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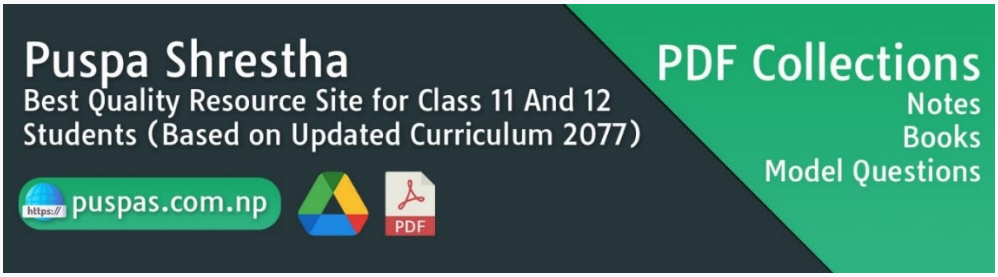

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English

Grade 12

Government of Nepal

Ministry of Education, Science and Technology

Curriculum Development Centre

Sanothimi, Bhaktapur

Publisher: Government of Nepal
Ministry of Education, Science and Technology
Curriculum Development Centre
Sanothimi, Bhaktapur

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Preface

The National Curriculum Framework (NCF) advocates the promotion of skill oriented, life skill-based, employment-driven and value-based school education. It envisions developing the human capital dedicated to nation, nationality, national integrity and Nepali specialty. The English textbook for Grade 12 has been prepared following the spirit of NCF 2076 and Secondary Level Curriculum 2076 (Grade 11 and Grade12). An attempt has been made to incorporate the emerging needs of learners. The book includes the contents to develop all four language skills blended in the tasks and activities with contextual grammar and related vocabulary.

The book has two sections: language development and literature. The language development section includes a range of contemporary issue-based local and global thematic texts intended to develop intensive reading skills and foster competence in grammar, vocabulary, speech and writing. The literature section includes genre-based literary texts for both intensive and extensive reading, so as to enable the learners to discern different aspects of the literary texts and practise creative writing. Each text is followed by adequate exercises to foster creativity and critical interpretation in the learners along with interactive skills and sensitivity about the culture and tradition.

This textbook is compiled and prepared by Dr. Bam Dev Adhikari, Mr. Khum Prasad Sharma and Mr. Bal Bahadur Thapa. It has been extensively improved and edited by Prof. Dr. Jib Lal Sapkota, Prof. Dr. Rishi Ram Rijal, Dr. Gopal Prasad Pandey, Mr. Nim Prakash Singh Rathaur, Mr. Shankar Adhikari and Mr. Nabin Kumar Khadka. Several personalities, notably the Director General Mr. Ana Prasad Neupane, the Director Mr. Tuka Raj Adhikari, Mr. Madhav Prasad Ghimire and Ms. Maiya Pokharel, have also contributed in shaping the book in this form. Several experts and practitioners: Mr. Ananda Dhungana, Mr. Lal Mani Joshi, Mr. Matrika Subedi, Mr. Ramesh Dhakal and Mr. Pashupati Pandya contributed to the revision and development of the tasks. The illustration of the book has been done by Shree Hari Shrestha and the layout design by Khados Sunuwar. The Curriculum Development Centre (CDC) extends sincere thanks to all of them. With the view that teaching of English should be based on the authentic materials, the reading texts and the audio texts have been taken from various sources. The Centre would like to extend its acknowledgements to all of those sources.

The Centre always welcomes constructive feedback for the betterment of its publications.

2021

Curriculum Development Centre
Sanothimi, Bhaktapur

Table of Contents

Section One: Language Development

Unit	Title	Reading	Vocabulary	Writing	Grammar	Listening	Speaking	Project work	Page
1	Critical Thinking	Know Thyself	Defining thinking skills	E-mail	Question tag	Speech	Expressing disappointment	Interviewing	1
2	Family	Family	Prefixes	Essay	Modal verbs	Documentary	Arguing/ defending a point	Developing story	9
3	Sports	Euro 2020	Defining sports words Words with /aɪ/ & /eɪ/	News story Argumentive essay	Determiners and quantifiers	Interview	Asking for and giving reasons	Interviewing	17
4	Technology	Hyperloop	Prefixes	Press release	Subject verb agreement	Piece of news	Summarising	Report writting	27
5	Education	A Story of My Childhood	Dictionary work	Autobiography	Connectives	Lecture	Expressing degrees of certainty	Oratory contest	36
6	Money and Economy	QR Code	Abbreviations Words with /u/ & /u:/	News article	Questions	Documentary	Expressing necessity	Collecting and presenting information	44
7	Humour	Why do We Laugh Inappropriately?	Syllable	Description of an event and a person	Adverbs	Lecture	Expressing feelings, emotions and attitudes	Mimicry	53
8	Human Culture	Land of Plenty	Suffixes	Paragraph Letter to the editor	Adjectives and adverbs	Radio report	Making comparison and contrast	Interviewing	61
9	Ecology and Environment	Living in a Redwood Tree	Compound words	Book/film review Drafting a speech	Reported speech	Radio interview	Reporting	Report writing	69

Unit	Title	Reading	Vocabulary	Writing	Grammar	Listening	Speaking	Project work	Page
10	Career Opportunities	Presenting Yourself	Defining employment related terms Words with / ɪə/ and / eə/	Application letter CV	Conditional sentences	Job interview	Clarifying	Making notes	79
11	Hobbies	On Walking	Dictionary work	Essay	Passive voice	Speech	Reminding	Interviewing	88
12	Animal World	The Medusa and the Snail	Dictionary work	Essay Newspaper article	Passive voice	Conversation	Expressing counter arguments	Field visit	97
13	History	After the World Trade Centre	Defining professional terms Words with vowel sounds	Description of event Essay	Prepositions Future tenses	Speech	Speculation	Library visit	104
14	Human Rights	“I am Sorry”- The Hardest Three Words to Say	Word class Dictionary work	Essay	Connectives	Radio interview	Criticising	Sharing experiences	114
15	Leisure and Entertainment	A Journey Back in Time	Dictionary work Content words	Business letter	Miscellaneous agreements	Conversation	Expressing indifference	Informative report	122
16	Fantasy	The Romance of a Busy Broker	Dictionary work	Summary	Relative clause	Documentary	Describing process	Internet surfing	130
17	War and Peace	Train to Pakistan	Dictionary work Suffixes Vowel sounds	Paragraph Personal letter	Past tenses	Interview	Making announcements	Report writting	140

Unit	Title	Reading	Vocabulary	Writing	Grammar	Listening	Speaking	Project work	Page
18	Music and Creation	A Life of Sound and Silence	Musical instruments Dictionary work Stress	Biography	Prepositions	Radio report	Predicting	Oral presentation	150
19	Migration and Diaspora	Dediasporization: Homeland and Hostland	Consonant sounds Syllable	Interpretation of chart	Would/used to	News report	Narrating past events	Interviewing	160
20	Power and Politics	An Open Letter to Mary Daly	Word class Dictionary work Consonant cluster	Short account Article	Adjective order	Speech	Denying	Debate competition	170

Section Two: Literature

Unit One: Short Stories

1.	Neighbours	- Tim Winton	180
2.	A Respectable Woman	- Kate Chopin	184
3.	A Devoted Son	- Anita Desai	189
4.	The Treasure in the Forest	- H. G. Wells	199
5.	My Old Home	- Lu Xun	208
6.	The Half-closed Eyes of the Buddha and the Slowly Sinking Sun	-Shankar Lamichhane	218
7.	A Very Old Man with Enormous Wings	- Gabriel Garcia Marquez	224

Unit Two: Poems

1.	A Day	- Emily Dickinson	232
2.	Every Morning I Wake	- Dylan Thomas	234
3.	I Was My Own Route	- Julia de Burgos	236
4.	The Awakening Age	- Ben Okri	239
5.	Soft Storm	- Abhi Subedi	241

Unit Three: Essays

1.	On Libraries	- Oliver Sacks	247
2.	Marriage as a Social Institution	- Stephen L. Nock	252
3.	Knowledge and Wisdom	- Bertrand Russell	257
4.	Humility	- Yuval Noah Harari	261
5.	Human Rights and the Age of Inequality	- Samuel Moyn	265

Unit Four: One-act Plays

1.	A Matter for Husband	- Ferenc Molnar	272
2.	Facing Death	- August Strindberg	279
3.	The Bull	- Bhimnidhi Tiwari	293

Section One

Language Development

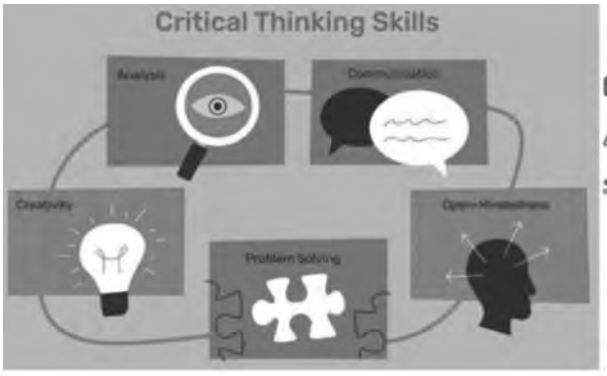
Reading

Know Thyself

Before you read

a. What are critical thinking skills?

b. How do critical thinkers solve the problems? Guess the steps they follow while tackling a problem.



Read the following text and do the given tasks.

There was a lot of shuffling around when the bell rang and everybody got up to leave. I checked my schedule and it said my next class was English, room 321. I didn't stop to see if anyone else from my homeroom was going my way: I just zoomed out of the class and down the hall and sat down as far from the front as possible. The teacher, a really tall man with a yellow beard, was writing on the chalkboard.

Kids came in laughing and talking in little groups but I didn't look up. Basically, the same thing that happened in homeroom happened again: no one sat next to me except for Jack, who was joking around with some kids who weren't in our homeroom. I could tell Jack was the kind of kid other kids like. He had a lot of friends. He made people laugh.

When the second bell rang, everyone got quiet and the teacher turned around and faced us. He said his name was Mr. Browne, and then he started talking about what we would be doing this semester. At a certain point, somewhere between *A Wrinkle in Time* and *Shen of the Sea*, he noticed me but kept right on talking.

I was mostly doodling in my notebook while he talked, but every once in a while I would sneak a look at the other students. Charlotte was in this class. So were Julian and Henry. Miles wasn't.

Mr. Browne had written on the chalkboard in big block letters:

P-R-E-C-E-P-T!

"Okay, everybody write this down at the very top of the very first page in your English notebook."

As we did what he told us to do, he said: "Okay, so who can tell me what a precept is? Does anyone know?"

No one raised their hands.

Mr. Browne smiled, nodded, and turned around to write on the chalkboard again:

PRECEPTS = RULES ABOUT REALLY IMPORTANT THINGS!

"Like a motto?" someone called out.

"Like a motto!" said Mr. Browne, nodding as he continued writing on the board. "Like a famous quote. Like a line from a fortune cookie. Any saying or ground rule that can motivate you. Basically, a precept is anything that helps guide us when making decisions about really important things."

He wrote all that on the chalkboard and then turned around and faced us. "So, what are some *really important* things?" he asked us.

A few kids raised their hands, and as he pointed at them, they gave their answers, which he wrote on the chalkboard in really, really sloppy handwriting:

RULES. SCHOOLWORK. HOMEWORK.

"What else?" he said as he wrote, not even turning around. "Just call things out!" He wrote everything everyone called out.

FAMILY. PARENTS. PETS.

One girl called out: "The environment!"

THE ENVIRONMENT.

He wrote on the chalkboard, and added:

OUR WORLD!

"Sharks, because they eat dead things in the ocean!" said one of the boys, a kid named Reid, and Mr. Browne wrote down

SHARKS.

"Bees!" "Seatbelts!" "Recycling!" "Friends!"

"Okay," said Mr. Browne, writing all those things down. He turned around when he finished writing to face us again. "But no one's named the most important thing of all."

We all looked at him, out of ideas.

"God?" said one kid, and I could tell that even though Mr. Browne wrote "God" down, that wasn't the answer he was looking for. Without saying anything else, he wrote down:

WHO WE ARE!

"Who we are," he said, underlining each word as he said it. "Who we are! Us! Right? What kind of people are we? What kind of person are you? Isn't that the most important thing of all? Isn't that the kind of question we should be asking ourselves all the time? "What kind of person am I?

"Did anyone happen to notice the plaque next to the door of this school? Anyone read what it says? Anyone?"

He looked around but no one knew the answer.

"It says: 'Know Thyself,' " he said, smiling and nodding. "And learning who you are is what you're here to do."

"I thought we were here to learn English," Jack cracked, which made everyone laugh.

"Oh yeah, and that, too!" Mr. Browne answered, which I thought was very cool of him. He turned around and wrote in big huge block letters that spread all the way across the chalkboard:

MR. BROWNE'S SEPTEMBER PRECEPT:
WHEN GIVEN THE CHOICE BETWEEN BEING
RIGHT OR BEING KIND, CHOOSE KIND.

"Okay, so, everybody," he said, facing us again, "I want you to start a brand-new section in your notebooks and call it Mr. Browne's Precepts."

He kept talking as we did what he was telling us to do.

"Put today's date at the top of the first page. And from now on, at the beginning of every month, I'm going to write a new Mr. Browne precept on the chalkboard and you're going to write it down in your notebook. Then we're going to discuss that precept and what it means. And at the end of the month, you're going to write an essay about it, about what it means to you. So by the end of the year, you'll all have your own list of precepts to take away with you.

"Over the summer, I ask all my students to come up with their very own personal precept, write it on a postcard, and mail it to me from wherever you go on your summer vacation."

"People really do that?" said one girl whose name I didn't know.

"Oh yeah!" he answered, "people really do that. I've had students send me new precepts years after they've graduated from this school, actually. It's pretty amazing."

He paused and stroked his beard.

"But, anyway, next summer seems like a long way off, I know," he joked, which made us laugh. "So, everybody relax a bit while I take attendance, and then when we're

finished with that, I'll start telling you about all the fun stuff we're going to be doing this year—in *English*." He pointed to Jack when he said this, which was also funny, so we all laughed at that.

As I wrote down Mr. Browne's September precept, I suddenly realized that I was going to like school. No matter what.

- R.J. Palacio (excerpt from Wonder)

Working with words

A. Find the words from the text that match with the following meanings.

a. ……	walking by dragging one's feet along or without lifting them fully from the ground
b. ……	drawing pictures or patterns while thinking about something else
c. ……	a piece of flat metal with writing on it
d. ……	a general rule intended to regulate behaviour or thought
e. ……	move or go in a furtive or stealthy way

B. Consult your teacher and define the following thinking skills.

a. convergent thinking
b. divergent thinking
c. critical thinking
d. creative thinking

Comprehension

Answer the following questions.

a. Who was Jack? How did he make children laugh?
b. Why are "Sharks" important to Reid?
c. What does Mr. Browne think about the most important thing?
d. What is that has not been noticed by the student?
e. How did Jack make fun of the English class?
f. What were the students going to do at the end of the month?
g. What particular act of students surprised a girl student?

Critical thinking

a. Have you made your own precept after you read this lesson? What is it? Share it with your friends.
b. According to Josh Lanyon, "If there was one life skill everyone on the planet needed, it was the ability to think with critical objectivity." Justify this statement with your logic.

Writing

Write an email to your friend explaining an interesting class you had.

Grammar

Question tag

A. Study the following examples.

a. You are tired, aren't you?
b. He left Kathmandu, didn't he?
c. Your father never touched alcoholic drinks, did he?

B. Rewrite the following sentences adding appropriate question tag.

a. Gill does not know Ann,……?
b. I'm very patient,…….?
c. They'd never met me before,……?
d. Listen carefully,…….?
e. Let's have a break,…….?
f. Let us invite them,……..?
g. Hari used to live in France as a boy, ……?
h. You'd better not take a hard drink,…..?
i. Sheep eat grass,…?
j. Mr. Pande can speak nine languages, …….?
k. She's finished her classes, ……?
l. She barely managed to reach the goal,…….?
m. Don't let him swim in that pond, …….?
n. There are lots of people here,……..?

C. Read the following situations. What do you say in these situations? Use question tags.

a. The sky is full of cloud. You can see lightning and hear thunder.
   It's going to rain soon, ……,…….?
b. You want to pay the taxi fare but you are short by 100 rupees.
   Shyam, you ……,…….?
c. You have met a stranger at a party and you want to have a chat with him/her. ……,…….?
d. You came out of the film hall with your friend. You enjoyed the film.
   The film ……,……?

e. You and your friend listened to a comedian on the stage and felt spellbound by his/her performance.
He gave an excellent ……, ……..?

f. You think your friend's father has arrived from the US but you are not sure.
Your father…….....,……?

g. You think Susan will join the new job tomorrow but you are not sure
Susan……., ……..?

h. Your friend's hair looks too short.
You have got ……..,, ……?

i. You want to go for a picnic with your friends in class.
Let's ……., …….?

j. You want permission from your father to go for a walk.
Let……., ……..?

Listening

A. Look at the pictures and answer these questions.

a. Do you know these personalities? Who are they?

b. What are they famous for?

B. Listen to the audio and fill in the blanks with the appropriate words/phrases.

a. Young people are the …….. for all the worries.

b. According to the speaker, nothing is easy and ……

c. The speaker spent …… in the plane last year.

d. Jack loves a unique idea, not a …….

e. Jack suggests the young people accepting every ……. situation as training for success.

f. The …….. exam starts after college life.

C. Do you agree with the advice of the speaker? Why? Give your reasons.

Speaking

Expressing disappointment

A. Act out the following dialogue.

A: I'm not happy.
B: What's wrong?
A: Oh, I didn't get that job.
B: What a bummer!
A: Yeah, I wish I had prepared better for the interview.
B: Maybe you were just nervous.
A: If I had only thought about how my experience applied to the position.
B: Well, I'm sure you'll do better next time.
A: I hope so. I'm sick of this job.
B: Every job has its ups and downs.
A: Let's have a coffee.
B: That's something that never disappoints me.

B. Underline the expressions in the above dialogue that express disappointment. Can you add some more expressions?

C. How would you express disappointment in the following situations?

a. You missed the birthday party of your close friend because you were unwell.
b. You had to go to school on time, but as it happened, you found the tyre of your bicycle flat.
c. You have arranged to go for a picnic with your friends. But it is pouring with rain.
d. You went to the cinema with your friend to watch a newly-released film, but as it happened, there was 'Houseful' sign outside.
e. You could not secure A grade in class 11 in English.

Project work

Invite some students of Grade XI and ask them these three questions. Write a paragraph based on their answers and share it with your friends.

a. What are you **CURIOUS** about?
b. What are you **CONCERNED** about?
c. What do you want to **CREATE** in the world?

Unit 2 Family

Reading

Family

Before you read

a. Do you live in a small family or a big family? Which type of family do you like? Why?

b. How important is family to you? How important is it in your culture?

Read the following text about family and do the given tasks.

At its most basic, a family consists of an adult and his or her offspring. Most commonly, it consists of two married adults, usually a man and a woman (almost always from different lineages and not related by blood) along with their offspring, usually living in a private and separate dwelling. This type of unit, more specifically known as a nuclear family, is believed to be the oldest of the various types of families in existence. Sometimes the family includes not only the parents and their unmarried children living at home but also children that have married, their spouses, and their offspring, and possibly elderly dependents as well; such an arrangement is called an extended family.

At its best, the family performs various valuable functions for its members. Perhaps most important of all, it provides for emotional and psychological security, particularly through the warmth, love, and companionship that living together generates between spouses and in turn between them and their children. The family also provides a valuable social and political function by institutionalizing procreation and by providing guidelines for the regulation of sexual conduct. The family additionally provides such other socially beneficial functions as the rearing and socialization of children, along with such humanitarian activities as caring for its members when they are sick or disabled. On the economic side, the family provides food, shelter, clothing, and physical security for its members, some of whom may be too young or too old to provide for the basic necessities of life themselves. Finally, on the social side, the

family may serve to promote order and stability within society as a whole.

Historically, in most cultures, the family was patriarchal, or male-dominated. Perhaps the most striking example of the male-dominated family is the description of the family given in the Hebrew Bible (or Old Testament), where the male heads of the clans were allowed to have several wives as well as concubines. As a general rule, women had a rather low status. In Roman times the family was still patriarchal, but polygamy was not practiced, and in general the status of women was somewhat improved over that suggested in the Hebrew Bible, although they still were not allowed to manage their own affairs. The Roman family was an extended one. The family as it existed in medieval Europe was male-dominated and extended.

In the West, industrialization and the accompanying urbanization spawned—and continue to spawn—many changes in family structure by causing a sharp change in life and occupational styles. Many people, particularly unmarried youths, left farms and went to urban centres to become industrial workers. This process led to the dissolution of many extended families.

The modern family that emerged after the Industrial Revolution is different from the earlier model. For instance, patriarchal rule began to give way to greater equality between the sexes. Similarly, family roles once considered exclusively male or female broke down. Caring for the home and children, once the exclusive duty of the female, is often a shared activity, as, increasingly, is the earning of wages and the pursuit of public life, once the exclusive domain of the male. The structure of the family is also changing in that some couples choose not to marry legally and instead elect to have their children out of wedlock; many of these informal relationships tend to be of short duration, and this—as well as the rise in levels of divorce—has led to a rapid increase in the number of one-parent households.

Family law varies from culture to culture, but in its broadest application it defines the legal relationships among family members as well as the relationships between families and society at large. Some of the important questions dealt with in family law include the terms and parameters of marriage, the status of children, and the succession of property from one generation to the next. In nearly every case, family law represents a delicate balance between the interests of society and the protection of individual rights.

The general rule in marriages until modern times was the legal transfer of dependency, that of the bride, from father to groom. Not only did the groom assume guardianship, he usually assumed control over all of his wife's affairs. Often, the woman lost any legal identity through marriage, as was the case in English common law. There have been exceptions to this practice. Muslim women, for instance, had considerable control over their own personal property. The use of dowries, an amount of money or property given to the husband with the bride in compensation for her dependency, has long been

practiced in many countries, but it has tended to disappear in many industrial societies.

In general, modern marriage is best-described as a voluntary union, usually between a man and a woman (although there are still vestiges of the arranged marriage that once flourished in eastern Europe and Asia). The emancipation of women in the 19th and 20th centuries changed marriage dramatically, particularly in connection with property and economic status. By the mid-20th century, most Western countries had enacted legislation establishing equality between spouses. Similarly changed is the concept of economic maintenance, which traditionally fell on the shoulders of the husband. Though many laws still lean toward this view, there was increasing recognition of a woman's potential to contribute to the support of the family. At the beginning of the 21st century, family law and the notion of family itself was further complicated by calls for acceptance of same-sex marriages and nontraditional families.

Dissolution of marriages is one of the areas in which laws must try to balance private and public interest, since realistically it is the couple itself that can best decide whether its marriage is viable. In many older systems—e.g., Roman, Muslim, Jewish, Chinese, and Japanese—some form of unilateral divorce was possible, requiring only one party to give notice of the intention, usually the male. Most modern systems recognize a mutual request for divorce, though many require an attempt to reconcile before granting divorce. Extreme circumstances, in which blatant neglect, abuse, misbehaviour, or incapacity can be demonstrated, find resolution in civil court. Many systems favour special family courts that attempt to deal more fairly with sensitive issues such as custody of children.

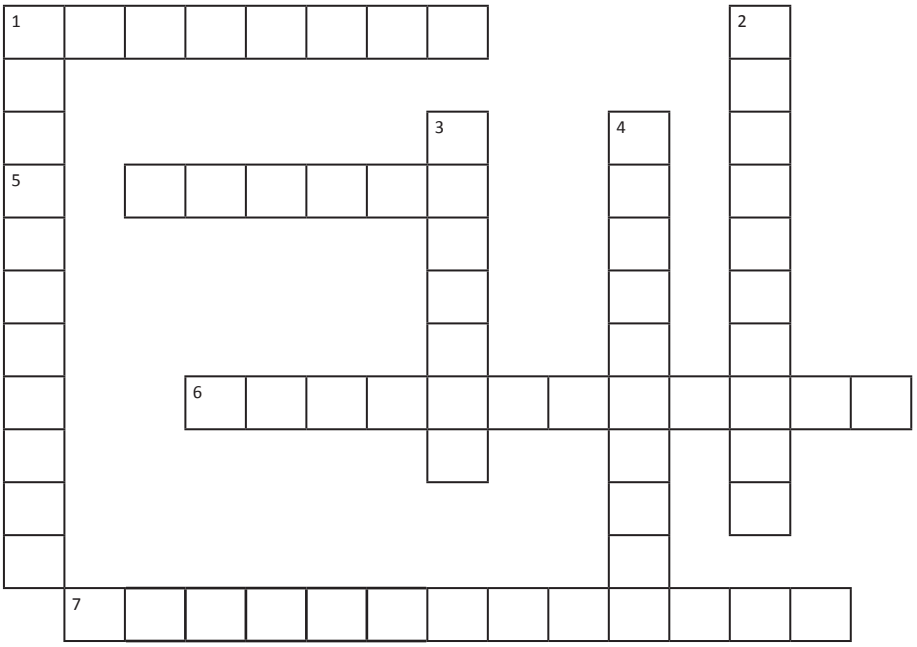
The issue of children poses special problems for family law. In nearly every culture, the welfare of children was formerly left to the parents entirely, and this usually meant the father. Most societies have come to recognize the general benefit of protecting children's rights and of prescribing certain standards of rearing. Thus, more than in any other area, family law intervenes in private lives with regard to children. Compulsory education is an example of the law superseding parental authority. In the case of single-parent homes, the law will frequently provide some form of support. Legislation on child labour and child abuse also asserts society's responsibility for a child's best interests.

The succession of family interests upon the death of its members can be considered a part of family law. Most legal systems have some means of dealing with division of property left by a deceased family member. The will, or testament, specifies the decedent's wishes as to such distribution, but a surviving spouse or offspring may contest what appear to be unreasonable or inequitable provisions. There are also laws that recognize family claims in the event that property is left intestate (i.e., with no will to determine its distribution).

- Alan John Barnard

Working with words

A. Find the words from the text and solve the puzzle. Clues are given below.



ACROSS

1. the custom of having more than one wife at the same time
5. to find an acceptable way of dealing with opposing ideas, needs etc.
6. the process in which towns, streets, etc. are built where there was once countryside
7. the process by which somebody learns to behave in an acceptable way in their society

DOWN

1. ruled or controlled by men
2. the act of taking over a position
3. done in a way without caring if people are shocked
4. single-parent

B. Find the meanings of the following family-related words and use them in your own sentences.

nuclear family, monogamy, sibling-in-law, milk kinship, matrilineal, nepotism, maternity

C. The following words are from the above text. Each word has two parts.

polygamy, unmarried, nontraditional, dissolution, inequitable

poly, un, non, dis and *in* are prefixes. They make new words when they are added to the beginning of other root words.

Make at least five words using the prefixes given. Consult a dictionary to learn how they change the meaning of root words.

pre-, semi-, sub-, mis-, mono-, un-, in-, inter-.

Comprehension

A. The headings of the first five paragraphs of the above text are given below. Write paragraph number next to them.

a. Patriarchal family
b. Functions of the family
c. Modern model of family
d. Effects of industrialization on family structure
e. Defining family

B. Answer the following questions.

a. What type of family is thought to be the oldest form of the family?
b. How does a family provide security to its members?
c. What were the features of medieval European family?
d. What caused the dissolution of extended families in the West?
e. What change occurred in gender role in the modern family that emerged after the Industrial Revolution?
f. What is family law?
g. How is modern marriage defined?
h. What do special family courts try to do?
i. What does the legislation on child labour and child abuse declare?
j. What is common among most legal systems regarding property?

Critical thinking

a. What changes have started to occur in Nepali families in recent days? What impacts will they bring on the society? Discuss.

b. We see many elderly people in the elderly homes these days in Nepal. Some of them are abandoned while others live there willingly. Do you think Nepali people are deviating from their traditional culture? Give reasons.

Writing

A. Write an essay on ***The Importance of Family***. In your essay, you can use these guiding questions.

- Why family is important to you.
- Why family is or is not important for society.
- How you think families will change in the future.

B. Some people think it is better to live in a nuclear family. Other people think that living in extended family is more advantageous. What do you think? Write an essay discussing the advantages and disadvantages of both.

Grammar

Modal verbs

A. Study the given sentences carefully.

a. Please read this letter for me. I **can't** see without my glasses.

b. After working for a couple of years in China, I **can** speak Chinese now.

c. When he was 40, he **could** earn six digit salary.

d. After six hours' climbing, we **were able to** reach the summit.

e. Yesterday, I lost my keys. I looked for them everywhere but I **couldn't** find.

B. Choose the best answer to complete the sentences.

a. 'How much was your parking ticket?' 'Fifty rupees.' 'Oh well, it …… been worse.'

i. could have ii. must have iii. should have

b. It ……. got lost in the post. These things happen sometimes.

i. can't have ii. might have iii. must have

c. 'Sorry I'm late. I got delayed at work.' 'You …….. called. I was really worried about you.'

i. must have ii. could have iii. would have

d. 'I don't think he meant to be rude.' 'He …… said sorry.'

i. must have ii. might have iii. would have

e. 'Whose signature is this?' 'I don't know. It …….. be Manoj's. That looks a bit like an M.'

i. must ii. could iii. should

f. I had it when I left the office so I ……. lost it on the way to home.

i. mustn't have ii. must have iii. should have

g. You …….. think it's funny, but I think it's pathetic.

i. might ii. should iii. could

C. Complete the following sentences with appropriate endings. Use correct modal verbs.

Example: She could be a doctor; however,…… .

*She could be a doctor; however, **she preferred to be an advocate.***

a. At the end of the course, ……..……

b. If you want to earn a lot of money, ……..

c. You were not in your house yesterday. You ……

d. I'm quite busy tomorrow. I ……

e. When you were a small kid ……..

f. My car is broken. I …….

g. I've got a fast speed internet at home. I …….

h. Even though she didn't study well, she ……..

i. There are plenty of newspapers in the library. You .....…….. if you want.

j. What do you think you were doing, playing in the road? You …….

k. I have no time. I ……..

l. You don't look well. You ……..

Listening

A. Look at the picture and answer these questions.

a. Do you live by yourself or with your family members?

b. The girl in the picture looks happy despite living alone. How do you feel about living alone?

B. Listen to the audio and fill in the gaps with suitable information.

a. Despite having decent jobs, the ……. people choose to live with their parents.

b. There are many people who rely on their parents for food, clothing and ……

c. The speaker's parents …… her decisions.

d. As she moved to the new apartment, she could save …….. of her travelling time.

e. Living on one's own has some ……

f. One of the major issues of living on your own is ……

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

a. What is the Chinese traditional value of family?

b. How do other people react when the speaker tells them about moving out?

c. What problem did the speaker face in her new apartment?

d. What occupied most of the speaker's saved time?

e. How does the speaker feel about staying in her own?

D. How does it feel to be far away from your family? Talk to your friends.

Speaking

Arguing/defending a point

A. Act out the given conversation in pairs.

Son : Dad, I want to ask you a favour.

Father : What's it?

Son : Our class is going for an educational tour. Can I go with them?

Father : No, my dear. This is not a suitable time for a tour.

Son : Why, dad? It's spring. The weather is okay and the temperature is also fine everywhere.

Father : No, not now. Covid -19 pandemic is at its peak and the government has warned us to stay inside.

Son : Yes, but we'll take every precaution. And, what's more, we'll wash hands as frequently as possible.

B. Here are some expressions that you can use to argue or defend a point. Learn them.

a. The main idea/thing is …

b. The most important idea is …

c. The primary argument for … is …

d. In addition to that, …

e. Not to mention the fact that …

f. I agree/admit that …, but we must remember that …

C. Work in pairs. Have a conversation in the given situations.

a. You are against the idea of keeping animals in the zoo but one of your friends disagrees.

b. You want to study during your leisure time but your sister insists on playing games.

c. Your parents want you to study what they want but you don't agree.

d. Your friend wants to do a job but you want to start your own business.

e. You want to go to a concert but your friend wants to go to a movie.

Project work

Work in groups. Find some elderly couples or a widow/widower staying apart from their children because they are abandoned. Ask them what they had expected from their children and what actually happened. Prepare a story and present it to the class.

Unit 3 Sports

Reading

Euro 2020

Before you read

a. What does UEFA stand for?

b. How many teams competed in Euro Cup 2020?

c. Which is your favourite team? Why?

Read the following news story about Euro Cup 2020 and do the given tasks.

Italy wins Euro 2020, beats England in penalty shoot-out

By Associated Press

LONDON, July 12: Italian soccer's redemption story is complete. England's painful half-century wait for a major title goes on.

And it just had to be because of a penalty shootout.

Italy won the European Championship for the second time by beating England 3-2 on penalties on Sunday. The match finished 1-1 after extra time at Wembley Stadium, which was filled mostly with English fans hoping to celebrate the team's first international trophy since the 1966 World Cup.

"It's coming to Rome. It's coming to Rome," Italy defender Leonardo Bonucci shouted into a TV camera amid the celebrations, mocking the famous lyric "it's coming home" from the England team's anthem.

For England, it was utter dejection again — they know the feeling so well when it comes to penalties — after Gianluigi Donnarumma, Italy's imposing goalkeeper, dived to his left and saved the decisive spot kick by 19-year-old Londoner Bukayo Saka, one of the youngest players in England's squad.

That was England's third straight failure from the penalty spot in the shootout, with Marcus Rashford and Jadon Sancho — players brought on late in extra time seemingly as specialist penalty-takers — also missing.

As Saka and Sancho cried, Donnarumma was mobbed by his teammates as they sprinted toward him from the halfway line at the end of the second penalty shootout in a European Championship final.

Then Italy's jubilant players headed to the other end of the field and ran as one, diving to the ground in front of the Italian fans who have witnessed a rebirth of their national team.

It was less than four years ago that Italy plunged to the lowest moment of its soccer history by failing to qualify for the World Cup for the first time in six decades. Now, they are the best team in Europe and on a national-record 34-match unbeaten run under Roberto Mancini, their suave coach who has won an international trophy in his first attempt to add to the country's other European title — in 1968 — and its four World Cups.

Mancini joined his players on the podium as Italy captain Giorgio Chiellini lifted the Henri Delaunay trophy to the backdrop of fireworks and tickertape.

"It was impossible even to just consider this at one stage," Mancini said, "but the guys were just amazing. I have no words for them."

For England, it's the latest heartache in shootouts at major tournaments, after defeats in 1990, 1996, 1998, 2004, 2006 and 2012. They ended that losing streak by beating Colombia on penalties in the round of 16 at the 2018 World Cup, but the pain has quickly returned.

"The boys couldn't have given more," England captain Harry Kane said. "Penalties are the worst feeling in the world when you lose. It's been a fantastic tournament — we should be proud, hold our heads up high. It's going to hurt now; it's going to hurt for a while."

England's first major final in 55 years had all started so well, too, with Luke Shaw scoring the fastest goal in a European Championship final by meeting a cross from opposite wing back Kieran Trippier with a half-volley that went in off the post in the second minute.

It was Shaw's first goal for England and it prompted a fist-pump between David

Beckham and Tom Cruise in the VIP box amid an explosion of joy around Wembley, which had at least 67,000 fans inside. Maybe more, given dozens of ticketless England fans managed to barge their way past stewards and police and into the stadium in unsettling scenes before kickoff.

That was the only time Italy's famously robust defense was really opened up in the entire 120 minutes.

Indeed, after Shaw's goal, England barely saw the ball for the rest of the game.

Italy's midfielders dominated possession, as widely predicted before the match, and England simply resorted to dropping deep and getting nine or even all 10 outfield players behind the ball. It was reminiscent of the 2018 World Cup semifinals, when England also scored early against Croatia then spent most of the game chasing its opponent's midfield before losing in extra time.

Italy's equalizer was merited and Bonucci was the unlikely scorer. He put the ball in from close range after a right-wing corner was flicked on to Marco Verratti, whose stooping header was tipped onto the post by goalkeeper Jordan Pickford.

England managed to hold on for extra time — the way three of the last six European finals went — and actually had the better of the final stages.

