



UNIVERSITY OF MYSORE

YUVARAJA'S COLLEGE

(A Constituent Autonomous College of the University of Mysore)

MYSURU

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

SELECTIONS FROM PROSE AND POETRY

(For the students of I Semester B.Sc/BBA/BCA)

(CBCS)

(2019-2020 onwards)

13th October 2020

I SEMESTER B.Sc/BBA/BCA

English (AECC – 2A)

Marks : C1+C2 =20

C3 – 80

Credits – 3

Teaching hours: 4 hours/week

POETRY

1. On His Blindness – John Milton
2. The World is Too Much With Us – William Wordsworth
3. Opportunity -John James Ingalls
4. Our Casuarina Tree – Toru Dutt
5. Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening – Robert Frost
6. No Men are Foreign – James Kirkup
7. Your Attention Please – Peter Porter

PROSE

1. Origin of Science – Will Durant
2. The Best Investment I Ever Made – A.J. Cronin
3. My Greatest Olympic Prize – Jesse Owens
4. The Town by the Sea – Amitav Ghosh

LANGUAGE COMPONENT

1. Articles
2. Prepositions
3. Verb – Tense and Subject-verb Agreement
4. Punctuation
5. Synonyms and Antonyms

ON HIS BLINDNESS

John Milton

*John Milton (1608-1674), one of the greatest poets of the English language, is best-known for his epic poem **Paradise Lost** (1667). Milton was born in London. His father, John Milton, the elder, had risen to prosperity as a scrivener or law writer and his mother, Sarah Jeffrey, was a deeply religious person. Milton's powerful, rhetoric prose and the eloquence of his poetry had an immense influence especially on the 18th-century verse. Besides poems, Milton published pamphlets defending civil and religious rights. His political opinions stirred much controversy. Milton's views influenced profoundly the Romantic poets especially, William Blake and P.B. Shelley.*

Milton wrote 19 sonnets in English, some of which are personal while some others are political. He was the first notable writer in English who explored themes other than love in his sonnets. He adopted the Petrarchan form of sonnet. Milton dedicated his poetry to justify the ways of God to man.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

About the Poem

John Milton's sonnet 19, "When I Consider How my Light is Spent" is a Petrarchan sonnet. It is a deeply personal poem which explores Milton's feelings, fears and doubts regarding his blindness and his rationalization of this fear by seeking solutions in his faith. Milton became totally blind in 1651, at the age of forty three. A deeply religious person, Milton was greatly disturbed by the loss of his sight at an early age. The concepts of humility and patience are given memorable expression in this poem. In the first quatrain, the speaker expresses his concern that he is going blind and worries that his "one Talent," his creative ability, would be hampered by his blindness.

In the octave, the poet expresses his frustration that his 'light', or vision, has been used up before he reached middle age. In the sestet this feeling of disappointment and distress softens into an acceptance of his plight as he becomes conscious of the true nature of God. He realizes that God does not place unreasonable demands upon His subjects. God is not to be conceived of as a task-master, demanding work from His creations whether or not they have the physical capability to make full use of their talents. Perhaps he can actually serve God best by patiently bearing the burden of blindness that has been placed upon him. Others may strive to prove their worth as they "at his bidding speed and post o'er land and ocean without rest". In fact his service to God is in patiently bearing the burden (his blindness) that has been placed upon him for, the truth is that "They also serve who only stand and wait".

Notes

light: here, eyesight, vision (the figure of speech used here is synecdoche)

spent: used up; exhausted

ere: before

talent : here, at one level, "talent" refers to the poetic talent or creative ability bestowed on him by God.

At another level, the word "talent" also meant a unit of currency, a gold or silver coin used by the Romans in the ancient times.

The allusion here is to the **Parable of the Talents** (Matthew 25:14-30); there is a pun on the word 'talent' in its modern sense of mental gift or endowment, in Milton's case, his creative ability.

useless: unused (his blindness has made the expression of his talent almost impossible)

Patience: Milton personifies patience. 'P' is capitalized.

Line 3: "And that one Talent which is death to hide": An allusion to the Parable of the

Talents, in which the servant who buried the single talent his lord had given him, instead of investing it, was deprived of all he had and cast into " darkness" by his *master*.

bent: devoted, bound

Maker: here, God

chide: take to task; scold; rebuke

day labour: that labour which is done in the day-light/ by people endowed with eyesight

fondly: foolishly.

bidding: behest ; order; call

post: (archaic) hurry; hasten

Line 14 : Man can also serve God by merely waiting for His grace. Those who only stand and wait also serve God's will. The words reflect Milton's acceptance of God's will.

The Sonnet

A sonnet has fourteen lines and is usually written in iambic pentameter. Petrarchan or Italian sonnets are divided into two parts, an eight-line octave and a six-line sestet. The octave typically presents a problem or raises a question and the sestet resolves it. The rhyme scheme of the octave is **abbaabba** and that of the sestet is **cdccdc**. A Petrarchan sonnet is also called a Miltonic sonnet.

Comprehension

1. What does the phrase "light is spent" mean ?

2. Why is the world 'dark' and 'wide' for the speaker?

3. What does the word 'Talent' refer to ?

4. What does the speaker mean by "ere half my days" ?

5. Who according to Milton serves God the best ?

6. Why does the talent in Milton remain unused?

7. In the line, "Doth God exact day-labour", what does 'day labour' mean?

8. What is the figure of speech employed in the line, "But Patience, to prevent that murmur" ?

9. How best can one serve God?

10. What kind of a sonnet is "On His Blindness" ?

11. Identify the words in the poem which describe God's state ?

12. What does the line " They also serve who only stand and wait" suggest ?

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

William Wordsworth

William Wordsworth (1770-1850) was one of the pioneers of the Romantic Movement in English poetry. He was born in Cockermouth, Cumberland, England and educated at John's College, Cambridge. A deep love of nature, an appreciation of the simple and humble people and the use of the language of everyday speech are the hallmarks of his poetry. Wordsworth defined poetry as "a spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings recollected in tranquility". The greatest merit of Wordsworth's poetry is in its purity of expression combined with its healing qualities. Most of all he was a poet of Nature. He was a pantheist as he saw the manifestation of God in every aspect of Nature. Nature for him was a friend, guide and philosopher. Nature, for him, was the greatest teacher and he considered himself her interpreter. He believed that in Nature is the panacea for all the ills of human life. Some of his well-known poems are "The Daffodils", "The Solitary Reaper", "Yarrow Visited", "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" and "Lines Composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey". Wordsworth was honoured as the Poet Laureate in 1843.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;—
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

About the poem

In his sonnet "The World is Too Much with Us" Wordsworth bemoans the disconnect between the world of nature and the world of human beings. In the first eight lines or the octave, the speaker criticizes his times for being too much caught up in the material world. He feels society is "out of tune" with Nature. Men are so preoccupied with worldly affairs that their total concentration is on making and spending money. In the process, they are blind to the pristine glory of nature and to the presence of the divine in Nature. In their relentless pursuit of material wealth, men have given their hearts away in exchange for worldly benefits (sordid boon). In the sestet of the sonnet the poet declares with passion his preference for the pagan world, which though primitive compared to the materialistic modern world, remained in touch with nature and the mysteries of life.

The sonnet follows the Petrarchan model.

Glossary

The world: the busy material world of money and power

too much with us: we care too much about material pursuits

we lay waste our powers: we waste our energies in petty and futile worldly pursuits that we ignore nobler and higher quests

sordid: horrible, disgusting (It is the act of giving away the heart that is sordid)

boon: blessing, gift

sordid boon: Wordsworth views trading our relationship with nature for a life time of material gain as bad bargain

we are out of tune: busy after worldly pursuits, we are not in a position to respond to the true beauty and the gifts of Nature. Nature is no longer an integral part of our lives.

Pagan: here, a follower of an ancient religion (pre-Christian) that worshipped several gods

creed: faith, doctrine or belief

outworn: obsolete, archaic, old

suckled in a creed outworn: nurtured in an outdated/obsolete religion

lea: meadow.

forlorn: sad, hopeless

Proteus: a sea god in Greek Mythology who could assume a variety of shapes

Triton: Triton is the son of the sea god, Neptune; the sound of his conch-shell horn controls the waves.

wreathed: covered with flowers

Comprehension

1. What does the phrase “The world is too much with us” suggest ?

2. What is meant by “sordid boon” ?

3. Why does the poet feel that “we lay waste our powers” ?

4. What do the words “we are out of tune” mean ?

5. What would the poet rather be?

6. Who is Proteus ?

7. Who is Triton?

8. How is the poem a Petrarchan sonnet?

9. Do you think the poet advocates a return to primitive times?

10. Do you think that electronic devices like cell phones cause the world to be too much with you ?

OPPORTUNITY

John James Ingalls

John James Ingalls was a US senator from Kansas. Born in Middleton, Massachusetts in 1833, he graduated from Williams College in 1855. He was admitted to the bar in 1857 and later took an active interest in politics, becoming a State Senator in 1862. He was elected to the Kansas State Senate and later to the US Senate. Ingalls was an abolitionist and a staunch supporter of Civil Services reform. He frequently contributed to leading magazines and reviews.

It is said that the poem "Opportunity" was President Theodore Roosevelt's favourite poem and that Roosevelt had framed and fixed this poem on his Presidential office wall.

Master of human destinies am I;
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk. I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late,
I knock unbidden once at every gate.

If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise, before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who hesitate
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain, and uselessly implore.
I answer not, and I return no more.

About the Poem

The poem, "Opportunity" is an ode that speaks about the transient and fleeting nature of opportunity. An opportunity well-utilized has the power to shape our destiny. Procrastination does not help. The world today is an intensively competitive place. Successful persons are the ones who make the best use of the opportunity that comes their

way. One should be ready to make the most of on an opportunity, seize the day and take advantage of favourable circumstances when the time is right.

The poet personifies Opportunity and speaks of it as though it is a human entity.

