAPILA

PADMINI

DOLL I

DOLL II

KALI

CHILD

ACT ONE

The stage is empty except for a chair, kept center- stage, and a table on stage right- ---or at the back -----on which the Bhagavata and the musicians sit.

At the beginning of the performance, a mask of Ganesha is brought on stage and kept on the chair. Pooja is done. The Bhagavata sings verses in praise of Ganesha accompanied by his musicians.

Then the mask is taken away.

O Elephant- headed Herambha
whose flag is victory,
and who shines like a thousand suns.
O husband of Riddhi and Siddhi,
seated on a mouse and decorated with a snake.
O single-tusked destroyer of incompleteness,
we pay homage to you and start our play.

BHAGAVATA: May Vighneshwara, the destroyer of obstacles, who removes all hurdles and crowns all endeavors with success, bless our performance now. How indeed can one hope to describe his glory in our poor, disabled words? An elephant's head on a human body, a broken tusk and a cracked belly----whichever way you look at him he seems the embodiment of imperfection, of incompleteness. How indeed can one fathom the mystery that this very Vakratunda-Mahakaya, with his crooked face and distorted body, is the Lord and Master of Success and Perfection? Could it be that this Image of Purity and Holiness, this Mangala-Murthy, intends to signify by his very appearance that the completeness of God is something no poor mortal can comprehend? Be that as it may. It is not for us to understand this Mystery or try to unravel it. Nor is it within our powers to do so.

Our duty is merely to pay homage to the Elephant-headed God and get on with our play.

This is the city of Dharmapura, ruled by King Dharmesheela whose fame and empire have already reached the ends of the eight directions. Two youths who dwell in the city are our heroes.

One is Devadatta. Comely in appearance, fair in colour, unrivalled in intelligence, Devadatta is the only son of the Revered Brahmin Vidyasagara.

Having felled the mightiest pundits of the kingdom in debates on logic and love, having blinded the greatest poets of the world with his poetry and wit, Devadatta is as it were the apple of every eye in Dharmapura.

The other youth is Kapila. He is the only son of the iron-smith Lohita, who is to the king's armoury as an axle to the chariot-wheel. He is dark and plain to look at, yet in deeds which require drive and daring, in dancing, in strength and in physical kills, he has no equal.

[A scream of terror is heard off-stage. The Bhagavata frowns, quickly looks in the direction of the scream, then carries on.]

The world wonders at their friendship. The world sees these two young men wandering down the streets of Dharmapura, hand in hand, and remembers Lava and Kusha, Rama and Lakshmana, Krishna and Balarama.

[sings] Two friends there were

----- one mind, one heart----

[The scream is heard again. The Bhagavata cannot ignore it anymore.]

Who could that be---- creating a disturbance at the very outset of our performance? (looks) Oh! It's Nata, our Actor. And he is running. What could have happened, I wonder?

[The Actor comes running in, trembling with fear. He rushes on to the stage, runs round the stage once, then sees the Bhagavata and grabs him.]

ACTOR: Sir, Bhagavata Sir----

BHAGAVATA [trying to free himself]

Tut! Tut! What's this? What's this?

ACTOR: Sir. . . oh my God!---- God!----

BHAGAVATA: Let me go! I tell you, let go of me!

[Freeing himself.] Now what's this? What . . .

ACTOR: I ----I----I---- Oh God! [Grabs him again.]

BHAGAVATA: Let me go!

[The Actor moves back.]

What nonsense is this? What do you mean by all this shouting and screaming? In front of our audience too! How dare you disturb . . .

ACTOR: Please, please, I'm---- sorry . . . But ---- but . . .

BHAGAVATA [more calmly]: Now, now, calm down! There's nothing to be afraid of here. I am here. The musicians are here. And there is our large-hearted audience. It may be that they fall asleep during a play sometimes. But they are ever alert when someone is in trouble. Now, tell us, What's the matter?

ACTOR: [panting]. Oh---- Oh---- My heart . . . It's going to burst . . .

BHAGAVATA: Sit down! Sit. Right! Now tell me everything quietly, slowly.

ACTOR: I was on my way here . . . I was already late . . . didn't want to annoy you . . . So I was hurrying down when . . . Ohh! [covers his face with his hands.]

BHAGAVATA: Yes, yes. You were hurrying down. Then?

ACTOR: I'm shivering! On the way . . . you see . . . I had drunk a lot of water this morning . . . my stomach was full . . . so to relieve myself . . .

BHAGAVATA: Watch what you are saying! Remember you are on stage . . .

ACTOR: I didn't do anything! I only wanted to . . . so I sat by the side of the road---- and was about to pull up my dhoti when . . .

BHAGAVATA: Yes?

ACTOR: A voice---- a deep, thick voice . . . it said:

'Hey, you there----don't you know you are not supposed to commit nuisance on the main road?'

BHAGAVATA: Quite right too. You should have known that much.

ACTOR: I half got up and looked around. Not a man in sight---- no one! So I was about to sit down again when the same voice said . . .

BHAGAVATA: Yes?

ACTOR: 'You irresponsible fellow, can't you understand you are not to commit nuisance on the main road?' I looked up. And there---- right in front of me ---- across the fence . . .

BHAGAVATA: Who was there?

ACTOR: A horse!

BHAGAVATA: What?

ACTOR: A horse! And it was talking.

BHAGAVATA: What did you have to drink this morning?

ACTOR Nothing, I swear. Bhagavata Sir, I haven't been near a toddy-shop for a whole week. I didn't even have milk today.

BHAGAVATA Perhaps your liver is sensitive to water.

ACTOR [desperate]. Please believe me. I saw it clearly--- it was a horse--- and it was talking.

BHAGAVATA: [resigned]. It's no use continuing this nonsense. So you saw a talking horse? Good. Now and get made up . . .

ACTOR: Made up? I fall to your feet, Sir, I can't . . .

BHAGAVATA: Now look here . . .

ACTOR: Please, Sir . . .

[He holds up his hand. It's trembling.]

You see, Sir? How can I hold up a sword with this? How can I fight?

BHAGAVATA: [thinks]. Well then. There's only one solution left. You go back. .

ACTOR: Back?

BHAGAVATA: . . . back to that fence, have another look and make sure for yourself that whoever was talking, it couldn't have been that horse.

ACTOR: No!

BHAGAVATA. Nata . . .

ACTOR: I can't!

BHAGAVATA: It's an order.

ACTOR: [pleading]. Must I?

BHAGAVATA: Yes, you must.

ACTOR: Sir. . .

[The Bhagavata turns to the audience and starts singing.]

BHAGAVATA: Two friends there were

-----one mind, one heart-----

Are you still here?

[The Actor goes out looking at the Bhagavata, hoping for a last-minute reprieve. It doesn't come.]

Poor boy! God alone knows what he saw----- and what he took it to be! There's Truth for you . . . Pure Illusion.

[sings.] Two friends there were

-----one mind, one heart-----

[A scream in the wings. The Actor comes rushing in.]

Now look here . . .

ACTOR: It's coming. Coming . . .

BHAGAVATA: What's coming?

ACTOR: Him! He's coming . . . [rushes out.]

BHAGAVATA: Him? It? What's coming? Whatever or whoever it is, the Actor has obviously been frightened by its sight. If even a hardened actor like him gets frightened, it's more than likely that our gentle audience may get frightened too. It's not proper to let such a sight walk on stage unchallenged. [To the wings].

Hold up the entry-curtain!

[Two stage hands enter and hold up a half-curtain, above six feet in height --- the sort of curtain used in Yakshagana or Kathakali. The curtain masks the entry of Hayavadana, who comes and stands behind it.]

Who's that?

[No reply. Only the sound of someone sobbing behind the curtain.]

How strange! Someone's sobbing behind the curtain. It looks as though the Terror which frightened our Actor is itself now crying!

[To the stage-hand] Lower the curtain!

[The curtain is lowered by about a foot. One sees Hayavadana's head, which is covered by a veil. At a sign from the Bhagavata, one of the stage-hands removes veil, revealing a horse head. For a while horse-head doesn't realize that it is exposed to the gaze of the audience.