Just not the shootout, again.

After the misses of Rashford — he stuttered up to the ball and then hit the post — and Sancho, whose shot was saved by Donnarumma again down to his left, Jorginho had the chance to win it for Italy.

Incredibly, the midfielder who converted the decisive penalty in a shootout win over Spain in the semifinals also failed to score as Pickford tipped the effort off the post.

It was Donnarumma who then made the crucial saves and within minutes he had also been named player of the tournament, the first goalkeeper to be so honored.

So instead of coming home, the trophy is headed to Rome.

"We'd heard it day in, day out from Wednesday night — we heard it would be coming home to London," Bonucci said. "I'm sorry for them, but the cup will be taking a nice flight, making its way to Rome so Italians all over the world can savor this."

Working with words

A. Many English words are from other languages, such as *redemption* **in the news above comes from the Latin word** *redimere***, a combination of** *re(d)-***, meaning "back," and** *emere***, meaning "buy."**

Now, find out the origin and the meaning of the following words from the text.

penalty	major	stadium	trophy	defender
anthem	dejection	jubilant	record	suave
podium	tournament	reminiscent	incredible	savor

B. Consult a dictionary and define the following terms related to cricket.

Example:

wicket: *two sets of three sticks standing in the ground with pieces of wood lying*

stump	crease	boundary	sixer	googly	leg-bye
wicket	maiden	pitch	power-play	no-ball	yorker

C. Pronunciation

Divide the following words into two groups in accordance with their pronunciation /aɪ/ and /eɪ/.

fine, shine, rein, rail, why, sleigh, height, bright, might, snail, break, fake, five, freight, eight, game, claim, friend, sight, white, gait, by, hail, frame

Comprehension

A. State whether the following sentences are *True* **or** *False* **or** *Not Given***.**

a. England was the champion of 1996 World Cup Football.

b. Italy bagged its first Euro Cup trophy in the Euro Cup 2020.

c. The English team has won more trophies in International Football than Italy.

d. According to the captain of the English team, the pain of losing a match has lasting effects.

e. The Italian team was playing in their home ground.

f. The goalkeeper of the Italian team had performed the best than any other players in the match.

B. Answer the following questions.

a. Why does the reporter say that England is waiting to heal its half-century long pain?

b. How did the Italian players react as soon as they became the champions?

c. Why did Saka and Sancho cry?

d. Penalty shoot-out has long been a bitter experience for the English team. Why?

e. State the contribution of Roberto Mancini to the Italian football.

f. How does the Euro Cup final 2020 remind the audiences of the 2018 World Cup semifinals? How?

Critical thinking

a. "Every match is a new opportunity. Put its failure behind and start over again." Does this apply to the Italian football team when we analyse their performance from their failure to qualify for the World Cup Football to their victory in the European Championship in these four years?

b. When a team plays in a home ground, it gets a huge support from the audience in the stadium. Does this support them to win the match or the players may feel pressure to win and thus lose? What do you think?

Writing

A. The following passage does not have any punctuation marks. Punctuate it with appropriate punctuation marks.

a lot of people try to get away from home for a few days each year for a holiday there are lots of things to choose from and where you go depends on how much money you have got to spend ideas for holidays include relaxing on a beach exploring cities and skiing one man wanted to go to australia but thought hed never have enough money to get there he will go to his brothers caravan at the seaside instead a young woman wanted to go clubbing in Ibiza as shed heard its a lot of fun

B. Write a news story based on the given information.

Argentina beat Brazil to win Copa America

by Reuters

RIO DE JANEIRO, July 10

first major title in 28 years

first medal for Lionel Messi in a blue-and-white shirt

Di Maria goal gave them a 1-0 win over Brazil

15th Copa America equal to Brazil

Brazil piled on the pressure but they could not get an equaliser

Brazil - more aggressive in the second half

Argentine defence - outstanding

C. We can see many countries competing to host the great international sport events like the World Cup Football. But, there are arguments that hosting an event like World Cup Football can have more problems than benefits. What do you think? Write your arguments in favour or against hosting an international sport event in about 500 words.

Grammar

Determiners and quantifiers

A. Observe the following examples.

a. People have unethical justifications for **all** their actions.

b. Americans throw away around 2.5 million plastic bottles **every** hour.

c. Around 2 billion litres of human and industrial wastes are dumped into it **each** day.

d. **All of** these create **the** illusion of complete pleasure at our fingertips, with **none of** the hassles of pain.

e. If **a few** drops of **the** ocean are dirty, **the** whole ocean does not become dirty.

The words in bold face in the examples above are called determiners and quantifiers. We use determiners to identify things (the book) and we use quantifiers to say how much or how many (a few drops). The following table shows the determiners and quantifiers in English.

Determiners	Quantifiers
Definite article: the **Indefinite articles:** a/an **Possessives:** my, your, his, her, our, their, its **Demonstratives:** this, that, these, those. **Interrogatives:** which, what	any, all, many, much, most, some, a few, a lot of, a little, none and the cardinal numbers (one, two, three), etc.

B. Complete the following sentences with *much*, *many*, *few* or *little*.

a. He is an introvert. He has got very…….friends.

b. I am busy in preparing my examinations. I have very……..time to give to you.

c. The entire winter season was dry this year. We had …….rain.

d. Our town has almost been modernized. There are…… old buildings left.

e. You can come today. I haven't got ……to do.

f. The party was crowded. There were too ……..people.

g. How …….photographs did you take while you were in Switzerland?

h. There was…….traffic so I came in time.

i. Can I borrow ……..books from you?

j. Mohan can't be a good teacher. He has……patience.

C. Put *each* or *every* in the following sentences.

a. The party split into three factions, …….faction headed by a former prime minister.

b. Leap years occur……..four years.

c. …….parent worries about their children.

d. We had a great time in Singapore. We enjoyed …….minute of our time.

e. I could catch the main idea of his speech but I didn't understand …….of his words.

f. In Nepal, …….motorcycle rider should wear a helmet.

g. You must read ……..of these books for the exam.

D. Rewrite the following sentences using *all of*, *most of*, *none of*, *both of* or *some of*.

a. Your garden is superb. ……..the flowers are beautiful.

b. Do you know Bharat and Kamal? Of course, I do…..them are my friends.

c. I bought a box of apples thinking it would be cheaper but I was mistaken. ……them were rotten.

d. When I was in the town, I asked some people for direction but ……. them were able to help me. I had to call my friend.

e. We all were soaked in the rain because……..us had carried an umbrella.

f. My father is healthy in his seventies but he feels isolated because ……..his friends are dead now.

g. All of the tourists are not Chinese……..them are Korean too.

E. Choose the best word from the brackets to complete the sentences.

a. Give me …….. money I owe you. (which/the/a/an)

b. I want …… boat which would take me to the island. (the/an/those/a)

c. Could you pour me …… water, please? (many/few/these/some)

d. Only …….. employees know how important the project was. (a few/a little/little/few)

e. He was looking for …….. umbrella. (an/a/those/these)

f. ……. water was evaporated due to excessive heat. (A large number of/ A lot of/ A large amount of/Many)

Listening

A. Observe the pictures and answer the questions.

a. What sports are shown in the pictures?

b. Do you like to watch these sports?

B. Listen to the audio and fill in the blanks with the correct information.

a. Wakeboarding started in …… .

b. In wakeboarding, the rider is attached to …….. .

c. Players spin the board ……..times in wakeboarding.

d. The tricks in wakeboarding are similar to …… .

e. Roller derby is more popular in ……..as many leagues are held there.

f. Roller derby began to grow when it revived in 2001 in ……. .

g. The players of both the teams go round ……. in the same direction in roller derby.

h. The nickname of the roller derby player in the interview is …….. .

C. Listen to the audio again and answer the following questions.

a. What might be the new sports included in the 2020 Olympics?

b. Which sport is Johny Mills associated with?

c. Write one of the complicated things that a wakeboarder does.

d. When and where would Wakestock festival be held?

e. Who is the second player does the presenter talk to?

f. How do the players score points in roller derby?

g. How often are the players trained in roller derby?

h. What is the difference between these two sports in terms of their players?

Speaking

Asking for and giving reasons

A. We use the following expressions to ask for and give reasons in a discussion. Study them carefully.

Asking for reasons	Giving reasons
Why do you say …?	I say that because …
What makes you say …?	Well, because . . .
How come you think …?	Well, in my experience . . .
Why do you think …?	I think so as …
Why do/did you …?	Well, …so as to…
Why don't/didn't you…?	The reason was that…
Why is/are/was/were…?	Let me explain …

B. Read and practise the following conversations.

C. Work in pairs. Have similar conversations in the situations given below.

a. You are on a ride with your friend who does not allow you to drive the bike.

b. One of your friends did not go to the cinema with you last Saturday.

c. Your friend thinks that technical education is more important for Nepal.

d. One of your friends is of the opinion that health facilities should be free in the country.

e. A friend of yours has the opinion that politicians are in politics to serve themselves.

f. Your friend thinks that people are basically selfish and greedy.

g. Your teacher suggests you to check the bill before you pay it.

D. Use the following prompts to express your own opinions as conversation starters in pairs. Ask for and give reasons for the opinions.

I think our newspapers ….

a. do a great job reporting the news.

b. do a poor job reporting the news.

Overall, our education system is …

a. excellent.

b. in need of major improvements.

In my opinion, taxes should be …

a. reduced.

b. spent to help those in need.

I think the medical care in our country is …

a. getting better.

b. worse.

I think crime is …

a. on the rise.

b. on the decline.

In general, I think art museums are …

a. pretty useless.

b. really important.

Project work

Draft a set of questions that you want to ask to a famous player (international, national, regional). Visit him/her and take an interview with the help of the questions. Prepare a news article including his/her struggle and achievement.

Unit 4 Technology

Reading

Hyperloop

Before you read

a. Do you know the means of transportation shown in the pictures? What are they?

b. Do you enjoy travelling at high speed? How do you feel when you travel at high speed?

c. What means of transportation do you think we will be using in 50 years' time? What makes you think so?

Read the following text about an ultra-high-speed ground transportation system called hyperloop and do the given tasks.

A hyperloop, as you may have heard, is an ultra-high-speed ground transportation system for passenger and cargo. It could see freight and passengers travelling as high as 760mph (1,220 km/h), in a 'floating' pod which shoots through giant, low-pressure tubes, either above or below ground. It is a newer form of transport, currently being explored and developed by a number of companies. A hyperloop technology is still in development even though the basic concept has been around for many years. The earliest hyperloop was likely to be up and running by 2020 but most services are expected to be later, as trials of the technology are still in their early stages.

There are two big differences between hyperloop and traditional rail. Firstly, the pods carrying passengers travel through tubes or tunnels from which most of the air has been removed to reduce friction. This should allow the pods to travel at up to 760 miles per hour. Secondly, rather than using wheels like a train or car, the pods are designed

to float on air skis, using the same basic idea as an air hockey table, or use magnetic **levitation** to reduce friction.

A hyperloop could be cheaper and faster than train or car travel, and cheaper and less polluting than air travel. It is also quicker and cheaper to build than traditional high-speed rail. A hyperloop could therefore be used to take the pressure off **gridlocked** roads, making travel between cities easier, and potentially unlocking major economic benefits as a result.

What is the history of a hyperloop?

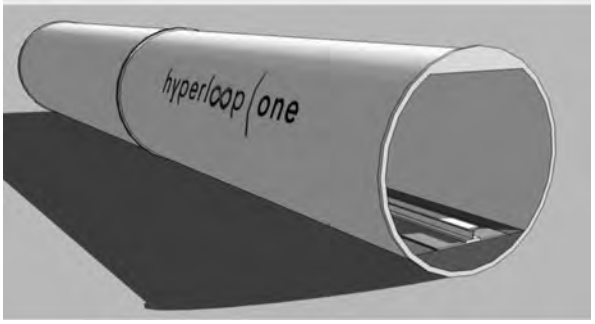
The idea of using low-pressure or vacuum tubes as part of a transport system has a long heritage. The Crystal Palace Pneumatic Railway used air pressure to push a wagon uphill (and a vacuum to drag it back down) way back in Victorian south London in 1864. Similar systems using pneumatic tubes to send mail and packages between buildings have been in use since the late nineteenth century, and can still be seen in supermarkets and banks to move money around today.

One clear predecessor of the hyperloop is the 'vactrain' concept developed by Robert Goddard early in the twentieth century; since then, many similar ideas have been proposed without much success.

However, it was entrepreneur Elon Musk who really reignited interest in the concept with his 'Hyperloop Alpha' paper in August 2013, which set out how a modern system would work and how much it would cost.

How does a hyperloop tube work?

The basic idea of hyperloop as **envisioned** by Musk is that the passenger pods or capsules travel through a tube, either above or below ground. To reduce friction, most but not all of the air is removed from the tubes by pumps.



Overcoming air resistance is one of the biggest uses of energy in high speed travel. Airliners climb to high altitudes to travel through less dense air; in order to create a similar effect at ground level, hyperloop encloses the capsules in a reduced-pressure tube, effectively allowing the trains to travel at airplane speeds while still on the ground.

In Musk's model, the pressure of the air inside the hyperloop tube is about one-sixth the pressure of the atmosphere on Mars (a notable comparison as Mars is another of Musk's interests). This means an operating pressure of 100 pascals, which reduces the drag force of the air by 1,000 times relative to sea level conditions, and would be **equivalent** to flying above 150,000 feet.

How do hyperloop capsules work?

The hyperloop capsules in Musk's model float above the tube's surface on a set of 28 air-bearing skis, similar to the way that the puck floats just above the table on an air hockey game. One major difference is that it is the pod, not the track, which generates the air cushion in order to keep the tube as simple and cheap as possible. Other versions of hyperloop use magnetic levitation rather than air skis to keep the passenger pods above the tracks.

The pod would get its initial velocity from an external linear electric motor, which would accelerate it to 'high **subsonic** velocity' and then give it a boost every 70 miles or so; in between, the pod would coast along in near vacuum. Each capsule could carry 28 passengers (other versions aim to carry up to 40) plus some luggage; another version of the pods could carry cargo and vehicles. Pods would depart every two minutes (or every 30 seconds at peak usage).

How would a hyperloop be powered?

The pods will get their velocity from an external linear electric motor-effectively a round induction motor (like the one in the Tesla Model S) rolled flat. Under Musk's model, the Hyperloop would be powered by solar panels placed on the top of the tube which would allow the system to generate more energy than it needs to run.

What will it feel like to travel in a hyperloop?

Critics of hyperloop have warned that travelling in the tube might be an uncomfortable experience, due to nausea-inducing acceleration, plus lateral G-force on bends in the route. However, Virgin Hyperloop One says that a journey via hyperloop will feel about the same as riding in an elevator or a passenger plane.

"Although a hyperloop will be fast, the systems we are building will accelerate with the same tolerable G-forces as that of taking off in a Boeing 747," it said. Acceleration and deceleration will be gradual, it added, with no G-forces and turbulence.

Travelling in a concrete pipe in a windowless pod means there isn't going to be much to look at; Musk's original vision said that "beautiful landscape will be displayed in the cabin" and each passenger will have access to their own personal entertainment system.

Will a hyperloop be a success?

That's the huge, multibillion dollar and, as yet, unanswered question. The concept has been around for a long time, but until now the technology has been lacking. This time

around, it's possible that the technology may have just caught up with the concept.

There are well-funded companies racing to be the first to deliver a working service but, despite their optimistic timescales, these projects are still very much in the pilot and experimental stages. Going from short test routes to hundreds of kilometres of track is a big jump that none of these firms has made yet.

If the technology is still in development, that's also very true of the business models to support it. The success of hyperloop will vary depending on the destinations, local economics, and geography. Trying to build a new line overland across England, for example, can prove an expensive and complicated business which can take many years (as the ongoing HS2 controversy has shown). In other countries where land is cheaper or where routes can travel through less populated areas, it may be easier to get services up and running faster.

Capacity is another issue. It's not clear that hyperloop can do a better job of moving a large number of people than other mass transit options. Critics argue that lots of pods will be required to achieve the same passenger numbers as more traditional rail, which uses much bigger carriages. And there are many engineering hurdles to overcome, like building the tubes strong enough to deal with the stresses of carrying the high-speed pods, and finding energy- and cost- efficient ways to keep them operating at low pressure.

Moving from a successful test to a full commercial deployment is a big jump, and passenger trials are still to come. Assuming that consumers are happy being zoomed around in these tubes, finding the right price for the service will be vital, too.

Right now hyperloop is at an experimental stage, even if the companies involved are very keen to talk about its potential.

Working with words

A. Choose the correct words from the box to complete the following sentences.

freight	levitation	gridlock	pneumatic	predecessor
envisioned	equivalent	subsonic	turbulence	deceleration

a. I think that covering up the facts is …… to lying really.

b. If there is not a substantial move to public transport, we will have …… and the whole regeneration will not work.

c. Each new leader would blame his …… for all the evils of the past.

d. We have, in fact, …… a better world and have made it happen.

e. The main linear actuators of the …… systems are cylinders.

f. The barrel was short and the bullet emerged at …… speed.

g. The city is said to receive two-fifths of the total …… delivered in the country.

h. It would still take four hours to get down, in a spiral of …… .

i. Apparently, the magician will be doing some …… on the stage tomorrow.

j. We might be experiencing some …… on this flight due to an approaching electrical storm.

B. Add three more words that are formed with the following prefixes.

a. hyper- : hyperloop, ……., ……., …….

b. ultra- : ultrahigh, ……., ……., …….

c. up-: uphill, ……., ……., …….

d. over-: overcoming, ……., ……., …….

e. multi-: multibillion, ……., ……., …….

Comprehension

Answer the following questions.

a. What is a hyperloop? How does it work?

b. How is hyperloop more beneficial than the traditional trains?

c. Does hyperloop have a successful history? How?

d. Write the contributions of Robert Goddard and Elon Musk for the development of hyperloop.

e. What relation does speed have with air resistance? Explain.

f. What are hyperloop capsules compared with? How are they similar?

g. How do the passengers feel while travelling via hyperloop? What will be done to make it luxurious?

h. Why does the writer doubt about the success of hyperloop? What does the success depend on?

Critical thinking

a. Is the hyperloop the future of transportation or just a dream? What do you think? Justify your opinion with suitable reasons.

b. The number of private vehicles is increasing day by day in Nepal beyond the capacity of our infrastructure. What do you think should be done to curb the ever-growing number of private vehicles? Discuss.

Writing

A. Read the press release issued by Bahamasair about their irregular operations.

PRESS RELEASE

RE: ***IRREGULAR OPERATIONS JULY 7, 2019 – NASSAU/ORLANDO***
ISSUED: ***Monday – July 08, 2019***

NASSAU, BAHAMAS: Bahamasair wishes to advise the travelling public that our Sunday, July 7 schedule was negatively impacted by weather related closures at both the Lynden Pindling and Orlando International Airports.

Unfortunately, the Lynden Pindling International Airport closed several times yesterday due to thunder and lightning storms which lingered around the island of New Providence for most of the day creating a number of delays. Further compounding these challenges was the closure of the Orlando International Airport due to lightning which further impacted the schedule and ultimately resulted in one of our Orlando bound flights having to be diverted to Fort Lauderdale.

With the passage of these weather systems, it is expected that all flights today should proceed as scheduled with minimal disruption.

We wish to thank the traveling public for their continued patience, as these delays were unavoidable. Our intent is to consistently provide a safe and dependable service as we strive to be the airline of choice connecting the islands of The Bahamas to the world.

Tracy J. Cooper
Managing Director

B. Suppose you are the General Manager of Nepal Airlines. Issue a press release on behalf of the airlines about the cancellation of flights to the mountain regions due to the poor weather condition.

Grammar

Subject verb agreement

A. Study the following examples.

a. **Neither** she **nor** I *am* guilty.

b. I am not sure **whether** you **or** he *has* created the trouble.

c. **Either** the students **or** their English teacher *is* responsible for the misinformation.

d. **Neither** boiling of water with the express purpose of destroying bacteria and other parasites **nor** other purification methods *were* employed in Western civilizations.

B. Rewrite the following sentences with the correct form of the verbs in the brackets.

a. The invitation is for one person. I don't mind whether you or she (come) to the party.

b. Neither the MPs nor the Prime Minister (have) felt regret for the party split.

c. I don't care whether he or she (win) the lottery.

d. Either the Kantipur or the Republica (be) used for the advertisement.

e. She speaks in a strange accent. Neither I nor my sister (understand) her.

f. I forgot whether the singers or the actress (be) given the Film Fair Award last year.

g. Neither the tracksuit nor the pajamas (fit) me perfectly.

h. Neither the gas fire nor the electric heaters (be) suitable for room heating.

C. This passage contains the agreement errors. Correct the subjects or verbs that don't agree with each other. Remember to use present tense in your corrections.

Within the state of Arizona, Rob, along with his family, move frequently, from city to city. After his arrival, one of his first tasks are to find an apartment close to work as he do not have a car. Usually, there is many different places to choose from, and he consider cost, location, and luxury. If one apartment has a washing machine and dryer and cost four hundred dollars a month, he prefer to rent it over another apartment which have significantly less rent located two blocks from a Laundromat. Rob's family never wants to live in an apartment on the thirteenth floor since all of them fears heights. He also try to choose an apartment with landlords recommended by former tenants. Everybody know that it is important to find a responsible landlord. Rob and his wife loves to cook together when both is free, so he need a spacious, well-equipped kitchen. Rob often also look for a place with an air conditioner because there is so many scorching days and nights in Arizona. Whenever Rob find a new apartment, all of his concerns disappears. He feel relieved and call his mother. Someone understands!

Listening

A. Observe the pictures and answer the questions.

a. What technology is shown in the picture?

b. Who is the man in the picture? Where is he? Where is he travelling to?

B. Listen to the news report about space exploration and state whether the following statements are *True* or *False*.

a. Cosmologists doubt that 2021 will be a great year for space exploration.

b. The reporter says science fiction is turning out to be real life.

c. The news says we will be surprised by human beings colonising Mars.

d. Q-PACE, a NASA probe, will study the collision of small particles.

e. NASA said scientists had the samples of Mars for a long time.

f. The Hubble Telescope will re-launch in October.

C. Listen to the audio again and complete these sentences.

a. Commercial companies want to ……into heavens through technology.

b. Elon Musk and Richard Branson are setting their sights on …… .

c. A new form of holidays can be ……to the moon.

d. Rover will test for signs of possible …….. .

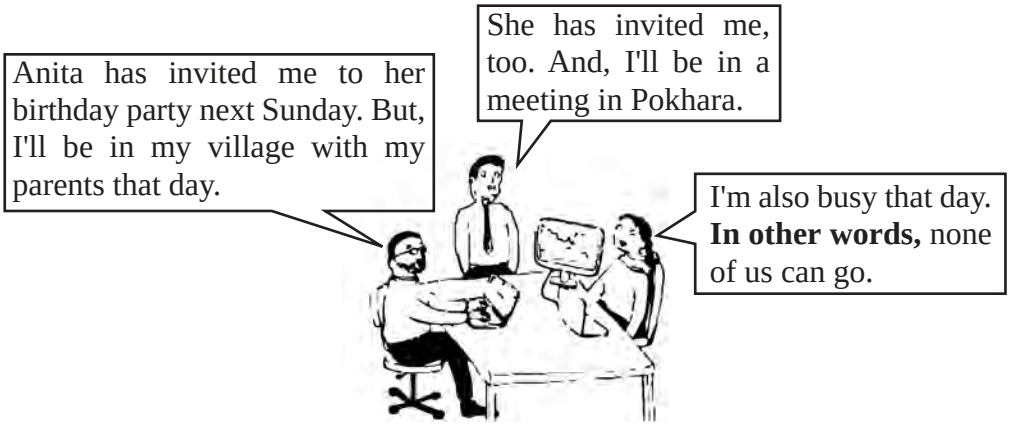
e. The mission of launching James Webb Space Telescope is to ……..the first galaxies.

D. What do you know about space tourism? Talk to your friends.

Speaking

Summarising

A. Read and act out the following conversation.



B. Respond to the situations below as in the example. You can use the expressions in the box to summarise.

In other words, …	Basically, …	What I'm saying is, …	In a nutshell, …
The point I'm making is, …	In short, …	To sum up, …	To summarise, …

Example: You want to know from someone about the best way to travel from Kathmandu to Pokhara. You want to do it cheaply.

A: How can I travel cheaply from Kathmandu to Pokhara?

B: The plane is too expensive. Perhaps you could go by bus. Or, cheaper still hitch-hike. On the other hand, the most convenient way is to hire a car. But, then that's expensive, too.

C: To sum up, whether you hitch-hike or go by bus.

a. You want your friends to tell you how to throw a dart in a game of darts.

b. You want to know from your friends about their meeting with the principal regarding the school picnic.

c. Your sister is receiving treatment in hospital. You want the hospital staff to tell you about her condition.

d. Your bike is out of order. You want to know from the mechanics what actually has happened.

e. You missed a class and thus want to know about the assignment from your friends.

C. You are going to conclude a speech on the need of modern technology in Nepal. How do you actually sum up your speech?

Project work

People have been using different technologies for a long to make their works easy. In our communities too, people used many traditional technologies which are no longer in practice. Meet some elderly people in your community and ask them about such technologies. Write a report and share it to the class.

Unit 5 Education

Reading

A Story of My Childhood

Before you read

a. "Childhood is a chance for kids to discover who they are before the world tells them who they should be." Do you agree or not?

b. Share one of your interesting childhood memories.

Read the following childhood memory of Indian scientist, A. P. J. Abdul Kalam and do the given tasks.

'Vanakkam, Aiya! I have some good news for you!'It was my Mathematics teacher from class four and he was standing just outside the house and calling out to my father. He looked quite excited, so we all rushed out to greet him and invite him inside. My father offered him a seat and then looked on expectantly.

'Abdul, come up here, to me,' my teacher beckoned to me. I was standing with all the other children, peeping from behind my elder brother. I came up shyly to him. He pulled me close affectionately, then turned to my father and said, 'Abdul has scored full marks in Mathematics in the exam! And not only in Mathematics but in Science as well, and he has done very well in English and Tamil too! We teachers are very proud of him.'

I was so pleased to hear this result. But I was even more pleased because my teacher had taken the trouble to come all the way to my house to tell us about this. He had finished his work at the school, and then instead of hurrying back home he had come here, to share his pride and happiness with my family. Our school was small, but it had many such teachers like him. They taught us with love and care and felt the same joy

in our achievements as we did.

That evening, my mother made special poli (a flat chapatti-shaped sweet) to celebrate. We all loved polis and ate many helpings till we were told we'd had enough and sent off to bed in case we got tummy aches! My love for this sweet endures to this day, and when I travel in south India, I have friends who make it at home and bring it to me wherever I am. I make sure to steal a few minutes from my schedule and enjoy this sweet dish that carries so many memories of childhood for me.

As a child, my day started very early. It began with my mother gently shaking me awake very early in the morning, before sunrise. 'Abdul, wake up kanna,' she would call affectionately and I got up, wiping the sleep from my eyes. I had two places to go to before school. One was the Arabic tuition class that all of us attended. There, we learnt to read the Koran. After it was over, I went to my Mathematics teacher's house. He took a special class for students who showed promise in the subject. I have always loved learning about numbers and their rules and patterns. I had learnt addition and subtraction, and multiplication, and all the other basic functions very quickly. Now I was raring to know about more complex problems. My teacher had started the class for students just like me and I enjoyed going there and grappling with number problems in the early hours of the day.

I ran back home once the class was over. My mother would have a hot meal ready. We all ate our fill. In our school, children did not carry tiffin boxes and water bottles so I ate the mid-morning meal hungrily, enjoying the rice and vegetables and chutney and dal. Some days she would make piping hot dosas and I still remember their thick crispy texture and the spicy powder smeared on them.

The children all walked to school together. Our school was the Rameswaram Elementary School and the only one in the town then. We walked along the cobbled roads together, chatting and playing little games. We had to carry only a few books with us and no one took schoolbags. The school building had rows of classrooms and a small playground. In the class I sat with RamanadhaSastry, my best friend. We had known each other from the first day we came to school and had been friends ever since. He and I loved to chat and somehow we never ran out of things to say to each other and do together.

One day, we decided that we would build boats made of leaves and keep them ready in case it rained. Whenever we got a break between classes we took up our pile of leaves and made little boats out of them. Imagine our joy when it actually rained that day!

Our whole fleet of boats set sail on the puddles. If I saw an ant or some other insect I carefully made sure it got a ride on my boat to safety. I don't know if the ants were any grateful for this unexpected joyride, but we were thrilled to see them clinging on to the flimsy leaf boats and sail away.

Ramanadhan and I sat next to each other in class. Once it so happened that a new teacher joined our school. As soon as he entered the class, he saw from our attire that Ramanadhan was a Brahmin and that I was a Muslim. These were divisions we had never thought of earlier but the teacher was not happy that a Hindu and a Muslim boy were sitting together. He made me get up and go sit elsewhere. I was shocked and heartbroken. I remember crying because I had been made to give up my seat next to my best friend. And, who knew that a Muslim and a Hindu boy could not sit together?

That evening, Ramanadhan's father, who was also head priest at the Rameswaram Shiva temple, heard about this and told my father about it. Together, they spoke to the teacher and told him that he should not have brought the divisions of religion into the classroom. Children should grow up together, studying and playing, without their faiths coming in between. The teacher understood this and Ramanadhan and I went back to sitting together as usual.

However, our time together was not indefinite. Soon we had to go our separate ways. The school in Rameswaram had classes only till the secondary level and to study further one had to go to the bigger towns nearby. I had another teacher called Sivasubramania Iyer. He, too, was very fond of me and like Jalaluddin, kept encouraging me to think about higher studies.

Sivasubramania Iyer taught me when I was ten years old and in the fifth standard. He was a great teacher and all of us loved to attend his class and listen to him. One day, he was teaching how birds fly. He drew a diagram of a bird on the blackboard depicting the wings, tail and the body structure. He explained how birds create the lift and fly. He also explained to us how they change direction while flying. For nearly twenty-five minutes, he gave the lecture with various information such as lift, drag and how birds fly in formations of ten, twenty or thirty. At the end of the class, he wanted to know whether we had understood what he had been teaching. I spoke up and said I had not understood. When I said this, he asked the other students whether they had understood or not. Many students then said that they too had not understood. Our response did not upset him at all.

When we were scheduled to have our next class with him, he had a wonderful surprise. He said that he would take us to the seashore that evening! The whole class went to the seashore of Rameswaram. We enjoyed looking out at the roaring waves. In the sky, there were many birds flying around. He pointed out the birds that were flying in formations of ten or twenty numbers and we observed the marvelous flight formations they made. He asked us to watch how they looked when they were in flight and how they flapped their wings. He then told us to look at the tail and see how they used the

combination of flapping wings and twisting tail in their flying. We noticed closely and found that the birds were able to fly in the direction they wanted to by using both tail and wings.

Then he asked us, 'Where is the engine in this bird? Do you know what engine powers each bird?' He explained that each bird is powered by its own life force and the motivation of what it wants. In the space of fifteen minutes, he explained the concept of flight dynamics in birds and we understood everything. He gave us a theoretical lesson coupled with a live practical example available in nature. This was real teaching.

That evening, I did not merely understand how a bird flies. It went much deeper. I felt as though the bird's flight entered into me and created a special feeling. From that evening, I was sure that my future study had to be with reference to flight and flight systems. My teacher's teaching and the event that I witnessed decided my career path.

One evening after the classes, I asked him, 'Sir, please tell me, how can I progress further in learning all about flight?' He patiently explained to me that I should complete my eighth standard here, and then go to high school. After that, I should go to engineering college where I would be able to learn about flight. If I completed each step, I would beable to do something connected with flight sciences. This advice and the lesson that evening by the seashore, gave me a goal and a mission for my life.

- A.P.J. Abdul Kalam (Excerpt from My Life: an Illustrated Autobiography)

Working with words

A. Match the words in column 'A' with their meanings in column 'B'.

	Column 'A'		**Column 'B'**
a.	expectantly	i.	clothes, especially fine or formal ones
b.	beckon	ii.	the way food or drink tastes or feels in your mouth
c.	grapple	iii.	the science of the forces involved in movement
d.	texture	iv.	thin and easily torn
e.	cobbled	v.	to try hard to find a solution to a problem
f.	flimsy	vi.	in a way that shows you are hoping for something, especially something good or exciting
g.	attire	vii.	having a surface that is made of small round stones
h.	marvelous	viii.	to give signal to somebody to move nearer or to follow you
i.	dynamics	ix.	extremely good; wonderful

B. An autobiography is a story of a person's life, written by himself/herself. Use a dictionary and find the meanings of the following words related to people's life stories.

hagiography	psychobiography	pathography	chronicle
obituary	character sketch	profile	memoir

C. An intonation refers to the way the voice rises and falls when speaking. They can be rising, falling, rising-falling or falling-rising. Listen to your teacher reading the following sentences and find out their intonation patterns.

a. I have some good news for you!
b. I was so pleased to hear this result.
c. My mother would have a hot meal ready.
d. The whole class went to the seashore of Rameswaram.
e. Who knew that a Muslim and a Hindu boy could not sit together?
f. He also explained to us how they change direction while flying.
g. He asked the other students whether they had understood or not.
h. Where is the engine in this bird?
i. How can I progress further in learning all about flight?
j. Should I go to engineering college where I would be able to learn about flight.

Comprehension

A. Put the following events in the life of Abdul Kalam in a chronological order.

a. They celebrated happiness with poli.
b. Abdul Kalam was determined that he would make a future study about flight and flight systems.
c. Abdul Kalam attended an elementary school at Rameswaram.
d. He then took the students to the seashore for a practical class.
e. Many students did not understand well of Sivasubramania Iyer's lecture.
f. One day Abdul Kalam's teacher visited them to share his pride and pleasure about his performance.
g. A new teacher in the school forbade Abdul Kalam to sit together with his Bramhin friend.

B. Answer the following questions.

a. What were the causes of Abdul Kalam's happiness?
b. Which two places did Abdul Kalam visit before going to school?
c. What did he like about mathematics?

d. Why was the new teacher unhappy?

e. Why did Abdul Kalam have to split with his intimate friend?

f. What was the topic of Sivasubramania Iyer's class?

g. How was the teacher's reaction when the students told him that they did not understand his lecture?

h. Why did Sivasubramania Iyer take his students to the seashore?

Critical thinking

a. APJ Abdul Kalam became a renowned aerospace scientist in his later life. Do you find any association of his childhood days in shaping his career? Explain with specific instances from the text.

b. Kalam mentions an instance of discrimination against him in his school life. What picture of society does he want to depict by mentioning the incident? Discuss.

Writing

Write a short autobiography featuring your childhood life using the following guidelines.

Date and place of birth	Family background	Daily life
School life	Special event of childhood days, etc.	

Grammar

Connectives

A. Study the following sentences and underline the connectives.

a. Although she spoke very fast, I understood what she meant to say.

b. In spite of her hard labout, she failed her exam.

c. Though he had all the required qualifications, he did not get the job.

d. Despite having all the qualifications, he did not get the job.

B. Join the following pairs of sentences twice, using *although/though/even though* **and** *despite/in spite of* **as in the example.**

Example: Nepali people have limited income. They are very happy.

i. Although Nepali people have limited income, they are happy.

ii. Nepali people are happy in spite of their limited income.

a. He is a millionaire. He lives in a simple house.

b. The weather was extremely bad. The pilot landed the plane safely.

c. We study in the same college. We hardly see each other.

d. It rained heavily. We enjoyed our holiday.

e. I had an umbrella. I got wet in the rain.

f. I was really tired. I could not sleep a moment.

g. She has very good accent in English. She failed the interview of a newsreader.

h. Lhasa has extremely cold weather in winter. Millions of tourists go there in January.

i. He was badly injured in the first round of the boxing match. He was victorious in the third round.

C. Complete each sentence in an appropriate way.

a. He passed the exam although……

b. She climbed the mountain in spite of her…….

c. He did not give any alms to the beggars even though……..

d. In spite of his poor eyesight,……..

e. ……..though she is very sociable.

f. ……in spite of his ten attempts.

g. He refused to eat anything despite……

h. He could not score goods grades in the SEE exams in spite of ……

i. She accepted the job although…….

j. Even though we had planned everything carefully…….