Notes

Ode: An ode is a form of poetry that is lyrical in nature and is often written in praise of a person, event or an object.

remote: faraway; distant

hovel: a hut or a shed; a shack (a very small dwelling)

mart: a store, shop or a market

unbidden: unasked; voluntarily

penury: pennilessness; poverty

woe: misery

in vain: without success; unsuccessfully

implore: appeal; plead

Comprehension

1. How is opportunity described in the poem?

2. What, according to the poet, wait at the footsteps of opportunity ?

3. Mention the places referred to in the poem which opportunity traverses or passes through.

4. How does opportunity knock at every gate ?

5. How should one respond to opportunity before it turns away ?

6. What would the ones who follow opportunity achieve ?

7. Who is the 'foe' who cannot be conquered?

8. What are the people who doubt or hesitate to respond to opportunity condemned to?

9. How does opportunity respond when people seek it in vain or plead with it to return?

10. What does the line "I return no more" suggest/imply about opportunity?

11. Do you seek opportunities or do you passively wait for opportunities to come your way or knock on your door?

12. Do you think you can create opportunities for the ones around you?

13. Can you think of a proverb which says that when opportunity comes one's way one should make the most of it?

14. Do you think you have an opportunity in hand right now? How would you respond to it?

OUR CASUARINA TREE

Toru Dutt

Toru Dutt (1856–1877) was born in a prosperous and well-educated Hindu family of Rambagan, Calcutta. She was the youngest of the three children of Gobinda Chandra Dutt, a linguist and a versifier and Kshetramoni. Her father converted to Christianity in the 1860's. Toru Dutt was a poet, novelist, translator who will be remembered for the eternal charm of her works. Though she died at a very young age of twenty-one, she left behind an immense collection of prose and poetry. Critics describe her as the "fragile blossom" that withered very fast.

*Her works are skillfully crafted and reflect the experiences of a young mind. She is often called the Keats of Indo-English literature for the quality of her poetry. She was well-versed not only in English but also in French, German and Sanskrit. She put to creative use these three languages that she mastered equally well. Her poems include *A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields* and *Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan*. *Our Casuarina Tree* is one of the best known among her poems and is held to be the finest.*

Like a huge python, winding round and round
The rugged trunk, indented deep with scars,
Up to its very summit near the stars,
A creeper climbs, in whose embraces bound
No other tree could live. But gallantly
The giant wears the scarf, and flowers are hung
In crimson clusters all the boughs among,
Whereon all day are gathered bird and bee;
And oft at nights the garden overflows
With one sweet song that seems to have no close,
Sung darkling from our tree, while men repose.

When first my casement is wide open thrown
At dawn, my eyes delighted on it rest;
Sometimes, and most in winter,—on its crest
A gray baboon sits statue-like alone
Watching the sunrise; while on lower boughs
His puny offspring leap about and play;
And far and near kokilas hail the day;
And to their pastures wend our sleepy cows;
And in the shadow, on the broad tank cast
By that hoar tree, so beautiful and vast,
The water-lilies spring, like snow enmassed.

But not because of its magnificence
Dear is the Casuarina to my soul:
Beneath it we have played; though years may roll,
O sweet companions, loved with love intense,
For your sakes, shall the tree be ever dear.
Blent with your images, it shall arise
In memory, till the hot tears blind mine eyes!
What is that dirge-like murmur that I hear
Like the sea breaking on a shingle-beach?
It is the tree's lament, an eerie speech,
That haply to the unknown land may reach.

Unknown, yet well-known to the eye of faith!
Ah, I have heard that wail far, far away
In distant lands, by many a sheltered bay,
When slumbered in his cave the water-wraith
And the waves gently kissed the classic shore
Of France or Italy, beneath the moon,
When earth lay tranced in a dreamless swoon:
And every time the music rose,—before
Mine inner vision rose a form sublime,
Thy form, O Tree, as in my happy prime
I saw thee, in my own loved native clime.
Therefore I fain would consecrate a lay
Unto thy honor, Tree, beloved of those
Who now in blessed sleep for aye repose,—
Dearer than life to me, alas, were they!
Mayst thou be numbered when my days are done
With deathless trees—like those in Borrowdale,
Under whose awful branches lingered pale
“Fear, trembling Hope, and Death, the skeleton,
And Time the shadow;” and though weak the verse
That would thy beauty fain, oh, fain rehearse,
May Love defend thee from Oblivion's curse.

About the Poem

“Our Casuarina Tree”, which is among the finest and the best known poems written by Toru Dutt, is at one level a poetic evocation of a tree. At another level, it is recapturing the past and making those moments of time immortal. In “Our Casuarina Tree”, Toru Dutt writes about the pangs of separation and suffering, alienation and exile, loss and premature death. The poem depicts Toru Dutt's yearning for her native land and her nostalgic recollection of

the memories of her childhood and the happy times she spent with her brother and sister Abju and Aru.

The opening stanza of the poem is an objective description of the tree. In the second stanza, the poet recalls her sweet memories of the tree. The third stanza links the tree with Toru's memories of her dead brother and sister. The fourth stanza humanizes the tree. In the last stanza the poet stresses on the immortality of the tree and wishes that her casuarina tree be counted among those trees which have been immortalized in literature by great poets.

Notes

Casuarina tree (scientific name `Casuarina equisetifolia) is an evergreen

tree growing to a height of about 35 m with foliage which consists of slender, much-branched green to grey-green twigs bearing minute scale like leaves in whorls. It makes the tree look like a conifer.

rugged: rough

summit: top

gallantly: bravely

repose: rest

broad tank: for storage of drinking water.

pastures: meadow; grazing land

dirge: a funeral song; here a sad song

shingle-beach: beach covered with small, rounded, water-worn stones of various sizes.

eerie speech: strange; uncanny speech

Lines 30-31: The whisper and sigh of the branches of a `Casuarina` can be easily compared with the distant murmur of waves on the shore. The sound is a soothing and restful one to the poet.

slumbered: dozed, slept

tranced: in a stupor; in a dazed state

sublime: awe-inspiring

water-wraith: a spirit, remembered from Wordsworth's "Yarrow Visited September, 1814."

clime : (poetic) climate or region

fain: gladly

consecrate: dedicate

lay: a song

those: the reference here is to Toru's brother Abju who died in 1865 and sister Aru who died in 1874.

Borrowdale: the Borrowdale valley and lake, in the Lake district, of which Wordsworth writes in his poem, "Yew-trees".

Line 53: Toru quotes from William Wordsworth's poem, "Yew-trees"

Oblivion: forgetfulness ('oblivion' is personified in the poem)

Comprehension

1. How is the creeper described?

2. What is the figure of speech employed in the line, "Like a huge python winding round and round?"

3. In the words, "The giant wears the scarf " who is the giant ? Why is it called a giant?

4. What is the sound that permeates the garden during the nights ?

5. Why is the Casuarina tree dear to the poet's soul ?

6. Who are “the sweet companions” referred to by the poet ?

7. Mention the figure of speech employed in the line, “The water-lilies spring, like snow enmassed”.

8. Why shall the tree remain forever dear to the poet?

9. What is that dirge-like murmur that the poet hears living in a faraway land?

10. Why would the poet dedicate a song in honour of the tree?

11. Who are the ones who lie in “blessed sleep”?

12. What are the deathless trees referred to by the poet?

13. What, according to the poet, would defend the poet from “Oblivion’s curse” ?

STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

Robert Frost

Robert Frost (1874-1963) the American poet and teacher was a four-time Pulitzer Prize winner. He was born in San Francisco, California. His father William Frost was a journalist and an ardent democrat while his mother Isabelle was a teacher. Robert Frost was one of the best-known and best-loved poets and his poems are popular and oft-quoted.

*An essentially pastoral poet often associated with rural New England, Frost wrote poems whose philosophical dimensions rise above any region. He used New England expressions, characters and settings, recalling the roots of American culture, to reflect the universal human experience. His poetry is thus both traditional and experimental, regional and universal. *After Apple-Picking, Birches, Home Burial, Gathering Leaves and Mending Wall* are some of his best-loved poems.*

Whose woods these are I think I know,
His house is in the village though.
He will not see me stopping here,
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer,
To stop without a farmhouse near,
Between the woods and frozen lake,
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake,
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep,
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

About the Poem

"Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" is one of Robert Frost's best-known poems. Frost called it "my best bid for remembrance". The poem describes a common place experience of a traveller in a horse-drawn carriage stopping his horse to watch the beautiful landscape on a dark winter evening. He lingers so long that his horse shakes his harness

bells “to ask if there is some mistake”. The speaker is strongly drawn towards the beauty of the woods. There is a strong desire in him to explore the “lovely, dark and deep” woods. However, he is reminded of the “promises” he has to keep, of the miles he must continue to travel before he goes to sleep.

The last four lines are the most memorable ones. The line, “And miles to go before I sleep”, is repeated and it could be more than a literal reference to the journey ahead that the traveller has to complete. It could also be a metaphorical reference to the brief span of human life and the compulsions that every man is under to fulfill the responsibilities that lie ahead of him. The traveller is every man and his journey represents life’s “journey”. The man’s hesitation to explore the “lovely, dark and deep woods” can be interpreted as a reminder that he gives himself of his social duty and personal responsibility.

Notes:

queer : strange

harness bells: bells hung upon the harness of the horse, whose sound announced the approach of the horse and its rider or carriage passenger.

harness: a harness is a set of devices and straps that attaches a horse to a cart or carriage

sweep: an easy and gentle movement

easy wind: gentle wind

downy flake: soft, feathery bits of snow

Comprehension

1. What do the words “snowy evening” mean ?

2. What does the poet say about the owner of the woods ?

3. Why is the poet tempted to stop and explore the woods?

4. What is the horse's reaction when the poet suddenly stops by the woods?

5. How is the evening described in the poem?

6. Why does the horse give his harness bells a shake?

7. What are the sounds that the traveller hears?

8. What do the words 'downy flake' refer to?

9. How does the poet describe the woods?

10. What does the frozen lake indicate ?

11. Who do you think is the traveller and what do you think his journey represents?

12. What do you think are the different connotations of the word 'sleep'?

13. Which season of the year is described in the poem? Give words/phrases from the poem which support your answer.

14. Do you think the traveller continues his journey or stops to explore the woods?

NO MEN ARE FOREIGN

James Kirkup

*James Kirkup (1918), a renowned poet, novelist, playwright and translator was born in South Shields, County Durham. His literary works include forty verse collections, autobiographies of his childhood and translations from French among others. Kirkup's autobiographical novel **The Only Child** (1957) is an account of a working class childhood. He also published many books on Japan. He received many honours for his literary achievements. He was conferred with the Atlantic Award for Literature by the Rockefeller Foundation. He became the Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature in 1962. He was honoured with the Japan P.E.N. Club Prize for Poetry in 1965. Kirkup died in Andorra on 10 May 2009. James Kirkup explores the theme of the oneness of humanity in his poem, "No Men are Foreign". It is an appeal against aggression and war and it advocates universal brotherhood.*

Remember, no men are strange, no countries foreign
Beneath all uniforms, a single body breathes
Like ours ; the land our brothers walk upon
Is earth like this, in which we all shall lie.
They, too, aware of sun and air and water,
Are fed by peaceful harvests, by war's long winter starv'd.