The moment the realization dawns, the head ducks behind the curtain.]

BHAGAVATA : A horse! No, it can't be!

[He makes a sign. The curtain is lowered a little more--- just enough to show the head again. Again it ducks. Again the curtain is lowered. This goes on till the curtain is lowered right down to the floor.

Hayavadana, who has a man's body but a horse's head, is sitting on the floor hiding his head between his knees.]

Incredible! Unbelievable!

[At a sign from the Bhagavata the stage-hands withdraw. The Bhagavata goes and stands near Hayavadana. Then he grunts to himself as though he has seen through the trick.]

Who are you?

[Hayavadana lifts his head, and wipes the tears away. The Bhagavata beckons to him to come centre-stage.]

Come here!

[Hayavadana hesitates, then comes forward.]

First you go around scaring people with this stupid mask. And then you have the cheek to disturb our show with your clowning? Have no sense of proportion? . . . Enough of this nonsense now. Take it off---- I say, take off that stupid mask!

[Hayavadana doesn't move.]

You won't? -----Then I'll have to do it myself!

[Holds Hayavadana's head with both his hands and tries to pull it off. Hayavadana doesn't resist.]

It is tight. Nata----My dear Actor . . .

[The Actor comes in, wearily, and stands open-mouthed at the sight he sees.]

Why are you standing there? Don't you see you were taken in by a silly mask?

Come and help me take it off now.

[The Actor comes and holds Hayavadana by his waist while the Bhagavata pulls at the head. Hayavadana offers no resistance, but can't help moaning when the pain becomes unbearable. The tug-of-war continues for a while. Slowly, the truth dawns on the Bhagavata.]

Nata, this isn't a mask! It's his real head!

[The Actor drops Hayavadana with a thud. Hayavadana gets up and sits as before, head between knees.]

Truly, surprises will never cease! If someone had told me only five minutes ago that there was a man with a horse's head, I would have laughed out in his face.

[To Hayavadana.] Who are you?

[Hayavadana gets up and starts to go out. The Actor hurriedly moves out of his way.]

Wait! Wait! That's our green room there. It's bad enough that you scared this actor. We have a play to perform today, you know.

[Hayavadana stands, dejected.]

[Softly] Who are you?

[No reply.]

What brought you to this? Was it a curse of some rishi? Or was it some holy place of pilgrimage, a punyasthana, which you desecrated? Or could it be that you insulted a pativrata, dedicated to the service of her husband? Or did you ...

HAYAVADANA: Hey. . .

BHAGAVATA [taken aback]. Eh?

HAYAVADANA: What do you mean, Sir? Do you think just because you know the puranas you can go about showering your Sanskrit on everyone in sight? What temple did I desecrate? What woman did I insult? What . . .

BHAGAVATA: Don't get annoyed. . .

HAYAVADANA: What else? What rishi? What sage? What? Who have I wronged? What have I done to anyone? Let anyone come forward and say that I've done any wrong I haven't--- I know I haven't yet . . .

[He is on the point of beginning to sob again.]

BHAGAVATA: Don't take it to heart so much. What happened? What's your grief? You are not alone here. I am here. The musicians are here. And there is our large-hearted audience. It may be that they fall asleep during a play sometimes. . .

HAYAVADANA: What can anyone do? It's my fate.

BHAGAVATA: What's your name?

HAYAVADANA: Hayavadana.

BHAGAVATA: How did you get this horse's head?

HAYAVADANA: I was born with it.

BHAGAVATA: Then why didn't you stop us when we tried to take it off? Why did you put up with our torture?

HAYAVADANA: All my life I've been trying to get rid of this head.

I thought---- You with all your goodness and punya . . . if at least you managed to pull it off. . .

BHAGAVATA: Oho! Poor man! But, Hayavadana, what can anyone do about a head one's born with? Who knows what error committed in the last birth is responsi . . .

HAYAVADANA: [annoyed]. It has nothing to do with my last birth. It's this birth which I can't shake off.

BHAGAVATA: Tell us what happened. Don't feel ashamed.

HAYAVADANA: [enraged]. Ashamed? Me? Why should I . . .

BHAGAVATA: Sorry. I beg your pardon I should have said 'shy'.

HAYAVADANA: [gloomy] It's a long story.

BHAGAVATA: Carry on.

HAYAVADANA: My mother was a Princess of Karnataka. She was a very beautiful girl. When she came of age, her father decided that she should choose her own husband. So princes of every kingdom in the world were invited---and they all came. From China, from Persia, from Africa. But she didn't like any of them. The last one to come was the Prince of Araby. My mother took one look at that handsome prince sitting on his great white stallion---and she fainted.

ACTOR: Ah!

HAYAVADANA: Her father at once decided that this was the man. All arrangements for the wedding were made. My mother woke up-----and do you know what she said?

ACTOR, BHAGAVATA: What?

HAYAVADANA: She said she would only marry that horse!

ACTOR: What!

HAYAVADANA: Yes. She wouldn't listen to anyone. The Prince of Araby burst a blood-vessel.

ACTOR: Naturally.

HAYAVADANA: No one could dissuade her. So ultimately, she was married off to the white stallion. She lived with him for fifteen years. One morning she wakes up-----and no horse! In its place stood a beautiful Celestial Being, a gandharva. Apparently, this Celestial Being had been cursed by the god Kuvera to be born a horse for some act of misbehavior. After fifteen years of human love he had become his original self again.

BHAGAVATA: I must admit several such cases are on record.

HAYAVADANA: Released from his curse, he asked my mother to accompany him to his heavenly Abode. But she wouldn't. She said she would come only if he became a horse again. So he cursed her . . .

ACTOR: No!

HAYAVADANA: He cursed her to become a horse herself. So my mother became a horse and ran away happily. My father went back to his Heavenly Abode. Only I-----the child of their marriage-----was left behind.

BHAGAVATA: It's a sad story.

ACTOR: Very sad.

HAYAVADANA: What should I do now, Bhagavata Sir? What can I do to get rid of this head?

BHAGAVATA: Hayavadana, what's written on our foreheads cannot be altered.

HAYAVADANA: [slapping himself on the forehead].

But what a forehead! What a forehead! If it was a forehead like yours, I would have accepted anything. But this! . . . I have tried to accept my fate. My personal life has naturally been blameless. So I took interest in the social life of the Nation---Civics, Politics, Patriotism, Nationalism, Indianization, the socialist pattern of the society . . . I have tried everything. But where's my society? Where? You must help me to become a complete man, Bhagavata Sir. But how? What can I do?

[Long silence. They think.]

BHAGAVATA: Banaras?

HAYAVADANA: What?

BHAGAVATA: If you go to Banaras and make a vow in front of the god there . . .

HAYAVADANA: I've tried that. Didn't work.

ACTOR: Rameshwar.

HAYAVADANA: Banaras, Rameshwar, Gokarn, Haridwar, Gaya, Kedarnath-----not only those but the Dargah of Khwaja Yusuf Baba, the Grotto of Our Virgin Mary---- I've tried them all. Magicians, mendicants, maharishis, fakirs, saints and sadhus-----sadhus with short hair, sadhus with beards----sadhus in saffron, sadhus in the altogether----hanging, singing, rotating, gyrating----on the spikes, in the air, under water, under the ground . . . I've covered them all. And what did I get out of all this? Everywhere I went I had to cover my head with a veil-----and I started

going bald. [Pause. Shyly.] You know, I hate this head---but I just can't help being fond of this lovely, long mane. [Pause.] So I had to give the miss to Tirupati.

[Long silence.]

BHAGAVATA: Come to think of it, Hayavadana, why don't you try the Kali of Mount Chitrakoot?

HAYAVADANA: Anything you say.

BHAGAVATA: It's a temple at the top of Mount Chitrakoot. The Goddess there is famous for being ever-awake to the call of devotees. Thousands used to flock to her temple once. No one goes now, though.

HAYAVADANA: Why not?

BHAGAVATA: She used to give anything anyone asked for. As the people became aware of this they stopped going.