Listening

A. Look at the pictures and answer the following questions.

a. What do these pictures represent?

b. What do you do to concentrate your mind?

B. Listen to the audio and fill in the blanks with appropriate words.

a. A tool of learning to use our body, intellect and mind is …….

b. When our own intelligence turns against us, it brings …….

c. All the leaning …….. will be useless and meaningless in the future.

d. We have been misunderstanding …….. as intelligence.

e. All the times, …….will not throw the kind of ball that we want to hit.

C. According to the speaker, "Education is not just about learning, it is about learning to use ourselves". Do you agree with the speaker? Give your reasons.

Speaking

Expressing degrees of certainty

A. Act out the following pieces of conversation in pairs.

a. **A**: We've meeting tomorrow at 9:00 am. Did you receive an SMS?
B :Yes, I got. I'll definitely be at the meeting, don't worry.

b. **A**: My book was on the table a few minutes ago. It's not here now.
B: Somebody might have taken it to read.

c. **A**: Mr. Shrestha's office is locked from outside.
B: I'm sure. He has gone to the field.

B. Work in pairs. Have conversions in the following situations. Use *sure***,** *probably***,** *definitely***,** *likely***,** *certainly***,** *undoubtedly***,** *may/might***,** *must* **or** *can't***.**

a. My father had gone to the station but he has not returned home yet.

b. It's a holiday and their car is at home.

c. He speaks with a German accent.

d. You do not find the phone in your pocket.

e. You are sure that Dolma is not in her school.

f. You are expecting Suman to visit you. Then the doorbell rings.

g. The sky is overcast.

Project work

Conduct an oratory contest on **"Education is the Foundation of Development".** Invite your English teacher as a judge.

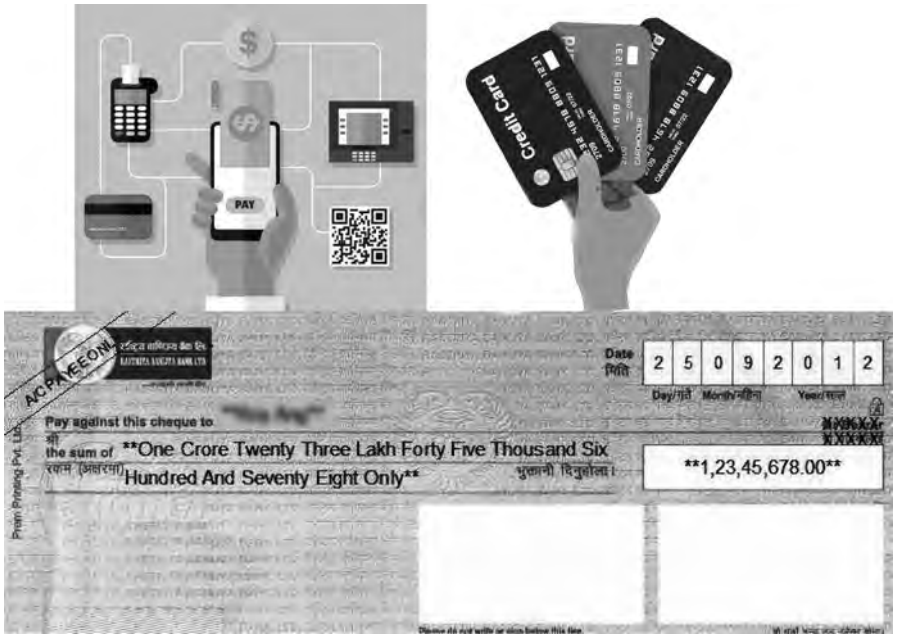
Reading

QR Code

Before you read

a. How do you usually pay for the things you buy?

b. Have you ever paid using QR Codes? Share your experiences.



Read the following text about QR code and do the given tasks.

Quick Response Codes – more commonly known as QR codes - are an increasingly common form of merchant payment, with its origins in South East Asia, in particular, Japan and, later, China. The international standard ISO/IEC 18004 for QR codes was approved in 2000. Its first adoption and use in mobile phones came with the rise of the smartphone, when it was used to access information (for example, extracting URLs from posters in public places). For payments, proprietary standards were adopted by Tencent and Alibaba, and the payments industry standard was developed by EMVCo in 2017.

As an important step in increasing customer familiarity with the codes, QR codes were

adopted as an integration service for Tencent's social media service WeChat, allowing face-to-face 'friending' by scanning a QR code displayed on a friend's mobile phone screen. Later QR codes were adopted for use in the Alipay service to facilitate Alibaba payments. At the same time WeChat was extended to include WeChat Pay, a payment service directly integrated into the social media service. Both Alipay and WeChat Pay now support both face-to-face and remote payments, the latter encompassing e-commerce and bill payments, including utilities.

There are two broad models to a QR code payment service in a face-to-face environment: either the user presents a QR code for scanning by the merchant, or the merchant presents a QR code for scanning by the user.

Where the customer presents a QR code, the transaction value can be set by the merchant before scanning and communicated to the customer. On agreement, the QR code is scanned, and the merchant's terminal requests payment from the customer's account, either directly from the scheme operator or via an acquirer. Both the customer and the merchant receive a notification of the success or failure of the payment, and the merchant then hands over the goods. In this model, the customer is vulnerable to an unscrupulous merchant setting (and obscuring) the wrong transaction value before scanning. Such a scheme therefore needs a robust claims mechanism.

Where the customer scans the merchant's QR code – which may be useful in some environments, such as quick service retail or market stalls – the transaction is potentially more complex. If the transaction value is fixed, the customer can scan the code, review the transaction details (including the merchant name and value), and agree to the transaction, which is then forwarded to the scheme operator/acquirer, as before.

In general, there are then two options: first, and somewhat unsatisfactorily, the customer scans the code, validates the merchant name and then inputs a transaction value – which then notifies the merchant, along with transaction status. If all is well, the merchant hands the goods to the customer; otherwise a dispute arises. The second option is to use a dynamic QR code, which necessitates the merchant having either a smartphone or a POS device capable of displaying QR codes. In this case, the merchant enters transaction details into their device, which generates a QR code that incorporates the transaction value as well as the details of the merchant. After scanning the code, the customer reviews the details, and approves payment, and the transaction is then forwarded to the scheme operator/acquirer, as before.

The most prominent examples of QR code payments are AliPay and WeChat Pay. However, these are effectively closed loop payments, with all transactions taking place

inside the walled garden of the scheme; a similar approach has been taken by bKash in Bangladesh.

A more open loop approach has been implemented in Singapore, where a series of initiatives have resulted in the development of a national QR code payment service based on bank and nonbank DFS accounts. In contrast, the international card payment schemes Visa and Mastercard have launched multiple services around the word linking QR code payments to debit and credit card accounts.

QR Codes – International Card Schemes

In the wake of the publication of the EMVCo standard, both Visa and Mastercard launched QR code-based payment services in 2017 with a focus on emerging economies. Both Visa and Mastercard are focusing on merchant presented QR codes, whether static or dynamic; where the code is static, the customer is required to enter the transaction amount. The transaction is secured using their card PIN.

Visa and Mastercard have deployed their services in several countries, including India, Pakistan, Kenya, Nigeria (in partnership with Interswitch), Cambodia, Egypt, Ghana, Indonesia, Kazakhstan, Malaysia, Pakistan, Rwanda, Tanzania, Thailand, Uganda and Vietnam. Visa's service is branded as mVisa QR, and Mastercard's as Masterpass QR.

In general, these services are only relevant to banked customers who also have an eligible Visa/Mastercard debit or credit card. It is also a requirement that their bank has enrolled in the scheme, as it needs to be integrated into their mobile banking app. To use the service, customers download their bank's mobile banking app onto their smartphone and personalize it with their account details. There is no requirement for specific enrolment to use QR codes.

However, the standards themselves can be used outside the realms of the international payment schemes – one example being EcoCash in Zimbabwe, which uses the Masterpass QR standard in the operation of the EcoCash Scan & Pay service.

QR based payment scheme

Any QR code-based payment scheme needs a scheme operator, responsible for scheme branding at acceptance points, defining the scheme rules and providing a mechanism for handling disputes and exceptions.

In addition, the scheme operator must provide a mechanism for acquiring and settling transactions; this can vary substantially, from the walled gardens of WeChat Pay and AliPay, to the acquiring services provided by the card payment schemes and their member banks, to the open, push payments developed in Singapore. The scheme operator is responsible for either operating such a service on behalf of the scheme, or securing cost-effective, reliable and enduring access to one for use by the scheme's participants.

QR code payments security

Security concerns have often been raised around QR code payments. There is little

security around the codes as currently used; a static code displayed by a merchant could easily be attacked by an unscrupulous criminal sticking their own code over the merchant's code, which might not be noticed. The primary defense against this attack is the use of merchant IDs, registration and real-time notification of payment. Scanning the code simply retrieves the merchant ID, for submission to the scheme/acquirer for payment. An attacker would need to have a valid merchant ID to which payments could be diverted for this attack to be successful, and the merchant onboarding process would provide sufficient information for the criminal to be identified. If a customer made a payment, but the merchant did not receive notification, then the merchant would not hand over the goods and an investigation would be initiated to see where the customer's funds had gone – leading directly to the criminal.

But this is a time consuming and expensive process (in a busy shop with frequent low value transactions the lack of a notification might not be noticed), and it would be better to stop the fraud happening in the first place rather than trying to correct it later.

The first line of defense should be the customer; if the app displayed the merchant's name (the "trading as" name, not the company name), the customer could check that it was correct. This could be part of more robust protection, achieved through the use of a digital signature, so that the merchant ID and merchant name are authenticated by the mobile banking app as well as the customer before the payment is made; in this way, the app can be sure that the merchant name is correct, that the QR code was issued by the scheme, and hasn't been faked (the same approach can be used to secure dynamic QR codes, by using the signed merchant ID and merchant name, and leaving the transaction value unsigned).

Working with words

A. Match the given words with their meanings.

Words	Meanings
a. prominent	i. an instance of buying or selling of something
b. vulnerable	ii. the power or opportunity to do something before others do
c. potentially	iii. to introduce a new plan or product
d. transaction	iv. exposed to the possibility of being attacked / harmed
e. initiatives	v. strong and unlikely to break or fall
f. launched	vi. standing out so as to be seen easily, conspicuous
g. enduring	vii. the act of examining a problem to discover truth
h. robust	viii. with the capacity to develop or happen in the future
	ix. lasting over a period of time; durable

B. There are different abbreviations used in the text. With the help of the internet, find their full forms.

QR ISO IEC URLs EMVCo PIN

C. Pronounce the following words and identify the vowel sounds /ʊ/ and /u:/. You can take help from a dictionary.

put, push, boom, fool, food, hood, loose full, bull, book, foot, boost, groom, moon, soon, look, hook, cook, should, soot, room, soothe, stood

Comprehension

A. Decide whether these statements are *True* or *False*. Write *NOT GIVEN* if you do not find the information.

a. The system of QR codes was first launched in South Asia.

b. The standards of payments via the QR codes were approved by EMVCo.

c. All sorts of businesses are aided by the QR code payments.

d. There are several models to the QR code payment service.

e. In countries like Nepal, the QR code paying system is a complete fiasco.

f. The QR codes payment service is not applicable to small business.

B. Answer the following questions.

a. How can one pay with QR codes paying system?

b. How did Tencent and Alibaba companies utilise the QR code services at the beginning?

c. How do the QR code based payment services launched by Visa and Mastercard mitigate payment problems?

d. Why do we need a scheme operator to run the QR code based payment system?

e. What basic requirements are needed to use the QR codes services?

f. How can security concerns related to payment via QR codes be addressed?

g. Who should be more careful: customer or the merchant in terms of payment issues? Why?

h. Do you think the QR code based payment can be a panacea for all sorts of payment problems? Why?

Critical thinking

a. Some business houses, shops and department stores in city areas have started to adopt QR code payment systems in Nepal, too. What should be done to make it more accessible? Discuss.

b. The payments landscape is shifting gears from cash to digital mode. Digital payment brings ease and convenience to the consumer. Is it possible to apply such cashless methods in payments in Nepal? Discuss.

Writing

A. Punctuate this paragraph with appropriate punctuation marks.

it was a cold freezing day it had been snowing all day in new york mr tim cooked and i went outside to play in the snow we had not seen much snow since we went to skiing in sweden last year mrs smith was right because she had said that we'd see snow the next day we had really a wonderful time there didn't we

B. Write a news article about digital payment systems in Nepal.

Grammar

Questions

A. Look at the following questions and say what type of questions they are.

a. Do you like this country?

b. Where is she from?

c. How many eggs do we need for this cake?

d. Whose children are playing in the yard?

e. Does she like ice cream or sweets?

f. She sent him an invitation, didn't she?

g. Could you tell me if the doctor is available?

h. Do you know how tall they are?

English has several types of questions: *yes/no questions,* *wh-questions,* *choice questions,* *tag questions* ***and*** *indirect questions.*

B. Choose the correct words from the box to complete the sentences.

do	**you**	**is**	**can**	**where**	**did**	**does**	**did**

a. …… your friend a scientist? – No, he's an artist.

b. …… Naresh live in Kathmandu? – No, he lives in Pokhara.

c. When …….. you get home? – I got home yesterday.

d. What time …….. you get up? – I get up at 6:00.

e. …… the children go to the part? – Yes, they went there after school.

f. Are …… going to school? – No, I'm going home.

g. ……. you speak Chinese? – Just a little.

h. …….. did you grow up? – I grew up in Okhaldhunga.

C. Make wh-questions so that the words in bold become the answer.

a. Romeo loves **Juliet**.
b. My mother made **a delicious bread** yesterday.
c. The music was composed by **Narayan Gopal**.
d. I'm looking for **a new book**.
e. They were talking about **the new movie**.
f. She got the idea from **a story**.
g. She always goes to school **on foot**.
h. She **sometimes** goes to the cinema.
i. They have been waiting for **three years**.

D. Change these indirect questions into direct ones.

a. Could you tell me where the Market Street is?
b. I'm longing to know what time the bank opens.
c. Do you have any idea how he's managed to get in shape so quickly?
d. I'd like to know how much this motorcycle costs these days.
e. Did you notice if he had left the car in the park?
f. Have you found out if the train has left?
g. I was wondering if they speak English well.
h. Would you tell us how we can get to the post office from here?
i. Do you remember if I locked the front door?

Listening

A. Look at the picture and answer the questions.

a. What are the people doing in the picture?
b. Does this system still exist in Nepali society?
c. How did people find the solution to the difficulty of exchange in the past?

B. Listen to the audio and tick the correct word in each sentence below.

a. The speaker says that there were **two/three/four** families in the village in the beginning.

b. One family kept rabbits and the other cultivated **grains/vegetables/fruits**.

c. The cost of one rabbit was settled in one bag of **millet/corn/wheat**.

d. The gardener needed shoes for his **son/brother/horse**.

e. The blacksmith wanted a pair of **socks/shoes/trousers**.

f. The speaker describes **three/four/five** characteristics of money.

g. According to the speaker, two homogenous things are **opposite/different/same**.

C. Listen to the audio again and answer the following questions.

a. What did different families produce in the village?

b. Why did two families exchange wheat and rabbit?

c. Why did Catherine visit different kinds of people?

d. Write the disadvantages of barter system.

e. What three things were used as medium of exchange?

f. Which metal was used for a long time?

g. How are gold coins homogenous?

h. How much amount of gold is mined every year, according to the speaker?

D. Necessity is the mother of invention. Money is also the result of necessity. Do you agree or not? Give reasons.

Speaking

Expressing necessity

A. Observe these sentences carefully. What function do they serve: express necessity or express lack of necessity?

a. He doesn't **have to** get up early.

b. I **needn't** have taken my raincoat.

c. You **must** come here early tomorrow.

d. I don't **need to** take my umbrella. It isn’t raining here.

e. They won't **have to** take their thick clothes. It won't be cold there.

B. Act out the given conversation in pairs. When you finish, underline the phrases that *express necessity* **or** *lack of necessity***.**

Teacher : You don't have to write a long essay; a short one would be OK!

Student : What about the grammar exercise? Do we need to revise the lesson?

Teacher : No, you needn't do the exercise at home as we will surely do it together in the next English lesson.

Student : OK! Good bye sir.

Teacher : Good bye!

C. Choose one word from the box and one phrase from the list, and make meaningful sentences with a justification. One example has been done for you.

mustn't *drive fast*

You mustn't drive fast because you might have an accident.

must	mustn't	need to	needn't

a.	lose your keys	b.	go to the bank
c.	eat too much	d.	be late for class
e.	get up early	f.	see the doctor
g.	wash your hair	h.	study hard
i.	stop smoking	j.	have a shower
k.	your hair cut	l.	talk loudly

Project work

Browse the internet. Find out the history of money and read. Write some interesting facts about money and tell your class.

Unit 7 Humour

Reading

Why do We Laugh Inappropriately?

Before you read

a. Have you ever laughed at a person who falls by slipping on a banana peel?

b. Have you ever joined people in laughter without knowing the cause?

c. Why do people sometimes regret for laughing?

Read the following text about laughter and human behaviour and do the given tasks.

My conversation with Sophie Scott is nearly over when she spins round in her chair to show me a video of a near-naked man cannon balling into a frozen swimming pool. After a minute of flexing his muscles rather dramatically, he makes the jump – only to smash and tumble across the unbroken ice. The water may have remained solid, but it doesn't take long for his friends to crack up.

"They start laughing as soon as they see there isn't blood and bones everywhere," says Scott. "And they are SCREAMING with mirth; it's absolutely helpless."

Why do we get such an attack of the giggles – even when someone is in pain? And why is it so contagious? As a neuroscientist at University College London, Scott has spent the last few years trying to answer these questions – and at TED 2015 in Vancouver last week, she explained why laughter is one of our most important, and misunderstood, behaviours.

Scott's work has not always met the approval of her straight-laced colleagues. She likes to point out a handwritten note she once found stuck to the top of her printouts. "This pile of paper seems like rubbish (because of the nature of the material) and will be disposed of if not collected," the note read. "Is this science?" In an ironic nod to the criticisms, Scott is now wearing a T-shirt emblazoned with the question, ready for a comedy gig she is hosting later in the evening.

She started out her career by examining the voice more generally, and the rich information it offers about our identity. "You can get a good shot at my gender, my

age, my socioeconomic status, my geographical origins, my mood, my health, and even things to do with interactions," she says.

One of her experiments involved scanning professional impersonator Duncan Wisbey to explore the way that he comes to adopt the subtle mannerisms of other people's speech. Surprisingly, she found that the brain activity seemed to reflect areas normally associated with bodily motion and visualisation – as he, almost literally, tried to work his way under the skin of a character. More generally, the work on impersonations has helped her pin down the regions involved in things like accent and articulation – important aspects of our vocal identity.

But it was a study in Namibia that made Scott begin to realise laughter is one of our richest vocal tics. Previous research had shown that we can all recognise six universal emotions across cultures – fear, anger, surprise, disgust, sadness, happiness – based on facial expressions. Scott, however, wanted to see if we encode more subtle information in our voice. So she asked indigenous Namibians and English people to listen to recordings of each other and rate the emotions represented – including the six accepted universals, as well as relief, triumph, or contentment.

Laughter was the most easily recognisable emotion across both groups. "Almost immediately, it started to look different from the other positive emotions," she says.

The more she probed, the more she became fascinated by its intricacies. For instance, she soon found out that the vast majority of laughs have nothing to do with humour. "People genuinely think they are mostly laughing at other people's jokes, but within a conversation, the person who laughs most at any one time is the person who is talking," she says. Instead, she now sees laughter as a "social emotion" that brings us together and helps us to bond, whether or not something is actually funny. "When you laugh with people, you show them that you like them, you agree with them, or that you are in same group as them," she says. "Laughter is an index of the strength of a relationship."

Infectious giggles

That might explain why couples can roll about laughing at each other's apparent wit – while onlookers fail to be infected. "You'll hear someone say 'he's got a great sense

of humour and I really fancy him because of it'. What you mean is 'I fancy him and I show him I like him by laughing when I'm around him.'"

Indeed, mirth might be the primary way of maintaining relationships; she points to research, for instance, showing that couples who laugh with each other find it much easier to dissipate tension after a stressful event – and overall, they are likely to stay together for longer. Other recent studies have shown that people who laugh together at funny videos are also more likely to open up about personal information – paving more common ground between people.

Even the hilarity at the German man falling in the frozen swimming pool may have united the friends. "It's interesting how quickly his friends start laughing – I think it's to make him feel better," says Scott. Along these lines, Robin Dunbar at the University of Oxford has found that laughter correlates with increased pain threshold, perhaps by encouraging the release of endorphins – chemicals that should also improve social bonding.

Scott is now interested in picking apart the differences between the "posed" giggles we might use to pepper our conversation – and the absolutely involuntary fits that can destroy a TV or radio broadcast, like this:

For instance, she found that the less authentic tones are often more nasal – whereas our helpless, involuntary belly laughs never come through the nose. Her MRI scans, meanwhile, have looked at the way the brain responds to each kind of laughter. Both seem to tickle the brain's mirror regions – the areas that tend to mimic other's actions. These areas will light up whether I see you kicking a ball, or if I kick it myself, for instance – and it could be this neural mimicry that makes laughter so contagious. "You are 30 times more likely to laugh if you're with someone else," she says. An important difference, however, is that the less spontaneous, social laughs, tend to trigger greater activity in areas associated with "mentalising" and working out other people's motives – perhaps because we want to understand why they are faking it.

You may think it is easy to tell the difference between involuntary and more artificial laughs, but Scott thinks the skill develops slowly across the lifespan and may not peak until our late 30s. For this reason, she has recently set up an experiment at London's Science Museum, where her team will be asking visitors of different ages to judge the authenticity of different clips of people laughing and crying. After all, she points out that crying is an infant's primary way of communicating, whereas laughter gains more importance the older we get.

Although we may tend to dislike certain people's "fake" laughs, Scott thinks it probably says more about us, and the way we are responding to their social signals, than anything particularly irritating about them. She tells me about an acquaintance who had frequently irritated her with a persistent, fluting, laugh. "I always thought that she laughed so inappropriately, but when I paid more attention to it I saw that

what was odd was simply the fact I didn't join in. Her laughter was entirely normal." If she hadn't disliked the person already, she says, she would have laughed away and wouldn't have even noticed.

Why not listen to some of Scott's clips and judge your own abilities to read people's laughter:

Besides probing the bonds in our closest relationships, Scott's curiosity has also taken her to comedy clubs. "What's interesting about laughter in the situation of stand-up is that it's still an interaction," she says. In a way, the audience is having a conversation with the comedian. "I'm interested in what happens when the audience starts laughing and how it dies away – whether are you in sync with people around you or whether you don't care, because the experience is just between you and the person on the stage."

Paradoxically, she says, comedians often find it easier to work in large venues, perhaps because the contagious nature of laughter means that waves of mirth can catch on more easily when there are more people. She recalls a video of comedian Sean Lock reducing the audience to fits of hysterics simply by saying the word "cummerbund" occasionally, thanks to the infectious laughter spreading through the audience.

So far, she has tried to equip audience members watching comedians with sensors to track the outbreak of laughter, with limited success – the audience froze under the attention. But she hopes to continue the work with a high-profile comedian like Rob Delaney, who may be able to break through the awkwardness.

Scott occasionally takes up the microphone herself at comedy nights in London, and I ask her if her insights have fed her stage persona? She disagrees that science has offered her a fast track to comic genius, though as I discover at a charity gig the following evening, she is very funny.

As her "Is this science?" T-shirt reminds us, her more uptight colleagues might disapprove of her flippant attitude – but then, Scott understands just how powerful a tool that laughter can be to express ourselves, and get people to listen. "Laughter seems trivial, ephemeral, pointless," she says. "But it is never neutral – there's always a meaning to it."

- *David Robson*

Working with words

A. The following words are synonyms and antonyms of the verb 'laugh'. Group them into synonyms and antonyms.

chuckle	chortle	grimace	crackle	frown	pout
snicker	scowl	smile	cry	groan	moan
sniggle	giggle	grin	sob	smirk	whoop

B. Match the following emotions with their definitions.

a. fear	i.	a feeling of strong disapproval aroused by something unpleasant
b. anger	ii.	affected with grief or unhappiness
c. surprise	iii.	a pleasurable or satisfying experience
d. disgust	iv.	a great victory or achievement
e. sadness	v.	a strong feeling of displeasure
f. happiness	vi.	an unpleasant emotion caused by the threat of danger, pain or harm
g. relief	vii.	the quality or state of being satisfied
h. triumph	viii.	removal or lightening of something oppressive, painful, or distressing
i. contentment	ix.	an unexpected event, fact, etc.

C. The author writes, ". . . the contagious nature of laughter means that waves of mirth can catch on more easily when there are more people." Find out the situations in which the following types of laughter are found.

a. etiquette laughter
b. snorting laughter
c. stress-relieving laughter
d. silent laughter
e. nervous laughter
f. cruel laughter

D. A unit of pronunciation at least with one vowel is called a syllable. Listen to your teacher saying the words and say the number of syllables.

charge, duty, laughter, commission, undertaking, responsibility, hilarity, persistent, infectious, ephemeral

Comprehension

A. Complete the following sentences with words/ phrases from the text.

a. According to Sophie Scott, laughter is one of the important and misunderstood……..

b. After her study in Namibia, Scott came to the realization that…….

c. Studies have shown that there are ……..based on facial expressions.

d. Scott found out that most of the laughs have nothing …….

e. The couples who laugh at each other are likely to ……

f. The primary way of communication of grown up people is …… .

g. Comedians usually find it easier to work in larger places due to ..... .

B. Answer the following questions.

a. Why do people giggle at someone's pain or suffering?

b. What did Scott's study in Namibia come up with?

c. How is laughter a social bonding?

d. According to the author, what role does laughter play in husband-wife relationship?

e. How does laughter work as a painkiller?

f. What did the study find about the relation between laughter and brain?

g. What are two emotions that the author associates with infants and adults?

h. How does a stand-up comedian take the audience's laughter?

i. Show the relation between laughter and crowd.

j. What does the author mean when he says "there is always a meaning to it?"

Critical thinking

a. Do you agree that 'the couples, who laugh together, stay together?' Is it important for married couples to have the same sense of humour? Why?

b. Some people believe that sometimes crying is good for health. Do you believe it? Give your reasons.

Writing

A. Write a paragraph narrating an event from your life when you were involved in contagious laughter.

B. Write a description of your favourite comedian explaining his/her personality, acting, performance and uniqueness.

Grammar

Adverbs

A. Study the following sentences from the text. The words in *bold* are called 'frequency adverbs'.

a. Belly laughs **never** come through the nose.

b. There is **always** a meaning to it.

c. She found that the less authentic tones are **often** more nasal.

d. Scott **occasionally** takes up the microphone herself at comedy nights in London.

e. She tells me about an acquaintance who had **frequently** irritated her with a persistent, fluting, laugh.

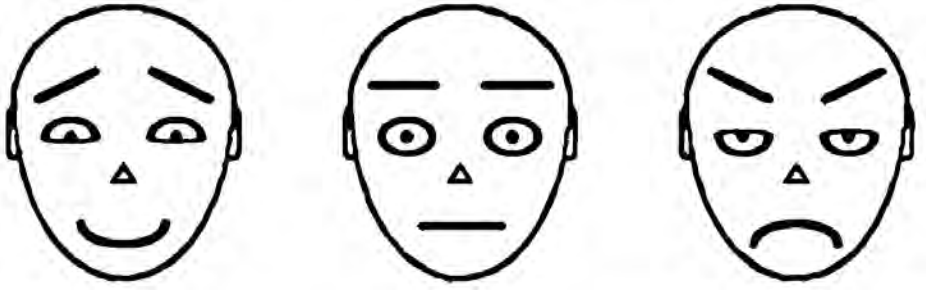
B. Put the frequency adverbs in appropriate place and rewrite the following sentences.

a. I forget to do my homework. (sometimes)
b. My father has touched an alcoholic drink in his life. (never)
c. My father goes for a walk on Saturdays. (often)
d. We go to the movie theatre. (occasionally)
e. My brother is in America. He telephones us. (from time to time)
f. My mother gets up at five o'clock. (always)
g. He does not like alcoholic drinks but takes some wine. (now and then)
h. I drink my tea with milk. (generally)
i. Have you been to Agra? (ever)
j. The restaurant hours vary as it is booked for special events. (frequently)

Listening

A. Answer the following questions.

a. What emotions do the following faces express?
b. What do you often do when you are angry?



B. Fill in the blanks with suitable words/phrases from the recording.

a. Anger can either be constructive or……
b. When people are angry, they often curse the ……table.
c. Mindfulness is paying attention with kindness and ……..
d. People can slow down their emotions by taking……..
e. When people know they are angry, they have to try to feel…….
f. The speaker suggests that people should treat anger as an ally not as a…….
g. The speaker says anger reveals our ……
h. The speaker also says that anger…….action.

C. Listen to the audio again and answer the following questions in NO MORE THAN FOUR WORDS.

a. What do mindfulness tools grow with anger?

b. What sorts of signals do deep breaths send to our body?

c. How does naming our emotions affect our body?

d. Which hormone is increased by compassion in our body?

e. What is the final stage in controlling anger, as suggested by the speaker?

D. What other methods can you use to control anger? Tell your friends.

Speaking

Expressing feelings, emotions and attitudes

A. Find and say the adjectival forms of the following verbs.

impress	excite	irritate	upset	interest	surprise
offend	shock	confuse	amuse	attractive	disgust

B. Work in groups. Study the following conversation and have similar conversations in the following situations.

A: What do you think of people who can't keep their promises?

B: I find people who can't keep their promises really disgusting.

C: Yes, people who can't keep their promises disgust me too.

D: Yes, I agree. I get terribly disgusted when people can't keep their promises.

a.	social media	b.	politics
c.	tourists	d.	slim people
e.	comedy shows	f.	people with colourful hair
g.	people who smoke in public places		

Project work

Nepali Television channels show many comedy shows these days. Which is your favourite show? Perform mimicry of your favourite character in the class.

Unit 8 Human Culture

Reading

Land of Plenty

Before you read

a. What kinds of things do you throw away from your home as trash?

b. Do people pick up goods from the pile of trash for their personal use in Nepal? If yes, what do they usually pick up?

c. Is it good to use such goods thrown by others? Why?

Read the following text about the waste management system in Japan and do the given tasks.

On *sodaigomi* nights in Japan, we learn what kind of people we are. *Sodaigomi,* which rhymes with "oh my homey," means "bulky garbage." It's sometimes used colloquially to describe husbands who have retired from the salaryman life and now spend their time around the house. That *sodaigomi* problem may be a strain on Japanese families, but *sodaigomi* in its literal sense is a more serious trial for my family.

Three nights a week, the residents of our neighborhood in Yokohama deposit their household trash at specified areas on the street corners. It's wrapped in neat bundles, it looks like gifts, and it disappears at dawn. For two or three nights near the end of each month, they bring out the *sodaigomi.* These are articles no longer wanted around the house and too big for normal trash collection. Big garbage can really be big: I've seen sofas, refrigerators, bookcases, chairs, bed frames, vacuum cleaners, and an acetylene welding tank, a motorcycle, and numerous television sets.

Sodaigomi exists for two reasons. One is the small size of the typical Japanese house, with its lack of attic, cellar, garage, or spare room. When a new TV comes in, the old one must go out. (This also applies to cars. To buy a new one, you have to prove to the government that you have a place to park it, which for most people means getting rid

of the old car. I can't figure out what happens to the old cars: they're certainly not on the roads, and so far I haven't seen one in a *sodaigomi* pile.)

The other reason is the Japanese desire for freshness and purity. No one here really enjoys using something that has passed through on other people's hands. My Japanese friends seem to feel about buying a second hand radio, lamp, or table the way I'd feel about buying someone else's socks. There is a "recycle shop" in our neighborhood that sells used clothes and toys at cut rates. Presumably someone must buy there, since in business, but usually shoppers seem to scoot by in embarrassment, as if it were a Frederick's of Hollywood shop. Whenever I'm listening to the Far East Network, the U.S. military's radio station, and hear at a garage sale, I realize that the American soldiers are unusual not just because they have garages but also because they can sell their old possession rather than throw them out.

Our first *sodaigomi* night came shortly after we moved into our current house. It cut into our hearts in a way none of our neighbors could own. For one thing, we had no furniture, silverware, or other whole belongings, because everything except the clothes in our suite was making a five-week sea journey up from our last house, in Malaysia. We had also just come from a culture with a wholly different approach to used goods. Malaysia is a land of tropical abundance, but no one throws anything away. Just before leaving we had auctioned off every spare item in the house, from frying pans and mosquito nets to half-used rolls of Scotch tape. Several customers were enthusiastically bidding for the shirts my sons had on. It was painful to go from that world to one in which we didn't have any household goods, couldn't bring ourselves to buy the overpriced new ones in the store - and then saw heaps of clean, new-looking merchandise just sitting on the street.

You can see where I am leading. It was not in us to resist. We had quickly tired of eating, sitting, relaxing, studying, and performing all other indoor activities on the floor, without tables or chairs, while waiting for our ship to come in. "Set the floor, please, boys," my wife would call at dinner time. I lay sprawled on my stomach in front of my computer keyboard, attempting to type while resting my weight on my elbows, trying to cheer myself with mental images of Abe Lincoln sprawled before the fire as a boy. Then one evening, as we trudged home at twilight from the train station, we saw two replenished-looking *sodaigomi* piles. In one, was a perfectly nice plastic lawn chair and in the other, an ordinary low Japanese tea table. You couldn't use both of these at the same time - if you sat in the lawn chair, you'd be too high to reach down to the table comfortably. But if we had the table, we could at least eat without bending over to reach plates, of food on the floor, which made me feel like a husky eating its chow.

We were in a crowd, of course, when we first saw the *sodaigomi*. We were too confused and timid to grab anything from the pile just then. But that night I sat in our kitchen, peering through our window toward the *sodaigomi* at the end of the street. The door

to *ajuku*, or cram school, was near the piles. The last group of teenage students left there around eleven. After midnight the trains from Tokyo become much less frequent: I could depend on intervals of fifteen or twenty minutes between clumps of salarymen teetering drunkenly from the station toward home. The street looked bare at 12:30, so I made my move. The next morning we placed our breakfast dishes on our table, and I read the morning paper while luxuriating in my full-length lawn chair.

It was two more days before the *sodaigomi* collectors came. In those two nights, we laid in as many provisions as we decently could. A shiny new bell for one son's bicycle, a small but attractive wooden cupboard, a complete set of wrenches and screwdrivers in a metal toolbox, a Naugahyde-covered barstool, a lacquer serving tray. If I didn't already know English I would probably have taken the four large boxes containing dozen tape cassettes from the Advanced Conversational English series. My son walked in the door one day, said "Guess what?" and presented black-and-white TV. In self-defense, I should point out that everything except a few rusty wrenches looked perfectly clean, whole, and serviceable. In any other culture you'd never believe these things were being thrown out.

That was last summer; we've learned a lot since then. We realize that *sodaigomi* is part of a larger cycle, in which it's important to give as well as receive. So, when our household shipment arrived, we gave the lawn chair back to the pile- and later we bought a new color TV and gave back the black-and-white one. We've learned that we're not alone in our secret practice. Last month, I met an American writer who lives on the outskirts of Tokyo. I admired the leather notebook he was carrying and asked him where he got it. "You'll never believe this ...," he said. We've learned that some Japanese, too, overcome their squeamishness about secondhand material. When I'm up late at night, I sometimes catch a glimpse of the *sodaigomi* area - a more disinterested glimpse, now that our house is furnished - and see a van cruising back and forth, checking it out. In the morning, the choicest items are gone.

And I've learned where I'll draw the line. As the only foreigners in our neighborhood, we are laughably conspicuous. People must know that we're skimming the *sodaigomi*, but if we do our best to be discreet about it, operating in the dead of night, everyone can pretend not to notice and we bring no shame upon our kind. Late one night, on the way home from the train station, I saw two handsome wooden bookcases sitting by a lamppost. I thought of the books piled on our floor, I looked around me quickly, and I happily picked up one bookcase with both arms.