Their hands are ours, and in their lines we read
A labour not different from our own.
Remember they have eyes like ours that wake
Or sleep, and strength that can be won
By love. In every land is common life
That all can recognize and understand.

Let us remember, whenever, we are told
To hate our brothers, it is ourselves
That we shall dispossess, betray, condemn.
Remember, we who take arms against each other
It is the human earth that we defile,

Our hells of fire and dust outrage the innocence
Of air that is everywhere our own.
Remember, no men are foreign, and no countries strange.

About the Poem:

James Kirkup's poem "No Men are Foreign" urges us not to consider anyone as a foreigner or a stranger. As John Donne puts it, no man is an island. Humanity is the same all the world over. If we inflict harm on others, we are harming ourselves. In destroying another country, we are destroying our earth. The poet urges and appeals to all of us to look upon humanity as one unified and cohesive entity. The poem reflects the belief that all men are equal and that though space and boundaries separate them and they belong to different nations, races and communities they are bound by the common bond of humanity.

Notes :

beneath... breathes: to the unified unity that is humanity which breathes life as a single
body

Line 6 *peaceful harvests:* the act of gathering crops is a peaceful activity

Line 6 *by war's long winter starv'd :* if there is war, starvation and death stalk as
people cannot carry out harvesting

Line 15 *dispossess :* to take away land or property from someone

Line 16 *take arms against each other :* enter into war

Line 18 *outrage... own:* to defile the earth which belongs not to one country or one
people, but to all Humanity

Comprehension

1. What does the line, "Beneath all uniforms, a single body breathes/ Like ours" imply?

2. What do the words, "war's long winter" suggest?

3. Whom do we dispossess and betray when we hate our fellow human beings ?

4. What do people defile when they take arms against each other?

5. What does the idiom, "take arms against each other" suggest?

6. What do the words, "Our hells of fire and dust" refer to ?

'Your Attention Please'

Peter Porter

Peter Neville Frederick Porter (1929 –2010) was a British-based Australian poet acknowledged as one of the finest poets of the second half of the 20th century. Porter was born in Brisbane, Australia. Porter's poetry is wide-ranging, complex and philosophical and is steeped in epigrammatic allusions. His poem "Your Attention Please" is written in the form of a radio announcement, warning of a massive nuclear attack aimed at all the major cities.

Your Attention Please

The Polar DEW has just warned that

A nuclear rocket strike of

At least one thousand megatons

Has been launched by the enemy

Directly at our major cities.

This announcement will take

Two and a quarter minutes to make,

You therefore have a further

Eight and a quarter minutes

To comply with the shelter

Requirements published in the Civil

Defence Code - section Atomic Attack.

A specially shortened Mass

Will be broadcast at the end

Of this announcement -

Protestant and Jewish services

Will begin simultaneously -

Select your wavelength immediately

According to instructions

In the Defence Code. Do not

Take well-loved pets (including birds)

Into your shelter – they will consume

Fresh air. Leave the old and bed-

ridden, you can do nothing for them.

Remember to press the sealing

Switch when everyone is in

The shelter. Set the radiation

Aerial, turn on the Geiger barometer.
Turn off your Television now.
Turn off your radio immediately
The Services end. At the same time
Secure explosion plugs in the ears
Of each member of your family. Take
Down your plasma flasks. Give your children
The pills marked one and two
In the C.D green container, then put
Them to bed. Do not break
The inside airlock seals until
The radiation All Clear shows
(Watch for the cuckoo in your
perspex panel), or your District
Touring Doctor rings your bell.
If before this, your air becomes
Exhausted or if any of your family
In critically injured, administer
The capsules marked 'Valley Forge'
(Red Pocket in No. 1 Survival Kit)
For painless death. (Catholics
Will have been instructed by their priests
What to do in this eventuality).
This announcement is ending. Our President
Has already given orders for
Massive retaliation - it will be
Decisive. Some of us may die.
Remember, statistically
It is not likely to be you.
All flags are flying fully dressed
On Government buildings - the sun is shining.
Death is the least we have to fear.
We are all in the hands of God,
Whatever happens happens by His Will.
Now go quickly to your shelters.

About the poem

“Your Attention Please” is written in the style of a radio broadcast warning of an imminent nuclear bombardment. The poem depicts the horrors and irreversible changes created by modern warfare and also hints at the fundamental unacceptability of war. The poet uses a direct and casual manner to point out to a bitter truth. Man, using modern technology has created a killing machine that could render life extinct. War could now be waged on a massive scale. Using dark humour, satire and word-play, the poet denounces the dreadful results of a probable nuclear holocaust and the possible futurelessness of the human race. The poem is apocalyptic in the sense that it presents the vision of the End – the End of the world, by nuclear power.

Notes

DEW: Defence Early Warning system, designed to pick up electronically the signals of a fired nuclear missile. To provide early warning of such an attack, the “Distant Early Warning System” (DEW Line) was established across the tundra of northern Greenland, Canada and Alaska. The DEW Line consisted of radar stations with the ability to detect aircraft and missiles within their areas of surveillance.

megaton : A unit of explosive force equal to that of one million metric tons of TNT.

shelter : nuclear air-raid shelter, intended to protect people from radioactive dust (fall-out). In some countries shelters were taken very seriously. In Switzerland, for example, a law was introduced in 1950 according to which every new house or public building must incorporate a nuclear shelter. The law was scrupulously followed. Large reinforced concrete structures were built into the foundations of every building, designed to protect people from blast and fire as well as fall-out.

Civil Defence (C D): organised civilian activities in the event of attack. It uses the principles of emergency operations: prevention, mitigation, preparation, response, or emergency evacuation, and recovery. Programmes of this sort were initially discussed at least as early as the 1920s and were implemented in many countries, but only became widespread in the USA after the threat of nuclear weapons was realized.

Geiger barometer: named after the inventor Hans Geiger (1882-1945) A device that detects and measures the intensity of radiation, such as particles from radioactive material, consisting of a Geiger tube and associated electronic equipment. Also called *Geiger-Müller counter*.

plasma : the liquid part of blood

Valley Forge : a site in Pennsylvania where the military camp of George Washington's American Continental Army spent the winter of 1777–1778 during the American Revolutionary War. They experienced extreme hardship and deprivation.

instructed by their priests : part of a Catholic priest's duties is to give the 'last rites' to the dying. In the nuclear shelters and under nuclear attack, it was unlikely that priest could be summoned.

perspex : a transparent thermoplastic, used chiefly as a lightweight or shatter-resistant alternative to glass.

Comprehension

1. What is the warning given by the Polar DEW ?

2. What does the acronym DEW stand for ?

3. How long will the announcement take to be made ?

4. What is the explosive force of the nuclear rocket strike?

5. Why shouldn't pets be taken into the shelter ?

6. What does the announcement say about the old and the bed-ridden ?

7. What is a Geiger barometer?

8. What do you think are the capsules marked 'Valley Forge' for ?

9. According to the announcement what order has been given by the President ?

10. Identify the figure of speech employed in the lines, "We are all in the hands of God /
Whatever happens happens by His Will".

11. In what form is the poem written?

THE ORIGIN OF SCIENCE

Will Durant

*William James Durant (1885- 1981), the American philosopher and historian was also one of the most gifted prose stylists of the twentieth century. He was born to Joseph and Marie Durant on 5 November, 1885 in North Adams, Massachusetts. He received his Bachelor's and Master's degrees from St. Peter's College in Jersey City and his doctorate from Columbia University. **The Story of Civilization** is Durant's greatest work in eleven volumes.*

*The essay **Origin of Science** is an extract from volume I of **The Story of Civilization**. Science rules the world today. Durant probes the question of the origin of science with a remarkable array of illustrations drawn from a variety of sources.*

In the opinion of Herbert Spencer, science, like letters, began with the priests, originated in astronomic observations, governing religious festivals and was preserved in the temples and transmitted across the generations as part of the clerical heritage. We cannot say, for here again beginnings elude us and we may only surmise. Perhaps science, like civilization in general, began with agriculture; geometry, as its name indicates, was the measurement of the soil; and the calculation of crops and seasons, necessitating the observation of the stars and the construction of a calendar, may have generated astronomy. Navigation advanced astronomy, trade developed mathematics, and the industrial arts laid the base of physics and chemistry.

Counting was probably one of the earliest forms of speech, and in many tribes it still presents a relieving simplicity. The Tasmanians counted up to two: 'Parmery, calabawa, cardia' – i.e., 'one, two, plenty'; the Guaranis of Brazil adventured further and said: 'One, two, three, four, innumerable.' The New Hollanders had no words for *three* or *four*; *three* they called 'two-one'; *four* was 'two-two'. Damara natives would not exchange two sheep for four sticks, but willingly exchanged, twice in succession, one sheep for two sticks. Counting was by the fingers; hence the decimal system. When – apparently after some time – the idea of twelve was reached, the number became a favorite because it was so pleasantly divisible by five of the first six digits; and that duodecimal system was born which obstinately survives in English measurements today: twelve dozen in a gross, twelve inches in a foot. Thirteen, on

the other hand, refused to be divided and became disreputable and unlucky forever. Toes added to fingers created the idea of twenty or a score; the use of this unit in reckoning lingers in the French *quatre-vingt* (four twenties) for eighty. Other parts of the body served as standards of measurement: a hand for a 'span', a thumb for an inch (in French the two words are the same), an elbow for a 'cubit', an arm for an 'ell', a foot for a foot. At an early date pebbles were added to fingers as an aid in counting; the survival of the abacus, and the 'Little stone' (*calculus*) concealed in the world calculate, reveal to us how small, again is the gap between the simplest and the latest men. Thoreau longed for this primitive simplicity, and well expressed a universally recurrent mood: 'An honest man has hardly need to count more than his ten fingers, or, in extreme cases he may add his toes, and lump the rest. I say, let our affairs be as two or three, and not as a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million count half a dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumb-nail'.