HAYAVADANA: Fools!

BHAGAVATA: Why don't you try her?

HAYAVADANA: [jumps up]. Why not? I'll start at once . . .

BHAGAVATA: Good. But I don't think you should go alone. It's a wild road . . . you'll have to ask a lot of people, which won't be easy for you. So . . .

[To the Actor.] You'd better go with him.

ACTOR: Me?

BHAGAVATA: Yes, that way you can make up for having insulted him.

HAYAVADANA: But, Bhagavata Sir, may I point out that his road side manners.

. ACTOR: There! He's insulting me now! Let him find his own way. What do I care?

BHAGAVATA: Come, come, don't let's start fighting now. [To Hayavadana.]

Don't worry. There's no highway there. Only a cart-track at best.

[To the Actor.] You've no reason to feel insulted----Actually you should admire him. Even in his dire need, he doesn't lose civic sense. Be off now.

HAYAVADANA: [To the Actor]. Please, don't get upset. I won't bother you, I promise.

[To the Bhagavata.] I am most grateful . . .

BHAGAVATA: [blessing him.] May you become successful in your search for completeness.

[The two go.]

Glossary:

| | |
|--|---|
| neigh | : sound of a horse |
| Herambha | : another name of the Hindu God, Ganesha |
| Riddhi | : name of Ganesha's wife |
| Siddhi | : Ganesha's another wife |
| Vighneshwara | : Lord Ganesha as a destroyer of obstacles |
| <i>Vakratunda-Mahakaya</i> large | : description of Ganesha-one who has a curved trunk and body |
| <i>Mangala Murthy</i> | : auspicious idol/figurine |
| comely | : pleasing |
| toddy | : liquor |
| <i>punyasthana</i> | : holy place |
| desecrated or thing | : defiled; to show disregard or disrespect to a sacred place |
| <i>pativrata</i> | : very devout married woman |
| <i>punya</i> | : virtuous, |
| dissuaded | : to turn away; deter |
| <i>Gandharva</i> | : celestial being |
| Kuvera | : lord of wealth |
| abode | : home |

Comprehension Questions:

I. Answer the following in a word or a sentence each:

1. Who is the story teller in the play?
2. Why does the Bhagavata say that Lord Ganesha is mysterious?
3. Where does the story take place?
4. What virtues do Devadatta and Kapila represent?
5. What disrupted the Bhagavata's narration?
6. The actor was terrified because
 - a. he had seen a ghost
 - b. he saw a man with a horse's head
 - c. he saw a horse with man's head
7. The Bhagavata mistook the horse's head to be a _____.
8. How did Hayavadana get horse's head?
9. What suggestion did the Bhagavata give Hayavadana to get rid of his head?
10. Why did the Bhagavata ask the actor to accompany Hayavadana?

II. Answer the following in about a page each:

1. How does the prayer describe the various attributes of Lord Ganesha?
2. 'Devadatta and Kapila were not only friends but they completed each other's personality'. Discuss.
3. Why did the Bhagavatha try to remove the Horse's head of Hayavadana?
4. Narrate the story of Hayavadana's parents.
5. In what ways had Hayavadana tried to get rid of his head?
6. How would you draw a parallel between Hayavadana and Lord Ganesha?
7. Do you think the prayer becomes significant in the context of the play?

III. Answer the following in about two pages each:

1. How did the union of the princess and the Gandharva (celestial being) become a curse to their child?
2. Explain the significance of the opening scene in the play.
3. 'Hayavadana represents the imperfections and incompleteness in human beings.' Discuss.
4. Does Hayavadana's desperation at his strange head replicate man's dissatisfaction at his own being? Discuss.
5. Does the Bhagavata resonate the voice of the audience? Substantiate.

PART II- GRAMMAR SECTION

| | |
|----------------------------------|------------|
| 8. VERBS | 81 |
| 9. PHRASES | 86 |
| 10. PHRASAL VERBS | 90 |
| 11. CLAUSES | 92 |
| 12. DIALOGUE TO NARRATION | 96 |
| 13. PASSIVE VOICE | 103 |
| 14. LETTERS OF COMPLAINT | 109 |

1. VERBS

Verb

A verb is a word which expresses an action, state of being or an occurrence.

Example:

1. I **play** football.
2. We **watched** a movie.

Kinds of Verbs: Transitive and Intransitive

Transitive verbs:

A verb which requires an object to complete its meaning is called a transitive verb.

In the following sentences verbs are in bold and objects are in italics.

1. Venu **completed** the *project*.
2. Shyla **opened** the *door*.
3. The teacher **distributed** the *sweets*.

The above sentences are incomplete without the objects project, door and sweets.

Intransitive Verbs:

A verb which does not require an object to complete its meaning is called an intransitive verb.

1. The cat **is running**.
2. My mother **is cooking**.
3. Stars **twinkle**.

The above sentences are intransitive as the verbs are not followed by objects.

Auxiliary verbs:

The auxiliary verbs are helping verbs. They are used in forming the tenses, moods, and voices of other verbs. Sometimes auxiliary verbs can also be used as main verbs.

Auxiliary verbs are of two kinds.

1. Primary auxiliary

Be: am, is, are, was, were, been, being

Do: do, does, did

Have: have, has, had

Primary auxiliaries are used:

a) To form **tenses:**

1. John **has** eaten the chocolate.

2. She **was** in Mysore last week

b) To form **negatives**:

1. They **do not** go to work.
2. The cat **did not** drink milk.

c) To form **questions**:

1. **Have** you ever played tennis?
2. **Does** she sing well?

d) To form the **passive voice**:

1. Prizes were given away by the chief guest.
2. All the books have been sold.

The primary auxiliary: **is, am, are, was, were, has, have, had, do, does, did** change according to the person and number of the subject.

| | Be form | | Do form | | Have form | | Modals | |
|------|---------|------|---------|------|-----------|------|---------|--------|
| | present | past | present | past | present | past | present | past |
| I | am | was | do | did | have | had | shall | should |
| WE | are | were | do | did | have | had | shall | should |
| YOU | are | were | do | did | have | had | will | would |
| HE | is | was | does | did | has | had | will | would |
| SHE | is | was | does | did | has | had | will | would |
| IT | is | was | does | did | has | had | will | would |
| THEY | are | were | do | did | have | had | will | would |

2. Modal Auxiliaries:

The verbs **can, could, may, might, shall, should, will, would, must, ought to, used to, need, dare, etc.** are called the modal auxiliaries.

1. She **can** speak English.
2. He **may** come late.
3. I **will** go for a movie.
4. You **must** stop this work.
5. You **ought to** obey your parents

Regular and Irregular verbs

Definition of Regular Verbs

Regular Verbs refers to the verbs that depend on the **basic pattern** of inflection (or inflexion). Inflection means the variation in the form of a word, usually in the end, to describe the tense, mood, number, gender etc.

The formation of tenses in regular verbs, particularly the past tense forms, i.e. simple past and past participle, is done by adding a predefined suffix, i.e., **-d**, **-ed**, or **-ied** to the present infinitive. The rules are:

- When the action word **ends with a vowel**, then **-d is added** to convert it into past tense. For example:

| BASE FORM | SIMPLE PAST | PAST PARTICIPLE |
|------------------|--------------------|------------------------|
| Close | Closed | Closed |
| Die | Died | Died |
| Select | Selected | Selected |

- But when it **ends with a consonant**, then **-ed is added** to change it into past form. For example:

| BASE FORM | SIMPLE PAST | PAST PARTICIPLE |
|------------------|--------------------|------------------------|
| Dress | Dressed | Dressed |
| Roll | Rolled | Rolled |
| Rip | Ripped | Ripped |

- If the last letter of the word **ends with y**, then **-ied is added** to change its form:

| BASE FORM | SIMPLE PAST | PAST PARTICIPLE |
|------------------|--------------------|------------------------|
| Bury | Buried | Buried |
| Cry | Cried | Cried |
| Fry | Fried | Fried |