It was fifteen minutes before I could get back for the other - only to find that it wasn't there. Twenty yards down the street I saw a hunch shuffling figure. An old wino in a filthy overcoat, with a crippled left leg, was laboriously dragging the bookcase away toward his lair. Within seconds, I was heading home again, looking as if I'd never dreamt of wrest ... a bum for a bookcase. But, I know what first flashed through my mind when I saw my treasure disappear: "I can take this guy!"

- James Fallows

Working with words

A. Complete the given sentences with the suitable words from the box.

wrapped	embarrassment	abundance	ordinary
teetering	outskirts	dragging	

a. The annual report has caused acute …… to the government.

b. Ellen has worn high-heels. She is ……

c. Look! The poor horse is ……. a heavy load.

d. As they approached the …….. of the city, Ella's mood visibly lightened.

e. The parcel was ……. in plain brown paper. It still looks attractive.

f. Fruits and vegetables grow in ……. in the Terai region.

g. They can abstract precious medicines from …… substances.

B. Word formation is a process in which new words are formed from base or root words by adding prefixes or suffixes. A root word can be a verb, noun, adjective or an adverb. See the following examples.

Root word	Suffix	New word
govern (v.)	-ment	government (n.)
perfect (adj.)	-ion	perfection (n.)
service (v.)	-able	serviceable (adj.)
beauty (n.)	-full	beautiful (adj.)
warm (adj.)	-ly	warmly (adv.)

C. Add suitable suffix to the root words given and write the parts of speech of each newly formed word.

Root word	Suffix	New word
neighbour, comfort, shop, husk, squeamish, change, shine, colloquial, collect, embarrass, persuade, type, differ, ship, tropic, drive, reside, brother, fresh	ment, ly, ion, hood, ness, er, ical, ic, able, y, ive	

D. Look for the following words related to waste management in an English dictionary. Make sentences of your own using them.

sewage, sludge, organic waste, inorganic waste, methane, waste reduction, monofil, market waste, incineration, hazardous waste

Comprehension

Answer the following questions.

a. How does the author describe the Japanese waste management system?

b. What are the two reasons behind the existence of *sodaigomi* in Japanese culture?

c. What, according to the author, do the Japanese feel at the thought of buying second hand items?

d. How is Malaysian culture different from Japanese culture concerning the used items?

e. Why did the author feel awkward at the *sodaigomi* pile?

f. How many articles did the author bring to his house one after another?

g. Why do most people try to find things in trash pile 'in the dead of the night'?

h. How did the author's family assimilate Japanese culture in using consumer goods?

Critical thinking

a. If you happen to be in Japan someday, will you collect articles from *sodaigomi*? Why or why not?

b. There are some second hand shops in Nepal, too. But, people are not much interested in them. What practice would be suitable in managing second hand items in Nepal?

Writing

A. Write a paragraph elaborating the idea of 3Rs (reduce, reuse and recycle) in garbage management.

B. Garbage management is a big problem in most of the cities in Nepal. Write a letter to the editor to be published in the daily newspaper suggesting the ways of 'Solving Garbage Problems.'

Grammar

Adjectives and adverbs

A. Observe the following examples carefully.

a. The trash is wrapped in <u>neat</u> bundles.

b. We realize that *sodaigomi* is a part of <u>larger</u> cycle.

c. In the morning, the <u>choicest</u> items are gone.

d. I looked around me <u>quickly</u>, and I <u>happily</u> picked up one bookcase with both arms.

B. Use the words from the brackets to complete the sentences.

a. This house is very small. I want to buy a …….. one. (much / big)

b. I liked the magic show. It was …… than I'd expected. (far / exciting)

c. It was very cold yesterday. It's …… today. (a bit / warm)

d. The warmer the weather the ……. I feel. (good)

e. An average American earns …….. than an average Nepali. (considerably / high)

f. Health care in Nepal is not as …… as it is in the US. (expensive)

g. I think the problem is …… than it seems. (far / complicated)

h. You are driving very fast. Would you please drive ……? (a bit/ slowly)

i. Your handwriting is not legible. Can you write ……? (a bit/ neat)

C. Rewrite the following sentences with the sentence beginnings given below.

a. Kabir is less intelligent than he pretends. He is not as ……..

b. I am busy today but I was busier yesterday. I'm not ……

c. Hari has lived in Kathmandu for 10 years but Bikram for 20 years. Bikram has…….

d. I used to study 12 hours a day but nowadays I study only 5 hours a day. I don't ……

e. It's a very good room in our hotel. In fact, it's the ……

f. He earns 30 thousand rupees a month but spends 40 thousand. He spends ……..

g. There is no other mountain higher than Mt. Everest in the world. Mt. Everest is the ……..

h. The place was nearer than I thought. It was not as ……..

i. Bharat can play better than Mohan. Mohan can't ……..

Listening

A. Look at the following pictures and answer the questions.

a. What are these people doing?

b. How do you manage the trash in your community?

B. Listen to the audio about waste management and write whether the statements are *True* or *False*.

a. Fifty-five percent of the trash can neither be recycled nor incinerated.

b. The trash tanks in Helsinki are special because they use censors.

c. The people who produce more trash are put into jail.

d. The gasification process needs a lot of oxygen.

e. Synthetic gas can be converted into fuel.

f. There are islands of plastics floating on the water.

C. What waste management techniques are mentioned there in the audio? Make a list and discuss which of them are new to you.

Speaking

Making comparision and contrast

A. Complete the second sentences in each pair orally so that it has the same meaning as the first sentence. Use the word given in the brackets.

a. Nitesh thought that the party would be more exciting than it turned out to be.

The party ……. as Nitesh had thought it would be. (not)

b. Nimesh doesn't speak English nearly as well now as he used to.

Nimesh used to …….. he does now. (much)

c. There is not much difference between your essay and mine.

Your essay is ……. mine. (very)

d. We have similar opinions on global warming.

Our opinions on climate change …… common. (quite)

e. The journals' titles are absolutely identical.

The journals …… titles. (exactly)

f. Our ideas on how to change the school have absolutely nothing in common.

We …….. on how to change the school. (different)

g. Compared to his holiday, mine was luxurious.

My holiday …….. his was. (than)

B. Ask your partner about the similarities and differences between things. You can use the given clues.

a. Is …. (exactly) the same as ….?/Are …. and … (really) identical?

b. Is ….. similar to …. ?

c. What's the difference between …. and …. ?

d. How similar are …. and … ?

e. How different are …. and …. ?

C. Work in pairs. Take turns to compare and contrast two things in the following questions.

a. What are the differences between letters and emails?

b. What are the differences between living in the city and in the countryside?

c. How are the houses today different from the ones in the past?

d. What changes have you seen in the past few years in your town/village?

e. Do young and old people like listening to the same kind of radio programmes?

Project work

Find someone, your relative, friend, or acquaintance who has been to a second-hand shop. Ask him/her about the experience of visiting the second-hand shop and prepare a report in about one hundred words.

Unit 9 Ecology and Environment

Reading

Living in a Redwood Tree

Before you read

a. What would you like to do to contribute to the protection of the environment in your area? How much time can you spend in doing so?

b. Do you know what Julia Butterfly Hill did to save the redwood forest in California?

Read the following text about Julia Butterfly Hill's sacrifice to save the redwood trees and do the given tasks.

Imagine living in a 200-ft-tall redwood tree for more than two years. Twenty years ago, Julia Butterfly Hill did just that, to draw attention to the continued clearcutting of California's remaining redwood forests.

Hill did not set foot on the earth for 738 days. Instead, she learned to climb up and down the 1000-year-old redwood tree for exercise. She found she felt safer to climb barefoot, without climbing gear. Her feet developed muscles she hadn't known they possessed.

She was cold and wet for much of that two years. There was no heat, no electricity. No artificial light. She had a sleeping bag, a solar-powered cell phone for media interviews, and a single-burner propane stove to cook and heat water. She had few necessities, and no luxuries.

Hill lived on two platforms, built from wood scraps and covered with tarps to theoretically keep the rain out. One measured 6 ft. by 8 ft. The smaller one, 4 ft. by 8 ft., was mostly used for storage.

She had occasional visitors – fellow tree-sitters staying over or bringing supplies, and other visitors including a couple of celebrities, as well as spiders, birds, and mice.

A pair of resident flying squirrels specialized in keeping her awake at night by noisily investigating all her supplies.

Why, you might wonder, would anyone stay in a tree so long?

Hill had survived a bad car accident in Arkansas in 1996. It took a year of therapy for her short-term memory and motor skills to return. She said the experience was a wake-up call. Until then, her main focus had been work. "It became clear to me that our value as people is not in our stock portfolios and bank accounts, but in the legacies we leave behind."

When she recovered, she resolved to travel and visit spiritual sites around the world. But first her neighbors invited her to join them on a driving trip to the West Coast. A stranger they met in passing told them they had to see the redwoods in California.

On arriving in the redwood forest, Hill says, "Gripped by the spirit of the forest, I dropped to my knees and began to sob… Surrounded by these huge, ancient giants, I felt the film covering my senses from the imbalance of our fast-paced, technologically dependent society melt away.

"I could feel my whole being bursting forth into new life in this majestic cathedral. I sat and cried for a long time. Finally, the tears turned into joy and the joy turned into mirth, and I sat and laughed at the beauty of it all."

Even though Hill had just begun her travels, she felt called to try to protect the remaining majestic redwoods. Less than three per cent of the original forests were still standing, yet the logging continued.

At first Hill was unsure whether to trust this new calling. So she prayed to the Universal Spirit for guidance: "If I'm truly meant to come back and fight for these forests out here, please help me know what I'm meant to do, and use me as a vessel." Soon, she found herself feeling at peace with the plan to stay, and received a sign she saw as the Universe's approval.

Hill learned the logging was detrimental to people, as well as the forest. A hillside near Stafford, CA, had already been clear-cut. Just months before Hill arrived, a huge 20-ft-high mudslide carried trees, stumps and debris from that hillside down into the town, leaving seven families without homes. Despite evidence that clearcutting had destabilized the hillside and caused the mudslide, the Department of Forestry granted permission to continue logging on the very next slope.

That slope was where the tree which became known as Luna stood. The redwood was marked for destruction with a slash of blue paint. A group of activists had established a tree-sit, but were having trouble finding people to stay in it. The weather was getting colder. Base camp was being dismantled in preparation to end the protest for the winter. "I need somebody to commit for a long period of time," the organizer told Hill. "At least five days."

Hill did two five or six-day stints in the tree. But knowing Luna could be cut down as soon as the tree-sitters left, she wanted to do more. By staying longer, Hill felt, she could continue to draw attention to the plight of the redwood forests, and keep pressure on the logging company to change its plans and allow Luna and the surrounding grove to live.

Although the other activists were divided on whether or not to support her, five people

promised to keep Hill supplied with food and necessities. She went up the tree on December 10, 1997. No one imagined how long Hill would end up staying in Luna, nor the trials she might have to endure.

Early on, the logging company resolved to starve her out or drive her away. They hired 24-hour security guards to harass her and to ensure her support team couldn't deliver her supplies. She was menaced with a helicopter at a dangerously close range. A neighboring tree was felled, hitting Luna's outer branches and nearly causing Hill to fall. She was verbally abused, threatened with violence, rape and death, kept awake with floodlights, and bugles and air horns were blown through the night.

She began to hate the loggers, and even to hate herself, because she was part of the same human race that had so little respect for Nature. But knowing that hatred was part of the same violence she was trying to work against, Hill spent time praying for help.

One day after praying, she felt filled with love. She realized what she was feeling was the love of the Earth, the love of Creation: "Every day we, as a species, do so much to destroy Creation's ability to give us life. But that Creation continues to do everything in its power to give us life anyway. And that's true love," she realized.

If Creation could do that for us, Hill decided, then she had to find within herself unconditional love even for the loggers. She began to talk to them as fellow humans, responding to abuse with songs or conversational questions.

A few weeks later it was New Year's Eve, a time for resolutions. "Resolution is about resolve," she thought. "My resolution… was to take a stand like the redwood tree, and not back down. Even after they've been chopped into the ground, redwoods don't give up," she said. "Instead they try to sprout new life."

The months ahead held great challenges for Hill. The logging company wasn't her only problem. One of her scariest times was a 16-hour, 70-mph windstorm, one of the worst Northern California storms in decades. The wind shredded the tarps that surrounded her, and even ripped huge branches off the tree. "Sleet and hail sliced through the tattered pieces of what used to be my roof and walls," she wrote.

"Every new gust flipped the platform up into the air, threatening to hurl me over the edge. I was scared. I take that back. I was terrified. As a child, I experienced a tornado. But that was a walk in the park on a sunny Sunday afternoon compared to this."

Clutching the branch that came through the middle of the platform, and so terrified she was afraid she might lose her mind, Hill prayed to Luna for help. "In that moment, I heard the voice of Luna speak to me. 'Julia, think of the trees in the storm… They allow themselves to bend and be blown with the wind. They understand the power of letting go," the voice told her.

That night, Hill felt she let go of her very self. When the storm departed, she no longer feared death. She felt she had undergone a transformation, like the nickname she'd had since childhood – Butterfly.

Many more experiences unfolded during those two years. Her feet once turned black with painful frostbite. When lightning struck nearby during an electrical storm, her hair stood straight up. Nearby helicopter logging made her ears ring for weeks. Then for six days, the leftover stumps and debris were set on fire on the entire slope. Her eyes swelled almost completely shut, and her throat and lungs burned from the thick smoke that surrounded her.

Thankfully, Hill also had many wonderful experiences. Despite the scorn often heaped on environmentalists, Good Housekeeping Magazine nominated Hill one of the most admired women in America. Striking steelworkers told her she had inspired them. Fifth and sixth-grade students from a school in Wisconsin corresponded with her, and even took action on her advice to reuse paper in order to protect forests. Hundreds of people wrote to thank her for bringing a spotlight to the issue of deforestation. She also had the ongoing support of her committed team, who hiked in for two hours each way, three times a week, to keep her supplied with food and necessities, sometimes having to outwit security guards in order to deliver them.

Finally, an agreement was reached with the logging company, and on December 18, 1999, Hill climbed down to once again walk on the earth.

With their willingness to sacrifice comfort and safety in order to bring the world's attention to the last stands of California's majestic redwood forests, Hill and her fellow activists left an important legacy. They were successful in saving Luna and some surrounding trees. Through their efforts, thousands more people learned about deforestation and its many ill effects.

As role models, Hill and her team showed us how we too could resolve to help Mother Nature, and follow through with long-term, committed action. Twenty years later, this is still an inspiring book, well worth reading.

- Grace Wyatt

Working with words

A. The words/phrases in the box are from the text. Check their meanings in a dictionary and use these words to complete the given sentences.

redwood, propane, occasional, wake-up call, logging, detrimental, stint, resolution, transformation, debris

a. …… is one of the main reasons behind the rapid deforestation in the world.

b. That's one example of how the pandemic should be a ……

c. …… is a gas used as a fuel for cooking and heating.

d. Emergency teams are still clearing the …… from the plane crash.

e. What a ……! You look great.

f. My father made a New Year …… to give up smoking.

g. He has worked in the Army for two years. He hates that two-year ……

h. Emissions from the factory are widely suspected of having a/an …… effect on health.

i. My father is an …… smoker. He doesn't smoke often.

j. …… is a very tall type of tree that grows especially in California and Oregan.

B. The words *redwood, barefoot, single-burner, short-term, fast-paced, mudslide, windstorm* **and** *childhood* **from the above text are made of two words and they yield a new meaning. Compound words can be written in three ways: open compounds (spelled as two words, e.g., ice cream), closed compounds (joined to form a single word, e.g., doorknob), or hyphenated compounds (two words joined by a hyphen, e.g., long-term). Choose one word from each box to make sensible compound words.**

rattle, sun, touch, moon, day, fire, water, basket, pass, wash, weather, grand, cross	down, port, light, snake, cloth, mother, walk, flower, dream, man, ball, works, melon

C. Match the following words/phrases related to the ecology with their meanings.

Words/Phrases		**Meanings**
a. sustainability	i.	the height on a mountain above which the climate is too cold for trees to grow
b. tree line	ii.	to keep in existence; maintain. To supply with necessities or nourishment
c. precipitation	iii.	an agreement between countries to reduce their greenhouse gas emissions. It was established in Japan in 1997 but didn't become international law until 2004
d. tropical zone	iv.	water that returns to the earth as rain, hail, sleet, or snow
e. Kyoto Protocol	v.	items that are discarded
f. pollutants	vi.	the soils, sediments, and rock layers of the Earth's crust, both continental and beneath the ocean floors
g. geosphere	vii.	substances that destroy the purity of air, water, or land
h. deciduous	viii.	an organism that has a short life cycle
i. ephemeral	ix.	a plant that sheds all or nearly all its leaves each year
j. trash	x.	the region between latitudes 23.5 degrees S and 23.5 degrees N

D. Pronounce the following pairs of words and notice the differences.

men: main	gem: game	sell: sale	dell: dale
pen: pain	bell: bail	well: wale	knell: nail
met: mate	hell: hail	shed: shade	fell: fail
fed: fade	bed: bade	bet: bait	pet: pate
set: sate	get: gate	let: late	cell: sail

Comprehension

A. Choose the best answer.

a. The author of the text above has the opinion that Julia Hill ……..
   i. did a wonderful job
   ii. made her pastime in a tree for two years more
   iii. chose redwood forest to learn environmental skills

b. The sentence 'Julia had occasional visitors' indicates she had …….
   i. a host of visitors around the tree
   ii. a few visitors now and then
   iii. no visitors at all

c. The logging company managed 24 hour security service around the tree to …
   i. protect Hill from the wild animals
   ii. discourage her from her campaign
   iii. provide her with supplies

d. Ms. Hill began to respond the loggers with songs and conventional conversations because she……
   i. was sorry for them
   ii. had unconditional love for all nature's creations
   iii. wanted to influence them

e. Julia Hill climbed down the tree after 738 days when her demands were……..
   i. fulfilled
   ii. partially fulfilled
   iii. about to be fulfilled.

B. Answer the following questions.

a. Who was Julia Butterfly Hill? How did Hill's campaign gain popularity?

b. What made Hill start her mega campaign to save redwood trees?

c. What kinds of amenities were there to support Hill's life in the tree?

d. Did Hill's value of life change after her car accident? How?

e. Deforestation causes natural calamities. What evidence do you have in the text to prove this?

f. How did the logging company try to discourage Hill in the early days of her sit-in?

g. How were the vagaries of nature unwelcoming to Hill?

h. What is the purpose of the author to write a review on Hill's book? Do you think the author stands for ecological sustainability? Give reasons.

Critical thinking

Suppose you are Julia Butterfly Hill. After staying one year in the tree, the government offered you five million dollars and requested you to drop the strike. Write in about 200 words responding them that the money is a mean thing for you in comparison with the woods.

Writing

A. Write a review of a book/film which you have read/watched recently.

B. Your school is going to organize a speech competition on coming Friday. The subject of the speech is "Let's save the trees and protect our environment." Draft a speech using the following prompts.

Natural world – plants, elements and animals – billions of living beings and billions of trees- environment – entire air, soil, trees, water- co-existence of all- good environment- human being - greedy/selfish/consumerist- thinking him owner- other things property- urbanization- industrialization- road construction- canal/dam construction- airport construction- loss of trees- control greed/ appetite- good environment- quality life- bad environment- bad life.

Grammar

Reported speech

A. Study the following expressions.

Interviewer: Julia, can you share your experiences of living on the branches of a tree for two years?

Julia: It was wonderful! I can't express that in words.

Somebody reported the above expressions in the following way.

The interviewer asked Julia to share her experiences of living on the branches of a tree for two years.

Julia replied that it had been wonderful. She could not express that in words.

B. Someone says something to you which contradicts to what they told you earlier. Match the beginnings of the conversations with the correct endings.

a. I'm going to Pokhara on holiday.	i. You said she'd had a boy.
b. He's a lawyer.	ii. You admitted you cheated in all your exams.
c. She's had a baby girl.	iii. You told me he was a teacher.
d. I haven't seen Binesh for ages.	iv. You told me she was fluent in both.
e. I love these new boots.	v. You said you hated them.
f. I only cheated in one exam.	vi. You said you were going on business.
g. She doesn't speak Hindi or Chinese.	vii. You told me his office was in Biratnagar.
h. He works in Kathmandu.	viii. You told me you'd seen him previous week.

C. Change the following sentences into indirect speech.

a. The principal said, “You can phone from my office, Rita.”

b. “You must not neglect your duty,” said the teacher to the student.

c. The student said, “Sir, please, grant me a leave for two days.”

d. I said to her, “Go to school or you will be fined.”

e. The headmaster said, “Don’t make any noise, boys.”

f. “Work hard if you want to rise in life,” said the old man.

g. He said, “Goodbye, my friends!”

h. She said to me, “Have a pleasant journey ahead.”

i. “Don’t give me the book, please,” Sharmila said.

j. “Where have you been these days?” she spoke on the telephone.

k. The teacher said, “Have you submitted your assignments, students?”

D. These are the exact words Dinesh said to you yesterday.

"I've just got engaged! We're getting married next month. We're going to Pokhara for our honeymoon. It's all going to be very expensive. Luckily, my friend is a photographer so he'll take the photos for us. We'll be having the reception in my parents' back garden. My mum is baking the cake for us and my sister's band is playing free for us. I hope you'll come to the wedding."

Now, you're telling your friend what Dinesh told you. Complete the text.

He said he (1)……just got engaged. He told me that he (2) …… next month. He told me (3) …… to Pokhara for their honeymoon. He mentioned that it (4) …… very expensive. He said that his friend (5) …… and he (6) …… the photos for them. He mentioned that they (7) …… the reception in his parents' garden. He admitted that (8) …… . He said his sister's band (9) …… . He said he (10) …… I'd come to the wedding.

Listening

A. Look at the pictures and answer the questions.

a. Who do you see in the pictures?

b. What are they holding in their hands?

c. What, do you think, is the purpose of their procession?

B. Listen to the interview of Julia Butterfly Hill and write *True* or *False* after each of the following sentences.

a. Julia Hill was a teenager when she started her campaign.

b. Only three percent of the trees survived at that time.

c. Hill had done a lot of social works before.

d. Hill gives speech with the help of the scripts.

e. Hill says she stayed in the tree willingly.

f. Hill says she is an introvert person herself.

g. Hill can be accessed in her website.

C. Listen to the audio again and answer the following questions.

a. What is the name of the interviewer?

b. Who does the interviewer give thanks to?

c. Why, according to the interviewer, did Julia Hill sit in the tree?

d. What made Hill think that she can live in the tree?

e. According to Hill, what stories do human beings like to hear?

f. What does Hill want the people to see in mirrors?

Speaking

Reporting

A. Rabina was introduced to Jack by Peter. Now, read what Rabina says about her meeting with Jack.

Peter introduced me to Jack who said he was pleased to meet me. I replied that it was my pleasure and that I hoped Jack was enjoying his stay in Seattle. He said he thought Seattle was a beautiful city, but that it rained too much. He said that he had been staying at the Bay View Hotel for three weeks and that it hadn't stopped raining since he had arrived. Of course, he said, this wouldn't have surprised him if it hadn't been July! Peter replied that he should have brought warmer clothes. He, then, continued by saying that he was going to fly to Hawaii the following week, and he that he couldn't wait to enjoy some sunny weather. Both Jack and I commented that Peter was a lucky person indeed.

Now, work in groups of three and act out the actual conversation that Rabina, Jack and Peter had.

B. Ask your partner the following questions. Make notes of his/her answer. When you finish, find a new partner and report what you have learned about your first partner.

a. What is your favorite sport and how long have you been playing/doing it?

b. What are your plans for your next vacation?

c. How long have you known your best friend? Can you give me a description of him/her?

d. What kind of music do you like? Have you always listened to that kind of music?

e. What did you use to do when you were younger that you don't do anymore?

f. Do you have any predictions about the future?

g. Can you tell me what you do on a typical Saturday afternoon?

h. What were you doing yesterday at this time?

i. Which two promises will you make concerning learning English?

Project work

Visit a community forest and collect information about the area, kinds of trees, wild animals, water resources, etc. Write a short report about the community forest. Also discuss its impacts on human life and environment.

Unit 10 Career Opportunities

Reading

Presenting Yourself

Before you read

a. Have you ever applied for a job?

b. What documents do you need while applying for a job?

c. Are you familiar with the terms: bio-data, resume, CV and personal profile? Do you have any of them?

American style résumé

These are similar to British style CVs. But notice:

- For new graduates your résumé should be only one page.
- Describe your work experience in terms of self motivation, teamwork, organization, problem solving, and enthusiasm.

Tip:
- The standard US paper size is not A4 (210 x 297mm) but 216 x 279mm.

Provide your college or temporary address if you have one.

Objective: To summarize your goals and customize your résumé for specific positions. State a realistic short-term goal and/or a job for which you are currently qualified.

Use bold to highlight key information.

Use US spelling and punctuation.

Jane Q. Student
jqstudent@mba.nau.edu

Present Address:	Permanent Address:
508 Blackbird's Roost	50, rue de Vaugirard
Flagstaff, AZ, USA 86011	Saint-Sulpice, France 75006
Tel: + 1 929 555 1212	Tel: + 33 1234 567 890

OBJECTIVE To obtain an entry-level management position within an international hospitality organization.

EDUCATION **Masters in Business Administration** (M.B.A.), 2006-2008
Northern Arizona University, Flagstaff, Arizona, USA
B.A. in International Hospitality, 2002-2006
Université de Savoie, Chambéry, France

EXPERIENCE **Travel Agent**, Sep. 2006-Present
Kokopelli Extreme Tours, Sedona, Arizona, USA
Organized adventure package tours for large student groups, trained and supervized new staff members, and maintained partner relationships.
Camp Counselor, Jun 2002-Aug 2006
Voyageurs Summer Camp, Voglans, France
Group leader for children aged 10-15. Developed curriculum for campers and led overnight hiking trips.

HONORS Agent of the Month, Kokopelli Extreme Tours, March 2008
Voted "Most Popular Counselor," Voyageurs, 2005 & 2006

SKILLS & INTERESTS Fluent in French and English; conversational Spanish
Enjoy web design in HTML and Flash

British style CV (curriculum vitae)

Name Pamela Janet Mason
Address 29 Greenlands Avenue, London, SW9 6BZ
Telephone 01924 786512 **Mobile** 07799236182
e-mail pam_mason@ukspeed.com

Objective To find a role in a film or TV production company that will enable me to acquire and develop the skills required for a career in film or television.

Profile An outgoing and articulate graduate with work experience in both television and teaching.

Education and qualifications
2009 MA in Media Studies: Bristol University. Expected 2010
2005–2009 BA in Media Studies with French (2:1) Bristol University
1997–2004 Beacon School, London:
3 A levels: Drama (A); French (A); German (B)
5 AS levels: 9 GCSEs

Work experience
October 2007–June 2008: Language assistant in secondary school in France. Taught English to large classes and small groups. Ran a film club and a holiday dance and drama club. Assisted with school drama productions.
September 2004 – August 2005: Production assistant at Oxenbroun and Associates Filmmakers, London W16. Performed office and on-set duties.
June – September 2004: Tutor for Jacaranda Drama Workshops. Led groups of teenagers of different backgrounds in dance and drama activities.
July – August 2003: Host at Adventure Camping holiday campsite in France. Led the children's club for 6-10 year olds and performed various theatrical duties on the campsite.

Skills
Languages: French – near native-speaker fluency (CEF C1).
German (B2)
Good keyboard skills. Familiarity with Word, Excel and Film editing packages.
Clean driving license.

Interests
Drama, both acting and directing; singing (was member of university choral society). Regular volunteer at a local centre for the homeless.

References attached.

Personal information. You can omit the labels. There is no need to mention your age, gender, nationality, race, religion or marital status. Don't send a photo unless you are asked to.

Profile and objective. Some people do not include these but then do give an impression or an idea of who you are.

Education. Put the most recent first. Add prizes and awards. Omit primary school. Try to give British equivalents of your qualifications.

Work experience. Put this in reverse order. Experienced candidates: put this before education and write more about your most recent post.

Skills. Your practical abilities, include exams passed. Write more here if you are experienced.

Interests. Keep this short. Include a sport, a creative one & community activity. If you can. Avoid vague subjects such as reading or travel.

References. Give the names, titles, and addresses of two who could vouch for you. either here or on a separate page.

Read the following text about the skills in preparing your CV and do the given tasks.

We're going to devote a whole chapter to CVs (as we shall call them) because this is the single most important document that you will ever compile relating to your career development. You need to approach the compilation and maintenance of a CV as an on-going, career-long task.

If you haven't already got one in a good state, you need to make a start now. Do not underestimate the amount of time and effort that this work will take. Remember that your CV needs to be accurate and truthful. A prospective employer may need to verify your statements regarding, for example, work permit status, qualifications and may need to take a criminal record check (especially if the job involves working with children). False statements made in job applications may invalidate any subsequent appointment. Don't risk it. Having said that, our aim here, is to help you in the best possible way.

Curriculum vitae is a Latin term that literally means 'course of life'. In practice, it is a document that sets out a whole host of your personal details, experience and achievements as they relate to your working life. Your full CV should be a well set out, up-to-date, thoroughly accurate and exhaustive data bank of all of these details, although you may well shape slightly different versions of your CV for different purposes.

You need a good CV when applying for jobs, seeking promotion and trying to get research funding. In addition, you will need to draw information from your CV for things such as when you're asked to be an external examiner for a course or a research thesis; for audits of teaching and research activity; if your faculty or department has to be validated by an external professional body – in short, any circumstances in which somebody needs to judge your individual professional competence or that of you and your colleagues collectively.

Compiling your CV also provides you with a crucially important opportunity to reflect on and plan further developments in your career. What's more, for those moments of self-doubt about just how good you are, a well set out CV that demonstrates real achievements can be very reassuring (and contrariwise, it might make you buck your ideas up and get on with things).

When reflecting on your CV and how you need to develop it, think about whether it is what Rebecca's PhD supervisor called a 'staying' or a 'leaving' CV. A 'staying CV' is that of the good university citizen, including plenty of committee work and administration, pastoral care of students, a heavy teaching load as well as a credible research record. A 'leaving CV' will reflect the interests of a prospective new employer and will probably highlight research achievements, while still showing that you are generally competent and willing across the range of duties undertaken by academics. You should never place yourself in the position where your CV won't allow you to leave.

Graínne is planning well ahead. However, planning to move is not the only reason why you need a leaving CV. Always remember that your current circumstances may change rapidly and without much warning – you might get an obnoxious new dean who makes your life a misery, or you might be made redundant. Never, ever thoroughly nail your colours to a single university mast – the ship might sink at any moment. Also remember that you don't necessarily know when your perfect, dream job is going to come up. If you have a staying CV when it does, then you won't be in the best possible position to grab it.

It follows from what we've said above that, because a CV is an important career planning tool and you may need one in a hurry when that perfect job comes up, it is never too early to put

your CV together. Don't be put off starting because you have comparatively little to put in it. Starting now will encourage good work practices, help you establish a good basic framework and ensure that all your on-going work activities are recorded and not forgotten.

Preparing and maintaining your CV has to be a collaborative, interactive and iterative process. You need to enlist the help of your friends, family, mentors and more experienced colleagues because it is a rare gift to be able to see ourselves as others see us.

Later in this chapter we set out what we think is a pretty good CV pro-forma that you might like to use as the basic framework for your own. Using a framework helps to structure your recollections and thinking. Most people find constructing a CV using this type of framework quite an affirming experience – they start off thinking they've achieved very little or nothing but as they start to fill in the boxes they find that they've actually done quite a lot.

You should show your draft CV to people who know you and/or who know what an academic CV should look like and ask for feedback. Typically, they will remind you of things you've done or skills you have demonstrated that you have overlooked or underplayed. They will also help you with layout, prioritisation and emphasis. This can be a fairly lengthy iterative process. Once you have done this basic spadework, keeping your CV up-to-date should be relatively easy and a far less time consuming task.

You must update your CV regularly, and little and often is best. Some people pop things into their CVs as soon as they occur – for example, a paper accepted for publication. Others keep a running note, perhaps in the back of their diary or a list on their notice board, of things to add. Yet others update it with great regularity on the same day each month and set up their computer to prompt them to do this. You need to adopt a system that works for you. Whatever your system, you must:

a. *Have a system whereby details that need to be included on your CV do not get lost or forgotten – something that can happen all too often.*

b. *Regularly revise your CV to reflect major new developments in your work. For instance, you might move into a distinctly new theoretical area.*

c. *Revise your CV for current accuracy. For instance, you might have put down a project that you were seeking funding for and it has not come to fruition or has petered out. Equally, you might have a book or a paper down as 'forthcoming' for which you now have the full publication details.*

Your CV should look like a bone-china display cabinet – the best pieces should always be highlighted, your collection should be as complete as possible, and everything should be clean and shiny.

As we have said above, you will compile different CVs for different purposes. What

we're going to talk about here is your 'full CV', the data bank from which you might compile shorter CVs for things like research funding applications or adapt for particular job/promotion applications.

There are many employment or re-employment agencies in many countries whose consultants specialise in helping people prepare their CVs. Their advice, and that given generally to people in non-academic public sector or commercial jobs, is that a CV should be exactly two pages long and should be accompanied by a very brief cover letter. This is the antithesis of an academic CV, which is a species all of its own. It is absolutely imperative that you understand this and resist all pressure to make your full CV the more common two-page summary. This is one of the most important things we have to tell you about academic CVs.

There are two key differences between academic and non-academic CVs. One is that academic CVs tend to be quite a bit longer than those of non-academics, and they get longer as a person's career develops. Between twenty and thirty pages would not be unusual for a well-established professor, although someone in a much more junior post might quite rightly be expected to have only three or four pages. A second, and perhaps more fundamental, difference is that non-academics, especially when they are seeking middle management positions, are frequently encouraged to make largely unverifiable assertions about their qualities and skills rather than to list verifiable achievements.

In contrast, academic CVs should never make vague or unsubstantiated assertions, for two reasons. First, it is an inherent part of academic life and training that we look for the verification of truth claims. Proving or justifying what we have said is part of our culture. All the claims we seek to make in our research and teaching work need to be backed up by some sort of evidence. Second, much of our work and what we achieve is done via substantial public events, for instance, the winning of a research grant, the publication of papers, conference presentations and so on.

- Rebecca Boden, Debbie Epstein & Jane Kenway

Working with words

A. Complete the sentences with the correct words from the box below.

position	redundant	professional	referee	verification
consultant	competence	opportunity	imperative	achievement

a. You must learn about 2000 Kanji to develop ……..in spoken Japanese language.

b. I can type both English and Nepali but not as fast as……..typists.

c. When she was in class eight, she got the …….to participate in a national painting competition.

d. The Prime Minister gave a long list of his ……..

e. He spent many years in jail before reaching the ……of a minister.

f. About fifty workers were made ……because of the financial crisis in the factory.

g. He is affiliated to the World Bank as a senior……..

h. They registered my application after making……of my documents.

i. I requested my teacher to be my ……in my CV.

j. To make our country self-sustained in food production is ……need at present.

B. Define the following employment-related terms and use them in the sentences of your own.

volunteering, on the job training, career opportunity, skill development, apprenticeship, career counselling, credentials, human capital, internship, soft skills, minimum wage, recruitment, role model, aptitude and assessment

C. Based on their pronunciation, divide the following words into two groups so that the vowel sounds rhyme with *here* and *hare*.

fear, fare, fair, bear, bare, beer, care, heir, ear, air, share, lair, leer, cheer, chair, share, sheer, shear, tear (v.), tear (n.), mere, mare, deer, dear, dare, clear, sneer, snare, gear

Comprehension

Answer the following questions.

a. What does a CV mean and why is it important in one's career?

b. Does the same CV work for all job opportunities? Why or why not?

c. What are the different areas where CV can help you?

d. What do you mean by 'staying CV' and 'leaving CV'? Which one would you develop for yourself as a freshman?

e. How can you draft a good CV?

f. What is the difference between academic CV and non-academic CV.