The measurement of time by the movements of the heavenly bodies was probably the beginning of astronomy; the very word *measure*, like the word *month* (and perhaps the word *man* – the measurer), goes back apparently to a root denoting the moon. Men measured time by moons long before they counted it by years; the sun, like the father, was a comparatively later discovery; even today Easter is reckoned according to the phases of the moon. The Polynesians had a calendar of thirteen months, regulated by the moon; when their lunar year diverged too flagrantly from the precession of the seasons they dropped a moon, and the balance was restored. But such sane uses of the heavens were exceptional; astrology antedated – and perhaps will survive – astronomy; simple souls are more interested in telling futures than in telling time. A myriad of superstitions grew up about the influence of the stars upon human character and fate; and many of these superstitions flourish in our own day. Perhaps they are not superstitions, but only another kind of error than science.

Natural man formulates no physics, but merely practises it; he cannot plot the path of a projectile, but he can aim an arrow well; he has no chemical symbols, but he knows at a glance, which plants are poison and which are food, and uses subtle herbs to heal the ills of the flesh. Perhaps we should employ another gender here, for probably the first doctors were

women; not only because they were the natural nurses of the men, nor merely because they made midwifery, rather than venality, the oldest profession, but because their closer connection with the soil gave them a superior knowledge of plants, and enabled them to develop the art of medicine as distinct from the magic mongering of the priests. From the earliest days to a time yet within our memory, it was the woman who healed. Only when the woman failed did the primitive sick resort to the medicine man.

It is astonishing how many cures primitive doctors effected despite their theories of disease. To these simple people disease seemed to be possession of the body by an alien power or spirit – a conception not essentially different from the germ theory which pervades medicine today. The most popular method of cure was by some magic incantation that would propitiate the evil spirit or drive it away. How perennial this form of therapy is may be seen in the story of the Gadarene swine. Even now epilepsy is regarded by many as a possession; some contemporary religions prescribe forms of exorcism for banishing disease, and prayer is recognized by most living people as an aid to pills and drugs. Perhaps the primitive practice was based, as much as the most modern, on the healing power of suggestion. The tricks of these early doctors were more dramatic than those of their more civilized successors: they tried to scare off the possessing demon by assuming terrifying masks, covering themselves with the skins of animals, shouting, raving, slapping their hands, shaking rattles, and sucking the demon out through a hollow tube; as an old adage put it, 'Nature cures the disease while the remedy amuses the patient.' The Brazilian Bororos carried the science to a higher stage by having the father take the medicine in order to cure the sick child; almost invariably the child got well.

Along with medicative herbs we find in the vast pharmacopoeia of primitive man an assortment of soporific drugs calculated to ease pain or to facilitate operations. Poisons like curare (used so frequently on the tips of arrows), and drugs like hemp, opium and eucalyptus are older than history; one of our most popular anesthetics goes back to the Peruvian use of coca for this purpose. Cartier tells how the Iroquois cured scurvy with the bark and leaves of the hemlock spruce. Primitive surgery knew a variety of operations and instruments.

Childbirth was well managed; fractures and wounds were ably set and dressed. By means of obsidian knives, or sharpened flints, or fishes, teeth, blood was let, abscesses were drained, and tissues were sacrificed. Trephining of the skull was practiced by primitive medicine – men from the ancient Peruvian Indians to the modern Melanesians; the latter averaged nine successes out of every ten operations, while in 1786 the same operation was invariably fatal at the Hotel-Dieu in Paris.

We smile at primitive ignorance while we submit anxiously to the expensive therapeutics of our own day. As Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote, after a lifetime of healing:

There is nothing men will not do, there is nothing they have not done, to recover their health and save their lives. They have submitted to be half-drowned in water and half-choked with gases, to be buried up to their chins in earth, to be seared with hot irons like galley-slaves, to be crimped with knives like codfish, to have needles thrust into their flesh, and bonfires kindled on their skin, to swallow all sorts of abominations, and to pay for all this as if to be singed and scalded were a costly privilege, as if blisters were a blessing and leeches a luxury.

Notes

adage: maxim or proverb

anent: (archaic and Scottish) regarding; concerning.

coca: a South American tree, *Erythroxylon coca*, having leaves that contain cocaine and related alkaloids.

cubit: An ancient unit of linear measure, originally equal to the length of the forearm, from the tip of the middle finger to the elbow.

curare: a resinous substance obtained from several species of South American trees. It is used by some South American Indians to poison arrows.

Damara : a native of Damaraland – a region of north central Namibia (South West Africa), home of the pastoralist Damara people.

disreputable: lacking respectability; not worthy of respect.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes : (1809- 94) American physician, poet and humorist.

duodecimal : of, pertaining to, or based on the number 12.

ell: an English linear measure equal to 45 inches formerly used in measuring cloth,

exorcism: the act of expelling an evil spirit by or as if by incantation, prayer, ceremonies or
the like

flagrant: glaring; gross

Gadarene: of Gadara, an ancient city of Palestine. For the story of the Gadarene swine,
refer to the Bible, Mathew 8:28-33.

Guaranis: a South American Indian tribe.

hemlock spruce: the wood of hemlock tree. Hemlock is a type of tree of the genus *Tsuga*,
native to North America.

Herbert Spencer: (1820-1903) An English philosopher who trained as an engineer; gave up
his profession and devoted himself to philosophical study and writing.

hotel Dieu: (French) a hospital

Iroquois: a North American Indian tribe.

Melanesians : inhabitants of Melanesia, a division of the Pacific islands.

myriad: countless; innumerable

obsidian: an acid resistant, lustrous, volcanic glass.

pharmacopeia: a book containing an official list of medicinal drugs together with articles on
their preparation and use; the range of drugs used in medicine.

propitiate: appease

scarified : made small cuts on the skin with a sharp knife.

soporific: sleep- inducing

surmise: (v) to infer reasonably though without conclusive evidence; guess

the Polynesians: Natives of the Pacific islands, including New Zealand and the many smaller
islands in the southern and central Pacific.

Thoreau: Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862) was an American essayist, poet and
philosopher. He was also a dynamic advocate of civil liberties.

to reckon: to count or compute

trephining: in surgery, to operate on with a trephine.

A trephine is a surgical instrument having circular, saw-like edges, used to cut out discs of tissue, usually bone from skull.

Comprehension

1. What did science begin with, according to Herbert Spencer ?

2. What was geometry to the ancient people?

3. What was one of the earliest forms of speech ?

4. How did the Tasmanians count ?

5. How did the New Hollanders refer to the numbers three and four ?

6. Why did number thirteen become disreputable and unlucky for ever?

7. What was the primitive woman's role in healing?

8. What, according to Will Durant, was the beginning of astronomy?

8. Describe the calendar of the Polynesians?

9. What was most popular method of cure for the primitive man?

10. How, according to Durant, did the Brazilian Bororos take science to a higher stage?

11. Name the anesthetic used by the Peruvians.

12. How did the Iroquois cure scurvy?

13. What is trephining of the skull ?

THE BEST INVESTMENT I EVER MADE

A.J Cronin

*Archibald Joseph Cronin (1896-1981) was a Scottish novelist, dramatist and non-fiction writer who practised as a doctor for over a decade before devoting himself entirely to writing. He was one of the most renowned story-tellers of the twentieth century and his best works **The Citadel** and **The Keys of the Kingdom** were made into films. His works examine moral conflicts between the individual and the society. The central characters in his fictional works are often idealistic and work for justice for the common man.*

In this touching episode from his own life, Cronin narrates how a timely help rendered, dramatically transformed the life of a young man who was on the brink of death. The young man imbued his own life with a mission to work for the society.

On the liner's second day out from New York, while making the round of the promenade deck, I suddenly became aware that one of the other passengers was watching me closely, following me with his gaze every time I passed, his eyes filled with a queer intensity.

I had crossed the Atlantic many times. And on this occasion, tired, I wanted to rest, to avoid the tedium of casual and importunate shipboard contacts. I gave no sign of having noticed the man.

Yet there was nothing importunate about him. On the contrary, he seemed affected by a troubled, rather touching diffidence. He was in his early 40s, I judged – out of the corner of my eye – rather short in build, with a fair complexion, a good forehead from which his thin hair had begun to recede, and clear blue eyes. His dark suit, sober tie and rimless spectacles gave evidence of a serious and reserved disposition.

At the point the bugle sounded for dinner and I went below. On the following forenoon, I again observed my fellow voyager watching me earnestly from his deck chair.

Now a lady was with him, obviously his wife. She was about his age, quiet and restrained, with brown eyes and slightly faded brown hair, dressed in a gray skirt and gray woolen cardigan.

The situation by this time had begun to intrigue me and from my steward I discovered they were Mr. and Mrs. John S---, from a small suburb of London. Yet when another day passed without event, I began to feel certain that Mr. S--- would remain too shy to carry out his obvious desire to approach me. However, on our final evening at sea Mrs. S--- decided

the matter. With a firm pressure on his arm and a whispered word in his ear, she urged her husband towards me as I passed along the deck.

'Excuse me, Doctor. I wonder if I might introduce myself. If you could spare a few minutes...my wife and I would so like to have a word with you.'

A moment later I was occupying the vacant chair beside them. Haltingly, he told me this had been their first visit to America. It was not entirely a holiday trip. They had been making a tour of the New England state, inspecting many of the summer camps for young people there. Afterward, they had visited settlement houses in New York and other cities.

There was in his voice and manner, indeed in his whole personality, a genuine enthusiasm which was disarming. I found myself liking him instinctively. Questioning him further, I learned that he and his wife had been active for 15 years in the field of youth welfare. He was by profession a solicitor. But, in addition, found time to act as director of an organization devoted to the care of boys and girls, mostly from city slums, who had fallen under the ban of the law.