Definition of Irregular Verbs

An irregular verb is a type of strong verb, which has some special rules for creating past tense forms. These verbs do not end with -d, -ed, or -ied, rather they **change their forms completely**, in a sense that the irregular verbs are transformed into an entirely different word, as given in the example below:

| BASE FORM | SIMPLE PAST | PAST PARTICIPLE |
|-----------|-------------|-----------------|
| Go | Went | Gone |
| Know | Knew | Known |
| Lie | Lay | Lain |

Nevertheless, there are some verbs which do not change their forms at all, as given in the example below:

| BASE FORM | SIMPLE PAST | PAST PARTICIPLE |
|-----------|-------------|-----------------|
| Put | Put | Put |
| Cut | Cut | Cut |
| Hit | Hit | Hit |

Exercises:

I. Fill in the blanks with appropriate forms of auxiliary verbs:

1. _____ your sister get the email yesterday? (Do)
2. They _____ breakfast at 6:30 this morning. (Have)
3. John and his wife _____ from Dubai. (Be)
4. The children of this class _____ good students. (Be)
5. I _____ go to Mysore on Sunday. (modals)

II. State whether the verbs in bold are transitive or intransitive verbs:

1. She **was crying** all day long.
2. We **showed** her the photo album.
3. The doctor **advised** me to exercise regularly.
4. It **was raining** at that time.
5. She **laughed** at the joke.

III. Complete the following sentences using the past or past participle form of the

verb given in the brackets:

1. She _____ the reality show. (enjoy)
2. The dogs _____last night. (bark).
3. I _____all the rooms before I left the house. (lock)
4. It has been ages since I last him. (see)
5. He _____an article to a blog.(write)

2. PHRASES

A **phrase** is a group of words in a sentence that does NOT contain a **subject and a verb**.

A phrase does not make complete sense on its own and depends on other words to make it a complete sentence.

Examples:

1. I saw an elephant **in the zoo**.
2. The dog is sleeping **under the cot**.
3. She is drawing a picture **on the wall**.

None of the above examples (**in the zoo, under the cot, on the wall**) contain a subject doing an action (subject-verb). Therefore, each example is merely a group of words called a **phrase**.

Depending upon its **function** in a sentence, the phrases are divided into many types such as: Noun phrase, Verb Phrase, Adverb Phrase, Adjective Phrase, Infinitive Phrase and Gerund Phrase.

1. Noun Phrase

A phrase that functions **like a noun** in the sentence is called a Noun Phrase. It contains a noun and other associated words (usually determiners and modifiers) which modify the noun.

A noun phrase comprises of a **noun as a head-word** and other related words (determiners and modifiers) may come before or after the noun. The entire phrase serves as a noun in a sentence.

Noun Phrase = noun + modifiers (or determiners)

Examples:

1. They rented **a beautiful house**.
2. **One of our close relatives** never drinks coffee.

2. Verb Phrase

A Verb Phrase is the group of **main verbs** and **helping-verbs (auxiliaries)** in a sentence.

Examples:

1. She **is writing** a letter.
2. He **has taken** his annual exam.

3. Adverb Phrase

A phrase that functions like an adverb in a sentence is called an Adverb Phrase. Like an adverb, it modifies (**adds to the meaning of**) a verb or other adverb in the sentence. It contains an adverb and other words (i.e. noun, preposition, modifiers) which, as a whole, act as an adverb phrase.

Examples:

1. He drives a car **at a very high speed**. (modifies the verb drive)
2. She welcomed the guests **in a cordial manner**. (modifies the verb-welcome)

4. Adjective Phrase

A phrase that functions like an **adjective** in a sentence is called an Adjective Phrase. Like an adjective it modifies (adds to the meaning of) **a noun or a pronoun**. It comprises of adjectives, modifiers and other words modifying the noun or pronoun.

Examples:

1. The boy **in the shop** is my friend. (modifies the noun-boy)
2. A student **from my college** won the competition. (modifies the noun- student)

5. Prepositional Phrase

A phrase comprising of a **preposition** and an object of **a preposition (noun or pronoun)** is called a Prepositional Phrase. It may also contain other modifiers.

e.g. near a wall, on a table, in the room, under a tree, at the door etc.

Prepositional phrase has a **noun or a pronoun** which is called the object of the preposition.

Examples:

1. The kids were laughing **at the joker**.
2. He is sleeping **on the carpet**.

6. Infinitive Phrase

An Infinitive Phrase contains an **infinitive (to + base form of the verb)** and modifiers or other related words linked to the infinitive. An infinitive phrase will always act as a noun, an adjective or adverb in the sentence.

Examples:

1. She sang a song **to please the audience**. (Adverb modifying the verb: sing)
2. The joker danced **to entertain the people**. (Adjective modifying the noun: dance)

7. Gerund Phrase

A Gerund Phrase consists of a **gerund (verb + ing)** any modifiers or other objects associated with it. A gerund phrase functions as a noun in the sentence.

Examples:

1. I enjoy **listening to the music**. (As noun/as object)
2. **Reading the newspaper** is a good habit. (As noun/as subject)

Exercises:

I. Underline the phrases in the following sentences:

E.g. The lion is an animal of great strength.

Ans: The lion is an animal of great strength

1. A homeless child has to spend his days in great misery.
2. He listened to me with great attention.
3. Calcutta is a city of dense population.
4. He is full of courage.
5. She was wearing a bangle made of gold.

II. Choose the right answer for the underlined words:

1. The girl in the blue frock is my sister.
 - a. Noun phrase
 - b. Adjective phrase
 - c. Adverb phrase
 - d. None of these

2. The book was on the table.
 - a. Infinitive
 - b. Adjective phrase
 - c. Adverb phrase
 - d. prepositional phrase

3. Hitesh spoke to Sunil in a rude manner.
 - a. Noun phrase
 - b. Adverb phrase
 - c. Adjective phrase
 - d. prepositional phrase

4. He plans to see the movie
 - a. verb phrase
 - b. None of these
 - c. infinitive phrase
 - d. Adjective phrase

3. PHRASAL VERBS

A phrasal verb is a combination of a verb and preposition or adverb or both (**a verb + a preposition or verb +adverb**). A phrasal verb has a meaning which is different from the meaning of its original verb.

A phrasal verb consists of a verb and words such as ‘up, on, in, over, out, with, off, down, about, away, after’. A Phrasal verb consists of either two words or three words.

e.g. bring up, give up, look after, put off, turn down, pass away, set off, call off, break into, get up, deal in, step down, sort out, hold on, bring about, looking forward to, look down upon, put up with.

Examples:

Phrasal verb has a meaning that is different to its original verb. Meaning of each phrasal verb is mentioned for the sentence.

- | | |
|---|------------------------------|
| 1. She was brought up by her aunt. | (bring up= to raise a child) |
| 2. The patient passed away in the hospital at 2pm. | (pass away= to die) |
| 3. He is trying to give up smoking. | (give up= to quit) |
| 4. They had a discussion to sort out the problem. | (sort out= to resolve) |
| 5. She looks after her child. | (look after= to take care) |
| 6. She turned down his proposal. | (turn down= to reject) |
| 7. They set off to Paris. | (set off= to start journey) |
| 8. The game was called off due to bad weather. | (call off= to cancel) |
| 9. He gets up early in the morning. | (get up= to rise from bed) |
| 10. What brought about a change in your attitude? | (bring about= to cause) |

There are also **some phrasal verbs** whose meanings may be **closer to the literal meaning** of its individual words.

e.g. switch on, care for, call back, stay away, pick up, clean up, sit down, throw away.

Exercises:

I. Fill in the blanks with suitable phrasal verbs from the options given below:(Change the tense if required)

(drop by, fish out, look into, call off, sail through, brings up)

1. I requested the police to _____ the matter.
2. We decided to _____ the picnic because of weather.

3. The salesman _____ his visiting card from pocket.
4. Raj was finally able to _____ the interview and get the job.
5. Pushpa always _____ the topic of her latest mobile phone.