Critical thinking

a. CV may not represent a person's skills and abilities accurately because one's confidence cannot be rendered in a paper. What do you think the employers should do to find the best people for the job?

b. If the employers provide job opportunity by assessing one's CV, how can fresh graduates compete with the experienced competitors?

Writing

Study the following advertisement. Write an application for one of the positions. Prepare your CV too that suits for the job.

WANTED

MM Construction Pvt. Ltd. is looking for dynamic, energetic and qualified individuals who can work in any part of Nepal. The interested candidates are informed to apply for the under mentioned positions.

S. N.	Job position	Qualification	Required Number	Other requirements
1	Civil Engineer	BE from a recognized university	10	• The candidates must be fluent in both the Nepali and the English languages. • The candidates under the age of 40 will be given preferences.
2	Sub-Engineer	Diploma in Civil Engineering	20	
3	Site Supervisor	Bachelor's Degree in any discipline	20	

Please forward your application explaining your interest in the position with your CV within the seven days after the publication of this advertisement. Only the short-listed candidates will be called for the interview.

Grammar

Conditional sentences

A. Study the following examples which are taken from the text above.

a. If you have a staying CV when it does, then you won't be in the best possible position to grab it.

b. A prospective employer may need to verify your statements regarding, for example, work permit status, qualifications and may need to take a criminal record check especially if the job involves working with children.

B. Rewrite the following sentences using the correct form of the verbs.

a. If you sell your stocks now, you ……much money for them. (not/get)

b. A lot of people would lose job if the factory …….(close down)

c. Our country won't have to export wheat if it ……in November and February. (rain)

d. If we……..him earlier, we could have saved his life. (find)

e. If he had not been wearing helmet, he ……..seriously injured. (be)

f. Unless you follow the instructions, you …….pass the exams. (not/pass)

g. I don't mind walking home as long as the weather ……..fine. (be)

h. The bank will sanction you the loan provided you ……. a collateral. (deposit)

i. What ……if you had not got this job? (you/do)

j. If you had the choice, where ……? (you/live)

C. Change the following sentences into 'if sentences' as in the example.

Example: *I did not go to a restaurant because I was not hungry.*

I would have gone to a restaurant if I had been hungry.

a. The driver was talking on the phone so the accident happened.

b. There is no anyone at home because all the lights are off.

c. He must be an educated person because he has subscribed 'The Kathmandu Post.'

d. His head was not injured in the accident because he had put the helmet on.

e. I am sure he passed the exam because he gave a heavy treat to his friends.

f. You didn't take any breakfast so you are hungry now.

g. I am sure he is a doctor because he is wearing the white gown.

h. She is very rich so she drives a Mercedes.

i. I didn't know it was only half a kilometer from my house, so I booked a ride.

j. He has hidden something in his mind, so he does not look fresh.

Listening

A. Answer these questions.

a. Have you ever faced a job interview?

b. What is the first question generally asked in a job interview?

B. Listen to the audio and write *True* for the true statements and *False* for false ones.

a. The candidate says the traffic was heavy that morning.

b. The position is needed to visit the bank frequently.

c. The interviewer does not mind if the candidate does not have much experience.

d. The candidate says she wants to have practical experience there.
e. The candidate says she can handle the pressure.
f. The candidate thinks she has no chance of being hired.

C. Listen to the audio again and answer the following questions.

a. Write the names of interviewer and interviewee.
b. Which department is the interviewer from?
c. What kind of experience is needed for the job?
d. What is the degree the interviewee has completed?
e. What are the strengths of the interviewee?

D. Have you ever faced an interview? Share your experience and feeling with your classmates.

Speaking

Clarifying

A. Study the following short exchanges.

A:	You have to finish the website details today.	A:	We are going to reduce some costs.
B:	Can you repeat that?	B:	Can you be more specific?
A:	The website has to be ready today.	A:	We are going to work from home.

B. Work in pairs. One of you will act as a candidate and the other as an interviewer. Now, conduct an interview with the help of the skeleton given below.

Candidate : May I come in sir/ma'am?

Interviewer: …… Please be…….

Candidate : …….

Interviewer: Give your academic and professional introduction.

Candidate : Thank you for……. My name is…… I am from…….. I have completed my……..from……. I play ..... regularly. I am interested in…… I am hardworking,…….and…… My father is a teacher…… and my mother…… I am still single….

Interviewer: OK, tell me why do you want to work here?

Candidate : Well, …….

Interviewer: Do you have any weaknesses?

Candidate : Well, …….

Interviewer: What kind of working environment do you prefer?

Candidate : …….

Interviewer: Do you become nervous at work?

Candidate : …….

Interviewer: Why should we hire you, not others?

Candidate : …….

Interviewer: Will you be ready for overtime work?

Candidate : …….

Interviewer: Do you want any information from us?

Candidate : …….

Interviewer: Thank you. You may leave now. Please, wait for the result.

Candidate : …….

C. Suppose you are the head teacher of a school. You are taking a job interview for the post of Secondary Level English Teacher. Draft some questions for the interview and then practise it with one of your friends.

Project work

Visit someone who has recently passed Public Service Commission or Teacher Service Commission examination. Ask him/her to give you some tips that may help you to face a job interview. Make notes and discuss in class.

Unit 11 Hobbies

Reading

On Walking

Before you read

a. What is your best hobby?

b. How do you fulfil your hobby?

Now read the following text about the advantages of walking and do the given tasks.

Walking has always been one of my favorite activities. To me it is the beginning of travel. The movement, the rhythm, the undulation of the senses and of the body that it initiates- I enjoy the very physical sensation of walking. When I was younger, I used to love proving how quickly and untiringly I could walk for long distances. I especially loved walking on roads that were unpaved and uneven, like the paths around my *mamaghar*. But back then, it was easy enough to find paths like that even in Kathmandu. Some of my most vivid memories involve running down the slopes behind my house. You would begin by taking the smallest steps to balance yourself, then without even realizing it you would have broken into a run until you completely lost control over your body. You would reach the bottom in such a state of thrill. I'm sure it can never be replicated, even by a ride on the most beautiful and sophisticated roller-coaster.

As I grew older my adventures took on different shades and nuances. Walking became a more social activity. In my teens, I began walking home from school with my friends. Mostly we walked when we had stayed back for some after-school activity and the buses had left, so it served as a sort of minor rebellion. Staying back after school in itself made us feel grown-up, but it was our decision to take the long route home that made it seem like a protest. During those walks, rebels against our regimented routine, we could be free-willed masters of our time. We wanted to find our own way-so we'd take shortcuts.

When I left school, my life changed drastically as I moved to a different country. And there again I walked as a way of exploring this new world. On hot summer days when the temperature climbed to forty degrees, I would walk leisurely, from school

to home, this time alone. Sometimes I'd walk along a quiet residential street, with fences creeping with jasmine vines, until I reached the main road with the funny set of shops: A wedding-cake shop; a rather dilapidated second-hand clothes shop that at one time must have had ambitions of being something more glamorous; a barber shop. Institutions once, they had slowly begun to lose their sheen and were on their way to being replaced by fancier stores and boutiques. On other days I'd walk down the more exciting Norton Street lined with cafes and restaurants, and later a beautiful mall designed in imitation of an Italian piazza. Though these walks were more an expression of listlessness and confusion than conscious design, they helped me to navigate not only the place where I was to spend the next few years of my life, but also the renewed circumstances of my life and the changes that would inevitably stamp themselves on my psyche. Amid all kinds of pressures I felt to fit in and adapt, walking was both an escape and a search for a pace and a rhythm that felt most natural to me.

Australian streets were far quieter and organized when compared to the cacophonous streets of Kathmandu. Yet in time, I grew to love the solitude they offered. Across the big Parramatta Road from Leichhardt, where the buildings of my high school stood, was the completely nondescript Petersham, where I lived with my family on a street that faced the dreary backsides of shops along Parramatta Road. Dismal as it was, it had its treasures. A tiny park no one visited was a minute down the road, and once you turned the corner to another park, with a huge rock at one end. Perhaps it didn't offer much in terms of access or glamour, but it was a good place between the harsh and noisy highway and the more comfortable. It was a good place to hide, a buffer zone suburb. As I walked uphill towards the train station the street seemed to dip into the horizon and suddenly come to an end it made quite a sight at twilight, against the backdrop of a darkening blue sky.

I walked the streets of Sydney in the cool morning, the blistering noon, at sunset, and even at dawn, on my way home from certain unforgotten night outs that lie listlessly in the trunk of my memory with no obvious purpose. I frequently walked for an hour along Parramatta road to get to Sydney University. The sights I found there were so different from those I had once been accustomed to, but slowly they took the place of the familiar and my birthplace became a memory, too far and too distant to have a distinct shape. And along this long, seemingly irreversible and frequently disturbing journey only a few things remained constant: the earth and the sky, the trees, water. For a long time in this journey they really were my only

friends and companions, the only entities with whom I would share the secrets of my heart. Or was it rather the painful lack of secrets because it had been emptied of everything it had once known and loved? Walking became a conversation I had with the world—the physical world around me and the natural world that peeked from beneath paved roads and behind skyscrapers. It was my body's way of reminding itself of its naturalness and beauty when the mind had become home to doubts and distress.

Even though culturally my journey had been westwards, towards those places that people generally associate with material wealth and comfort, I felt that I had journeyed to a desert, to emptiness, where there was no footing to be had, and walking was perhaps the healthiest way to seek that lost footing. The further I moved from the tumult of my hometown, the more solitary my walks became. In the last years before I returned to Kathmandu, I was in the United States with a definite purpose: To get a degree. Unlike the previous transitions in my life, I had chosen this one myself. But simply because you make an intentional decision does not mean that everything that follows conforms to your designs or expectations. The years I spent in Minneapolis were perhaps the most solitary of my life: Solitary in the sense that through experiences so new and unexpected that I barely had language to understand them, let alone communicate them with someone. I took long walks there. In retrospect I feel like walking became life: Solitary in the sense that I went unexpected that I barely had communication with someone almost an achievement in itself as the ostensible purpose for what had ended up there dwindled away. I lived and walked in neighborhoods that were beautiful for their sloping streets and proximity to water in a city mostly flat except when it had risen to cup one of its hundred lakes. There was snow on the ground for almost half of the year. As soon as the snow began to melt I broke in a new pair of shoes accompany me on my walks. On Sundays, when I left for my walk rather early in the morning there'd be hardly anyone on the streets. And the beautiful buildings that had been erected few centuries ago in service of trade along the Mississippi river seemed to lie waste or awaiting a revival. Sometimes a deer that had lost its way would be grazing in the middle of the park by the river. This was during spring and autumn. During the frigid winters I walked on a treadmill on the top floor of my apartment building gazing that the pale blue sky and the eagles that flew in circles repeatedly.

Even though I was a stranger to that city and I never stopped feeling a sense of hesitation before walking into the doors of its buildings and houses, I felt as if the place itself was known to me. I wondered about the people who had lived here before the city was built and felt that their spirits were still around in the weeds that grew in the shallow end of the lake, and in the old trees that had been left undisturbed for centuries. Every time I was driven along highways and saw the vast uninhabited tracts of land beside it,

I was reminded that like every other place on earth this place too is ancient, with the shape and texture of the land bearing witness to its age. In that sense, how far could I really be from home? My head hurt to think of options and possibilities I'd inevitably have to weigh once I left but my body had made itself at home there, like everywhere else I had lived.

Our world is so populated with brilliant and imaginative ideas, beautiful songs, things to look at, things to be in awe of and to revere, beauty and pleasure in all forms and guises, that we often forget that the layers of beauty we perceive in our everyday lives are built on something not of our making--this earth, and beyond it space, of which it is a part. Walking makes us aware obliquely- of space, of that invisible and intangible thing without which no object can exist, cohere and have meaning. The space between two footsteps makes it possible for us to move, and as we walk, even when we are keeping step on with ourselves, a million others walk with us, maintaining the imperceptible relationship with space, which is governed by laws which we only have the minutest clue about.

I have always known, since the first time I left home, that I'd love every place I'd visit, maybe not the people, or the culture, but itself the trees, the way the land meets the sky, the life it leads beneath the quotidian, its inhabitants and to which whether we are aware of it or not, inextricably and fundamentally bound. Walking brought me close places, made me notice the things around me, bound me to the places that became my home because ultimately no matter where I went the air that brushed against me and the light that poured into my eyes each morning, the sounds of birds and insects, or machines were the same everywhere. It may sound ironic but walking kept me close to my roots and gave me a sense of grounding, because no matter which part of the world I happened to be in, when I walked, I was my intrinsic self.

Now, back home again, as I walk the streets of my beloved hometown, I am filled with gratitude for all the streets that have given shape to my feet, my body and my being.

- Sristi Bhattarai

Working with words

A. Find the words from the text which have the following meanings.

a. a wave-like motion

b. to make or do something again exactly in the same way

c. decayed, deteriorated, or fallen into partial ruin especially through neglect or misuse

d. a bright, smooth surface

e. the feeling of having no energy and enthusiasm

f. a state of noise, commotion and confusion

g. being alone, often by choice

h. to regard with respect, often tinged with awe

i. said in a way that is not direct, so that the real meaning is not immediately clear

B. Find the meaning of the following words from a dictionary.

sophisticated, conscious, blistering, proximity, invisible

Comprehension

Answer the following questions.

a. What is the author's favourite hobby? Why does she like it so much?

b. What sorts of roads did the writer prefer to walk on when she was very young?

c. How did walking give the author and her classmates a sense of freedom?

d. In what ways were the roads in Kathmandu different from the ones in Sydney?

e. How did walking help the author in the new country?

f. What were the treasures of Petersham, where the writer lived with her family?

g. What things became her permanent friends with whom she could share her feelings?

h. Why did she feel that she had travelled to 'a desert, to emptiness' as she went to the United States?

i. Why did the author eventually feel that the strange city was known to her?

j. How did walking make her feel at home with different places she visited?

Critical thinking

a. Do you believe that walking helps us understand ourselves? Give reasons in support of your opinion.

b. Think of one of your hobbies. How does this hobby relate to your psyche and self?

c. Many people turn their hobbies into careers. Is it good to turn one's hobby into a career?

Writing

Highlighting the advantages of walking, Henry David Thoreau says, "An early-morning walk is a blessing for the whole day." Write an essay on the advantages of morning walk.

Grammar

Passive voice

A. Study the following sentences.

Sheela gave Milan a bar of chocolate.

Milan was given a bar of chocolate by Sheela.

A bar of chocolate was given to Milan by Sheela.

B. Change the following sentences into passive voice.

a. I want someone to love me.

b. Someone broke into our house while we were on holiday.

c. I don't like people staring at me.

d. Is it true that someone stole your car?

e. The cat enjoys someone tickling him.

f. Would Swostika open the window?

g. Did they confess the crime?

h. He thinks that someone is teaching Jennie.

i. Sabina hates people laughing at her.

C. Complete the following sentences as in the example.

Example: *People believe that the one billion defaulters are staying in the UAE.*
The one billion defaulters are believed to be staying in the UAE.

a. English people think that the number thirteen is unlucky.
The number thirteen……unlucky by English people.

b. What are you wearing for the wedding?
Actually, I am having…….. (a suit make). They will give it tomorrow.

c. The carpet in our drawing room is very dirty.
It needs ……. (clean).

d. There are rumours that the factory at the corner is manufacturing bombs.
The factory at the corner is rumoured…… bombs.

e. Some people believe that Silajit from Jumla cures all indigestion problems.
Silajit from Jumla……..all digestion problems.

f. People claim that Changu Narayan temple is the oldest temple in Nepal.
Changu Narayan temple……the oldest temple in Nepal.

g. A: Your car is making a terrible noise.
B: Thank you. I am not a mechanic and I will……soon. (repair).

h. The police suspect that the criminal left the country.
The criminal …….the country.

i. A: Where are you going?
B: I am going to the stationery to get……(my document /photocopy)

j. People allege that the corrupt leader has embezzled millions of rupees.
The leader……..millions of rupees.

Listening

A. Look at the pictures and answer these questions.

a. Do you go on morning walk? Why?

b. What are the benefits of morning walk?

B. Listen to the audio and tick the correct answer.

a. While running, ……. should be in the air at some point.
i. one foot ii. front foot iii. both feet

b. The muscles in the back of the thigh are called……...
i. hamstrings ii. quads iii. glutes

c. Running without proper rest may …… our heart.
i. weaken ii. strengthen iii. embolden

d. The burning of calories even after running is over is called ……. effect.
i. post burn ii. pre burn iii. after burn

C. Listen to the audio again and write whether the given statements are *True* or *False*.

a. Walking is a high intensity physical exercise.

b. Running and walking use different muscles.

c. Walking burns 30% less calories as compared to running.

d. The people who do not do any physical activities live longer than those who do.

e. Running contributes to our emotional wellbeing as it reduces tension and anger.

f. Too much running makes us healthier and stronger.

D. Do you like walking or running for exercise? Share your ideas with the class.

Speaking

Reminding

A. Read the conversation below. Underline the expressions that are used for reminding.

Trishna : Hi, Bhim! What's up?

Bhim : Hi, Trishna! Nothing much. What about you?

Trishna : Fine. By the way, have you started packing things?

Bhim : Yes, I have. Why?

Trishna : You won't forget to take your guitar, will you?

Bhim : Yeah. Thanks. I must do that. But remember to carry plentiful of popcorns.

Trishna : Sure. That sounds exciting! Will you remind me how long the hiking to Ranimahal in Palpa is?

Bhim : Not much. We can get there within a couple of hours from Tansen. I have been there twice with my family.

Trishna : But, I have never been there.

Bhim : You must hike to Ranimahal. Located by the side of the Kaligandaki River, the palace is marvelous. It's thrilling to walk on a path right above a raging stream right before reaching Ranimahal. This monument is compared with the Taj Mahal in India. Do you know who built it?

Trishna : Wow! Sounds Marvelous! I think Ranimahal was built by Khadga Shamsher Junga Bahadur Rana in memory of Tej Kumari Devi, his youngest wife, who died in 1892.

Bhim : Excellent! You have good memories. You still remember the Social Studies

teacher explaining about its history. But, it's a pity! I don't have a good camera phone.

Trishna : Ah yes, I will take my father's i-Phone. Well, Bhim, I don't have an extension cord. Can I remind you to take one? Just in case we don't get enough charging points at the hotel.

Bhim : Alright. I think we must share our preparations with other friends as well after the classes are over this afternoon.

Trishna : That's a good idea. Actually, I have already shared it with Niroj and Nirjala. They have already agreed. Remember to call Shreejala who is absent today.

Bhim : That makes sense. Let's get back to class. The break is about to be over.

B. Say how one can remind someone in the following situations. Use different expressions for each.

a. You want your friend to return your books by Friday evening.

b. You want to remind someone about the upcoming meeting.

c. The driver wants to remind the passengers about having lunch at the next stop.

d. You have your birthday the next week and you have invited your teacher for it.

e. Your mother wants to remind your father about the loan payment schedule.

f. The final examination is coming near. The teacher wants to tell the students about it.

Project work

Take a short interview with three of your classmates about their hobbies. During the interview, try to explore how these hobbies can have impacts on their everyday life and career. Prepare a report including their responses and your opinions.

Unit 12 Animal World

Reading

The Medusa and the Snail

Before you read

a. What do these pictures mean?

b. How are they different?

Now read the following text about the importance of interdependence at the present time and do the given tasks.

We've never been as self-conscious about ourselves as we seem to be these days. The popular magazines are filled with advice on things to do with a self: how to find it, identify it, nurture it, protect it, and even, for special occasions, weekends, how to lose it transiently. There are instructive books, best sellers on self-realization, self-help, and self-development. Groups of self-respecting people pay large fees for three day sessions together, learning self-awareness. Self-enlightenment can be taught in college electives.

You'd think, to read about it, that we'd only just now discovered selves. Having long suspected that there was something alive in there, winning the place, separate from everyone else, absolutely individual and independent, we've celebrated by giving it a real name.

Myself.

It is an interesting word, formed long ago in much more social ambiguity than you'd expect. The original root was *se* or *seu*, simply the pronoun of the third person, and most of the descendant words, except "self" itself, were constructed to allude to other, somehow connected people; "sibs" and "gossips," relatives and close acquaintances, came from *seu*. *Se* was also used to indicate some side or apart, hence words like "separate," "secret"and "segregate." From an extended root *swedh* it moved into Greek meaning people of one's own sort, and *ethos*, meaning the customs of such people.

"Ethics" means the behavior of people like one's self, one's own ethics.

We tend to think of ourselves as the only wholly unique in nature, but it is not so. Uniqueness is so commonplace a property of living things that there is really nothing at all unique about it. The phenomenon can't be unique and universal at the same time. Even individual, free-swimming bacteria can be viewed as unique entities distinguishable from each other even when they are the progeny of a single clone. Spudich and Koshland have recently reported that motile microorganisms of the same species are like solitary eccentrics in their swimming behavior. When they are searching for food, some tumble in one direction for precisely so many seconds before quitting, while others tumble differently and for different, but characteristic, periods of time. If you watch them closely, tethered by their flagellae to the surface of an antibody-coated slide, you can tell them from each other by the way they twirl, as accurately as though they had different names.

Beans carry self-labels, and are marked by these as distinctly as a mouse by his special smell. The labels are glycoproteins, the lectins, and may have something to do with negotiating the intimate and essential attachment between the bean and the nitrogen-fixing bacteria which live as part of the plant's flesh, embedded in root nodules. The lectin from one line of legume has a special affinity for the surfaces of the particular bacteria which colonize that line, but not for bacteria from other types of bean. The system seems designed for the maintenance of exclusive partnerships. Nature is pieced together by little snobberies like this.

Coral polyps are biologically self-conscious. If you place polyp of the same genetic line together, touching each other, they will fuse and become a single polyp, but if the lines are different, one will reject the other.

Fish can tell each other apart as individuals, by the smell of self. So can mice, and here the olfactory discrimination is governed by the same H2 locus which contains the genes for immunologic self-marking.

The only living units that seem to have no sense of privacy at all are the nucleated cells that have been detached from the parent organism and isolated in a laboratory dish. Given the opportunity, under the right conditions, two cells from wildly different sources, a yeast cell, say, say, and a chicken erythrocyte, will touch, fuse, and the two nuclei will then fuse as well, and the new hybrid cell will now divide into monstrous progeny. Naked cells, lacking self-respect, do not seem to have any sense of self.

The markers of self, and the sensing mechanisms responsible for detecting such markers, are conventionally regarded as mechanisms for maintaining individuality for its own sake, enabling one kind of creature to defend and protect itself against all the rest. Selfness, seen thus, is for self-preservation.

In real life, though, it doesn't seem to work this way. The self-marking of invertebrate animals in the sea, who must have perfected the business long before evolution got

around to us, was set up in order to permit creatures of one kind to locate others, not for predation but to set up symbiotic households. The anemones who live on the shells of crabs are precisely finicky; so are the crabs. Only a single species of anemone will find its way to only a single species of crab. They sense each other exquisitely, and live together as though made for each other.

Sometimes there is such a mix-up about selfness that two creatures, each attracted by the molecular configuration of the other, incorporate the two selves to make a single organism. The best story I've ever heard about this is the tale told of the nudibranch and medusa living in the Bay of Naples. When first observed, the nudibranch, a common sea slug, was found to have a tiny vestigial parasite, in the form of a jellyfish, permanently affixed to the ventral surface near the mouth. In curiosity to learn how the medusa got there, some marine biologists began searching the local waters for earlier developmental forms, and discovered something amazing. The attached parasite, although apparently so specialized as to have given up living for itself, can still produce offspring, for they are found in abundance at certain seasons of the year. They drift through the upper waters, grow up nicely and astonishingly, and finally become full-grown, handsome, normal jellyfish. Meanwhile, the snail produces snail larvae, and these too begin to grow normally, but not for long. While still extremely small, they become entrapped in the tentacles of the medusa and then engulfed within the umbrella-shaped body. At first glance, you'd believe the medusae are now the predators, paying back for earlier humiliations, and the snails the prey. But no. Soon the snails, undigested and insatiable, begin to eat, browsing away first at the radial canals, then the borders of the rim, finally the tentacles, until the jellyfish becomes reduced in substance by being eaten while the snail grows correspondingly in size. At the end, the arrangement is back to the first scene, with a full-grown nudibranch basking, and nothing left of the jellyfish except the round, successfully edited parasite, safely affixed to the skin near the mouth.

It is a confusing tale to sort out, and even more confusing to think about. Both creatures are designed for this encounter, marked as selves so that they can find each other in the waters of the Bay of Naples. The collaboration, if you want to call it that, is entirely specific; it is only this species of medusa and only this kind of nude branch that can come together and live this way. And, more surprising, they cannot live in any other way; they depend for their survival on each other. They are not really selves, they are specific *others*.

What does the collaboration of the selves tell us about our identity?

The thought of these creatures gives me an odd feeling. They do not remind me of anything, really. I've never heard of such a cycle before. They are bizarre, that's it, unique. And at the same time, like a vaguely remembered dream, they remind me of the whole earth at once. I cannot get my mind to stay still and think it through.

- Lewis Thomas

Working with words

A. Read the text and tick the best alternative to fill in the gaps.

a. Persons who are related to you and who live after you, such as your child or grandchild are called ……..

i. relatives ii. descendants iii. siblings

b. '……...' means to turn or spin around and around quickly

i. Twirl ii. Fold iii. Fetter

c. …….. are proteins which contain oligosaccharide chains (glycans) attached to amino acid side-chains

i. Glycoproteins ii. Legumes iii. Meat products

d. ……. are carbohydrate-binding proteins that are highly specific for sugar groups that are part of other molecules and so cause agglutination of particular cells.

i. Lactose ii. Legumes iii. Lectins

e. ….are abnormal tissue growths that most often look like small, flat bumps or tiny mushroom like stalks found in the phylum Cnidaria and the medusa

i. Polyps ii. Buds iii. Tulips

f. ……. is a biological interaction where one organism, the predator, kills and eats another organism, its prey.

i. Murder ii. Homicide iii. Predation

g. ……. is a genus of flowering plants in the buttercup family.

i. Anemone ii. Ammonia iii. Amoeba

h. A/An …… person is extremely or excessively particular, exacting, or meticulous in taste or standards.

i. arrogant ii. finicky iii. symbiotic

i. ……. is a group of soft-bodied, marine gastropod molluscs which shed their shells after their larval stage.

i. Shell ii. Nudibranch iii. Jellyfish

j. A …….is a free-swimming sexual form of a coelenterate such as a jellyfish, typically having an umbrella-shaped body with stinging tentacles around the edge.

i. medusa ii. sea horse iii. sea slug

B. Look up a dictionary and write the meanings of the following words then use them in your own sentences.

arthropod, gastropod, biomass, calcification, metamorphosis, sturgeon

Comprehension

Answer the following questions.

a. What are the indicators of the fact that we are very self-conscious about ourselves these days?

b. How have we celebrated the fact that we have our individual identity?

c. Are we, human beings, really unique? Why/Why not?

d. How do fish recognize each other?

e. What is the function of individuality?

f. What does the mix-up of two selves tell us about our identity?

g. What does the author illustrate with the tale of the nudibranch and the medusa?

h. Why is the author disturbed by the thought of the creatures like the nudibranch and medusa?

i. What does the writer mean by "they remind me of the whole earth at once?"

Critical thinking

a. How does the author make satire on the modern idea of the 'self' based on individuality, independence and uniqueness?

b. Analyze the essay as a creative defense of the interdependence observed in the ecosystem.

Writing

A. Write an essay on "Independence vs. Interdependence" in about 250 words.

B. Write a newspaper article highlighting the increasing individualism in the modern Nepali society.

Grammar

Passive voice

A. Make passive sentences from the following information as in the example.

Example:

Toyota cars/Japan/make : Toyota cars are made in Japan.

a. volleyball/every/country/play

b. spaghetti/boiling water/cook

c. each lesson/an exercise/follow

d. taxes/the price/include

e. extensive information/the internet/find

f. our order/the waiter/took

g. the schedule/the participants/will distribute
h. the police/footprint/found
i. the children/the sandcastles/built
j. the father/the window/not going to open

B. Rewrite the following sentences in the passive voice using the correct form of verbs in the brackets.

a. Call the ambulance! Two boys ..... (injure) in a motorbike accident.
b. The clock ..... (use) since the 17th century.
c. I had to wait outside the classroom while the classroom ..... (clean).
d. The problem ..... (discuss) by the subject specialists at the moment.
e. By the time I came back, the task ..... (finish).
f. Women ..... (say) to be happier than men.
g. Look! The house ..... (destroy) by the fire.
h. The other three reports..... (submit) by next month.
i. Many people ..... (rescue) from the floods by the security persons this year.
j. The state of Florida ..... (hit) by a hurricane that did serious damage.

Listening

A. Answer the questions.

a. What types of books do you want to read?
b. Do you like reading stories or poems? Why?

B. Listen to the audio and write whether the sentences are *True* or *False*.

a. Lisa disliked the book when she first started reading it.
b. Sam and Lisa felt sorry for Paul, the main character in the book.
c. Sam was interested in the mystery about Paul and his brother.
d. Lisa thought the author helped the reader to understand Paul.
e. Sam wished there was more information about football in the book.
f. Lisa liked the way the author developed Paul's character.

C. What is your favourite book? Why?

Speaking

Expressing counter arguments

A. Read the following conversation between two friends on animal testing and notice the expressions of counter arguments.

A: Hi Pooja! How are things?

B: Fine, and you?

A: I'm feeling rather upset today. I could not see some animals being ripped off alive in the science lab.

B: Well, I must say using animals as test subjects for health products is justifiable.

A: As far as I am concerned, I take it as inhumane activity.

B: To be fair, animal testing has been used in the past to aid the development of several vaccines, such as smallpox and rabies. However, animal testing for beauty products causes unneeded pain to animals.

A: Don't you think it is possible to use human volunteers instead of using animals?

B: Exactly. Animals should not be exploited as far as possible.

B. Work with a small group to talk around the questions given below. Use the clues of expressing counter arguments from the box.

a. Is your hometown a good place to live?

b. What's the best thing to eat in your city/village?

c. Is teaching your dream job?

d. Is it better to seek jobs in a foreign country?

e. Is the reservation of quota for a particular sex or caste a good thing?

From my point of view,
It seems to me…..
Personally, I believe/feel…..
What I reckon is…….
If you ask me……..
I'm convinced that ……..

Project work

Go to the forest or a garden and observe how plants, insects and animals depend on each other. Present your observations in the class.

Unit 13 History

Reading

After the World Trade Centre

Before you read

a. What do you see in the given pictures?

b. Have you heard/read about September 11, 2001 attack on the twin towers in the USA? If yes, share your ideas to the class.

Read the following text about the effects of 9/11 on family and friends and do the given tasks.

In 1999, soon after moving to the Fort Greene section of Brooklyn, my wife and I were befriended by Frank and Nicole De Martini, a couple whose lives were closely twinned with the towers of the World Trade Center. Both Frank and Nicole are architects. As Construction Manager of the World Trade Center, Frank's offices were on the 88th floor of Tower 1. Nicole is an employee of the engineering firm that built the World Trade Center, Leslie E. Robertson Associates. Hired as a "surveillance engineer", she was a member of a team that conducted year-round structural integrity inspections of the twin towers. Her offices were on the 35th floor of Tower 2.

Frank is forty-nine, sturdily-built, with wavy salt-and-pepper hair and deeply-etched laugh lines around his eyes. His manner is expansively avuncular and nothing pleases him more than when the conversation turns to a subject on which he can offer his expert advice. For Frank, the twin towers were both a livelihood and a passion: he would speak of them with the absorbed fascination with which poets sometimes speak of Dante's canzones. Nicole is forty-two, blonde and blue-eyed, with a gaze that is at once brisk and friendly. She was born in Basel, Switzerland, and met Frank while studying 'design' in New York. They have two children, Sabrina, 10, and Dominic, 8, who are unusually well-matched with mine, in age, gender and temperament: it was through our children that we first met.

Frank and Nicole's relationship with the World Trade Center was initiated by the

basement bomb explosion of 1993. Shortly afterwards, Frank was hired to do bomb damage assessment. An assignment that he had thought would last only a few months, turned quickly into a consuming passion. “He fell in love with the buildings,” Nicole told me. “For him they represented an incredible human feat; he was awed by their scale and magnitude, by the innovative design features, and by the efficiency of the use of materials. One of his most-repeated sayings about the towers is that they were built to take the impact of a light airplane.”

On the morning of Tuesday, September 11, 2001, Frank and Nicole dropped their children off at their school, in Brooklyn Heights, and then drove on to the World Trade Center. Traffic was light and they arrived unexpectedly early, so Nicole decided to go up to Frank’s office for a quick cup of coffee. It was about a quarter past eight when they reached Frank’s office. A half hour later, Nicole pushed back her chair and stood up to go. She was on her way out the door, when the walls and the floor suddenly heaved under the shock of a massive impact. Franks’ office commanded a panoramic southwards view, looking towards the Statue of Liberty and the harbour. Now, through the thick plates of glass, she saw a wave of flame bursting out overhead, like a torrent spewing from the floodgates of a dam. The blast was clearly centered on the floor directly above: she assumed that it was a bomb. Neither she nor Frank was unduly alarmed: very few people knew the building’s strength and resilience better than they. They assumed that the worst was over and the structure had absorbed the impact: it was now a question of coping with the damage. Sure enough, within seconds of the initial tumult, a sense of calm descended on their floor. Frank herded Nicole and a group of some two dozen other people into a room that was relatively free of smoke. Then, he went off to scout the escape routes and stairways. Minutes later he returned to announce that he had found a stairway that was intact: they could reach it fairly easily, by climbing over a pile of rubble.

The bank of rubble that barred the entrance to the fire escape was about knee-high. Just as she was about to clamber over, Nicole saw that Frank was hanging back. She stopped beside him and begged him to come with her, imploring him to think of the family. He shook his head and told her to go on, without him. There were people on their floor who’d been hurt by the blast, he said; he would follow her down as soon as he had helped the injured on their way. She could tell that she would have no success in swaying her husband; his belief in the building was absolute; he was not persuaded that the structure was seriously harmed - nor for that matter was she, but now she could only think of her children. She joined the people in the stairway while Frank stayed behind to direct the line.

Frank must have gone back to the Port Authority offices shortly afterwards for he made a call from his desk at about nine o’clock. He called his sister Nina on West 93rd street in Manhattan and said: ‘Nicole and I are fine. Don’t worry.’

Nicole remembers the descent as quiet and orderly. The evacuees went down in single

file, leaving room for the firemen who were running in the opposite direction. All along the way, people helped each other, offering water and support to those who needed them. On every floor, there were people to direct the evacuees and there was never any sense of panic. In the lower reaches of the building, there was even electricity. The descent took about half an hour, and on reaching the plaza Nicole began to walk in the direction of the Brooklyn Bridge. She was within a few hundred feet of the Bridge when the first tower collapsed. "It was like the onset of a nuclear winter," she recalls. "Suddenly everything went absolutely quiet and you were in the middle of a fog that was as blindingly bright as a snowstorm on a sunny day."

It was early evening by the time Nicole reached her home in Fort Greene. She had received calls from several people who had seen Frank on their way down the fire escape, but he had not been heard from directly. Their children stayed with us that night while Nicole sat up with Frank's sister, Nina, waiting by the telephone. It was decided that the children would not be told anything until there was more news.

Next morning, Nicole decided that her children had to be told that there was no word of their father. Both she and Nina were calm and perfectly collected when they arrived at our door; although they had not slept all night, neither their faces nor their bearing betrayed the slightest sign of what they had lived through. Nicole's voice was grave but unwavering as she spoke to her children about what had happened the day before. I was awed by her courage: it seemed to me that this example of everyday heroism was itself a small victory - if such could be imagined - over the unspeakable horror the city had witnessed the day before.

The children listened with wide-eyed interest, but soon afterwards they went back to their interrupted games. A little later, my son came to me and whispered: "Guess what Dominic's doing?"

"What?" I said, steeling myself.

"He's learning to wiggle his ears."

This was, I realised, how my children - or any children, for that matter - would have responded: turning their attention elsewhere, during the age that would pass before the news began to gain purchase in their minds.