As he spoke with real feeling, I got a vivid picture of the work these two people were doing – how they took derelict adolescents from the juvenile courts and, placing them in a healthy environment, healed them in mind and body, sent them back into the world trained in a useful craft and fit to take their place as worthy members of the community.

It was a work of redemption which stirred the heart, and I asked what had directed his life into this channel. He took a sharp breath and exclaimed: 'So you still do not remember me?'

I shook my head: to the best of my belief I had never in my life seen him before

'I've wanted to get in touch with you for many years,' he went on, under increasing stress. But I was never able to bring myself to do so.' Then, bending near, he spoke a few words, tensely in my ear. At that, slowly the veils parted, my thoughts sped back a quarter of a century, and I remembered the sole occasion when I had seen this man before.

I was a young doctor and had just set up in practice in a working-class district of London. On a foggy November night, towards one o'clock, I was awakened by a loud banging at the door. In those days of economic necessity any call, even at this unearthly hour, was a welcome one. Hurriedly I threw on some clothes, went downstairs. It was a

sergeant of police, in dripping helmet and cape, mistily outlined on the doorstep. A suicide case, he told me abruptly, in the lodgings round the corner – I had better come at once.

Outside it was raw and damp, the traffic stilled, the street deserted, quite as the tomb. We walked the short distance in silence, even our footsteps muffled by the fog, and turned into the narrow entrance of an old building.

As we mounted the creaking staircase, my nostrils were stung by the sick-sweet odour of illuminating gas. On the upper storey the agitated landlady showed us to a bare little attic where, stretched on a narrow bed, lay the body of a young man.

Although apparently lifeless, there remained the barest chance that the youth was not quite beyond recall. With the sergeant's help, I began the work of resuscitation. For an hour we laboured without success. A further 15 minutes: it appeared useless. Then, as we were about to give up, completely exhausted, there broke from the patient a shallow, convulsive gasp. It was like a resurrection from the grave, a miracle, this stirring of life under our hands. Half an hour of redoubled efforts and we had the youth sitting up, gazing at us dazedly and, and, alas, slowly realizing the horror of his situation.

He was a round-cheeked lad with a simple countrified hair, and the story he told us as he slowly regained strength in the bleak morning hours was simple, too. His parents were dead. An uncle in the provinces, anxious no doubt to be rid of an unwanted responsibility, had found him a position as clerk in a London solicitor's office. He had been in the city only six months. Utterly friendless, he made bad companions, and like a young fool began to bet on horses. Soon he had lost all his small savings, pledged his belongings, and owed the book-maker a disastrous amount. In an effort to recoup, he took a sum of money from the office safe for a final gamble which, he was assured, was certain to win. But this last resort failed. Terrified of the prosecution which must follow, sick at heart, sunk in despair, he shut himself in his room and turned on the gas.

A long bar of silence throbbed in the little attic when he concluded this halting confession. Then, gruffly, the sergeant asked how much he had stolen. Pitifully, almost, the answer came: seven pounds ten shillings. Yes, incredible though it seemed, for his paltry sum this poor misguided lad had almost thrown away his life.

Again there came a pause in which, plainly, the same unspoken thought was uppermost in the minds of the three of us who were the sole witnesses of this near tragedy. Almost of one accord, we voiced our desire to give the youth – whose defenseless nature rather than any vicious tendencies had brought him to this extremity – a fresh start. The

sergeant, at considerable risk to his job, resolved to make no report upon the case, so no court proceedings would result. The landlady offered a month's free board until he got up on his feet again. While I, making perhaps the least contribution, came forward with seven pounds ten shillings, for him to put back in the office safe.

The ship moved on through the still darkness of the night. There was no need of speech. With a tender gesture Mrs. S--- had taken her husband's hand. And as we sat in silence, hearing the sounding of the sea, and the sighing of the breeze, a singular emotion overcame me. I could not but reflect that, against all the bad investments I had made throughout the years – foolish speculations for material gain – here at last was one I need not regret, one that had paid no dividends in worldly goods, yet which might stand, nevertheless, on the profit side in the final reckoning.

Notes

bleak: gloomy

countrified: rural; rustic

derelict: deserted by the guardian; abandoned; forsaken.

disposition: one's customary manner of emotional response; temperament.

importunate: stubbornly or unreasonably persistent in request or demand.

incredible: unbelievable

juvenile courts: a court dealing with children and young offenders.

liner: a commercial ship, especially one carrying passengers on a regular route.

promenade deck: the upper deck or a section of the upper deck on a passenger ship where the passengers can walk leisurely.

prosecution : legal proceedings.

reckoning: counting

recoup : recover

redemption: (here) rescuing or releasing someone from evil or dangerous ways.

resuscitation: the act of restoring consciousness, vigor of life.

resurrection: returning to life; revival.

solicitor: a lawyer who advises clients on legal matters and provides legal services such as the drawing up of wills or representing the clients in lower courts etc.

speculations : the act of buying or selling of a commodity with an element of risk on the chance of large profit.

unearthly: (here) unusual, odd

vicious: debased; evil

vivid: clear

Comprehension

1. What did the speaker notice on the second day of his voyage?

2. Describe the other passenger on the ship.

3. Why were the man on the ship and his wife on a tour of New England ?

4. What was the man on the ship by profession ?

5. Where did the speaker set up practice as a young doctor ?

6. Why did the sergeant of police call the young doctor in the middle of the night?

7. Describe the night on which the sergeant called the young doctor.

8. What does the young doctor smell as he and the sergeant climb the staircase?

9. What made the young man attempt suicide ?

10. Who were the three people who helped the young man who attempted suicide?

11. What was the landlady's offer to the young man?

12. What was the young doctor's contribution to the young man ?

13. How did the sergeant help the young man?

14. Who do you think is the man on the ship ?

MY GREATEST OLYMPIC PRIZE

Jesse Owens

James Cleveland "Jesse" Owens (1913- 1980) was a Black American track and field athlete. Born in Danville, Alabama to parents Henry and Emma Owens who were poor share-croppers, Jesse Owens went on with sheer determination and perseverance, to achieve the status of an Olympic medalist. Owens participated in the 1936 Berlin Olympics and his victories and achievement of four gold medals helped him set a new world record and rise to international fame.

*In his narrative, **My Greatest Olympic Prize**, Owens speaks of his personal experience at the 1936 Olympics held in Berlin. Adolf Hitler's racist philosophy of Aryan supremacy marred the Berlin Olympics. Hitler intended to showcase the German athletes as the epitome of Aryan superiority and dominance and no athlete better represented his image of Aryan supremacy than Luz Long. Carl Ludwig "Lu(t)z" Long (1913-1943) was a German athlete who won the silver for broad jump (now referred to as long jump) at the 1936 Berlin Olympics while Jesse Owens won the gold. And surprisingly, it was Luz Long's advice that helped Jesse Owens to win the gold.*

It was the summer of 1936. The Olympic Games were being held in Berlin. Because Adolf Hitler childishly insisted that his performers were members of a 'master race', nationalistic feelings were running high.

I wasn't too worried about all this. I'd trained, sweated and disciplined myself for six years, with the Games in mind. While I was going over on the boat, all I could think about was taking home one or two of those gold medals. I had my eyes especially on the long jump. A year before I'd set the world record of 26 feet 8.5 inches. Everyone expected me to win that Olympic event hands down.

I was in for a surprise. When the time came for the long jump trials, I was startled to see a tall boy hitting the pit at almost 26 feet on his practice leaps! He turned out to be a German named Luz Long. I was told that Hitler had kept him hidden away; evidently hoping he would win the jump.

I guessed that if Long won, it would add some new support to the Nazis' Aryan-supremacy theory. After all, I am a Negro. A little hot under the collar about Hitler's ways, I was determined to go out there and really show Der Fuhrer and his master race who was superior and who wasn't.

An angry athlete is an athlete who will make mistakes, as any coach will tell you. I was no exception. On the first of my three qualifying jumps, I leaped from several inches beyond the takeoff board for a no-jump. On the second jump, I was even worse. "Did I come 3,000 miles for this?", I thought bitterly. "To fail in the trials and make a fool of myself?"

Walking a few yards from the pit, I kicked disgustedly at the ground. Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned to look into the friendly blue eyes of the tall German broad jumper. He had easily qualified for the finals on his first attempt. He offered me a firm handshake.

"Jesse Owens, I'm Luz Long. I don't think we've met." He spoke English well, though with a German twist to it.

"Glad to meet you," I said. Then, trying to hide my nervousness, I added, "How are you?"

"I'm fine. The question is: How are you?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Something must be eating you," he said – proud the way foreigners are when they've mastered a bit of American slang. "You should be able to qualify with your eyes shut."

"Believe me, I know it," I told him – and it felt good to say that to someone.

For the next few minutes we talked together. I didn't tell Long what was "eating" me, but he seemed to understand my anger, and took pains to reassure me. Although he'd been schooled in the Nazi youth movement, he didn't believe in the Aryan-supremacy business any more than I did. We laughed over the fact that he really looked the part though. An inch taller than I, he had a lean muscular frame, clear blue eyes, fair hair and a strikingly handsome face. Finally seeing I had calmed, he pointed to the take-off board.

"Look," he said, "why don't you draw a line a few inches behind the board and aim at making your take-off from there? You'll be sure not to foul, and you certainly ought to jump far enough to qualify. What does it matter if you're not first in the trials? Tomorrow is what counts."

Suddenly all the tension seemed to ebb out of my body as the truth of what he said hit me. Confidently, I drew a line a full foot behind the board and jumped from there. I qualified with almost a foot to spare.

That night I walked over to Luz Long's room in the Olympic village to thank him. I knew that if it hadn't been for him I probably wouldn't be jumping in the finals the following day. We sat in his quarters and talked for two hours – about athletics, ourselves, the world situation, a dozen other things.

When I finally got up to leave, we both knew that a real friendship had been formed. Luz would go out to the stadium the next day trying to beat me if he could. But I knew that he wanted me to do my best even if that meant my winning.