II. Use the following phrasal verbs in sentences of your own:

1. come up with
2. do away with
3. keep down
4. pick oneself up
5. carry out

III. Match the following phrasal verbs with their meanings:

- | | |
|---------------|----------|
| 1. take after | tolerate |
| 2. set about | resemble |
| 3. look up to | maintain |
| 4. keep up | respect |
| 5. bear with | begin |

4. CLAUSES

A **clause** is a group of related words that contains **a subject as well as a verb**. It is a meaningful combination of words which express a complete thought.

Examples:

1. **I graduated last year.**
2. When I came here, **I saw him.**
3. **I saw him** and **he greeted me.**

Clauses are of two types: 1) **Main Clause or Independent clause.**
2) **Subordinate or Dependent Clause.**

1) **Main Clause or Independent clause:**

Main clause or Independent clause expresses a complete thought/meaning.

Examples:

- a. **Tara ate a cheese roll** after she watched the news.
(The group of words in bold make complete sense independently and hence is an example of Main/Independent Clause)
- b. **I want to come** but **I have some work to do.**
(The group of words in bold make complete sense independently and hence are examples of Main/Independent Clause)

2) **Subordinate or Dependent Clause:**

Subordinate clause or Dependent clause cannot express a complete meaning, it depends on the other clause (independent clause) to give a complete meaning. It serves a subordinate role in a sentence.

Examples:

- a. Tara ate a cheese roll **after she watched the news.**

(The clause **after she watched the news** is a **dependent clause**. It does not work as an Independent sentence)
- b. I saw a man **who was crying**
(The clause '**who was crying**' **does not give a complete meaning and is called Subordinate or Dependent clause**. It depends on the main clause to give complete meaning)

Based on the **function** they perform in the sentence, clauses can be categorized as:

- **Noun Clause,**
- **Adjective Clause**
- **Adverb Clause.**

1. Noun Clause

A **Noun Clause** is a **dependent clause** that functions as a noun.

Some of the words that introduce noun clauses are: **that, who, whom, why, what, when, where, how, etc.**

Notice that some of these words also introduce adjective and adverb clauses.

Examples:

1. Do you know **what the teacher said**?
2. We don't know **who they are**.
3. I wish **that I succeed**.

2. Adjective Clause

An **Adjective Clause** begins with [relative pronoun](#).

Some of the words which introduce adjective clauses are: **who, whom, whose, that, or which** or a [relative adverb](#) (**when, where, or why**)

Examples:

1. Can I have the book **that** I gave you this morning?
2. A MacBook is a laptop **which** can be carried around.
3. Yesterday was a day **when** everything went wrong!

3. Adverb Clause

An adverb clause is a **dependent clause** that does the function of an adverb i.e. modifies a verb, an adjective or another adverb in a sentence.

Some of the words that introduce adjective clauses are: **why, where, wherever, because, since, when, while, after, before, if, unless, until, in order to, etc.**

Kinds of Adverb Clauses- there are many kinds of adverb clauses which are introduced by the following words:

- Adverb clauses of reason: **because, as, since etc.**
- Adverb clauses of time: **when, as soon as, while, until, before, after etc.**
- Adverb clauses of place: **where, wherever etc.**
- Adverb clauses of condition: **if, unless, until, whether, etc.**
- Adverb clauses of manner: **as if, as though, like, etc.**
- Adverb clauses of purpose/result: **so, so as to, so that, in order to, etc.**
- Adverb clauses showing contrast: **though, although, in spite of, etc.**

Examples:

1. Jennifer scrubbed the floor *until her arms ached*. (This adverb clause describes how Jennifer scrubbed.)
2. The dogs started chasing my car *when it came to a screeching halt*. (This adverb clause describes when the dogs started chasing my car.)
3. I had a milkshake for dinner *because I couldn't chew anything*. (This adverb clause describes why I had a milkshake for dinner.)

Note: Keep in mind as a rule of thumb that a lot of times dependent clauses start with a conjunction. This is not always true but can be of great help for identification of dependent clauses in a sentence.

Exercises:

I. Identify the clauses and mention whether it is a Noun Clause, Adjective Clause or an Adverb Clause:

1. The bankers need to know what they should do.
2. The books, which are lost, are not really necessary.
3. Whether you like it or not, you have to go to bed now.
4. Students who are intelligent get good grades.
5. I went to see what had happened.

II. State if the clauses mentioned below are independent or dependent:

1. When the temperatures drop below freezing.
2. Because my weight has increased this year.
3. My parents came home early from their trip.
4. The class went on a trip to the museum. .
5. First, we need to make a plan.

III. Complete the following sentences with appropriate clauses:

1. He could not understand
2. I want a list of students.....
3. We asked the doctor the reason.....
4. I reached the station.....
5. If I knew his address

IV. Complete the dialogue using the clauses given in brackets:

- 1) **Chitra** : I'm really excited about the trip.
Mira : I have been to this place long back
- Chitra** : Tell me by car or by train?
Mira : **We'll be going' by train. Have you decided**?
Chitra : I'm not very good at packing. Do you know how to pack the rucksacks?

(How are we going, what are we packing, when I was a child)

5 DIALOGUE TO NARRATION

Dialogue is a written or verbal exchange between two or more people and a literary and theatrical form that depicts such an exchange.

Narration is reporting of a dialogue, an incident or an event, as reported by persons involved in the dialogue/event or by a third person.

To change a dialogue to a narrative, a basic knowledge of transforming direct speech to reported speech is essential. The following tables can be used as a ready reckoner before learning the nuances of **dialogue** to narration.

Points to remember for changing direct speech to reported speech:

- Remove the comma after the reporting verb and the quotation marks.
- Combine the words within the inverted commas and those outside are joined by the word **that**.
- Change the **reporting /introductory verb** (the verb outside the inverted commas) to asked, enquired, wondered... **Refer Table 1.**
- Change the first-person pronouns to third person pronouns. **Refer Table 2.**
- Change the **tense of the verbs**. **Refer Table 3.**
- **Change the nearness of time and place. Refer Table 4.**

TABLE -1

CHANGES IN THE REPORTING/INTRODUCTORY VERB

| Type of sentence | Direct speech | Reported Speech | Direct Speech Examples | Reported Speech Examples |
|------------------------|---------------|--|--|--|
| Assertive Sentence | said/said to | said, told, replied, answered, stated, narrated... | Siri said to me, " I write a book". | Siri told me that she wrote a book. |
| Interrogative Sentence | said | asked, questioned, enquired, interrogated.... | Chetan said to his friend, " Have you received your ID card? " | Chetan asked his friend if he had received his ID card . |
| Imperative Sentence | said | requested, ordered, commanded, instructed, appealed, advised.... | The mother said , " Throw the doll, Deepa" | The mother requested Deepa to throw the doll. |

| | | | | |
|----------------------|------|---|---|---|
| Exclamatory Sentence | said | exclaimed with joy/delight/wonder/sorrow/surprise/pain/shock/grief... | Shivam said , “ Hurrah! India has won the match”. | Shivam exclaimed with joy that India had won the match |
|----------------------|------|---|---|---|

TABLE -2

CHANGES IN PERSONAL PRONOUNS

| DIRECT SPEECH | REPORTED SPEECH | EXAMPLES FOR DIRECT SPEECH | EXAMPLES FOR REPORTED SPEECH |
|---------------|----------------------|---|---|
| I | He/she | He said, “I like music.” | He said that he likes music. |
| We | They | Suresh and Ramesh said to me, “We play football.” | Suresh and Ramesh told me (that) they played football. |
| Now | I, she, he, we, they | Soumya: “Can you see me?” | Soumya asked me if I could see him. |
| They | They | She said, “They have invited us.” | She said that they had invited them. |
| She | She | He said, “She works in the office.” | He said that she worked in an office. |
| He | He | They said, “He does not have the necessary qualifications.” | They said that he did not have the necessary qualifications |
| It | It | They said, “It is raining.” | They said that it was raining. |