At about noon, we took the children to Fort Greene Park. It was a bright, sunny day and the children were soon absorbed in riding their bicycles and scooters. In the meanwhile, my wife Deborah and I sat on a shaded bench and spoke with Nicole. "An hour passed between the blast and the fall of the building," she said. "Frank could easily have got out in that time. The only thing I can think of is that he stayed back to help with the evacuation. Nobody knew the building like he did and he must have thought he had to do it."

Nicole paused. "I think it was only because Frank saw me leave, that he decided that he could stay," she said. "He knew that I would be safe and the kids would be looked

after. That was why he felt he could go back to help the others. He loved the towers and had complete faith in them. Whatever happens, I know that what he did was his own choice."

- *Amitav Ghosh*

Working with words

A. Match the words with their definitions/meanings.

a.	passion	i.	like an uncle
b.	surveillance	ii.	powerful attraction
c.	integrity	iii.	the power or ability of a material to return to its original form, position, etc., after being bent, compressed, or stretched
d.	avuncular	iv.	any powerful or compelling emotion or feeling, as love or hate
e.	livelihood	v.	an unobstructed and wide view of an extensive area in all directions
f.	fascination	vi.	an idea, practice, or object that is perceived as new
g.	innovation	vii.	the removal of people or things from an endangered area
h.	panorama	viii.	continuous observation of a place, person, group, or ongoing activity in order to gather information
i.	resilience	ix.	a means of supporting one's existence
j.	evacuation	x.	the state of being whole, entire, or undiminished

B. Define the following professionals. One has been done for you.

architect, civil engineer, mechanical engineer, aerospace engineer, automobile engineer, electronic engineer, electrical engineer, computer engineer, food engineer, chemical engineer, biomedical engineer.

Example: *An architect is an engineer who designs buildings and advises in their construction*.

C. With the help of your teacher or a dictionary, pronounce these words. What vowel sounds do they contain? Make a list of them.

but, cut, sun, lust, fun, gun, run, jump, bulb, blood	top, lot, job, sob, box, bomb, dog, hot	the, ago, again, alike, father	caught, bought, thought, taught, naught, sought, born, torn	bird, first, fur, turn, girl, sir, firm, germ, learn, verb

Comprehension

Answer the following questions.

a. Where were Frank and Nicole employed?

b. How does the author describe Frank's attachment to the twin towers?

c. How did the two families become intimate with each other?

d. What, according to Nicole, did Frank think of the towers?

e. Why did Frank want to help the people in the tower after the attack?

f. Why did Frank not follow Nicole's request even after knowing that the building was on fire?

g. Who did Frank call from the building after the attack?

h. How did Nicole feel after the collapse of the first tower?

i. Were Frank's children serious as soon as they heard the news of their missing father? Why?

Critical thinking

a. Many innocent people lose their lives in ruthless attacks every year. What do you think the governments should do to protect their people from such attacks and make the world a safer place to live? Discuss with your friends.

b. Revenge and violence are the integral parts of the history and civilization. They can't be ignored, only managed. Do you agree or not with this statement? Present your logic.

Writing

A. Write a description of an event that you have recently witnessed.

B. Human life does not pass as one expects. You might have also gone through different but memorable incidents. Write an essay on 'An Unforgettable Event in my Life' in about 500 words.

Grammar

Prepositions

A. Look at the following examples. Which parts of speech do the words in bold belong to?

a. She was born **in** Basel Switzerland and met Frank while studying design **in** New York. Frank's offices were **on** the 88th floor of the tower.

b. My wife and I were befriended by Frank and Nicole **in** 1999. **At** about noon, we took the children to Fort Green Park.

c. He suddenly saw Sue **across** the room.

d. I'd seen them walking **along** the road past my window several times before.

e. The castle sat in the mountains **above** the town.

f. She stood **among** all her friends in the room and felt very happy.

g. He sneezed **during** the performance.

h. You can't catch a big fish **with** a small rod like that.

i. Do not throw stones **at** the dogs. They may bite you.

B. Complete these sentences with the correct prepositions.

a. The relationship ……..the two boys has changed significantly over the past few years.

b. In Nepal, many girls get married ……..an early age.

c. I'm not ……..the mood for such silly games.

d. There were no security personnel……..duty at that time.

e. The new smartphone is similar ……..the one I bought a few years ago.

f. My dad insisted …….. taking the later train.

g. People …….. ambition always try to achieve their goals, no matter what happens.

h. Mr Jenkins has been disabled all his life as a result …….. a childhood illness.

i. We bought the TV because it was …….. sale.

j. She has no understanding …….. how computers really work.

k. I gave him my new T-shirt in exchange …….. a few cigarettes.

l. The company is run …….. two people who hardly ever meet.

m. All the celebrations and parties were called …… because of the tragic accident.

n. There was a great need …….. volunteers at the site of the crash.

C. Complete the following text with correct prepositions.

What are we seeing here? One very real possibility is that these are the educational consequences of the differences…….. parenting styles that we talked about …….. the Chris Langan chapter. Think back to Alex Williams, the nine-year-old whom Annette Lareau studied. His parents believe……..concerted cultivation. He gets taken……..museums and gets enrolled ……..special programs and goes ……..summer camp, where he takes classes. When he's bored……..home, there are plenty of books to read, and his parents see it as their responsibility to keep him actively engaged ……..the world ……..him. It's hard to see how Alex would get better……..reading and math …….. the summer.

Simple future, future continuous, future perfect and future perfect continuous

A. Study the following sentences. Notice the verb forms in bold.

a. She will **win** the competition.

b. She will be **waiting** when we arrive.

c. I will have **finished** this work by next week.

d. I will have been **living** here for one-year next month.

B. Make sentences from the given clues as stated in brackets.

a. Who/pass the exam? (future simple)

b. How/you/get home? (future continuous)

c. I/come later. (future simple)

d. She/catch the train by 3 pm. (future perfect)

e. It/rain tomorrow. (future simple)

f. John/sleep at 4 am. (future continuous)

g. How long/you/see your boyfriend when you get married? (future perfect continuous)

h. It/rain in Kathmandu next week. (future continuous)

i. How long/you/work here when you retire? (future perfect continuous)

j. He / not / finish the cleaning by the time she gets home. (future perfect)

C. Complete the following sentences with the correct future tense form of the verbs in the brackets.

a. It …… (snow) in Brighton tomorrow evening.

b. On Friday at 8 o'clock, I …… (to meet) my friend.

c. Wait! I …… (to drive) you to the station.

d. When they get married in March, they …… (to be) together for six years.

e. You're carrying too much. I …… (to open) the door for you.

f. Do you think the teacher …… (to mark) our homework by Monday morning?

g. When I see you tomorrow, I …… (show) you my new book.

h. After you take a nap, you …… (to feel) a lot better

i. I …… (to let) you know the second the builders finish decorating.

j. We …… (to wait) in the shelter until the bus comes.

k. I'm very sorry, Dr. Jones …… (not be) back in the clinic until 2pm.

l. This summer, I …… (to live) in Birgunj for four years.

m. I don't think you …… (to have) any problems when you land in Pokhara.

n. The baby should be due soon, next week she …… (to be) pregnant for nine months.

o. By the time we get home, they …… (to play) football for 30 minutes.

p. When you get off the train, I …… (to wait) for you by the ticket machine.

q. This time next week, I …… (ski) in Switzerland!

r. Now, I …… (to check) my answers.

Listening

A. Look at the picture and answer these questions.

a. Who is the person in the picture?

b. What is the most terrible incident that took place in his tenure as the president?

B. Listen to the audio and tick the correct answer.

a. Which of the following professionals did NOT suffer casualty in the attack?

i. military ii. businessmen iii. politicians

b. What according to the speaker was NOT seen after the terrorist attack?

i. Pictures of aeroplanes flying in the buildings

ii. Huge structures falling

iii. Piercing shrieks of the victims

c. How many cities were affected by the terrorist attack?

i. 2 ii. 3 iii. 4

d. Which of the following foundations will remain untouched in the terrorist attacks?

i. The foundation of the nation

ii. The foundation of the buildings

iii. The foundation of the bridges

e. What is the speaker's attitude towards the military?

i. Praise ii. Anger iii. Aversion

f. Who do you think is the speaker?

i. The army chief ii. The home minister iii. The head of the state

C. Listen to the audio again and state whether the statements are *True* or *False*.

a. The speaker is addressing the nation at the daybreak.
b. The attack is directly targeted to American freedom.
c. The speaker cautions the nationals of the possible future attacks.
d. The world community is acknowledged by the speaker.
e. All the Americans were asked to pray for the peace.
f. The Americans are going to forget the incident as soon as possible.

D. Imagine you are a witness of this incidents. Narrate it as a witness.

Speaking

Speculation

A. See what the following people are talking.

B. Read the following dialogue. Underline the expressions that express speculations.

Kripa : Have you heard the story about the recent acid attack on a young woman in Biratnagar?

Bijay : No, that sounds horrible! Can you tell me more about the incident?

Kripa : Well, her husband threw acid on her face.

Bijay : Her husband? Why would he do that?

Kripa : He could be a victim of depression.

Bijay : No, that's crazy. Instead, I dare say he was not satisfied with dowry.

Kripa : Yeah, that's quite likely. Or, it seems to me that he wanted a male

child from his wife.

Bijay : Definitely! That's most likely.

Kripa : I believe recent changes in law will help mitigate all sorts of acid attacks against women.

Bijay : Let's hope so.

C. Choose the correct option for each of the gaps below.

a. It …… be a good idea, but I doubt it. (must/ probably/ possible/ could)

b. It's …… going to happen. (definitely/sure/hardly/well)

c. There's a fifty percent …… of rain in the afternoon. (gamble/chance/ odds/bet)

d. There's a …… possibility of rain. (slight/medium/middle/wide)

e. It might …… break down. (well/may be/certainly/have)

D. Work in pairs and take turns to speculate in the following situations. Use the structures from the box.

a. What kind of food is most popular in your country?

b. Why is fast food more popular among youths?

c. Why isn't organic food more popular?

… seems / looks (like) …….
I guess / I imagine …….
……. is obviously / probably ….
…. might / may/ maybe / perhaps …….
I'm not sure exactly but …..
I suppose / I'm fairly sure …..
I expect ….

Project work

Visit a library and find a book about the history of Nepal. Find an event which had caused the loss of many people. Study the event and prepare a report including the information based on the following questions. Present your report to the class.

- What is the event?
- When did it happen?
- Why did it happen?
- What were the consequences?

Reading

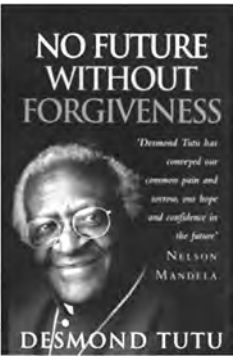
"I am Sorry"- The Hardest Three Words to Say

Before you read

a. Who is Desmond Tutu? What do you know about him?

b. What do you understand by apartheid policy?

c. Is forgiveness possible in all cases? If not, what kinds of cases cannot be forgiven?



Read the following text to know how black people suffered from apartheid policy in South Africa and do the given tasks.

There were so many nights when I, as a young boy, had to watch helplessly as my father verbally and physically abused my mother. I can still recall the smell of alcohol, see the fear in my mother's eyes and feel the hopeless despair that comes when we see people we love hurting each other in incomprehensible ways. I would not wish that experience on anyone, especially not a child.

If I dwell on those memories, I can feel myself wanting to hurt my father back, in the same ways he hurt my mother, and in ways of which I was incapable as a small boy. I see my mother's face and I see this gentle human being whom I loved so very much and who did nothing to deserve the pain inflicted on her.

When I recall this story, I realise how difficult the process of forgiving truly is. Intellectually, I know my father caused pain because he himself was in pain. Spiritually, I know my faith tells me my father deserves to be forgiven as God forgives us all. But it is still difficult. The traumas we have witnessed or experienced live on in our memories. Even years later they can cause us fresh pain each time we recall them.

If I traded lives with my father, if I had experienced the stresses and pressures my father faced, if I had to bear the burdens he bore, would I have behaved as he did? I do

not know. I hope I would have been different, but I do not know.

My father has long since died, but if I could speak to him today, I would want to tell him that I had forgiven him. What would I say to him? I would begin by thanking him for all the wonderful things he did for me as my father, but then I would tell him that there was this one thing that hurt me very much. I would tell him how what he did to my mother affected me, how it pained me.

Perhaps he would hear me out; perhaps he would not. But still I would forgive him.

Why would I do such a thing? I know it is the only way to heal the pain in my boyhood heart. Forgiveness is not dependent on the actions of others. Yes, it is certainly easier to offer forgiveness when the perpetrator expresses remorse and offers some sort of reparation or restitution. Then, you can feel as if you have been paid back in some way. You can say: "I am willing to forgive you for stealing my pen, and after you give me my pen back, I shall forgive you." This is the most familiar pattern of forgiveness. We don't forgive to help the other person. We don't forgive for others. We forgive for ourselves. Forgiveness, in other words, is the best form of self-interest.

Forgiveness takes practice, honesty, open-mindedness and a willingness (even if it is a weary willingness) to try. It isn't easy. Perhaps you have already tried to forgive someone and just couldn't do it. Perhaps you have forgiven and the person did not show remorse or change his or her behaviour or own up to his or her offences – and you find yourself unforgiving all over again. It is perfectly normal to want to hurt back when you have been hurt. But hurting back rarely satisfies. We think it will, but it doesn't. If I slap you after you slap me, it does not lessen the sting I feel on my own face, nor does it diminish my sadness over the fact that you have struck me. Retaliation gives, at best, only momentary respite from our pain. The only way to experience healing and peace is to forgive. Until we can forgive, we remain locked in our pain and locked out of the possibility of experiencing healing and freedom, locked out of the possibility of being at peace.

As a father myself, raising children has sometimes felt like training for a forgiveness marathon. Like other parents, my wife, Leah, and I could create a whole catalogue of the failures and irritations our children have served up. As infants, their loud squalls disturbed our slumber. Even as one or the other of us stumbled out of

bed, the irritation at being woken and the thoughts of the fatigue that would lie like a pall over the coming day gave way to the simple acknowledgment that this was a baby. This is what babies do. The loving parent slides easily into the place of acceptance, even gratitude, for the helpless bundle of tears. Toddler tantrums might provoke an answering anger in a mother or father, but it will be quickly replaced by the understanding that a little person does not yet have the language to express the flood of feelings contained in his or her body. Acceptance comes.

As our own children grew, they found new (and remarkably creative) ways of testing our patience, our resolve and our rules and limits. We learned time and again to turn their transgressions into teaching moments. But mostly we learned to forgive them over and over again, and fold them back into our embrace. We know our children are so much more than the sum of everything they have done wrong. Their stories are more than rehearsals of their repeated need for forgiveness. We know that even the things they did wrong were opportunities for us to teach them to be citizens of the world. We have been able to forgive them because we have known their humanity. We have seen the good in them.

In the 1960s, South Africa was in the fierce grip of apartheid. When the Bantu Education system of inferior education for black children was instituted by the government, Leah and I left the teaching profession in protest. We vowed we would do all in our power to ensure our children were never subjected to the brain-washing that passed for education in South Africa. Instead, we enrolled our children in schools in neighbouring Swaziland. Six times each year we made the 3,000-mile drive from Alice in the Eastern Cape to my parents› home in Krugersdorp. After spending the night with them, we would drive five hours to Swaziland, drop off or pick up the children at their schools and drive back to Krugersdorp to rest before the long drive home. There were no hotels or inns that would accommodate black guests at any price.

During one of those trips, my father said he wanted to talk. I was exhausted. We were halfway home and had driven 10 hours to drop the children at school. Sleep beckoned. We still had another 15-hour drive back to our home in Alice. Driving through the Karoo – that vast expanse of semi-desert in the middle of South Africa – was always trying. I told my father I was tired and had a headache. «We›ll talk tomorrow, in the morning,» I said. We headed to Leah›s mother›s home half an hour away. The next morning, my niece came to wake us with the news: my father was dead.

I was grief-stricken. I loved my father very much and while his temper pained me greatly, there was so much about him that was loving, wise and witty. And then, there was the guilt. With his sudden death I would never be able to hear what he had wanted to say. Was there some great stone on his heart that he had wanted to remove? Might

he have wanted to apologise for the abuse he had inflicted on my mother when I was a boy? I will never know. It has taken me many, many years to forgive myself for my insensitivity, for not honouring my father one last time with the few moments he wanted to share with me. Honestly, the guilt still stings.

When I reflect back across the years to his drunken tirades, I realise now that it was not just with him that I was angry. I was angry with myself. Cowering in fear as a boy, I had not been able to stand up to my father or protect my mother. So many years later, I realise that I not only have to forgive my father, I have to forgive myself.

A human life is a great mixture of goodness, beauty, cruelty, heartbreak, indifference, love and so much more. All of us share the core qualities of our human nature and so sometimes we are generous and sometimes selfish. Sometimes we are thoughtful and other times thoughtless; sometimes we are kind and sometimes cruel. This is not a belief. This is a fact.

No one is born a liar or a rapist or a terrorist. No one is born full of hatred. No one is born full of violence. No one is born in any less glory or goodness than you or me. But on any given day, in any given situation, in any painful life experience, this glory and goodness can be forgotten, obscured or lost. We can easily be hurt and broken, and it is good to remember that we can just as easily be the ones who have done the hurting and the breaking.

The simple truth is, we all make mistakes, and we all need forgiveness. There is no magic wand we can wave to go back in time and change what has happened or undo the harm that has been done, but we can do everything in our power to set right what has been made wrong. We can endeavour to make sure the harm never happens again.

There are times when all of us have been thoughtless, selfish or cruel. But no act is unforgivable; no person is beyond redemption. Yet, it is not easy to admit one's wrongdoing and ask for forgiveness. "I am sorry" are perhaps the three hardest words to say. We can come up with all manner of justifications to excuse what we have done. When we are willing to let down our defences and look honestly at our actions, we find there is a great freedom in asking for forgiveness and great strength in admitting the wrong. It is how we free ourselves from our past errors. It is how we are able to move forward into our future, unfettered by the mistakes we have made.

- Desmond Tutu

Working with words

A. Pair the following words as opposites.

despair, kind, fresh, strange, normal, fierce, hope, selfish, corrupt, stale, familiar, eccentric, gentle, generous, cruel, honest

B. By adding a suitable suffix to each word in the table, form another word as in the examples below.

Examples: *willing - willingness; heart - hearty; strength - strengthen*

into noun	into adjective	into verb
open-minded	pain	less
accommodate	differ	sure
rehearse	behave	real
transgress	remark	glory
angry	indifference	power
mix	thought	prison

C. Pronounce the following words with the help of a dictionary.

a. viewer, sure, cure, fluent, poor, affluence, flower, curious, tourist, allowance, usual, intellectual, visual, mature, endure

b. join, coin, boy, voice, noise, soil, hoist, moist, avoid, toy, toilet, annoy, enjoy, poison

Comprehension

A. Write *True* or *False* after each statement. Give reason for your answer.

a. The author says his father was an ideal person in the family.

b. The author wanted to forgive his father but he did not get an opportunity.

c. It's worth forgiving a person if he/she realizes his/her mistakes.

d. South Africa had dual type of education system in the 1960s.

e. The author lived in a joint family.

f. The author regretted for not getting a chance to talk to his father.

g. According to the author, all our glories and splendours are short-lived.

B. Answer the following questions.

a. How does the author remember his family environment when he was a small boy?

b. Why does the author blame system more than his father?

c. How does the principle of forgiveness work?

d. How does the author interpret the noises, squalls and tantrums of his children?

e. Why did the author decide to educate his children in Swaziland?

f. How does the author define human life?

g. According to the author, is it heredity or environment that shapes a man's

character? Explain.

h. Why is forgiveness important in our life?

Critical thinking

a. Desmond Tutu once said, "Forgiving is not forgetting; it's actually remembering–remembering and not using your right to hit back. It's a second chance for a new beginning." Does this quotation apply to this text? Analyze.

b. The author interprets 'I am sorry' as three hardest words to say. How does it apply to your life?

Writing

The author talks about dual education system based on race in South Africa in the second half of the twentieth century. We also have private schools and public schools in Nepal. What should be done to make education equal to all citizens of Nepal? Write a couple of paragraphs expressing your views.

Grammar

Connectives

A. Join the following pairs of sentences using *when* and *while*.

a. Bibha Kumari was doing her homework. The doorbell rang.

b. I heard the telephone ring. I picked it up.

c. Dil Maya found a thousand rupee note. She was washing her pants.

d. Tenjing gave his measurements to the dressmaker. He was visiting the market yesterday.

e. I was at the butcher's shop. I met Harikala.

f. The sales agent was dealing with the customer. A thief stole the jewels.

g. My small brother was sleeping. I played chess with my father.

h. The old lady fell down. She was climbing up the stairs.

i. The leader was giving a speech loudly. He lost his voice.

j. Kanchan broke her backbone. She was lifting up the load.

B. Study the following sentences.

a. I know my father caused pain **because** he himself was in pain.

b. All of us share the core qualities of our human nature and **so** sometimes we are generous and sometimes selfish.

c. My father has long since died, **but** if I could speak to him today, I would want to tell him that I had forgiven him.

Now, fill in the blanks with one of the connectives from the box.

so	because	as	since	due to	owing to	because of

a. We didn't go for a morning walk today ……it was raining

b. I wanted to go home early …… I was not feeling well.

c. My brother stayed at home……his illness.

d. I was late in the class ……..traffic jam.

e. He didn't like dogs…….he was not happy when his wife brought a puppy home.

f. He was not included in the team ……..his knee injury.

g. ……I was tired, I went to bed early.

h. He was very unhappy …….he lost one million rupees in share market.

i. We cancelled our trip to Rara Lake …… the bad weather.

j. These two lines intersect with each other. ……they are not parallel lines.

Listening

A. Answer the following questions.

a. Who is Nelson Mandela?

b. What is Nelson Mandela remembered for in the world?

B. Listen to the audio and write whether the following statements are *True* or *False*.

a. Nelson Mandela spent nearly three decades in prison.

b. He came out of the prison with a strong desire of revenge towards his oppressors.

c. The interviewer is impressed with Mandela's attitude.

d. Mandela wanted to show himself as a great man in the world.

e. The interviewer says Mandela is a celebrity.

f. Mandela says only an honest man can change the society and the world.

g. According to Mandela, humility is not an essential quality for a leader.

C. What do you know more about Nelson Mandela? Talk to your friends.

Speaking

Criticising

A. Observe how Anil's room looks.

The room is messy.
Things are scattered on the floor.
The table is filthy.
He hangs the washing on a line in the room.
He doesn't make his bed.
He doesn't sweep the floor.
He rarely dusts the furniture.
He is indolent.

Now, discuss in groups. What should (or shouldn't) he do?

B. Work in groups. Have similar conversations about the following people as in the example.

Example: Anu always fails her exams.

Sanket: Anu always fails her exams.

Muskan: It's her own fault. She should have been regular to the class.

Ramila: She should have taken tuition classes.

Ankit: And, she shouldn't have watched TV a lot.

a. Kailash was bitten by a dog.

b. Gaurav was short of sleep.

c. Sabina hit the lamppost while she was driving.

d. Kriti couldn't submit her project on time.

e. Chhiring got COVID - 19.

f. Lunibha was scolded by her parents.

g. Abdul got a huge loss in his business.

Project work

There may be different kinds of discrimination in terms of race, gender, age, religion, disability, region, etc. in your community. Write a paragraph remembering an incident in which you experienced/witnessed discrimination and raised your voice against it. Share it to the class.

Unit 15 Leisure and Entertainment

Reading

A Journey Back in Time!

Before you read

a. What are the children doing in the picture?

b. What do you love doing in your free time?

Now read the following text about one of the ways of escaping our monotonous daily routine: a visit to a beautiful place and do the given tasks.

Just fed up with the hectic pace of life in the Kathmandu metropolis, a few of us old classmates got together and decided to go on a little trip to a little town called Bandipur. A friend of ours, a native of the place, had told us so much about the place that at last after much delaying we set out for the weekend to discover the place where none of us had been before - a place where old Nepal lives on. Bandipur! The very name for us seemed to spell magic! We were soon to learn that there is a great deal of truth in the belief that time stops in the town of Bandipur. That a tiny piece of Old Nepal still lives on in that cool, cobbled Newar settlement.

Our journey uphill to Bandipur, our destination branched off the Prithvi Rajmarg about two kilometres west of Dumre and which we reached by catching the local bus service. In less than an hour, we reached the medieval town. If we felt like a bit of adventure, we could have done the two plus hour steep climb up from Dumre. But with not much time on our hands, we decided otherwise and in about a three hour bus ride from noisy Kathmandu, we suddenly found ourselves almost a century back in time. We were in the medieval town of Bandipur!

History has it that Bandipur was part of the Magar kingdom of Tanahun ruled from nearby Palpa, Tansen the Headquarters. But Newar traders flooded in from Kathmandu, Bhaktapur and Patan after the conquest of Kathmandu Valley by Prithvi Narayan Shah. The town in those days was an important stop on the Nepal-Tibet trade route until it was bypassed by the Prithvi Rajmarg below in the 1960s. Bandipur, like several other hill towns, faced several problems during the Maoist insurgency but things gradually

reverted to normal, and peace and quiet pervades the place once more.

The town derives its name from BAN meaning forest, DI that means water in the Magar language and PUR meaning a place. So originally Bandipur must have been a forest area with plenty of water. The town, which is built along a high ridge above Dumre, occupies a vantage point and from the Tundikhel below one can view the most stunning panorama of Himalayan peaks from Dhaulagiri, Machhapuchhre, Langtang, Lirung, Manaslu, right down to Ganesh Himal.

The place was just as our friend told us. With its ancient cobbled streets and the medieval ambience displayed by old houses that exhibit glorious 18th century architecture, Bandipur continues to retain the timeless magic of the centuries. Later in the course of our short stay, we discovered that at the northeast end of the bazaar, was the main shopping strip. Nearby stands the ornate two-tiered Bindabasini Temple dedicated to Durga, the guardian deity of the town. Needless to say, we spent the weekend just lazing around and loitering around the town or making short trips to nearby temples, viewpoints and some mysterious caves.

Bandipur is probably the only example of a town that is truly a living museum of Newar culture. Its winding lanes are lined with tall Newar houses and people here seem to live, as they must have done years before. It is somewhat hard to believe that a town tucked away somewhere up in the hills and barely three hours away from Kathmandu has by default managed to escape the ravages of modern day development.

Thanks to the help from Himalayan Encounters and enterprising locals, dilapidated buildings have been given a face-lift and now come alive once more transformed as cafes and lodges. Some notable ones are Bandipur Guest House, Old Bandipur Inn,

Bandipur Mountain Resort, Piya Lodge, Raksha Hotel and Lodge, Pradhan Family Guest House etc. Ancient temples and civic buildings almost in ruins now throb with new life and vitality and currently buzz with human activity.

These timely and thoughtful measures have enabled life in Bandipur to go on as ever clean and pollution free. While we were there we saw no sign whatsoever of two or four wheelers in the main town area. A living community, the locals are seen doing their daily chores, the tinkling of bells as women do their early temple rounds, noisy school children and campus students thronging the main thoroughfare of the town and villagers, farmers and traders going about their business.

Today the form of business in Bandipur has changed from the traditional variety. It is a tourism related business today. Those locals that migrated down to Dumre, Narayanghat and to Kathmandu in search of greener pastures still come back to the place once in a while to get away from it all. As our friend from Bandipur put it, "Yes I still have my house in Bandipur and will not sell it as long as I live. My children can do what they like with it after I am gone but as long as I am around I will in no way put an end to the umbilical cord that binds me to the place of my birth."

"Though I have a thriving business in Kathmandu," he continued, "I still go there to our old ancestral house with my family to celebrate Dashain, Tihar and other festivals. My younger brother runs a lodge there and is doing well too and has maintained the place very well. I don't know how to put it but when I am up there in Bandipur, after a couple of months in this Kathmandu hellhole, an indescribable feeling of happiness overcomes my being and I am completely at peace. When I am there I realize how much I miss the place. It is my life, my very identity."

When we were up there we fully understood that feeling of belongingness to the place. No doubt, Bandipur does have that magnetic pull. It is indeed a magical town and we were attracted to it immediately. The place is something out of this world. It was like travelling back in time back to old Nepal of a century ago. Since tourism is now the mainstay of Bandipur, almost every house is either a café, a pub or a hotel. As our friend had told us earlier, the local school children speak good English as it is necessary for family business purposes and moreover, to interact with tourists."

To our surprise, even small, clean, humble Magar HOMESTAY dwellings with just two rooms and four clean beds do good business. Exploring the place one morning, we entered one such place near the town area and out of sheer curiosity, asked to make us some breakfast. Not knowing what to order we asked the Magar lady to make us what

she made best. Meanwhile we looked around the spotlessly clean place and saw a little refrigerator in a corner, a shelf stacked with biscuits, instant noodles, trekker's food, cornflakes, different types of beer, varieties of canned food, tea, coffee etc.

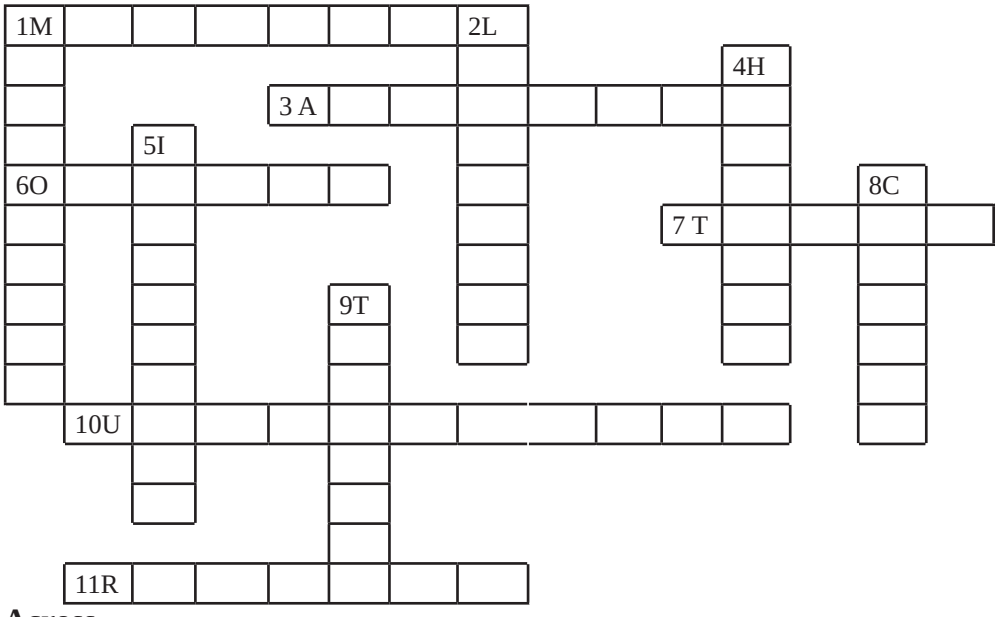
Within minutes the lady of the house put before us cheese omelettes, two slices of bread each and finger chips. Later we washed it down with glasses of excellent milk coffee. It was perfect and far beyond our expectations. The next morning we visited the place again. The lady greeted us with a knowing smile and this time without our saying made us pancakes with Bandipur honey and again milk coffee to go with it. We unanimously agreed that it tasted absolutely divine! Maybe the local spices and extra ingredients of love and affection that went into it made it all the more memorable.

The next evening we unwillingly caught the bus to dusty, dirty, crowded, polluted and impersonal - 21st century Kathmandu to face life once more. The teeming metropolis soon made us realize what we had been missing. The hangover of Bandipur, however, has remained so strong that we have decided on another trip to Bandipur in the near future. But this time, on a longer and weeklong trip to the place!

- Anand P. Shrestha

Working with words

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



Across

1. outdated, of or relating to the Middle Ages
3. the character and atmosphere of a place

6. highly decorated
7. beat with a strong, regular rhythm; survive
10. with the agreement of all people involved
11. the destructive effects of something

Down

1. a large city
2. wandering from place to place without any purpose
4. an unpleasant place; a place of extreme misery
5. an active revolt or uprising
8. paved with cobbles
9. prosperous and growing; flourishing

B. Look up the meanings of the following words in your dictionary.

amenities, exquisite, etiquette, accommodation, mainstay, antique

C. Underline the content words in the following sentences.

Example: A <u>brown</u> <u>fox</u> <u>jumps</u> over the <u>lazy</u> <u>dog</u> <u>quickly</u>.

a. The cat sat lazily on the dirty mat.
b. She gives performances on the stage beautifully.
c. Don't count your chickens before they are hatched.
d. I came I saw I conquered.
e. It is my life, my very identity.

Comprehension

Answer the following questions.

a. Why did the author and his classmates decide to visit Bandipur?
b. What is special about Bandipur?
c. How has the business changed in Bandipur today?
d. Why do the local people who have migrated to Kathmandu visit Bandipur time and again?
e. How do the local people learn to speak English in Bandipur?
f. What does the author mean when he says that 'time stops in the town of Bandipur'?

Critical thinking

a. The writer seems to believe that rural life is better than urban life. Do you agree with him?
b. Is the writer's way of looking at Bandipur just a gaze of an urban tourist? Why? Why not?

Writing

Write a letter to a business organization overseas describing the prospects of the tourism industry in your local place. Consider the following points in the letter.

- Propose to venture in tourism business.
- Persuade the organization head to visit the place once.
- Clearly dig out the specialties and potentialities of the place.
- Explain its archaeological and historical importance.

Grammar

Miscellaneous agreements

A. Tick the correct one.

a. He has obtained full mark/marks.
b. More than two boys were/was absent.
c. One of the boy/boys was not found there.
d. His wonder knew no bounds/bound.
e. I give you my words/word.
f. He gave me much/many good advice/advices.
g. He gave wrong information/informations.
h. Give me two dozens/dozen eggs.
i. Six miles is/are a long distance.
j. The clock has struck four hours/hour.
k. Would you lend me a ten rupees/rupee note?
l. Nepal government makes five year/years development plan.
m. They went to Singapore on a four days/day trip.

B. Which of the sentence is correct in each pair? Rewrite the correct one.

a. My all books are lost. All my books are lost.
b. His both brothers are ill. Both his brothers are ill.
c. Give me a hundred rupee. Give a hundred rupees.
d. Everybody except me was absent. Everybody except I was absent.
e. He was died of fever. He died of fever.
f. It is raining for a week. It has been raining for a week.
g. I have seen my friend long ago. I saw my friend long ago.
h. My friend has gone out before I arrived. My friend had gone out before I arrived.
i. He said he has never seen him before. He said he had never seen him before.
j. He assured he will come. He assured he would come.

Listening

A. Answer these questions.

a. Have you ever planned for a holiday?

b. What sort of place do you like to visit on a holiday?

B. Listen to the audio and write whether the following statements are *True* or *False*.

a. The speakers are planning to take a holiday in spring.

b. They are planning to take a holiday in Greece.

c. They are planning to stay there for two weeks.

d. They are planning to go on holiday in May.

e. The girl prefers staying in cottages to staying in hotels.

f. They plan to travel around by bus.

g. The palace apartment does not have enough bedrooms.

i. The second cottage is not near the town.

j. The town house is spacious, but doesn't have a garden.

C. Have you ever visited any famous place? Tell your likes and dislikes about the place you visited.

Speaking

Expressing indifference

A. Study the following expressions of indifference.

So what?	It doesn't matter what you think.
Who cares!	What difference does it make?
I don't care!	I couldn't care less.Whatever you do?
I'm easy.	It's your decision.
I don't mind./ I don't mind whatever you do.	Who knows!
	Why should I care?
Do as you like.	It makes no difference to me.
It's all the same to me.	The whole thing bores me to death.
It doesn't matter to me.	
I have no preference.	
I suppose so.	

B. Read the conversation and mark the expressions of indifference.

Two students are talking in the cafeteria.

A: Hey, Sudhir! Are you OK?

B: Fine, Rajendra. What's up?

A: I suppose you are going to join the protest march this afternoon. Is it true?

B: Oh, why bother? Nothing's going to change from it.

A: You never know. The administration might listen to us this time….