As it turned out, Luz broke his own record. In doing so he pushed me onto a peak performance. I remember that at the instant, I landed from my final jump – the one that set the Olympic record of 26 feet 5 inches – he was at my side congratulating me. Despite the fact that Hitler glared at us from the stands not a hundred yards away. Luz shook my hand hard – and it was not a fake 'smile with a broken heart' sort of grip either.

You could melt down all the gold medals and cups I have, and they wouldn't be plating on the 24 carat friendship I felt for Luz Long at that moment.

I realised then too, that Luz was the epitome of what Pierre Coubertin, founder of the modern Olympic games, must have had in mind when he said, "The important thing in the Olympic games is not winning but taking part. The essential thing in life is not conquering but fighting well."

Notes

childishly : foolishly; irrationally

Der Fuhrer: German for 'the leader' (here, Hitler).

Nazis: members of Hitler's German National Socialist Party.

twist: (here) speech accent

Pierre de Coubertin: The Frenchman whose efforts were largely responsible for the revival of the Olympic Games in 1896. He spread the message of true sportsmanship and said that the true spirit of sports lay not in winning but in participating.

plating: thin coating of gold, silver etc.

epitome: embodiment; a representation of an ideal.

fake: false; make-believe

startled: (here) surprised and disturbed.

glared: looked angrily

Idioms: An idiom is an expression or phrase, often informal, that has a meaning of its own that is not apparent from the meanings of individual words. Thus, the meaning of an idiom is quite different from the usual meaning of the words used separately.

For example, the idiom 'to turn a deaf ear to ' means to disregard and 'to smell a rat' means to suspect something.

had my eye on: (here) desired to win

win hands down: win easily or effortlessly

(a racing term, referring to a jockey who relaxes his hold on the reins because he sees he is winning easily).

run high : (of feelings, tempers etc.) to be excited, angry etc.

to take pains : to take trouble or care (to do something).

qualify with eyes shut: qualify easily or effortlessly

Comprehension

1. Why were 'nationalistic feelings running high' during the 1938 Berlin Olympics?

2. What was Jesse Owens' dream ?

3. What was the record that Jesse Owens set a year before the Olympics?

4. Did Luz Long care for Hitler's Aryan supremacy theory ? Support your answer with a reference from the text?

5. Why did Jesse Owens fail to succeed in the first two qualifying jumps ?

6. Why was Jesse Owens distrustful of Luz Long's intentions when he first spoke to him ?

7. Describe Luz Long in a sentence.

8. What was Luz Long's advice to Jesse Owens?

9. What did Jesse Owens and Luz Long discuss in the Olympic Village a day before the final event?

10. Who was the first one to congratulate Owens when he set the Olympic record at the final event ?

11. Why did Hitler glare at Luz Long ?

12. Who is Pierre Coubertin ? What is his message?

THE TOWN BY THE SEA

Amitav Ghosh

*Amitav Ghosh (born 1956), a renowned novelist, journalist, anthropologist is acclaimed as one of the most important Indian writers in English today. Ghosh was born in Kolkata and was educated at the Delhi University and the University of Oxford, where he was awarded a Ph.D. in social anthropology. Ghosh joined the faculty at Queens College, City University of New York as Distinguished Professor in Comparative Literature in 1999. He has also been a visiting professor to the English department of Harvard University since 2005. His novels include *The Circle of Reason* (1986), *The Shadow Lines* (1990), *The Calcutta Chromosome* (1995), *The Glass Palace* (2000) and *The Hungry Tide* (2004). *The Shadow Lines* won the Sahitya Akademi Award. Ghosh's latest work of fiction is *Sea of Poppies* (2008).*

*In the following narrative Amitav Ghosh recounts the devastation caused by the tsunami of December 26, 2004 in the Andaman and Nicobar Islands and the unusual story of the Director of the Malaria Research Centre in Nicobar. He narrates how he accompanies the Director on a search for his family through the island of Car Nicobar towards the seafront where the town of Malacca once stood. The narrative is the concluding part of a series of three articles written for *The Hindu*.*

He did not want his name, so I shall call him 'The Director'. This indeed was his official title: he had been posted to the island of Car Nicobar in 1991, as the Director of the island's Malaria Research Centre and had lived there ever since. He had two children: a son who was now 13, and a 10-year-old daughter. His home was in Malacca — the seafront township I'd heard about in the camps — and his office was just a few minutes' walk from where he lived.

On December 25, 2004, the Director was in Port Blair. Since he was travelling for official reasons, he had left his family in Malacca. He spent the night of December 25 in the Haddo Circuit House, which stands close to the water. On the morning of the 26th he was woken by the shaking of his bed. He stepped off to find the floor heaving and realised that an earthquake had hit the town. As he was running out of the building, his mobile phone rang. Glancing quickly at the screen, he saw that his wife was calling from Malacca. He guessed that the earthquake had struck Car Nicobar too. Tremors were frequently felt on the island and he thought his wife would be able to cope. The Guest House in the meanwhile was still shaking and there was no time to talk.

He cut off the call and ran outside; he would phone back later, he decided, once the tremors stopped. He waited out the earthquake outside and when the ground was still at last,

he hit the call button on his phone. There was no answer and he wondered if the network was down. But he had little time to think about the matter because a strange phenomenon had suddenly begun to manifest itself before him: the water in the harbour had begun to rise, very rapidly, and the anchored ships seemed to be swirling about in the grip of an unseen hand. Along with everyone else he ran to higher ground.

The islands of the Andaman chain rise steeply out of the sea and the harbour and waterfront of Port Blair are sheltered by a network of winding fjords and inlets. The Nicobar islands do not have the high elevations of their northern neighbours, the Andamans. They are low-lying islands for the most part, and some like Car Nicobar stand no more than a few metres above sea level at their highest point. Already anxious, the Director became frantic when word of the tsunami trickled down to the waterfront, from the naval offices further up the slope.

The Director knew of a government office in Car Nicobar that had a satellite phone. He dialed the number again and again: it was either busy or there was no answer. When at last he got through, the voice at the other end told him, with some reluctance, that Malacca had been badly hit. It was known that there were some survivors, but as for his family, there was no word.

The Director kept calling, and in the afternoon he learnt that his 13-year-old son had been found clinging to the rafters of a church, some 200 metres behind their house. Arrangements were made to bring the boy to the phone and the Director was able to speak to him directly later that night. He learnt from his son that the family had been in the bedroom when the earthquake started. A short while later, a terrifying sound from the direction of the sea had driven the three of them into the drawing room. The boy had kept running, right into the kitchen. The house was built of wood, on a cement foundation. When the wave hit, the house dissolved into splinters and the boy was carried away as if on a wind. Flailing his arms, he managed to take hold of something that seemed to be fixed to the earth. Through wave after wave he managed to keep his grip. When the water receded he saw that he was holding on to the only upright structure within a radius of several hundred metres: of the township there was nothing left but a deep crust of wreckage.

"And your mother and sister?" the Director had asked.

"Baba, they just disappeared..." "And now for the first time, the boy began to cry, and the Director's heart broke because he knew his son was crying because he thought he would be scolded and blamed for what had happened.

"I was strict with him sir," the Director said, his voice trailing off. "I am a strict man; that is my nature. But I must say he is a brave boy; a very brave boy."

Having spent 13 years on the island, the Director was well acquainted with the local administration and the officers on the air base. Through their intervention he was able to get on a flight the very next day. He spent the day searching through the rubble; he found many possessions, but no trace of his daughter or his wife. He came back to Port Blair with his son the same evening. Every day since then he'd been trying to go back, to find out what had become of his wife and daughter but the flights had been closed — until this one.

With some hesitation I asked if it would be all right if I came with him. He answered with a prompt nod. "You can come." I had the impression that he had been dreading the lonely search that lay ahead and would be glad of some company. "All right then," I said. "I will."

At the airfield in Car Nicobar, the Director arranged a ride for us on a yellow construction truck that had been set to the task of distributing relief supplies. The road wound through a dense tropical jungle, dotted, at intervals, with groves of slender areca-palms and huts mounted on stilts. I saw to my surprise that many thick stands of coconut palms were still standing, even on the edge of the water. As for the forest, the canopy seemed almost undisturbed. All trace of habitation on the other hand, had been obliterated: the foundations of many buildings could be clearly seen, on the ground. The villages along the shore were not merely damaged; they were erased. It was as if the island had been hit by a weapon devised to cause the maximum possible damage to life and property, while leaving nature largely unharmed.

After getting off the truck, we came to the District Library. A medical camp, manned by the Indo-Tibetan Border Police, had sprung up on its grounds. The Director spotted a doctor, sitting in a tent. He darted away and slipped under the tent's blue flap. "Doctor, have you heard anything about my family?" he said. "I've come because I heard some survivors had been found... "

The doctor's face froze and after a moment's silence, in a tone that was non-committal and yet not discouraging, he said: "No news has reached me — I've not heard anything... "

We continued on our way, walking past the airy bungalows of the island's top officials, Soon we came upon two men who were sitting by the roadside, beside an odd assortment of salvaged goods. "That's mine," said the Director, pointing to a lamp stand of turned wood. We walked on.

"Look, that's mine," said the Director, pointing to a blue Aristocrat suitcase made of moulded plastic. It had been hacked open with a sharp-bladed instrument and its contents were gone.

"That's mine too." Stepping over I saw that the trunk's lock had been forced open. On the side, written in large black letters, was the Director's name and designation.

A short distance away a wooden cabinet lay overturned, and heaps of paper could be seen spilling out of its belly. The Director beckoned to me. "See — there are all the records from my office. Thirteen years of research: all gone."

Then suddenly his eyes lit up. "Look," he said, "my slides..." A drawer had come open, shaking loose several decks of white-rimmed photographic slides. Most were sodden with water, but some were dry and had preserved their images. To my untrained eyes, the pictures appeared to be of bacteria, hugely magnified by the lens of a microscope. The Director sorted quickly through the slides and chose a dozen or so.

"Your home must have been nearby?" I said.

"No," came the answer. "The wave carried these things right out of the town. My house is still a kilometer away, over there."