TABLE-3

CHANGE IN THE TENSE FORM OF THE VERB IN REPORTED SPEECH

| DIRECT SPEECH | REPORTED SPEECH |
|--|---|
| Simple Present He said, "I play tennis". | Simple Past He said that he played Tennis. |
| Present Continuous He said, "I am playing Tennis". | Past Continuous He said that he was playing Tennis. |
| Present Perfect He said, "I have played Tennis". | Past Perfect He said that he had played Tennis. |
| Present Perfect Continuous He said, "I have been playing Tennis". | Past Perfect Continuous He said that he had been playing Tennis. |
| Will He said, "I will play Tennis". | Would He said (that) he would play Tennis. |
| Can He said, "I can play Tennis". | Could He said (that) he could play Tennis. |
| May He said, "I may play Tennis". | Might He said (that) he might play Tennis. |
| Must He said, "I must play Tennis". | Had to He said (that) he had to play Tennis. |
| Have to He said, "I have to play Tennis". | Had to He said (that) he had to play Tennis. |

TABLE- 4**CHANGES IN TIME AND PLACE IN REPORTED SPEECH**

| DIRECTSPEECH | REPORTEDSPEECH | DIRECTSPEECH | REPORTED SPEECH |
|--------------|---|---|---|
| This | That | “I shall be very busy this week.” | She said she would be very busy that week. |
| Here | There | “Put the box here. ” | He told us to put the box there. |
| Now | Then | “The children are playing outside now. ” | He said that the children were playing outside then. |
| Today | That day | “I've got a piano lesson today. ” | She said that she had got a piano lesson that day. |
| Tonight | That night | “I'm going for a beer with Ram tonight. ” | He said that he was going for a beer with Ram that night. |
| Tomorrow | The following day/the next day/the day after | “I will leave for New York tomorrow. ” | She said that she would leave for New York the next day. |
| Next week | The following week /the next week /the week after | “I have an appointment next week. ” | She said that she had an appointment the following week. |
| Yesterday | The previous day/the day before | “Our English teacher quizzed us yesterday. ” | They said their English teacher had quizzed them the day before. |
| Last week | The previous week /the week before | “We had an awful earthquake last week. ” | They told us they had an awful earthquake the previous week. |
| Ago | Previously /Before | “The letter came a few days ago. ” | He said the letter had come a few days before. |

Distinction between Dialogue and Narrative:

We keep reporting/ narrating past events every day. The ability to narrate past event is an important language skill. Before learning the skill, it is important to know **that the knowledge of reported speech is essential in narrative writing** and also how narration is different from reported speech.

Look at the following example

1. Raj said, “I **have got** a job”.
This sentence is in direct speech
2. Raj said that **he had** got a job.
This sentence is in indirect speech

A narrative, of course **has to carry all the features of reported speech**. However, it **goes beyond the strict rules of reported speech**. Conveying the idea or carrying the message across with suitable tonal modification is important for a narrative. Some dialogues or utterances in direct speech lose their force and become affected if rendered into indirect speech rather mechanically. Thus, maintaining a **natural style** is important for a narrative. Writing a narrative is a higher order skill compared to changing direct to reported speech and provides more freedom to the narrator.

The following points highlight the salient features of a narrative.

- It should be sequential and carry **suitable linkers/ connectives**.
- It should be more **creative and open ended** than reported speech.

| Comparison | Emphasis | Illustration | Result | Condition |
|---|---|---|--|---|
| Similarly Equally Likewise As with Just as...so too A similar... Comparable Same as By the same token In the same way Just like | Indeed Definitely Absolutely Obviously In fact In particular Especially Clearly Importantly Admittedly Generally Particularly Without doubt Never Undoubtedly | Illustrated by Such as For example In the case of As an example For instance In this case For one thing Like Proof of this Namely To demonstrate To clarify | As a result As a consequence Therefore Thus Consequently Hence For this reason Due to | If In that case In case Unless Provided that Whether |

Example:

A conversation between sage Gautama and Lord Ram on the liberation of Gautama's wife Ahilya towards the hermitage led by Vishwamitra.

Dialogue:

'Let go of your self- pity and your rage, noble sage. Let the knots of your mind unbind until *aham* gives way to *atma*. Only then will you be able to restore your hermitage and bring back joy to your world,' said Lord Rama with the demeanour of a king.

Mandavi questions, 'In nature, all kinds of unions existed: swans were faithful to each other, the male monkey had a harem of females that he jealously guarded, the queen bee had many lovers. Why then was fidelity so important to the rishis?'

It is a measure of how satisfied we are with the off springs of the spouse. The dissatisfied seek satisfaction elsewhere,' said Vishwamitra.

Narrative: After liberating Ahilya from the rock, Lord Rama with the demeanour of a king told Gautama that the noble sage should let go of his pity as with his rage and he should likewise let the knots of his mind unbind until *aham* gives way to *atma* and only then he would be able to restore his hermitage and bring back joy to his world. On hearing this Mandavi said in that case, in nature all kinds of unions existed such as swans were faithful to each other, the male monkey had a harem of females that he jealously guarded and the queen bee in fact had many lovers. Hence, she insisted to know why fidelity was so important to the Rishis in particular. Vishwamitra replied to her by saying that indeed it was a measure of how satisfied they were with the off springs of the spouse and as a result the dissatisfied sought satisfaction elsewhere .

Exercise: 1

Rearrange the following sentences into Narrative:

Task 1

1. As a dramatist Rabindranath was not what might be called a success.
2. His dramas were moulded on the lines of the traditional Indian village dramas than the dramas of modern world.
3. His plays were more a catalogue of ideas than a vehicle of the expression of action.
4. Actually, the drama has always been the life of Indian people, as it deals with legends of gods and goddesses.
5. Although in his short stories and novels he was able to create living and well-defined characters, he did not seem to be able to do so in dramas
6. Therefore, drama forms the essential part of the traditional Indian Culture.

Task 2

1. Forecasting the weather has always been a difficult business.
2. During a period of drought, streams, and rivers dried up, the cattle died from thirst and were ruined.
3. Many different things affect the weather and we have to study them carefully to make an accurate forecast.
4. Ancient Egyptians had no need of weather in the Nile Valley hardly ever changes.
5. In early times, when there were no instruments, such as the thermometer or the barometer, man looked for tell-tale signs in the sky.
6. He made his forecasts by watching flights of the birds or the way smoke rose from fire.

Exercise:2

Task 1

Here is a dialogue between Rohit and Mahesh. Narrate the dialogue between them.

- Rohit : How is your preparation for the exam going on?
- Mahesh : Not too bad, overall. I'm worried about English and chemistry, though. How is yours going on?
- Rohit : Mine is alright. I'm also finding chemistry to be bit challenging because of its vast syllabus and too much memorization in organic chemistry.
- Mahesh : Organic chemistry has been a problem for me too. Can we study chemistry together, at least the organic part?
- Rohit : Sure. I think it's a good idea. Can you help me with English though?
- Mahesh : Yes, I can. Where exactly in English you're facing problem?
- Rohit : Thanks. Prepositions and reading comprehension are the main problem areas for me.
- Mahesh : As far as prepositions are concerned, I can help you in understanding the rules. But for reading comprehension, you need to put in lots of practice to get better at it.
- Rohit : OK. Will do. Thanks. All the best to you as well.

6. PASSIVE VOICE

Voice:

Voice refers to the form of a verb that indicates whether a subject performs the action or is the receiver of the action. When a sentence is written in the active voice, the subject performs the action; in the passive voice, the subject receives the action.

Active voice:

When the verb in a sentence shows that the subject is the doer of action, then the verb is in active voice.

Examples:

1. Children **Painted** these pictures.
2. Ramesh **won** the match.
3. He **teaches** English.

Passive Voice:

When the verb in the sentence shows that the subject is not the doer of action, the verb is in the passive voice.

Examples:

1. These pictures **were painted** by children.
2. The match was **won** by Ramesh.
3. English is **taught** by him.

Uses of Passive voice:

The passive voice is more common in formal English. It is often used in newspapers, academic and scientific writing, and reports, which is supposed to be impersonal.

In academic writing, focus is not on who is doing an action, but on who is receiving or experiencing the action. The passive voice is thus extremely useful in academic writing because it allows writers to highlight the most important events.