B: It doesn't matter to me. I don't mind what you do, but exclude me.

C. Work in pairs. Have conversations in the following situations. Use the expressions of indifference.

a. You have no particular interest in something and your friend is still talking about it.

b. You are in a restaurant and you ordered some appetizers and then there's just the last piece of the spring roll in front of you. Your friend asks if he could have it.

c. You are waiting outside a mall for someone and then there's someone who's smoking around you. He asks if it's OK for you.

d. You are going to a party and you are confused about selecting a good dress. You ask your friend about it and he is indifferent to any dress you choose.

e. Two teachers are talking about their promotion. One of them is indifferent to it.

f. Two women are talking about the development progress in Nepal.

g. A student can't do well in English exam. He is neither taking interest in English lessons nor he is doing any of the work.

h. You are queuing in to pay for your electricity bill and one man jumps the queue. You let him do it.

Project work

Work in a group of three and decide a destination to travel to in winter/summer vacation. Collect various information about accessibility, transportation, accommodation and other facilities you need. Prepare a short informative report to present to your class.

Unit 16 Fantasy

Reading

The Romance of a Busy Broker

Before you read

a. How busy is life in your city or village?

b. "Busy life is better than the idle life." Do you agree or not?

Read the following story to see how busy work schedule makes a man absent-minded and do the given tasks.

Pitcher, confidential clerk in the office of Harvey Maxwell, broker, allowed a look of mild interest and surprise to visit his usually expressionless countenance when his employer briskly entered at half past nine in company with his young lady stenographer. With a snappy "Good-morning, Pitcher," Maxwell dashed at his desk as though he were intending to leap over it, and then plunged into the great heap of letters and telegrams waiting there for him.

The young lady had been Maxwell's stenographer for a year. She was beautiful in a way that was decidedly unstenographic. She forewent the pomp of the alluring pompadour. She wore no chains, bracelets or lockets. She had not the air of being about to accept an invitation to luncheon. Her dress was grey and plain, but it fitted her figure with fidelity and discretion. In her neat black turban hat was the gold-green wing of a macaw. On this morning she was softly and shyly radiant. Her eyes were dreamily bright, her cheeks genuine peachblow, her expression a happy one, tinged with reminiscence.

Pitcher, still mildly curious, noticed a difference in her ways this morning. Instead of going straight into the adjoining room, where her desk was, she lingered, slightly irresolute, in the outer office. Once she moved over by Maxwell's desk, near enough for him to be aware of her presence.

The machine sitting at that desk was no longer a man; it was a busy New York broker,

moved by buzzing wheels and **uncoiling** springs.

"Well--what is it? Anything?" asked Maxwell sharply. His opened mail lay like a bank of stage snow on his crowded desk. His keen grey eye, impersonal and **brusque**, flashed upon her half impatiently.

"Nothing," answered the stenographer, moving away with a little smile.

"Mr. Pitcher," she said to the confidential clerk, did Mr. Maxwell say anything yesterday about engaging another stenographer?"

"He did," answered Pitcher. "He told me to get another one. I notified the agency yesterday afternoon to send over a few samples this morning. It's 9.45 o'clock, and not a single picture hat or piece of pineapple chewing gum has showed up yet."

"I will do the work as usual, then," said the young lady, "until someone comes to fill the place." And she went to her desk at once and hung the black turban hat with the gold-green macaw wing in its accustomed place.

He who has been denied the spectacle of a busy Manhattan broker during a rush of business is handicapped for the profession of anthropology. The poet sings of the "crowded hour of glorious life." The broker's hour is not only crowded, but the minutes and seconds are hanging to all the straps and packing both front and rear platforms.

And this day was Harvey Maxwell's busy day. The ticker began to reel out jerkily its fitful coils of tape, the desk telephone had a chronic attack of buzzing. Men began to throng into the office and call at him over the railing, jovially, sharply, viciously, excitedly. Messenger boys ran in and out with messages and telegrams. The clerks in the office jumped about like sailors during a storm. Even Pitcher's face relaxed into something resembling animation.

On the Exchange there were hurricanes and landslides and snowstorms and glaciers and volcanoes, and those elemental disturbances were reproduced in miniature in the broker's offices. Maxwell shoved his chair against the wall and transacted business after the manner of a toe dancer. He jumped from ticker to 'phone, from desk to door with the trained agility of a harlequin.

In the midst of this growing and important stress the broker became suddenly aware of a high-rolled fringe of golden hair under a nodding canopy of velvet and ostrich tips, an imitation sealskin sacque and a string of beads as large as hickory nuts, ending near the floor with a silver heart. There was a self-possessed young lady connected with these accessories; and Pitcher was there to construe her.

"Lady from the Stenographer's Agency to see about the position," said Pitcher.

Maxwell turned half around, with his hands full of papers and ticker tape.

"What position?" he asked, with a frown.

"Position of stenographer," said Pitcher. "You told me yesterday to call them up and have one sent over this morning."

"You are losing your mind, Pitcher," said Maxwell. "Why should I have given you any such instructions? Miss Leslie has given perfect satisfaction during the year she has been here. The place is hers as long as she chooses to retain it. There's no place open here, madam. Countermand that order with the agency, Pitcher, and don't bring any more of 'em in here."

The silver heart left the office, swinging and banging itself independently against the office furniture as it indignantly departed. Pitcher seized a moment to remark to the bookkeeper that the "old man" seemed to get more absent-minded and forgetful every day of the world.

The rush and pace of business grew fiercer and faster. On the floor they were pounding half a dozen stocks in which Maxwell's customers were heavy investors. Orders to buy and sell were coming and going as swift as the flight of swallows. Some of his own holdings were imperiled, and the man was working like some high-geared, delicate, strong machine--strung to full tension, going at full speed, accurate, never hesitating, with the proper word and decision and act ready and prompt as clockwork. Stocks and bonds, loans and mortgages, margins and securities--here was a world of finance, and there was no room in it for the human world or the world of nature.

When the luncheon hour drew near there came a slight lull in the uproar.

Maxwell stood by his desk with his hands full of telegrams and memoranda, with a fountain pen over his right ear and his hair hanging in disorderly strings over his forehead. His window was open, for the beloved janitress Spring had turned on a little warmth through the waking registers of the earth.

And through the window came a wandering--perhaps a lost--odor--a delicate, sweet odor of lilac that fixed the broker for a moment immovable. For this odor belonged to Miss Leslie; it was her own, and hers only.

The odor brought her vividly, almost tangibly before him. The world of finance dwindled suddenly to a speck. And she was in the next room--twenty steps away.

"By George, I'll do it now," said Maxwell, half aloud. "I'll ask her now. I wonder I didn't do it long ago."

He dashed into the inner office with the haste of a short trying to cover. He charged upon the desk of the stenographer.

She looked up at him with a smile. A soft pink crept over her cheek, and her eyes were kind and frank. Maxwell leaned one elbow on her desk. He still clutched fluttering papers with both hands and the pen was above his ear.

"Miss Leslie," he began hurriedly, "I have but a moment to spare. I want to say something in that moment. Will you be my wife? I haven't had time to make love to you in the ordinary way, but I really do love you. Talk quick, please--those fellows are clubbing the stuffing out of Union Pacific."

"Oh, what are you talking about?" exclaimed the young lady. She rose to her feet and gazed upon him, round-eyed.

"Don't you understand?" said Maxwell, restively. "I want you to marry me. I love you, Miss Leslie. I wanted to tell you, and I snatched a minute when things had slackened up a bit. They're calling me for the phone now. Tell 'em to wait a minute, Pitcher. Won't you, Miss Leslie?"

The stenographer acted very queerly. At first she seemed overcome with amazement; then tears flowed from her wondering eyes; and then she smiled sunnily through them, and one of her arms slid tenderly about the broker's neck.

"I know now," she said, softly. "It's this old business that has driven everything else out of your head for the time. I was frightened at first. Don't you remember, Harvey? We were married last evening at 8 o'clock in the Little Church around the Corner."

- O' Henry

Working with words

A. Match the following words with their definitions.

a.	snappy	i.	a lady whose job is to take care of a building such as a school or a block of flats
b.	discretion	ii.	happening only for short periods
c.	radiant	iii.	irritable and inclined to speak sharply
d.	irresolute	iv.	a very small spot
e.	brusque	v.	a quiet period between times of activity
f.	fitful	vi.	the ability to behave without causing embarrassment or attracting too much attention
g.	harlequin	vii.	showing great happiness, love or health
h.	lull	viii.	not able to decide what to do
i.	janitress	ix.	a humorous character in some traditional plays
j.	speck	x.	using very few words and sounding rude

B. Consult a dictionary or search over the internet and write definitions of the following terminologies used in the stock market.

a.	Liquidity :	b.	IPO :	c.	NEPSE :	d.	index :
e.	portfolio :	f.	dividend :	g.	turn over :	h.	margin :

C. Based on the pronunciation, find the odd word from the following groups.

a.	sell, cell, see, set	b.	stopped, laughed, saved, booked
c.	hare, mere, beer, here	d.	so, sew, sow, saw
e.	book, food, pool, tool	f.	fan, jam, past, van
g.	sell, cell, sale, said	h.	howl, bowl, fowl, growl
i.	learn, verb, turn, torn	j.	poor, sure, door, dog

Comprehension

A. Write '*T*' for true statements, '*F*' for false ones or '*NG*' if the information is not given in the text.

a. Harvey Maxwell was a stock broker.
b. He was not happy with his clerk, Pitcher.
c. Miss Leslie had been married to Maxell for a year.
d. Maxwell had hired a machine to work in his office.
e. He had instructed Pitcher to get a new stenographer.
f. Miss Leslie was amazed by Maxwell's proposal.
g. She thought that he had probably gone mad.
h. She realized that he had been absent-minded due to his business.

B. Answer the following questions.

a. How did Maxwell enter his office?
b. Describe the physical appearance of the young lady.
c. What changes did Pitcher notice in the young lady?
d. What was Pitcher's reply to the young lady concerning a new stenographer?
e. What proposal did Maxwell make with Miss Leslie?
f. How did she react to his proposal?

Critical thinking

a. What message does the writer want to give by presenting Maxwell as an extremely absent-minded person?

b. Imagine you are Miss Leslie. Write how you were troubled emotionally when your own husband came to you and made a marriage proposal.

Writing

Study the following text and its summary.

Nepal's migration situation is dominated by migration of Nepalis for foreign employment. The 2011 census on population and housing showed that almost 50

per cent of Nepal's households had a member who was either working overseas or had returned. While this labour migration has a significant positive effect on Nepal's economy, it also has a series of socioeconomic impacts on the welfare of Nepali nationals and their communities. Exploitation of migrant workers is rife and aspiring labour migrants may find themselves in a situation of irregular migration or trafficking. Nepal's environmental vulnerability also has an impact on the scale of internal and international migration. Climate change, environmental degradation, natural and man-made disasters cause displacement and dislocation from the land, meaning that many Nepalis migrate to ensure a sustainable livelihood. Nepal's open border with its close neighbor India is another defining and unique characteristic in Nepal's migration context. Although the lack of data on this issue is of concern, it is recognized that there are frequent and extensive cross-border movements, which have significant impacts for Nepal, both positive and potentially negative. The 2011 census data shows that nearly two fifths (37.2%) of the Nepali absentees are in India, however such data has its limitations in the case of an open border where crossing can be short-term or seasonable and will be undocumented. There are also no records kept on how many Nepalis work in India or where they are.

Traditionally, Nepali migrant workers sought employment mainly in India, however from the mid-1980s, Nepalis started also to migrate to the Gulf States and Malaysia for work which resulted in an increase in migrant workers as well as in a proliferation of labour recruitment agencies and brokers. The decentralization of passport issuance in Nepal also facilitated the migration of many unskilled and semi-skilled Nepalis.

During past two decades, Nepal has also witnessed an increase in the number of Nepali women who are seeking work abroad and being gradually recognized as important economic actors. The risk of exploitation and abuse of women migrant workers is high, particularly in largely unregulated sectors such as domestic work and the Government has put in place a series of measures seeking to protect women migrants. To date, these measures have met with limited success and there is still evidence that many women migrants are in situations of risk.

Summary Notes

Main Idea: Migration in Nepal takes place mainly for foreign employment

Key points

- 50 percent of Nepali household had a member who had migrated to overseas
- Overseas migration can also create the problem of human trafficking
- Various factors play role in migration
- Migration of Nepali workers has spread to Gulf States and Malaysia
- The number of women migrants for employment is at the rise

Summary

Nepal's migration situation is heavily dominated by people migrating to foreign countries for employment. According to census report of 2011, 50 percent of Nepali households had a member who had migrated to foreign countries. Many Nepalis migrate to foreign countries to ensure a sustainable livelihood. Nepal's open border is another cause of migration. Data shows that about 37.2% of Nepali migrants are in India. Traditionally India is the main destination of Nepali migrants. However, people have started to migrate to Golf countries and Malaysia from mid -1980s. There is also an increase in number of Nepali women migrating to foreign countries for job. This has increased the risk of exploitation and abuse of them.

Now, summarize the following part of "The Romance of a Busy Broker". Consider the following points while writing the summary.

She looked up at him with a smile. A soft pink crept over her cheek, and her eyes were kind and frank. Maxwell leaned one elbow on her desk. He still clutched fluttering papers with both hands and the pen was above his ear.

"Miss Leslie," he began hurriedly, "I have but a moment to spare. I want to say something in that moment. Will you be my wife? I haven't had time to make love to you in the ordinary way, but I really do love you. Talk quick, please--those fellows are clubbing the stuffing out of Union Pacific."

"Oh, what are you talking about?" exclaimed the young lady. She rose to her feet and gazed upon him, round-eyed.

"Don't you understand?" said Maxwell, restively. "I want you to marry me. I love you, Miss Leslie. I wanted to tell you, and I snatched a minute when things had slackened up a bit. They're calling me for the phone now. Tell 'em to wait a minute, Pitcher. Won't you, Miss Leslie?"

The stenographer acted very queerly. At first she seemed overcome with amazement; then tears flowed from her wondering eyes; and then she smiled sunnily through them, and one of her arms slid tenderly about the broker's neck.

"I know now," she said, softly. "It's this old business that has driven everything else out of your head for the time. I was frightened at first. Don't you remember, Harvey? We were married last evening at 8 o'clock in the Little Church around the Corner."

Grammar

Relative clause

A. Study the following sentences and underline the relative clauses.

a. I snatched a minute when things had slackened a minute.

b. Instead of going straight into the adjoining room, where her desk was, she lingered slightly irresolute in the outer office.

c. She was beautiful in a way that was decidedly stenographic.

B. Fill in the blanks with suitable relative pronouns: *who*, *which*, *that*, *whom*, *whose*, *where*, *why*, *how*, *what* **or** *when*.

a. There is a lady …….wallet has been stolen.

b. Do you know the man ……..sold these glasses?

c. The knife ……you cut the bread with is very sharp.

d. Why do you blame him for everything ……goes wrong?

e. A cemetery is a place……..dead bodies are buried.

f. This school is for those children…….mother tongue is not Nepali.

g. I don't know the name of the person……I spoke over the telephone.

h. I came to Kathmandu on the day…….the devastating earthquake took place.

i. In the application form she wrote……..she needed a good payment.

j. The pilot explained …….he made force landing on the road.

C. Join the following pairs of sentences using *who*, *which*, *that*, *whose*, *whom*, *where*, *when* **or** *what*.

a. The building was destroyed in the fire. It has now been rebuilt.

b. A new cricket stadium is being made in Chitwan. It can accommodate one hundred thousand people.

c. Shanghai is the most populated city in the world. I stayed there for five years.

d. This is the man. I gave some money to him this morning.

e. Do know the man? His son was awarded in the school yesterday.

f. His step-mother was not very kind to him. He had been staying with her.

g. He can never forget Nakkhu Jail. He had spent 14 years there.

h. He showed me his new tab. He had paid a hundred thousand rupees for it.

i. Nelson Mandela joined ANC in 1930s. He was a student then.

j. She forgot to buy the things. Her mother had told to buy them.

Listening

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

a. What do you see in the picture?

b. What goods are they carrying with them?

B. Listen to the audio and tick the best answer.

a. The Dutch East India Company started the global trade of gold, spices and porcelain in the …….century.

i. 16th ii. 17th iii. 18th

b. The company distributed share to different sectors to……..

i. meet its expenses ii. make welfare state iii. pay off the debts

c. The practice of distributing share to the public resulted in the creation of the world's first…….

i. multinational company ii. stock market iii. private company

d. If you want to start a new company, first of all, you have to……

i. find individual investors ii. offer IPO

iii. take loan from a financial company

e. Many people will buy the stocks if they think the company……

i. has made much advertisement ii. is of large size

iii. has made good profit

f. The share price of the company increases if there is……of the stocks.

i. more demand

ii. balance between demand and supply iii. enough supply

g. The investor will hurry to sell their stocks if they think……

i. the profit is sufficient

ii. the price will go down

iii. the company will make a large profit next year

h. The price of stocks usually remains in …….

i. balance ii. imbalance ii. fluctuation

C. Listen to the audio and answer the following questions.

a. How does a company enter into the official public market?

b. When do the stock prices increase?

c. Mention any two factors that affect demand and supply of stocks.

d. What causes day to day noise in the stock market?

e. What has encouraged everyday investors to come to the market?

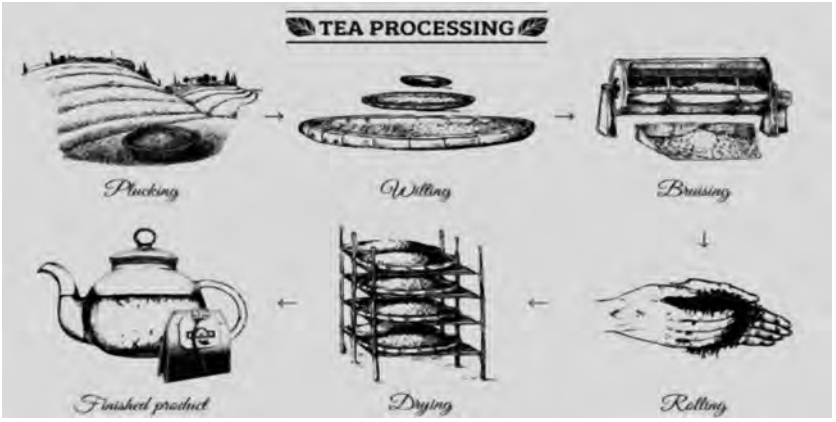
f. Which website does the speaker recommend for the prospective investors?

D. How do you buy stocks in Nepal? Describe the process in short.

Speaking

Describing process

A. The picture below shows the steps of how tea is processed. Talk about them.



B. Read the conversation and have similar conversations in pairs using the given situations.

A: *Do you know how to set a mousetrap?*

B: *First, you cut off a piece of cheese. When you have cut off the cheese, you place it in the trap. When you have placed it in the trap, you set the spring.*

a. mend a bicycle puncture

b. replace an electric bulb

c. recharge a mobile phone

d. withdraw money from an ATM

e. wind the film in a camera

Project work

Visit the website of Nepal Stock Exchange Limited (NEPSE) and prepare a short stock trade report of a particular day.

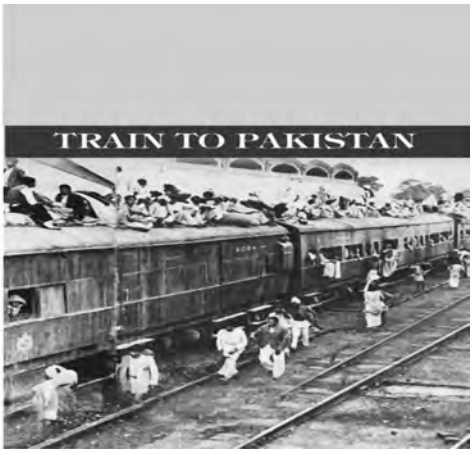
Reading

Train to Pakistan

Before you read

a. Have you ever travelled by train? Share your experiences.

b. What does it feel like while travelling on a crowded train like in the second picture?



Read the following excerpt from the novel *Train to Pakistan* **and do the given tasks.**

In the afternoon, Iqbal stretched himself on the coarse string charpoy and tried to get some sleep. He had spent the night sitting on his bedroll in a crowded third class compartment. Every time he had dozed off, the train had come to halt at some wayside station and the door was forced open and more peasants poured in with their wives, bedding and tin trunks. Some child sleeping in its mother's lap would start howling till its wails were smothered by a breast thrust into its mouth. The shouting and clamour would continue until long after the train had left the station. The same thing was repeated again and again, till the compartment meant for fifty had almost two hundred people in it, sitting on the floor, on seats, on luggage racks, on trunks, on bedrolls and on each other or standing in the corners. There were dozens outside perched precariously on footboards holding on to the door handles. There were several people on the roof. The heat and smell were oppressive. Tempers were frayed and every few minutes an argument would start because someone had spread himself out too much or had trod on another's foot on his way to the lavatory. The argument would be joined on either side by friends or relatives and then by all the others trying to patch it up. Iqbal had tried to read in the dim light speckled with shadows of moths that fluttered round the globe. He

had hardly read a paragraph before his neighbour had observed:

"You are reading?"

"Yes, I am reading."

"What are you reading?"

"A book."

It had not worked. The man had simply taken the book out of Iqbal's hand and turned over its pages.

"English?"

"Yes. English."

"You must be educated."

Iqbal did not comment. The book had gone round the compartment for scrutiny. They had all looked at him. He was educated, therefore, belonged to a different class. He was a *Babu*.

"What honourable noun does your honour bear?"

"My name is Iqbal."

"May your Iqbal (fame) ever increase."

The man had obviously taken him to be a Muslim. Just as well. All the passengers appeared to be Muslims on their way to Pakistan.

"Where does your wealth reside, *Babu Sahib*?"

"My poor home is in Jhelum district." Iqbal had answered without irritation.

The answer confirmed the likelihood of his being Muslim: Jhelum was in Pakistan.

Thereafter, other passengers had joined in the cross-examination. Iqbal had to tell them what he did, what his source of income was, how much he was worth, where he had studied, why he had not married, all the illnesses he had ever suffered from. They had discussed their own domestic problems and diseases and had sought his advice. Did Iqbal know of any secret prescriptions or herbs that the English used when they were "rundown"? Iqbal had given up the attempt to sleep or read. They had kept up the conversation till the early hours of the morning. He would have described the journey as insufferable except that the limits to which human endurance could be stretched in India made the word meaningless. He had got off at Mano Majra with a sigh of relief. He could breathe the fresh air. He was looking forward to a long siesta.

But, sleep would not come to Iqbal. There was no ventilation in the room. It had a musty earthy smell. A pile of clothes in the corner stank of stale clarified butter, and there were flies buzzing all around. Iqbal spread a handkerchief on his face. He could hardly breathe. With all that, just as he had managed to doze off, Meet Singh came in exclaiming philosophically:

‘Robbing a fellow villager is like stealing from one’s mother. Iqbal Singhji, this is *Kalyug* — the dark age. Have you ever heard of dacoits looting their neighbour’s homes? Now, all morality has left the world.’

Iqbal removed the handkerchief from his face.

‘What has happened?’

‘What has happened?’ repeated Meet Singh, feigning surprise. “Ask me what has not happened! The police sent for Jugga — Jugga is a badmash number ten [from the number of the police register in which names of bad characters are listed]. But Jugga had run away, absconded. Also, some of the loot — a bag of bangles — was found in his courtyard. So we know who did it. This is not the first murder he has committed — he has it in his blood. His father and grandfather were also dacoits and were hanged for murder. But they never robbed their own village folk. As a matter of fact, when they were at home, no dacoit dared come to Mano Majra. Juggut Singh has disgraced his family.”

Iqbal sat up rubbing his forehead. His countrymen’s code of morals had always puzzled him, with his anglicized way of looking at things. The Punjabi’s code was even more baffling. For them truth, honour, financial integrity were ‘all right’, but these were placed lower down the scale of values than being true to one’s salt, to one’s friends and fellow villagers. For friends you could lie in court or cheat, and no one would blame you. On the contrary, you became a naradmi — a he-man who had defied authority (magistrates and police) and religion (oath on the scripture) but proved true to friendship. It was the projection of rural society where everyone in the village was a relation and loyalty to the village was the supreme test. What bothered Meet Singh, a priest, was not that Jugga had committed murder but that his hands were soiled with the blood of a fellow villager. If Jugga had done the same thing in the neighbouring village, Meet Singh would gladly have appeared in his defense and sworn on the holy *granth* that Jugga had been praying in the *gurdwara* at the time of the murder. Iqbal had wearied of talking to people like Meet Singh. They did not understand. He had come to the conclusion that he did not belong.

Meet Singh was disappointed that he had failed to arouse Iqbal’s interest.

‘You have seen the world and read many books, but take it from me that a snake can cast its slough but not its poison. This saying is worth a hundred thousand rupees.’

Iqbal did not register appreciation of the valuable saying. Meet Singh explained: ‘Jugga had been going straight for some time. He ploughed his land and looked after his cattle. He never left the village, and reported himself to the *lambardar* every day. But how long can a snake keep straight? There is crime in his blood.’

‘There is no crime in anyone’s blood any more than there is goodness in the blood of others,’ answered Iqbal waking up. This was one of his pet theories. ‘Does anyone ever

bother to find out why people steal and rob and kill? No! They put them in jail or hang them. It is easier. If the fear of the gallows or the cell had stopped people from killing or stealing, there would be no murdering or stealing. It does not. They hang a man every day in this province. Yet ten get murdered every twenty four hours. No, *Bhaiji*, criminals are not born. They are made by hunger, want and injustice.'

Iqbal felt a little silly for coming out with these platitudes. He must check this habit of turning a conversation into a sermon. He returned to the subject.

'I suppose they will get Jugga easily if he is such a well-known character.'

'Jugga cannot go very far. He can be recognized from a *kos*. He is an arm's length taller than anyone else. The Deputy Sahib has already sent orders to all police stations to keep a lookout for Jugga.'

'Who is the Deputy Sahib?' asked Iqbal.

'You do not know the Deputy?' Meet Singh was surprised. 'It's Hukum Chand. He is staying at the dark bungalow north of the bridge. Now Hukum Chand is a *naradmi*. He started as a foot-constable and see where he is now! He always kept the *sahibs* pleased and they gave him one promotion after another. The last one gave him his own place and made him Deputy. Yes, Iqbal Singhji, Hukum Chand is a *naradmi* — and clever. He is true to his friends and always gets things done for them. He has had dozens of relatives given good jobs. He is one of a hundred. Nothing counterfeit about Hukum Chand.'

'Is he a friend of yours?'

'Friend? No, no,' protested Meet Singh. 'I am a humble *bhai* of the *gurdwara* and he is an emperor. He is the government and we are his subjects. If he comes to Mano Majra, you will see him.' There was a pause in the conversation. Iqbal slipped his feet into his sandals and stood up.

'I must take a walk. Which way do you suggest I should go?'

'Go in any direction you like. It is all the same open country. Go to the river. You will see the trains coming and going. If you cross the railroad track you will see the dark bungalow. Don't be too late. These are bad times and it is best to be indoors before dark. Besides, I have told the *lambardar* and Uncle Imam Baksh — he is mullah of the mosque — that you are here. They may be coming in to talk to you.'

'No, I won't be late.'

Iqbal stepped out of the gurdwara. There was no sign of activity now. The police had apparently finished investigating. Half a dozen constables lay sprawled on *charpais* under the *peepul* tree. The door of Ram Lal's house was open. Some villagers sat on the floor in the courtyard. A woman wailed in a singsong which ended up in convulsions of crying in which other women joined. It was hot and still. The sun blazed on the mud walls…

- *Khushwant Singh*

Working with words

A. What do the underlined words in the following sentences mean? Tick the best answer.

a. The shouting and clamour would continue until long after the train had left the station.

i. clapping ii. music

iii. a loud and confused noise iv. train whistle

b. There were dozens outside perched precariously on footboards holding on the door handles.

i. not securely ii. carefully iii. joyfully iv. prudently

c. The book had gone round the compartment for scrutiny.

i. appreciation ii. examination iii. entertainment iv. religious ritual

d. But Jugga had run away, absconded.

i. committed suicide ii. killed a fellow friend

iii. surrendered iv. hid somewhere secretly

e. His countrymen's code of morals had always puzzled him, with his anglicized way of looking at things.

i. characteristics of Indians ii. characteristics of English

iii. characteristics of Pakistani iv. characteristics of Aryans

f. Iqbal felt a little silly for coming out with these platitudes.

i. commonplace remarks ii. philosophical remarks

iii. critical remarks iv. doubtful remarks

B. Many words have been borrowed in English from different languages. Find the meaning of the following words which are borrowed from Hindi language.

veranda, khaki, pashmina, pajamas, pukka, pundit, avatar, bangle, cheetah, guru, jungle, karma, nirvana, shampoo, raita

C. Add the given suffixes to the following words to make new words. Notice whether 'e' is retained or dropped.

a. change + -able / -ing / -ed / - less

b. time + -ly / -ing / -ed / -less

c. notice + -able / -ing / -ed

d. praise + -worthy / -ing / -ed

e. home + -less / -ing / -ly

D. Study a list of English vowels with their example words and write more example words with the help of a dictionary.

Monophthongs	Example words	Diphthongs	Example words
/iː/	sheep /ʃiːp/	/eɪ/	late /leɪt/
/ɪ/	ship /ʃɪp/	/əʊ/	go / gəʊ/
/e/	bed /bed/	/aɪ/	light /laɪt/
/æ/	bad /bæd/	/aʊ/	cow /kaʊ/
/ɑː/	car /kɑː(r)/	/ɔɪ/	boy /bɔɪ/
/ɒ/	hot /hɒt/	/ɪə/	dear /dɪə(r)/
/ɔː/	law /lɔː/	/eə/	fair /feə(r)/
/ʊ/	book /bʊk/	/ʊə/	tour /tʊə(r)/
/uː/	boot /buːt/		
/ʌ/	luck /lʌk/		
/i/	happy /ˈhæpi/		
/ɜː/	girl /gɜːl/		
/ə/	the /ðə/		

Comprehension

Answer the following questions.

a. Why did Iqbal want to sleep in the afternoon?

b. How did people react with each other in the train?

c. Why did the book Iqbal was reading bring commotion in the compartment?

d. Why did Iqbal have to give clarification with his personal details?

e. Who was Meet Sing and what did he report to Iqbal?

f. How, according to Meet Singh, was Jugga Sing different from his forefathers?

g. How does the author show contradiction in Meet Singh's character?

h. Who was Hukum Chand and how did he succeed in his career?

Critical thinking

a. Iqbal is addressed as *Babu Sahib* by general folk simply because he knew English. Are Nepali people who can speak English taken with respect? Discuss the importance of learning English in the Nepali context.

b. Do you agree with Iqbal's comments on crime and punishment? In your view, what should the state, society and individuals do for peace and order in social lives?

Writing

A. Meet Singh says Jugga a *badmash*. There can be such people in your locality, too. Write a paragraph describing him / her.

B. You may have travelled by bus or train. During your travel, you might have got different experiences. Write a letter to your friend describing about your unforgettable journey.

Grammar

Past simple, past continuous, past perfect and past perfect continuous tense

A. Study the following sentences.

a. My head **was aching** again, so I **went** home early.

b. Sanita **was teaching** to the children while Nitesh **was washing** up.

c. He **worked** hard all his life.

d. Just as I **was getting** into the bath the fire alarm **went off**.

e. Before he **stopped** laughing, everyone **had left**.

f. The film **had** already **begun** by the time we **got** to the cinema.

g. She **had returned** to the house where she **had been staying** with friends.

B. Here is an extract from a newspaper article about a missing boy (Ronish) and his father (Naresh). Decide why different forms of past tenses were used.

Naresh said that Ronish, who used to enjoy riding with him on his bike, followed him as he set off. He told the child to go back to his mother, and rode away. Meanwhile, Ronish's mother thought that Ronish had gone with Naresh; Naresh believed Ronish had stayed behind. It was only some hours later, when Naresh returned, that they realized Ronish had vanished …

C. Fill in the gaps with the suitable form of the verb in the brackets. Use *past simple/past continous/past perfect* **tenses. You may need to use negative too.**

It was Sunday afternoon. I …….. (watch) a cookery programme on TV when I ……. (realise) how hungry I was. But of course, I was hungry; I ……. (eat) anything since lunch, and I …….. (run) a race in the morning. "Biscuits!" I …….. (think). My mother ……. (give) me a jar of delicious home-made biscuits.

I ….. (go) into the kitchen, …… (open) the fridge and ……. (pour) some milk in a big glass. Then I …….. (look) for the kitchen chair but it …… (be) there: somebody ……. (take) it away. And there were no biscuits in the biscuit jar: somebody …… (eat) them all! I was sure I …… (put) the jar there the previous day and I ……. (eat) only one cookie. It was very strange.

A few minutes later, I ……. (drink) my glass of milk when I ……. (hear) a loud noise coming from the dining room. I …….. (go) there quickly and I ……. (open) the door. I couldn't believe my eyes. An enormous monkey …….. (eat) the biscuits excitedly on the kitchen chair.

D. Rewrite the following sentences correcting the mistakes.

Example: *Did you ever see her before you met her at school?*

Had you ever seen her before you met her at school?

a. She played the flute and then she had sung in their choir.

b. I borrowed Rima's car. Had you known about it?

c. After the lesson had finished, we run out of school.

d. Had you be there? - Yes, the previous year.

e. Did you liked my article published in the Himalayan Times yesterday?

f. I recognized him because I saw him before.

g. I hadn't gone out because I hadn't finished my homework.

h. We had done nothing like this at that time.

i. It was quite difficult. I had had no idea what to do.

j. As far as I'd known, she had always had some pets.

k. When I met Jim, he was already a soldier for three years.

l. He had gone to the coffee because somebody had told him.

Listening

A. Look at the picture and answer the questions.

a. What do you see in the picture? How do you feel about it?

b. Do you know anything about India-Pakistan partition? Share it to the class.

B. Listen to the audio and write *True* or *False*.

a. This interview was recorded in India.

b. The speaker's mother and aunt were very young at the time of partition.

c. After partition, Pakistan was created as the homeland for India's Muslims.

d. The Shikh army visited the communities in a bus.

e. According to the speaker, her mom and aunt left India willingly.

C. Listen to the audio again and answer the questions.

a. Where are the speaker's mother and aunt living now?

b. Which religious group were the women from?

c. Why were they forced to leave Pakistan?

d. What did the Sikh military inform them?

e. What had happened to the baby girl?

f. How had Hindus, Muslims and Sikhs lived in Pakistan up to the time of partition?

g. What does the old lady feel about Pakistan now?

h. What according to the old lady is the history of partition written with?

D. How did you feel while listening to the audio? Share your feeling with your friends.

Speaking

Making announcements

A. Study the following announcements and practise them turn by turn.

a. Pre-boarding announcement

Good afternoon. May I ask for your attention, please? This is the pre-boarding announcement for the Silk Air flight to Singapore Flight No. 56B. We are now inviting the business class passengers, passengers with small children, and the passengers requiring special assistance to proceed for boarding. Please, have your boarding pass and identification ready. You are requested to proceed to gate No. 3. Thank you!

b. Final boarding announcement

Your attention, please. This is the final boarding call for passengers of the Silk Air, Flight No. 56B to Singapore. All the remaining passengers are requested to proceed to gate No. 3 immediately. The flight departs on time. Thank you!

B. **Here are some useful expressions used in making an announcement. Study them.**

a. Attention, please.

b. Can I have your attention, please?

c. Ladies and gentlemen, I have an announcement to make.

d. I'd like to make an announcement.

e. Here's an announcement from the Prime Minister.

f. I'd like to announce that our space mission is a success.

C. How will you make announcements in these situations? Work in small groups.

a. You are the chief judge of the beauty contest and have to announce the final results.

b. You are the secretary of a community club. Make an announcement about the decisions taken by the board meeting.

c. People are at a party. You've to attract their attention about sudden change in the schedule.

d. You're the ground staff of Nepal Airlines. Make an announcement to the passengers about the delays in the flights.