I had my first glimpse of the seafront where the town of Malacca had once stood: till now it had been largely screened off from view by the coconut palms. On a stretch of land a couple of kilometers long, there were now only five structures still standing: the staring, skull-like shell of a school that had lost all its doors and windows; a neatly whitewashed bungalow; an arched gateway that had the words 'Rajiv Gandhi Memorial Park' painted on it; a small, miraculously unharmed Murugan temple, right beside the sea; and lastly the skeleton of a church, with a row of parallel arches rising from the rubble like the bleached ribs of a dead animal. This was the structure that had saved the life of the Director's son.

The Director led the way across the debris as if he were following a route imprinted in memory, a familiar map of streets and lanes. We came to a point where a rectangular platform of cement shone brightly under the sun. "This was my house," he said. "Only the foundation was concrete. The rest was wood. My wife used to teach English in a school here, but she always wanted to leave. I applied many times, but the transfer never came."

I reached out to touch his arm but he shook my hand brusquely away; he was not the kind of man who takes kindly to expressions of sympathy. I began to walk towards the gently lapping waves, no more than a hundred metres away. The Director took fright at this and called me back: "Don't go that way, the tide is coming in. It's time to leave."

I turned to follow him and we were heading back towards the blazing palms, when he stopped to point to a yellow paint box, peeping out of the rubble. "That belonged to Vineeta,

my daughter," he said, and the flatness of his voice was harder to listen to than an outburst would have been. "She loved to paint; she was very good at it. She was even given a prize, from Hyderabad."

I had expected that he would stoop to pick up the box, but instead he turned away and walked on, gripping his bag of slides. "Wait!" I cried. "Don't you want to take the box?"

"No," he said vehemently, shaking his head. "What good will it do? What will it give back?" He stopped to look at me over the rim of his glasses. "Do you know what happened the last time I was here? Someone had found my daughter's schoolbag and saved it for me. It was handed to me, like a card. It was the worst thing I could have seen. It was unbearable."

I stood amazed as he walked off towards the blazing fire, with his slides still folded in his grip: how was it possible that the only memento he had chosen to retrieve were those magnified images? As a husband, a father, a human being, it was impossible not to wonder: what would I have done? What would I have felt? What would I have chosen to keep of the past? The truth is that nobody can know, except in the extremity of that moment, and then the choice is not a choice at all, but an expression of the innermost sovereignty of the self, which decides because nothing now remains to cloud its vision.

In the manner of his choosing there was not a particle of hesitation, not the faintest glimmer of a doubt. Was it perhaps that in this moment of utter desolation there was some comfort in the knowledge of an impersonal effort? Could it be that he was seeking refuge in the one aspect of his existence that could not be erased by an act of nature? Or was there some consolation in the very lack of immediacy — did the value of those slides lie precisely in their exclusion from the unendurable pain of his loss? Whatever the reason, his mind had fixed upon a set of objects that derived their meaning from the part of his life that was lived in thought and contemplation.

There are times when words seem futile, and to no one more so than a writer. At these moments it seems that nothing is of value other than to act and to intervene in the course of events: to think, to reflect, to write seem trivial and wasteful. But the life of the mind takes many forms and after the day had passed I understood that in the manner of his choosing, the Director had mounted the most singular, the most powerful defence of it that I would ever witness.

Glossary:

Malacca: the seafront township in Car Nicobar

manifest: to be visible or noticeable

reluctance: unwillingness

fjords: (or fiords) a long narrow deep inlet from the sea bordered by steep hills.

frantic: anxious and worried

flailing: moving about

recede: retreat; withdraw

rubble: debris ; remains

vehemently: strongly

consolation: comfort; relief

memento: reminder; token

contemplation: thought

futile: pointless; ineffective

trivial: unimportant; insignificant

singular: remarkable

Comprehension

1. Where is Malacca located ? What words are used to describe Malacca?

2. Where did the Director spend the night of December 25, 2004 ?

3. What woke up the Director on the morning of 26th December ?

4. What was the strange phenomenon that began to happen in the sea ?

5. Why did the Director become frantic ?

6. What was the information that the Director got through the satellite phone?

7. Where was the Director's son found ?

8. What was the house built of ? What happened when the wave hit ?

9. What remained of the town of Malacca after the tsunami ?

10. What happened to the Director's wife and daughter?

10. What did the Director tell the writer about his daughter ?

ARTICLES

Exercise 1

Fill in the blanks with suitable articles:

1. _____ bridge is about five kilometers from the bus-stand.
2. _____ poor woman was seen begging on the streets.
3. _____ Cauvery is considered _____ sacred river.
4. The storm rose in _____ Bay of Bengal.
5. _____ stars are shining brightly in the clear sky.
6. She went to England _____ year ago.
7. He lost _____ arm and _____ leg in the accident.
8. Can you draw _____ a map of Karnataka?
9. His room is _____ untidy place.
10. _____ sky is very cloudy today.
11. I went to buy _____ yard of rope.
12. He is neither _____ European nor _____ Indian.
13. _____ hammer is _____ useful article.
14. There is _____ little tea in _____ kettle.
15. _____ lion belongs to _____ cat family.
16. Ivanhoe is _____ historical novel.
17. Gautama Mahavidyalaya is _____ university of Buddhist studies.
18. I dropped _____ one rupee coin into the box.
19. _____ book you mentioned is not in _____ library.
20. I went to buy _____ umbrella, but bought _____ raincoat instead.
21. All of _____ a sudden , I hear _____ explosion and walked in _____ direction of _____ sound; I found a house and _____ hotel on fire.
22. Benares is _____ holy city. It is on _____ banks of _____ Ganges. There is also _____ university there.

Exercise 2

Fill in the blanks with suitable articles:

1. The recent tsunami battered _____ Andaman and Nicobar Islands.
2. _____ Pacific Ocean is _____ deepest ocean.
3. _____ Alps are not _____ highest mountain ranges in _____ world.
4. He is declared _____ man of the match.
5. Kolkatta is _____ most populous city in the world.
6. _____ truth can never be hidden.

7. English is _____ easy language.
8. Suresh got _____ best pen in the box.
9. Please show me _____ way to _____ classroom.
10. Where there is a will there is _____ way.
11. Please return _____ book after _____ hour.
12. _____ Gita, _____ Bible and _____ Quran preach love and tolerance.
13. A dedicated teacher is _____ asset to _____ institution.
14. I lost _____ dictionary you gave me to use.
15. The old man is _____ oldest resident of Gokulam.
16. _____ few kind words spoken will console him.
17. Get _____ kilogram of onions from _____ nearest shop.
18. _____ Brahmaputra is _____ longest river in India.
19. _____ North wind blew away _____ the rooftops.
20. I remember _____ first lesson I had in kite flying.

Exercise 3

Insert articles where necessary. If an article is not needed mark the blank with 'X'.

1. _____ Dogs bark.
2. _____ Dog with a black patch on the head is mine.
3. _____ Coffee without sugar is for me.
4. I like _____ coffee without sugar.
5. _____ Japanese are known the world over for their industry.
6. _____ Industry always pays.
7. _____ Computers have become indispensable in today's world.
8. _____ Computer I bought is of the latest model.
9. _____ Money rules the world.
10. What did you buy with _____ money I gave you?
11. _____ Games keep us fit.
12. We still play _____ games we learnt at school.
13. _____ Chocolates are not good for the teeth.
14. _____ Chocolate I brought for you is from Switzerland.
15. _____ Gold I bought is not pure.
16. _____ Gold is very expensive.
17. _____ Paint protects metal from rusting.
18. _____ Paint I applied on the wall this morning has dried.
19. _____ Sugar we get from Mandya is of good quality.
20. _____ Mysuru is a heritage city.

21. _____ Mysuru city railway station is a *wi-fi* enabled zone.
22. _____ Spain is famous for bullfighting.
23. _____ United Kingdom is a site of Neolithic monuments.
24. _____ Camels have three-toed feet.
25. _____ Camel is used as a means of transport in the desert.
26. _____ Art is long, life short.
27. _____ Accuracy is important in mathematics.
28. _____ Accuracy of your calculations is not being challenged.
29. _____ Honesty is a virtue worth practising.

PREPOSITIONS

Exercise 1

Fill in the blanks with suitable prepositions:

1. We got up ----- dawn and had breakfast ----- 7 o' clock. (Note: 'at' is used for a certain moment or point of time)
2. The train leaves ----- 4 pm.
3. My grandmother used to narrate stories ----- bedtime.
4. The bell rings ----- dinner time.
5. We walked by the river ----- sunset.
6. The clock struck ----- midnight.
7. The fishermen will arrive ----- Sunday. (Note: 'on' is used for a specific day or specific part of a day)
8. ----- Ramzan day we visit our friends and relatives.
9. The parcel reached ----- Wednesday evening.
10. ----- Diwali day we light lamps.
11. Ice Hockey is played ----- winter. (Note: 'in' is used before words which denote a period of time. It is also used to specify the total length of time taken for the completion of some activity.)
12. Lakshmi ran the distance ----- eighteen minutes.
13. He left for Delhi ----- the morning.
14. World War II began ----- 1939.
15. The train will reach its destination ----- an hour.
16. Food was scarce ----- the war. (Note: 'during' is used to express the idea that an occurrence continues or a situation persists/ or when an event takes place within

a specified period of time.)

17. The house was burgled ----- the day.
18. We went on a trek ----- summer holidays.
19. We work ----- the night and rest ----- the day.
20. The applications should be submitted ----- 10th July. (Note: 'by' is used to denote the latest time by which something was/is to be done.)
21. You must be in the class ----- 10.am.
22. I prefer to travel ----- day. (Note: 'by' is also used before the words 'day' and 'night' with the same meaning as 'during'.)

Exercise 2

Fill in the blanks with suitable prepositions:

1. She lives ----- an apartment ----- Mysore.
2. He told me that he lived ----- 10 Kennedy Road.
3. He is employed ----- the Natural History Museum ----- Mysore.
4. He is a scientist ----- the Atomic Research centre.
5. I went to meet him ----- the airport.
6. My friend works ----- a bank.
7. When they were ----- Bangalore they stayed ----- the youth hostel.
8. We hope for ----- the best.
9. We listened ----- the lecture with great interest.
10. Conceal nothing ----- your parents.
11. The toy is made ----- wood.
12. She is looking ----- the painting.
13. Ram replied ----- the letter.
14. I am looking ----- a medical store.
15. We sympathize ----- the family.
16. The box consists ----- four compartments.
17. The class comprises ----- twenty students.
18. The three brothers shared the money ----- themselves.
19. The two friends shared the food ----- themselves.
20. I do not agree ----- your proposal.
21. Do not believe ----- witchcraft or black magic.
22. We should care ----- our elders.
23. You should apply ----- the job.
24. The rules apply ----- everyone.
25. The man accused the boy ----- cheating.