Rules for changing Active voice to Passive voice:

1. The object of the verb becomes the subject, and the subject becomes the object of the preposition **by**.
2. If the subject or the object in an active voice sentence is a pronoun, then it changes its form as shown in Table 1.
3. The verb in the active voice sentence is changed into its passive voice form. To make this change we use the correct form of be (is, are, am, was, were,

being, been) with the past participle. Table 2 shows how the verb is changed into its passive voice form in different tenses.

4. In the passive voice, preposition **by** is placed before the object.
5. If the subject in the active voice sentence is unknown or unimportant, **by+ object** is omitted from the sentence in the passive voice.

Examples:

- a. The police arrested the thief.
The thief was arrested.
- b. Someone has stolen my purse.
My purse has been stolen.

6. If the verb in the active voice sentence has a modal in it, the verb is changed into its passive voice in the following way:

Modal + be +the past participle form of the verb

Examples:

- a. Ramesh **can lift** this box.
This box **can be lifted** by Ramesh.
- b. We should **obey** the rules.
The rules **should be obeyed**.

**TABLE-1
CHANGE IN PRONOUNS**

| ACTIVE VOICE SUBJECT | PASSIVE VOICE OBJECT |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| I | Me |
| We | Us |
| You | You |
| He | him |
| She | Her |
| It | It |
| They | Them |

TABLE-2

A quick overview of the active and passive voice verb forms.

| Tense | Active Voice | Passive Voice |
|-----------------------------|--|--|
| Simple Present Tense | Verb form: first/base form of the verb + (-s/-es) Examples: He books the ticket. They chase the dogs. | Verb form: is / am / are + past participle form of the verb Examples: The ticket is booked by him. The dogs are chased by them. |
| Simple Past Tense | Verb form: past tense form of the verb + (-d/-ed) Examples: He booked the ticket. They chased the dogs. | Verb form: was/were + past participle form of the verb Examples: The ticket was booked by him. The dogs were chased by them. |
| | Verb form: is/am/are + -ing form of the verb | Verb form: is/am/are + being + past participle form of the verb |

| | | |
|--|---|--|
| <p>Present Continuous Tense</p> | <p>Examples:</p> <p>He is booking the ticket.</p> <p>They are chasing the dogs.</p> | <p>Examples:</p> <p>The ticket is being booked by him.</p> <p>The dogs are being chased by them.</p> |
| <p>Past Continuous Tense</p> | <p>Verb form: was/were + -ing form of the verb</p> <p>Examples:</p> <p>He was booking the ticket.</p> <p>They were chasing the dogs.</p> | <p>Verb form: was/were + being + past participle form of the verb</p> <p>Examples:</p> <p>The ticket was being booked by him.</p> <p>The dogs were being chased by them.</p> |
| <p>Present Perfect Tense</p> | <p>Verb form: has/have + past participle form of the verb</p> <p>Examples:</p> <p>He has booked the ticket.</p> <p>They have chased the dogs.</p> | <p>Verb form: has/have + been + past participle form of the verb</p> <p>Examples:</p> <p>The ticket has been booked by him.</p> <p>The dogs have been chased by them.</p> |
| <p>Past Perfect Tense</p> | <p>Verb form: had + past participle form of the verb</p> <p>Examples:</p> <p>He had booked the ticket.</p> | <p>Verb form: had + been + past participle form of the verb</p> <p>Examples:</p> <p>The ticket had been booked by him.</p> |

| | | |
|----------------------------|---|---|
| Tense | They had chased the dogs. | The dogs had been chased by them. |
| Simple Future Tense | <p>Verb form: will/shall + first form of the verb</p> <p>Examples:</p> <p>He will book the ticket.</p> <p>They will chase the dogs.</p> | <p>Verb form: will/shall + be + past participle form of the verb</p> <p>Examples:</p> <p>The ticket will be booked by him.</p> <p>The dogs will be chased by them.</p> |
| Future Perfect Time | <p>Verb form: will/shall + have + past participle form of the verb</p> <p>Examples:</p> <p>He will have booked the ticket.</p> <p>They will have chased the dogs.</p> | <p>Verb form: will/shall + have + been + past participle form of the verb</p> <p>Examples:</p> <p>The ticket will have been booked by him.</p> <p>The dogs will have been chased by them.</p> |

Active verbs having two objects:

Sometimes a sentence in the active voice has two objects: **direct object and indirect object.**

Look at the following example:

He told me a story.

The sentence above has two objects: **me** and **a story**. A story is the direct object. And me is the indirect object.

When we change such sentences into the passive voice, only one of the objects is taken to the subject position. The other is retained in the object position, as shown below:

He told **me a story**. (Active voice)
I was told **a story** by him. (Passive voice)
A story was told to **me** by him. (Passive voice)

Exercises:

I. Change the following sentences into the passive voice:

1. My aunt gave flowers to Mary.
2. The police have arrested the robber.
3. He buys a camera.
4. They awarded him a prize for his bravery
5. The gardener is watering the plants.
6. The manager paid the workers their salaries.
7. They showed us a film.

II. Fill in the correct passive form of the verb in brackets:

E.g.

- a. After the earthquake, aid **was sent** to the people of Haiti. (sent)
 - b. The electricity was cut off because the bill **had not been** paid. (not pay)
1. Penicillin _____ by Alexander Fleming in 1928. (discover)
 2. Statements _____ from all the witnesses at this moment. (take)
 3. Whales _____ by an international ban on whaling. (must protect)
 4. Both weddings _____ by *Good Taste*. (cater)
 5. A Picture _____ from the Metropolitan Museum of Art. (steal)
 6. _____ this washing machine _____ in Germany? (make)
 7. Tea _____ in China. (grow)
 8. When we reached the airport, we found that all the flights _____ due to the storm. (cancel)
 9. The fax _____ until tomorrow morning. (not send)
 10. The soundtrack of a movie _____ always _____ after the filming is finished. (is/add)

6. LETTERS OF COMPLAINT

Letters of Complaint are written to complain against an issue. They can be informal or formal in nature. In this section the focus is on formal letters of complaint.

The formal letter of complaint can be written by an individual, a company or an organization.

Points to Remember:

1. Adhere to the proper format.
2. Use formal style and polite tone.
3. Focus on the most important facts.
4. Avoid giving unnecessary and irrelevant details.
5. Have an introductory and concluding sentence.
6. Follow logical order:
 - the reason for writing (e.g. I am writing to ...)
 - what went wrong (highlight the complaint)
 - what you would expect now (solution/ redressal)
7. Check spelling and punctuation.
8. Subscription:
 - **Yours faithfully** if the receiver is addressed as Sir/Madam or Dear Sir/Madam
(if you don't know the person's name)
 - **Yours sincerely** if the receiver is addressed by mentioning his name as Mr. Akash Dev/ Ms. Shalini
(If you know the person's name)

Format - Formal Letter of Complaint

From Address →

XYZ
No.54, 2nd Cross, First Main
K R Road
Bengaluru

Date →

2nd November, 2019

To Address →

The Manager
Adarsh Company
No.17, M.G. Road
Bengaluru

Salutation →

Dear Sir

Body of the Letter →

Subscription →

Thank You
Yours faithfully

Name →
(Signature) →

XYZ
(xyz)

Examples:

1. Write a letter to the Chairman, BMTC, complaining about the lack of transport facilities in your area.

ABC
Triveni House
Marathahalli
Bengaluru-560003

02 November 2019

The Chairman
BMTC, Majestic
Bengaluru-560043

Dear Sir

I am writing to you on behalf of the residents of Marathahalli, to draw your attention to the deplorable condition of public transport services in the above mentioned area.

The transport facility is so poor that it is practically non-existent. We find ourselves virtually cut-off from the outside world. It is very inconvenient for the school and college students to reach their destination on time. It causes a lot of inconvenience to the officials, business people and the general public at large as the buses do not ply on time. As a result of the skeletal service run on this route the buses are all overcrowded. Senior citizens and school students find it very difficult to board such buses. This has not only created chaos, but also increased the number of pick-pockets.

Hence, the residents of the area request you to kindly consider the matter seriously and take appropriate actions /measures at the earliest. In fact, the residents would like to meet you if you could spare your valuable time. We would be pleased if you could give us a date to discuss the pressing issue.

Thank you

Yours faithfully
ABC
(abc)

2. Write a letter to the Commissioner, BBMP, complaining about the pot-holes, drainage system and bad conditions of the roads in your area.

PQR
Vibha House
Jaynagar
Bengaluru-560023

02 November 2019

The Commissioner
BBMP, Malleshwaram
Bengaluru-560015

Dear Sir

I would like to draw the attention of the authorities to the deplorable conditions of roads in our area. Leaving aside the thoroughfares, the condition of the roads in the by lanes and the colonies are indeed pathetic. It has become quite common to find large pot-holes right in the middle of the road, which has not been repaired since months in spite of several complaints lodged. It is very difficult to drive even during day time, while venturing out at night is a Herculean task. The absence of street lights makes the pot-holes virtual death-traps. It has accounted for innumerable accidents in the recent past.

The drainage system is even worse, as most of the drains are clogged. Even a mild shower, floods most of the area with sewage water. The unauthorized encroachment of the land is the reason behind this. We dread the forth coming days as the meteorological department has predicted heavy rains.

We request the concerned authorities to take immediate measures of asphaltting the roads and cleaning the clogged drains .We also request for strict actions to be taken against all those who have violated the rules by encroaching the land meant for drains.

On behalf of the residents of Jayanagar I request the authorities to kindly look into these serious problems of the area and take immediate action.

Thank you

Yours faithfully

PQR
(pqr)

3. Write a letter to the Manager, BESCOM, complaining about the frequent failure of electric supply in your locality.

XYZ
Star House
J P Nagar
Bengaluru-560023

02 November 2019

The Manager
BBMP, Majestic
Bengaluru- 560013

Dear Sir

I am writing to you on behalf of the residents of J P Nagar to draw your kind attention to the frequent power failure in our locality.

The frequent and erratic power supply is causing a lot of inconvenience especially to the students, senior citizens, home makers and infants. The students who have board examinations are unable to study at night because of frequent power cut. Regular household chores are getting disrupted as well. Children and elderly people are unable to rest and relax because fans, coolers and ACs are rendered inoperable.

Sometimes, the power is turned off at night for several hours at a stretch depriving people of sleep and thus hampering their work the following day. Not only this, dark streets actuates anti-social elements making it unsafe for the pedestrians.

Hence, we request you to look into the matter and take necessary steps to ensure regular power supply in our area.

Thank you

Yours faithfully

XYZ
(xyz)

Exercises:

1. Write a letter to the editor of a daily newspaper focusing on the increasing incidents of theft in your locality.
2. A travel agency has sent your tickets for the wrong date. Express your dissatisfaction, the inconvenience caused and ask them to rectify the error.
3. Write a letter to the BBMP office complaining about the garbage not collected regularly.

QUESTION PAPER PATTERN

Time: 3 Hours

Max.Marks:70

PART-I (Grammar Section: 30 Marks)

- | | |
|--|-----------------|
| I. Verbs | 4marks |
| II. Phrases | 2 marks |
| III. Phrasal Verbs | 2 marks |
| IV. Clauses | 2 marks |
| V. Dialogue to Narration | 5 marks |
| VI. Passive Voice | 5 marks |
| VII. Letters of Complaint (Format- 5m, Content-5m) | 10 marks |

PART-II (Literary Section: 40 Marks)

- I. Answer any FIVE of the following in one or two sentences each: (Five out of eight questions) (2x5=10Marks)**
- II. Answer any FOUR of the following in about 80 to 100 words/a page each: (Four out of seven questions) (4X5 = 20 Marks)**
- III. Answer any ONE of the following in about 200 to 250 words/ two pages: (One out of three questions) (1X10=10 Marks)**

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

| | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------|
| INTERNAL ASSESSMENT TOTAL | : 30 MARKS |
| ASSIGNMENT | : 15 MARKS |
| TEST | : 10 MARKS |
| ATTENDANCE | : 05 MARKS |

MODEL QUESTION PAPER
II SEMESTER
B.A. /B.S.W/B. A. (Music)

Time: 3 Hours

Max. Marks: 70

Instructions:

1. *Answer all the questions.*
2. *Write the question number correctly.*

PART-I (Grammar Section)

30 Marks

I.A. Fill in the blanks with appropriate forms of auxiliary verbs: (2)

1. _____ your sister receive the e-mail yesterday? (Do)
2. She _____ in Mysore last week (Be)

B. State whether the verbs in bold are transitive or intransitive verbs: (2)

1. She **was crying** all day long.
2. The doctor **advised** me to exercise regularly.

II. A. Underline the phrases in the following sentences: (2)

1. Calcutta is a city of dense population.
2. The boy stood on the terrace.

III. B. Frame sentences using any TWO of the following phrasal verbs: (2)

1. Carry out
2. Do away with
3. Break-up

IV. A. Complete the following sentences with appropriate clauses: (2)

1. If I knew his address
2. I want a list of students.....

V. A. Here is a Conversation about a brief conversation between 2 old friends meeting by chance at a café. Narrate the dialogue between them.

(1X5=5)

- Sarah** : Hello Jason, how are you, it's been a long time since we last met?
Jason : Oh, hi Sarah I have got a new job now and is going great. How about you?
Sarah : Not too bad.
Jason : How often do you eat at this cafe?
Sarah : This is my first time my friends kept telling me the food was great, so tonight I decided to try it. What have you been up to?
Jason : I have been so busy with my new job that I have not had the time to do much but otherwise, me and my family are all fine.
Sarah : Well, I hope you and your family have a lovely meal.
Jason : Yes you too.

OR

B. Rearrange the following sentences into Narrative:

1. Forecasting the weather has always been a difficult business.
2. During a period of drought, streams, and rivers dried up, the cattle died from thirst and were ruined.
3. Many different things affect the weather and we have to study them carefully to make an accurate forecast.
4. Ancient Egyptians had no need of weather in the Nile Valley hardly ever changes.
5. In early times, when there were no instruments, such as the thermometer or the barometer, man looked for tell-tale signs in the sky. He made the forecasts by watching flights of the birds or the way smoke rose from fire.

VI. A. Change the following sentences into the passive voice: (3)

1. He arranges the books.
2. The chief guest is addressing the gathering.
3. The manager paid the workers their salaries in time

B. Fill in the correct passive form of the verb in brackets: (2)

1. After the earthquake, aid _____ to the people of Haiti. (sent)
2. The electricity was not cut off because the bill _____ paid. (pay)

VII. A. Write a letter to the BBMP office complaining about the garbage not collected regularly. (10)

**(Part II –Literary Section) 40
Marks**

VIII. Answer any FIVE of the following in a sentence or two each: (2 X 5 = 10)

1. Why are the employees giving up their jobs in “Shut Down The Shop”?
2. What is the usual leisure activity of Mr. Oliver?
3. What dims the poet’s life in “Give All To Love”?
4. In the poem The Cold Within’ ‘What game is the poet referring to while mentioning the last man of the group?
5. Name any two occasions mentioned in the letter by Mrs. Basu?
6. What is common between the Old man and Mr. Wood field in their personal lives?
7. What is the reason for the emergence of social media?
8. What virtues do Devadatta and Kapila represent?

IX. Answer any FOUR the following in about a page each: (4 X 5 =20)

1. What has revolutionized the way human beings get information in ‘The good, bad and in-between of social media?
2. Describe the condition of the petty shop in the poem ‘Shut down the shop’.
3. Why did Mr. Oliver suspect the boy?
4. Explain how love can be retained forever in the poem ‘Give all to love’.
5. How does the poet bring out the lack of warmth and compassion in Human Beings in the poem ‘The Cold Within’??
6. Discuss the significance of the Fly in the story.
7. In what ways had Hayavadana tried to get rid of his head?

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

1. Discuss the impact of globalization on small shopkeepers.
2. Mrs. Dutta tries to carry her cultural practices to America but in vain. Discuss.
3. Social media is a double-edged sword. Explain.