Exercise 3

Fill in the blanks with suitable prepositions:

1. The frog jumped ----- the pond. / The man dived ---- the river.
2. The boy threw stones ----- the old horse.
3. We drove ----- the tunnel.
4. The boy fell ----- the horse.
5. He died ----- a heart attack.
6. The girl swam ----- the river.
7. The cottage stands ----- the trees.
8. The cottage stands ----- the two coconut trees.
9. He shut the door ----- us.
10. The man is walking ----- the road.
11. The helicopter is flying ----- the hills.
12. The houses were destroyed ----- raging fire.
13. The country is ----- war.
14. I hope you succeed ----- your endeavour.
15. Do not interfere ---- my work.
16. The thief attacked the old man ---- a knife.
17. Do not depend ---- others.
18. He thinks he is superior ----- Ravi.
19. My friend congratulated me ----- my success.
20. I prefer a cup of hot tea ----- milk.
21. I travel to Mysore ----- bus/train/car.
22. The workers are building the bridge ----- the river.
23. Smitha worked as a teacher ----- five years.
24. Ravi has been working in this college ----- 2011.
25. He has been waiting ----- 9 o' clock.
26. The ladder was placed ----- the wall.
27. Don't you believe ----- God?
28. If you don't care ----- for the advice ----- your elders you will be ----- problems.
29. She burst ----- tears.
30. Please lend a helping hand ----- the needy.
31. We decided ----- going to the movie.
32. I graduated ----- Mysore University.

VERB AND TENSE

Exercise. 1

Fill in the blanks with the correct form of the verbs given in brackets.

1. They _____ to see the doctor yesterday. (came/go)
2. We usually _____ our breakfast at seven o' clock. (has/had/have)
3. Water _____ at 0 degrees centigrade. (freeze)
4. I _____ my dog for a walk every morning. (take)
5. I _____ a coat as it was cold. (wear)
6. I _____ to him yesterday. (speak)
7. Pasteur _____ in 1895. (die)
8. The postman _____ letters twice a day. (bring)
9. It _____ very cold now. (be)
10. John _____ very well. (paint)
11. John and his friends _____ good swimmers. (be)
12. He _____ here since 1974. (live)
13. It _____ since yesterday morning. (rain)
14. I _____ a book when the guests came in. (read)
15. The sun _____ when we went out. (shine)
16. Columbus _____ America. (discover)
17. They _____ here a month ago. (come)
18. The boys _____ football now. (play)
19. The students were _____ the fees. (pay)
20. The whale _____ the largest animal. (be)
21. Ravi _____ a student of this college in 2004.(be)
22. Does she _____ the truth? (know)
23. Did he _____ the fees? (pay)
24. Did he _____ the book? (buy)
25. I have _____ the glass. (break)
26. Have they _____ the books? (buy)

Exercise 2

Fill in the blanks with the correct form of the verbs given.

1. The sun _____ . (shine)
2. They always _____ up at 6 O' clock in the morning. (wake)
3. The train _____ the platform now. (be leave)

4. The students _____ the newspaper. (read)
5. All the students _____ the fees yesterday. (pay)
6. The child _____ all morning. (cry)
7. She _____ a cycle, when the scooter hit her. (ride)
8. They _____ a lot of work. (do)
9. He _____ all the problems. (solve)
10. He _____ to score good marks. (try)
11. The guests _____ the hall. (enter)
12. He _____ for me for two hours. (wait)
13. The rain _____ by six O' clock. (stop)
14. We _____ a lot of work yesterday. (do)
15. He _____ Rama last Sunday. (meet)
16. I _____ to bed early last night. (go)
17. She _____ the television when the postman arrived. (watch)
18. They _____ golf since their childhood. (play)
19. Does she _____ you music? (teach)
20. Do you _____ Wordsworth's poems? (like)
21. She never _____ a lie (tell)
22. I do not _____ a car. (drive)
23. She always _____ the truth. (speak)

Exercise 3

1. We could not _____ what he said. (hear)
2. You must _____ for the book tomorrow. (pay)
3. You may _____ when you finish your work. (go)
4. We _____ to the theatre last evening. (go)
5. My grandfather _____ ninety years old. (be)
6. Do you _____ playing football? (like)
7. Does your father _____ that house? (own)
8. Why is the child _____? (cry)
9. As he _____ the room he took off his hat. (enter)
10. Some birds _____ every year. (migrate)
11. You will not succeed unless you _____ hard. (work)
12. Think carefully before you _____ . (answer)
13. I _____ a headache today. (has)
14. The poisonous fruits _____ him ill last evening. (make)
15. I cannot _____ this exercise. (do)
16. One of my teachers _____ near my house. (live)

17. Ten pounds ____ a lot of money. (be)
18. One of my friends _____ a fine collection of stamps. (have/has)
19. A new car _____ a lot of money. (cost)
20. One of the pupils in the class ____ a motorcycle. (own)
21. Each of the boys in the class _____ given a pen yesterday. (be)
22. All the books in the shelf _____ to me. (belong)
23. No news _____ good news. (be)
24. Those scissors _____ to me. (belong)
25. They _____ to the theatre whenever they can. (go)
26. She often ____ after lunch. (rest)
27. They ____ the temple every week. (visit)
28. We all _____ Sanskrit when we were at school. (study)
29. The ancient Egyptians _____ pyramids as tombs for their kings. (build)
30. Ask him what he _____. (want)
31. My grandfather _____ tired yesterday. (seem)
32. The show _____ in about ten minutes. (begin)
33. I think he _____ for a hike in salary very soon. (ask)

Exercise 4

Fill in the blanks with the correct tense of the verb given in brackets.

1. Every time he _____ to the village, he came back inspired. (go)
2. He _____ my name. (know)
3. They _____ only for money. (work)
4. The principal _____ busy today. (be)
5. Our classes usually _____ at 9. am. (begin)
6. Eskimos _____ in igloos. (live)
7. It _____ much in the desert. (not rain)
8. She _____ blue berries. (not like)
9. Birds _____ nests in autumn. (not build)
10. Our college _____ very close to the Krishnaraja Boulevard. (be)
11. She _____ to work every day. (cycle)
12. Have you _____ since morning? (work)
13. I knew that he _____ the book. (not read)
14. When I arrived at his house he _____ his coffee. (drink)
15. He is in the garden. He _____ his coffee after he waters the garden. (drink)
16. I _____ Kabir yesterday. (see). I _____ him again tomorrow. (meet)

SYNONYMS

Fill in the blanks with synonyms for the underlined words.

1. I agree to do the work. _____
2. The bus will arrive at 10.40 pm _____
3. Please allow me to attend the class. _____
4. The apathy of the authorities caused a lot of inconvenience to the people. _____
5. He intends to build a house. _____
6. It is a bleak morning. _____
7. The culprit was remanded to custody. _____
8. The questioned baffled me. _____
9. There is sufficient tea for everyone. _____
10. It was a unique event. _____
11. One has to have compassion for the needy. _____
12. The list includes the names of the visitors. _____
13. The old man 's recovery was a miracle. _____
14. The boy's talent was incredible. _____
15. His writing is legible. _____
16. We should be conscious of our rights. _____
17. He is a fraud who tricked people. _____
18. My friend helped me in my hour of grief. _____
19. He suffered from acute pain in his leg. _____
20. The reward for his honesty was the appointment he was given. _____
21. He concealed a lot of gold in the basement of his house. _____
22. I was a dreadful experience for him. _____
23. His anxiety made him go to the police. _____
24. One should be fair with a friend or a foe. _____
25. His rival won all the sets. _____
26. He seldom speaks to his neighbours. _____
27. He had a genuine reason for not completing his work. _____

ANTONYMS

Fill in the blanks with antonyms for the underlined words.

1. Does India import gold ? _____
2. The world's natural wealth is dwindling. _____
3. Abbreviate the phrase. _____
4. The misery of the refugees could not be alleviated. _____
5. Do not forget to lock the gate before you leave. _____
6. It is a bleak morning. _____
7. The university may accept his research proposal. _____
8. The arrival of the train is delayed. _____
9. The people are against the new rule. _____
10. His absence was a setback to the company . _____
11. Always carry a clean handkerchief. _____
12. The list includes the names of the employees. _____
13. He cared for his parents. _____
14. The movie was long and boring. _____
15. The script on the wall is legible. _____
16. It is dangerous to ride without a helmet. _____
17. She managed to solve the complicated problem. _____
18. My friend stood by me in my hour of grief. _____
19. The material contracts on being heated. _____
20. His loss was a negligible one. _____
21. The sudden change in the weather pattern affected the flights. _____
22. He detached the handle from the box. _____
23. Cooking fresh food at home is good. _____
24. His prosperity was short-lived. _____
25. His rival tried to harm him. _____
26. He seldom goes for a walk. _____
27. He was attacked with a blunt knife. _____
28. The rules are quite flexible. _____
29. The entrance to the cave is a very narrow one. _____
30. Primitive man knew the cure for many ailments. _____

Question paper pattern for I Semester B Sc./BBA/BCA (CBCS scheme)
2019-2020 batch onwards

Instructions: All Sections are compulsory

Examination duration = 03 hours

Max marks =80

Section – A

I. Answer Ten of the following in a word, phrase or a sentence. 10×1=10 marks

(Ten questions to be answered from fifteen questions from Prose and Poetry)

Section – B

II. Annotate Two of the following: 2x5=10 marks

(Two to be annotated from four sets of lines from Poetry)

Section – C

III. Answer Two of the following questions. 2x10=20 marks

(Two to be answered from four questions from Poetry)

Section – D

IV. Answer Two of the following questions. 2x10=20 marks

(Two to be answered from four questions from Prose)

Section – E

(Language Component)

V. 4 marks to be allocated to each language component. 5x4=20 marks

Note: The questions shall cover all the units of the course .