Project work

Nepal is the country of Lord Buddha who is the advocate of peace. Like Buddha, Nepal has also been working for world peace. With the help of the internet or other sources, find information about Nepal's role in peace-building in the world. Then, prepare a report and present it to the class.

Unit 18 Music and Creation

Reading

A Life of Sound and Silence

Before you read

a. Who are these people? Name them.

b. Who are your favourite musicians? Why?

Read a short biography of a legendary music composer Ludwig van Beethoven and do the given tasks.

Over twenty-three million Americans suffer from deafness, and over seven million from tinnitus, a continual ringing or buzzing in the ears that is not objectively measurable. Man is a social being, and deafness is an isolating disease. The socially disabling nature of deafness was aptly summarized by Helen Keller, who noted that, whereas blindness separates people from things, deafness separates people from people. Despite the social cost, however, hearing problems often lack the public recognition that blindness receives.

One major creative figure whose life was profoundly affected by hearing problems was the composer Ludwig van Beethoven. As with Milton's blindness, van Gogh's ear, and Toulouse-Lautrec's absinthism, the one thing everyone knows about Beethoven is his deafness. Beethoven did not become suddenly deaf, however. His deafness was a slow process, occupying over twenty years from the first hearing problems to total deafness.

Ludwig van Beethoven was born into a musical family in Bonn, Germany, in December 1770. With the example of the young Mozart in mind, Beethoven's father relentlessly drove his son as a musical performer. As a child, Beethoven learned to play the organ,

piano, violin, and viola. He gave his first public concert at the age of seven. At twelve years, he published his first composition. Beethoven moved to Vienna in 1792 to take lessons from Joseph Haydn, and within a few years was renowned both as a composer and as a performer. Beethoven claimed he had had exceptionally keen hearing in early life. A loss of ability to hear high-pitched sounds, an indication of nerve deafness, first became apparent at the age of twenty-seven. By this age, he had written his First Symphony, the first two piano concertos, the piano trios of Opus 1 and Opus 11, the piano sonatas of Opus 13, the cello sonatas of Opus 5, and most of the work on the string quartets of Opus 18. He did not admit to his deafness for another three years. On June 29, 1801, he writes to Dr. Franz Wegeler in Bonn, "My hearing has grown steadily worse for three years…I was often in despair. To give you some idea of my extraordinary deafness, I must tell you that in the theater I am obliged to lean up close against the orchestra in order to understand the actors, and when a little way off I hear none of the high notes…Frequently, I can hear the sounds of a low conversation, but cannot make out the words." Poor discrimination is classic for nerve deafness: Beethoven can hear, but not understand.

In the same letter, Beethoven refers to another phenomenon: "As soon as anybody shouts, I can't bear it. Heaven alone knows what is to become of me." His response indicates that he is suffering from hyperacusis, or a painful sensitivity to sounds. In deafness, the lower threshold for hearing is raised; sounds must be louder to be perceived comfortably. But the upper threshold for comfortable hearing for a person with hyperacusis may be lowered. Normal sounds ranging from beepers to coughs can be painful. For such a person, the sound intensity range in which hearing is clear and comfortable is compressed both at the upper end and at the lower.

Beethoven tells Wegeler that led a miserable life and for two years has avoided social functions because he finds it impossible to tell people that he is deaf. After all, he is a composer! Beethoven remarked on the general impercipience regarding hearing problems: "It is surprising that some people have never noticed my deafness." A recent biographer writes that Beethoven's deafness led to fear, lack of self-esteem, emotional disarray, increasing isolation, and self-neglect.

Two days later, he writes to another friend, Carl Amenda, in Latvia, "My most prized possession, my hearing, has greatly deteriorated. When you were still with me, I

already felt the symptoms but kept silent." Thus, like many deaf people, he tried to hide the problem. Hearing loss began in the left ear, and spread to the right.

Deafness and hyperacusis were not his only problems. Beethoven also had tinnitus, complaining in 1801, "My ears whistle and buzz continually, day and night…such a condition is truly frightful." In 1802, he moved from the noise of Vienna to the village of Heiligenstadt to help his hearing. There, he wrote the Second Symphony. At the end of six months, however, it was clear that his last hope of an improvement was illusory.

He then writes a testament in Heiligenstadt stating that his condition had driven him to despair and suicidal thoughts. Only morality and music kept him from killing himself. He complained that his hearing condition was hopeless, and although naturally sociable, that he had to withdraw from society. "How could I possibly admit to an infirmity in that one sense which ought to be more perfect in me than in others, a sense which I once possessed in the highest perfection, a perfection such as few in my profession have or ever have had…. (The humiliation) drove me to despair…I would have ended my life. It was only my art that held me back."

These early years of high anxiety for Beethoven were extremely productive musically. In 1800, he completed, among other works, the six string quartets of Opus 18, the First Symphony, and the Third Piano Concerto. In 1801, he wrote The Creatures of Prometheus, a string quintet, two violin sonatas, and four piano sonatas. This productivity has led biographers to suggest that his hearing crisis was necessary for his creativity, allowing him to listen to inner sounds without distraction. One biographer surmises that "deafness may have heightened his abilities as a composer…by permitting a total concentration within a world of increasing auditory seclusion". He continues, "One begins to suspect that Beethoven's crisis and his extraordinary creativity were somehow related, and even that the former may have been the necessary precondition of the latter." Another writes, "His deafness caused no tragic turn…it was, indeed, a definite aid that held him back from his worldly desires and kept his eye on his mission".

Such suggestions are impercipient: hearing loss, and the associated tinnitus and hyperacusis, are handicaps, pure and simple. Beethoven's own words attest to the affliction with which he had to struggle. It is true, however, that Beethoven noted an alleviation of his affliction while he was composing, which may reflect a minimized consciousness of tinnitus during intense mental activity. One musical consequence of his deafness was a change in emphasis from performing and conducting to composing, to the cultural enrichment of subsequent generations. In his mid-forties, following some embarrassing faux pas, Beethoven gave up attempting piano playing and conducting in public. For the last period of his life, his creative energies were expended solely in composing. However, it is doubtful that any deaf person could ever consider deafness "a blessing in disguise," as Newman claims for Beethoven.

Following his letters of 1801, Beethoven says little about his hearing for a number of

years. In 1804, he had problems hearing the wind instruments during a rehearsal for the Eroica. In the same year, another friend, Stephan von Breuning, commmented that Beethoven "has become withdrawn and often mistrusts his best friends." Misanthropy and suspiciousness, like isolation, are not uncommon accompaniments of deafness, perhaps exacerbated by the tendency to think oneself the subject of conversation, or even that noise, such as the wind, is speech below the threshold for understanding. It is natural for the brain to make patterns out of randomness in the world around us.

On sketches for the Razumovsky Quartets (1806), Beethoven notes, "Let your deafness be no longer a secret— even in art." Such a comment is an indication that he is accepting his condition and its permanence—again, a not uncommon accommodation of the hearing impaired after several years of problems.

In May 1809, during Napoleon's siege and occupation of Vienna, there was fighting on the outskirts of the city. Beethoven hid in the cellar of his brother's house during the bombardment and covered his head with pillows, another suggestion of hyperacusis. He comments in 1810 that a demon has "taken up his settled abode in [his] ears," and makes another reference to suicide: "If I had not read somewhere that a man should not voluntarily quit this life so long as he could still perform a good deed, I would have left this earth long ago—and what is more, by my own hand. This life is indeed beautiful, but for me it is poisoned forever."

By 1814, he was using an ear trumpet. A selection of these was made for him by Johann NepomukMälzel, the inventor of the metronome. Beethoven found the trumpets of limited use, although he always carried a small one with him, as an ear trumpet magnifies all frequencies indiscriminately. In the same year, Beethoven's diary records another reference to suicide.

January 1815 marks Beethoven's last public piano performance. In 1816, he writes, "Live only for your art, for you are so limited by your senses." By 1817, he could not hear music. He started to use conversation books, in which visitors would communicate with him by writing. By age 50 (1821), he was totally deaf in terms of social functioning and speech comprehension, although he could detect low-frequency sounds in his left ear. He finally accepted that nothing could help him, and never again sought help for his deafness. In his years of total deafness, he finished the MissaSolemnis, and he wrote the Ninth Symphony as well as his final six string quartets and piano sonatas. Beethoven died on March 26, 1827, at age fifty-six of liver (portal) cirrhosis or hepatitis.

The cause of Beethoven's deafness is essentially unknown, as is the case with many instances of deafness today. Lack of knowledge has not prevented the growth of an extensive literature in which various causes of Beethoven's condition have been advanced with varying degrees of certitude. Putative diagnoses have ranged from syphilis, otosclerosis, neuronal atrophy, proliferative meningitis, labyrinthitis, chronic adhesive middle ear catarrh, Paget's disease of bone, otitis media, neuritis acoustica, and hyperparathyroidism. On autopsy, his Eustachian tube was narrowed and the

auditory nerves were atrophied. The latter finding confirms that he had nerve deafness, but does not indicate what caused it. Although the arteries to the ear were narrowed, vascular insufficiency would have produced middle ear deafness rather than nerve deafness (high tone loss).

- *Ryan J. Huxtable*

Working with words

A. Find the single words for the following definitions. The words are given in the jumbled letters at the end.

a. A person who hates or distrusts mankind ……. imaseponrth

b. A sensation of noise, such as a ringing or roaring ……. stiniunt

c. An examination of a body after death to determine the cause of death….. osyaput

d. A musical composition or movement for five instruments or voices….. itqneut

e. A severe life-threatening illness caused by a bacterium. ….. simetining

f. An object that directs one's attention away from something else…. nodsitstarc

g. The action or process of becoming impaired or inferior in quality, functioning, or condition…… nedotietraroi

h. Failing to perceive something…… ntpimepcirepe

i. A hearing disorder that makes it hard to deal with everyday sounds…… sihpyraesuc

j. A bacterial infection usually spread by sexual contact…….. pysslihi

B. Put the musical instruments into different categories as below.

drum	violin	trumpet	harmonica	viola
clarinet	cymbal	conch	tabla	bell
trombone	cello	tambourine	double bass,	harp

wind instruments	stringed instruments	percussion instruments

C. **Use a dictionary and find the definition of these genres of music.**

rock music, pop music, hip hop, jazz, folk music, classic music, blues, heavy metal, Gospel music, country music, grunge, breakbeat, reggae, disco and dubstep

D. **Word stress is an extra force given to one of the syllables of a word. Pronounce the following words with proper stress.**

ˈcoffee, hoˈtel, ˈEnglish, canˈteen, ˈholiday, toˈmorrow, vocaˈbulary, ˈphotograph, geˈography, ˈbeautiful, biˈology, responsiˈbility, individuˈality, deˈmocracy

Comprehension

A. Put the following events in the life of Beethoven in chronological order.

a. He migrated to Vienna.
b. He even made suicidal attempts.
c. Beethoven was born into a musical family in Bonn, Germany.
d. His deafness got gradually worse: He could hear but not understand.
e. He learned to play the organ, piano, violin, and viola.
f. He died of hepatitis at the age of fifty-six.
g. He lived a life in seclusion.
h. At the age of twenty-seven, he felt the deafness to high-pitched sound.

B. State whether the following statements are *True* or *False*.

b. Beethoven became blind in a gradual process over two decades.
c. He became a celebrity musician in his teenage.
d. He did not disclose his hearing problem for a long time.
e. He knew that he misunderstood the speakers and gave up his public performances.
f. He tried to get his deafness treated until his death.
g. Beethoven died in his early fifties.
h. Doctors found the cause of his deafness after his death.

C. Answer the following questions.

a. What does Hellen Keller think about deafness and blindness?
b. Why does the author compare Beethoven with Milton, Van Gogh and Toulouse-Lautrec?
d. When and how did Beethoven notice him being deaf?
e. What psychological effects did he have when he noticed that he was being deaf?
f. How did he triumph over his suicidal thoughts?

g. How did he accept his deafness?
h. How was his deafness ironically good for the world?
i. When did Beethoven give up his musical performances forever?
j. What did Stephen von Breeuning comment on Beethoven's reactions?
k. How did Beethoven express the conflict in his mind?

Critical thinking

a. Suicidal thoughts came in Beethoven's mind several times but he did not commit suicide and kept on composing music. Write a monologue in about 150 words from Beethoven's perspectives describing his suicidal thoughts and his will to live.

b. Was it divine inspiration or rigorous practice that made Beethoven one of the world's greatest musicians? Give the reasons.

Writing

Who is your favourite Nepali musician? Write his/her biography in about 300 words.

Grammar

Prepositions

A. Study the following sentences and underline the prepositions.

a. Over seventy-three million Americans suffer from deafness.
b. He did not admit to his deafness for another three years.
c. The hearing crisis allowed him to listen to inner sounds without distraction.

B. Fill in the blanks with appropriate prepositions.

a. I was accompanied to the hospital ……my friend.
b. I have great respect ……my teachers.
c. The culprit was sentenced……..death.
d. His arguments are not based……truth.
e. He has not contributed ……..the development of our nation.
f. He died ……of Corona at the age of thirty-five.
g. The young generation of Nepali people don't take interest ……politics.
h. Our village was not infected ……..Corona.
i. Why do you sneer …….me?

C. Fill in the blanks with *for, since, until, by* **or** *in.*

a. The classes will be over ……..5 PM.
b. Karma Sherpa reached the top of Mt. Everest……..8 hours.
c. We had met after five years. So we kept on talking……three in the

morning.

d. She has been living in America……..she got married.

e. He has been playing video game……..ten hours.

f. She practices the Sitar every day…….five hours.

g. He lived in Jumla……..he passed high school examinations.

h. There is no chance of dry weather even today. It has rained …….. last Saturday.

i. I can type 120 words……..a minute.

j. We take an early breakfast. It's generally ready …….. six in the morning.

Listening

A. Look at the pictures and answer the questions.

a. What is the name of the singer shown in the pictures?

b. Write two strange things about his life.

B. Complete the sentences with the words/phrases from the recording.

a. Michael Jackson is known as the……

b. He was born in the year……..

c. He was ……the child of the family.

d. By profession his father was…….

e. Michael's first album was sold by ……copies.

f. He became the most popular singer in the decade of ……..

g. He loved to spend his time with……

h. He had……..children from his second wife.

C. Listen to the audio again and answer the questions.

a. Where was Michael Jackson born?

b. How was his childhood life?

c. What was Michael's first group of singers called?
d. How did Michael Jackson perform on the stage?
e. What is peculiar about his life?
f. What was Michael's motive behind marrying Lisa Marie Presley?
g. How long did his first marriage last?
h. Which of his actions in Germany was criticized by the public?

D. Which is your favourite Nepali/English songs? Perform it in the class.

Speaking

Predicting

A. Work in a group. Take turns and act out the following dialogue.

First Reporter : Hello, Will Smith.

Smith : Hello, Reporter! How are you?

First Reporter : I am good, Sir. What about you?

Smith : Ah, I am fine.

Second Reporter : So, when are we going to see your next picture, sir?

Smith : Soon. I have signed two movies simultaneously. They might be released one after another.

Third Reporter : Can you tell us the releasing dates?

Smith : They will probably appear in coming June and July respectively.

First Reporter : Your fans have been eagerly waiting for your movies.

Smith : Thank you very much. I would also like to thank all my fans for their support.

Second Reporter : Kindly tell us something about your upcoming movies?

Smith : The first is an action plus romantic movie and the second is a drama.

Second Reporter : Wow, that's interesting.

Smith : Hahaha. Let's wait for the details.

Third Reporter : And who is the lead actress in your first movie? We

would also like to know about her.

Smith : Definitely, Anne Hathaway is the lead actress. She is playing the role of a minister's daughter.

Three Reporters : That's great! We are really excited to see your movie. Good Luck.

Smith : Thank you.

Three Reporters : Bye, Mr. Smith.

Smith : Bye.

B. Work in a group of three. Have a similar conversation between a popular singer and the reporters. Ask him/ her about his/her upcoming song.

C. Look at the following pictures and talk about them using *may, might, could, likely, probably,* **etc.**

Project work

Work in a group of three to research about one of your favourite singers. In the group, prepare a 5-10 minute oral presentation about his/her life and music. You may use magazines, the internet, and books to find information. You must use a minimum of three sources for your presentation. Based on the information collected for the oral presentation, develop his/her biography.

Reading

Dediasporization: Homeland and Hostland

Before you read

a. What is the approximate number of Nepali people living in foreign countries?

b. How long can people continue speaking their native language in foreign countries?

c. Are people likely to permanently return to their homeland once they have settled down in the foreign countries? Give reasons.

Read the following text about the movement of human beings from homeland to hostland and vice versa and do the given tasks.

The literature on international migration usually identifies three aspects of the phenomenon: (1) forward motion, with a focus on its causes and consequences, (2) the migrants themselves (settlers, sojourners, refugees, and exiles) and their incorporation in a new social formation, with a focus on the establishment of diasporic communities, transnational spaces, and bipolar identities, and which also addresses the issue of the lack of fit between state and transnation, the expansion of dual citizenship rights, and the remittances that diasporans send to the homeland, and (3) backward motion, with a focus on the returnee population and their reincorporation in the sending country. However, little emphasis has been placed on the pluridimensionality of the dediasporization phenomenon. Such an emphasis could serve as a counterweight to broad literature on structural and cultural assimilation.

Of course, assimilation has been used as a frame of analysis more in the study of integration of migrants than in the reincorporation of returnees because researchers tend to assume that the latter is a passing problem unlikely to endure because these individuals are now in their homeland. Although it is important to study the

diasporization process to understand the unfolding of immigration, it is as important to understand the dediasporization process, because it too shapes both homeland and hostland policies and because it is an aspect of the globalization process. Because dediasporization can occur in both the sending and the receiving countries, it deserves some attention: it can clarify both homeland and hostland identities, the parameters of diasporic identity, and the making, unmaking, and remaking of returnee identities.

Dediasporization has been defined "as the regrouping or in-gathering of dispersed people . . . when a community returned to its place of origin." This definition emphasizes only one aspect of the process and equates it with physical relocation to the homeland. By contrast, dediasporization is defined as the process by which a diasporic subject either reacquires homeland citizenship by returning to the sending country, effects generational assimilation in the host state, or reinscribes himself or herself in the transnational circuit of the transnation-state. This definition identifies three distinct locales where dediasporization can be effected: the homeland, the hostland, and the translocal arena of the transnation-state. For those who were not born in the homeland, as Nicholas Van Hear states, "return is somewhat of a misnomer." It is not return per se to one's former place of residence, but rather to an ancestral territory.

As we will see, dediasporization for individuals who never gave up their citizenship or acquired a new citizenship usually is a smooth process that requires only one's return to one's homeland as if one has never left it. For those who once held another citizenship, however, states have established formal procedures for dediasporization, which entail a residence period and the recovery of some citizenship rights. Dediasporization activates a process that entails the participation of three sets of actors to ensure a successful outcome and cannot be assumed to be the work of the diasporan alone. This is so because the individual, the state, and society have distinct roles to play in the deployment of the process, and none of them can assume or ignore the contributions of the others, in the various phases of dediasporization.

The individual must be willing to initiate the process, and there are multiple reasons for doing so: desire to return to the homeland, generational factors, or the subjective redefinition of oneself through assimilation in the hostland. However, in practice and objectively speaking, a diasporan cannot dediasporize himself or herself without going through formal state procedures to reacquire one's nationality and citizenship. This is why the role of the state is so important in the process.

The state intervenes in the process to assure itself of the eligibility of such a person to reacquire state citizenship, with all of its privileges and obligations. Such mechanisms are often inserted in the constitution or special laws, which provide a frame of reference for this type of legal intervention. States that consider their diasporas still to be citizens have less elaborate procedures to validate one's citizenship after one's return to the homeland. In contrast, states that do not endorse the concept that "once a subject, always a subject" have established more complicated procedures to regain citizenship. Here

again, considerations for regaining citizenship vary greatly in relation to residency, the abdication of one's citizenship, and one's legal status upon return (whether it was a personal decision or a prisoner extradition).

The level of citizenship that the state is willing to confer on an individual also varies: full citizenship (Israel), limited citizenship but barred from seeking the office of the presidency (Haiti), the acquisition of nationality but not citizenship (the dual nationality laws of Mexico). The individual may have different reasons for regaining his or her citizenship, but the state follows procedures fixed in law to make a decision on each case. One may assume that not all cases meet the state's test and that not all of the requests are granted or are granted with longer delay in comparison with other cases. This further underlines state importance in the dediasporization process.

The integration of citizens in society also depends on the state's bestowal of legal legitimacy. The consequent recognition of the diasporan by society through social practices glues the system together, and this is perhaps the most difficult test for the diasporan to pass. Chinese have been living in the Caribbean for more than a century, but they are still considered by the locals as foreigners. In many societies, returnees face the same dilemma. Their past experiences abroad as citizens of another country place them in a different category. They are seen as having a different social standing because of their transnational relations and sometimes because of their wealth.

In Haiti, the populace refers to returnees as diasporas, a distinct status that separates them from the rest of society. Likewise, Russian German returnees from Kazakhstan and Uzbekistan have confronted a similar dilemma after they have regained or acquired German citizenship and begun living in Germany. Regina Romhild notes that "in contrast to their official acknowledgement as German citizens with full rights from the day of their arrival onwards they are primarily perceived as Russians in everyday interactions with German and non-German residents." Social recognition may not be crucial once the legal procedure is achieved, but it still marks a distinction between the group and the rest of society. Either because of this unresolved issue or because of the unwillingness of returnees to integrate, dediasporized citizens tend to form their own group, keep in contact with each other, speak a foreign language when they meet, maintain manners they acquired abroad, and sometimes participate in a transnational circuit of parents and friends who live abroad. In Israel, for example, some returnees have gone so far as to form their own political party, as in the case of Israel Beiteiny, which caters to the interests of Israelis of Russian background, and to establish a separate organization, as in the case of the Association of Canadian and American Jews, which celebrates American holidays and serves as an ambassador of goodwill on behalf of these two countries.

In all this, the role of the state is central. Indeed, the identity of the state can be revealed through a focus on whether it allows or prevents dediasporization. Those states that prevent immigrants from being dediasporized tie their citizenship or naturalization

to that issue. Unable to become a citizen, the immigrant is forced to remain a diasporan because the conversion or transformation into a non-other is not legally possible. So laws against re-attainment of full citizenship are also laws of permanent exclusion and diasporization. Here the state intervenes through its legal system to establish a discriminatory system that actively prevents dediasporization. Such a state is inclusionary only at the internal exclusionary level, but is not exclusionary at the macro-inclusionary level. By such a practice a state eliminates the ambiguity of the diasporic identity, for the status is permanent and not transitory.

A preventive policy by the state leads to the establishment of a diaspora zone, and space for the flourishing of diasporic identity. Not only does such a policy reveal the identity of the state, but it also reveals the identity of the diaspora, because this is the result of negotiation between the two entities. Individuals placed in a distinct legal site are called to create their own consciousness from this space. It also places the diaspora in a structural position where it can entertain its relations with the sending state. In other words, the exclusionary policy of the state limits the domain of expansion of the diaspora and its eventual dediasporization through assimilation.

The capacity for dediasporization is not simply a state affair, but falls also under the domain of the individual who must act to pursue this option. The maintenance of a diaspora status depends on the ability of the individual or community to maintain "two types of autonomy": vis-à-vis the hostland, to prevent full assimilation and a lack of cultural specificity, and vis-à-vis the homeland, in order to be able "to freely select its strategies of integration and its own criteria of identification and socialization." Dediasporization implies that the individual or group has foresworn its ability to maintain its distance vis-à-vis these two entities and has lost its active diaspora status. Assimilation, however, does not ipso facto imply dediasporization, because such a status can be in a dormant phase and can be revived in a situation of persecution. The willingness of the individual to participate in such a scheme is essential for the process to be fully realized.

- Michel S. Laguerre

Working with words

A. Find the words from the text that have the following meanings. The first letter of the word has been given.

a. s……	a person who resides temporarily in a place
b. t……	existing in or involving different countries
c. r……	a sum of money sent in payment or as a gift
d. a……	the process of allowing somebody to become a part of a country or community

e. m…… a name or a word that is not appropriate or accurate

f. c…… to give somebody an award or a particular honour or right

g. d…… not active or growing now but able to become active

h. p…… the act of treating somebody in a cruel and unfair way

B. Consonant sounds

a. A consonant sound is one in which the air flow is cut off, either partially or completely, when the sound is produced. There are twenty-four consonants in English. They are given in the table below. The representing letters are underlined below.

Sound	Examples	Sound	Examples
/p/	pair, cup	/ʃ/	shape, push
/b/	bad, crab	/ʒ/	pleasure, beige
/t/	tall, hit	/h/	hear, ahead
/d/	dark, head	/tʃ/	cherry, match
/k/	cab, lack	/dʒ/	judge, raj
/g/	good, tag	/m/	man, team
/f/	fine, wife	/n/	nail, tan
/v/	very, above	/ ŋ/	ring, singer
/θ/	thing, both	/l/	let, tall
/ð/	this, father	/r/	right, scary
/s/	saw, house	/w/	wet, away
/z/	zap, goes	/j/	you, young

b. Pronounce the following words. What sounds do the underlined letter(s) represent?

ribbon, filled, phone, often, ghost, who, back, edge, jellyfish, Christmas, acclaim, spell, summer, sink, tongue, happy, wrong, sun, batter, five, why, yellow, treasure, cheese, shark, thief, feather.

c. The vocal cords vibrate while producing voiced sounds. The initial sound /dʒ/ in jam is a voiced sound. The vocal cords do not vibrate while producing voiceless sounds. The initial sound /p/ is a voiceless sound. Pronounce the sounds in the above chart. While pronouncing notice whether the vocal cords vibrate or not and categorize them into voiced and voiceless sounds.

C. Write the number of syllables and mark the stressed syllable of the following words.

certificate, holiday, zoology, photographic, geography, curiosity, mechanically, characteristics, examination, negotiation, paraphrase, paradoxically, territoriality,

Comprehension

A. Match the first halves of the sentences (a-g) with their second halves (i-vii). Write the numbers in the box. One has been done as an example.

a.	The term assimilation has been used	iii
b.	It is essential to study the process of diasporization	
c.	The definition of dediasporization	
d.	The dediasporization process for migrants who have not given up their native citizenship	
e.	Some countries grant full citizenship to the returnees	
f.	It is surprising that	
g.	The role of a state in dediasporization	

i.	in some countries the returnees are referred as diaspora.
ii.	reveals its identity.
iii.	as an analytical tool in the study of integration of the migrants.
iv.	while some countries bar them from certain rights.
v.	in order to understand the description of immigration.
vi.	requires them only to return to their homeland.
vii.	focuses only on the aspect of relocating migrants to their homelands.

B. Answer the following questions.

a. According to the author, what are the three aspects of migration?

b. Which aspect of migration is neglected by the researchers?

c. What is 'dediasporization'?

d. Why is the role of the state important in dediasporization?

e. How is Chinese diaspora in the Caribbean different from others?

f. Why is it difficult to regain citizenship after returning to the homeland?

g. What do the German feel towards the returnees from Russia, Kazakhstan and Uzbekistan?

h. How are the returnees' activities in Israel different from that of other countries?

i. What is the role of the individual in dediasporization?

Critical thinking

a. Many Nepali people are living in foreign countries now and they are known as Non-Residential Nepalis (NRNs). The NRNs are asking for dual citizenship rights. Do you think the Government of Nepal should address their demands?

b. The NRNs celebrate festivals like Teej, Dashain, Lhosar, Id and Holi in foreign countries. What do these celebrations signify?

Writing

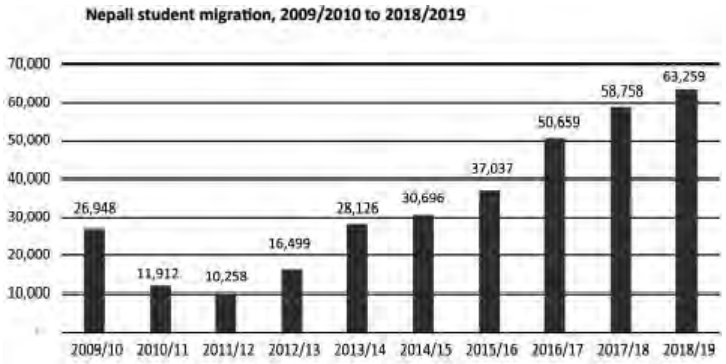
A. The following words and phrases are used in interpreting data of different types of charts and diagrams. Study the words/phrases and put them in the right column.

stay constant, decline, collapse, grow, go up to, boom, peak, fall, drop, dip, go down, reduce, level up, decrease, remain stable, rise, no change, remain steady, stay, maintain the same level, crash, plunge, climb, increase, plummet

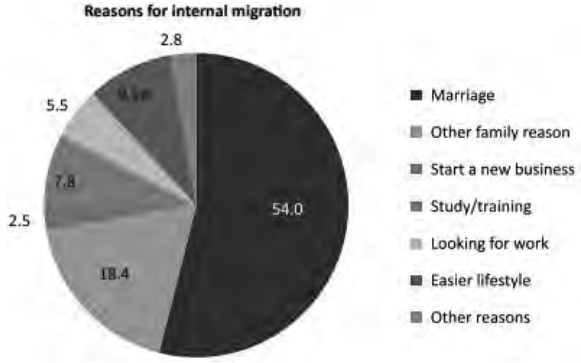
Upward Trend	Downward Trend	Stable Trend

B. Interpret data in the following charts and graphs using appropriate words and phrases. Make comparisons when required.

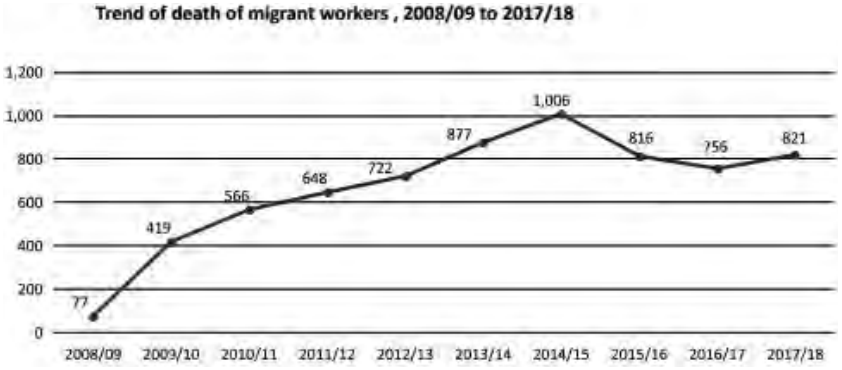
a. Nepali student migration



b. Reasons for internal migration



c. Trend of death of migrant workers



Grammar

Would/Used to

A. Make sentences from the table below using *used to* / *didn't use* **to as shown in the example.**

Example: *She used to travel a lot but now she rarely leaves her town.*

Ten Years Ago	Now
She traveled a lot.	She drinks coffee.
She was lazy.	She works hard.
She didn't like junk food.	She has limited friends.
She'd got a pet.	She is a professor.
She was a school teacher.	She does not attend parties.
She had got many friends.	Her pet died last year.
She did not read many books.	She reads a lot of books.
She did not take coffee.	She eats momo and noodles these days.
She went to parties a lot.	She rarely leaves her town.

B. Study the following sentences and find the differences between them.

a. My grandfather used to smoke but he doesn't smoke now.

b. I would always talk to my grandfather whenever I had a problem.

Now, complete the sentences with *used to* or *would*.

a. My sister …….have short hair when she was young.

b. We …… have lunch in the same school café when I was in middle school.

c. My father ……play badminton before he had backbone problem.

d. When I was very young, I …….(not) like milk.

e. She …….call me after class for a chat.

f. My mother …… (not) wear glasses when she was at the university.

g. When I was a child, we ……..live in a village.

h. On Sundays, My mother ……..wake up and go to the temple.

i. How many friends ……..have in class ten?

j. My father …….always read me bedtime stories before bed.

Listening

A. Answer the following questions.

a. Do you know about DV Lottery?

b. Why does the USA open EDV every year?

B. Listen to the audio and match the years and the immigration policies executed by the USA.

Years	Immigration Policies
a. 1882	i. H-1B Visa Program
b. 1924	ii. Immigration and Nationality Act
c. 1939	iii. Cuban Adjustment Act
d. 1942	iv. Johnson Reed Act
e. 1965	v. US Turned Away
f. 1966	vi. Chinese Exclusion Act
g. 1990	vii. Bracero Program

C. Listen to the audio again and write whether the following statements are *True* or *False*.

a. The immigration policy makers set three important goals.
b. The Chinese labor force was very expensive.
c. The Mexican workers stimulated the American economy in the 1940s.
d. H-1B Visa was targeted to the skilled workers.
e. The US gave visa to Cubans in 1960 to make policy against Fidel Castro.
f. The US ended nation-based quotas in 1960.
g. According to the speaker, people seek immigration for better life.

D. Do you support anti or pro-immigration policy? Give reasons for your support.

Speaking

Narrating past events

A. Read the narration of a past event and present it as your own event.

One afternoon in late June, as the sun streamed into the ground, I sat gazing at my teachers. It was the Farewell Programme for the students who had just completed SEE. I was also a member of that batch. The teachers seemed so happy and excited. Our head teacher delivered a short speech and extended congratulation to us from side of the school family. It was a surprise for me! I was invited to speak something on behalf of our batch. I don't know what I did speak there. It was a memorable day for me. I feel vibration in the body, as I remember it.

B. Make a presentation in the class narrating the following past events.

a. Welcome programme for new-comer
b. The Children's Day
c. Birthday party
d. Marriage ceremony
e. The first air travel
f. Educational excursion
g. Holiday trip
h. Road accident

Project work

Interview a returnee from abroad who has decided to spend the rest of his/her life in Nepal doing something meaningful. Ask him/her why he/she returned to Nepal and what he/she has planned to do in the future.

Unit 20 Power and Politics

Reading

An Open Letter to Mary Daly

Before you read

a. What do you know about these female leaders in the pictures?

b. How did they establish them as a leader?

Now, read the letter of Audre Lorde and do the given tasks.

Dear Mary,

With a moment of space in this wild and bloody spring, I want to speak the words I have had in mind for you. I had hoped that our paths might cross and we could sit down together and talk, but this has not happened.

I wish you strength and satisfaction in your eventual victory over the repressive forces of the University in Boston. I am glad so many women attended the speak-out, and hope that this show of joined power will make more space for you to grow and be within.

Thank you for having *Gyn/Ecology* sent to me. So much of it is full of import, useful, generative, and provoking. As in *Beyond God The Father*, many of your analyses are strengthening and helpful to me. Therefore, it is because of what you have given to me in the past work that I write this letter to you now, hoping to share with you the benefits of my insights as you have shared the benefits of yours with me.

This letter has been delayed because of my *grave reluctance* to reach out to you, for what I want us to chew upon here is neither easy nor simple. The history of white women who are unable to hear Black women's words, or to maintain dialogue with us, is long and discouraging. But for me to assume that you will not hear me represents not only history, perhaps, but an old pattern of relating, sometimes protective and

sometimes dysfunctional, which we, as women shaping our future, are in the process of shattering and passing beyond, I hope.

I believe in your good faith toward all women, in your vision of a future within which we can all flourish, and in your *commitment* to the hard and often painful work. In this spirit I invite you to a joint clarification of some of the differences which lie between us as a Black and a white woman.

When I started reading Gyn/Ecology, I was truly excited by the vision behind your words and nodded my head as you spoke in your first passage of myth and mystification. Your words on the nature and function of the Goddess, as well as the ways in which her face has been obscured, agreed with what I myself have discovered in my searches through African myth/legend/religion for the true nature of old female power.

So I wondered, why doesn't Mary deal with Afrekete as an example? Why are her goddess images only white, western European, Judeo-Christian? Where were Afrekete, Yemanje, Oyo, and Mawulisa? Where were the warrior goddesses of the Vodun, the Dahomeian Amazons and the warrior-women of Dan? Well, I thought, Mary has made a conscious decision to narrow her scope and to deal only with the ecology of western European women.

Then I came to the first three chapters of your second passage, and it was obvious that you were dealing with non-European women, but only as victims and preyers upon each other. I began to feel my history and my mythic background distorted by the absence of any images of my foremothers in power. Your inclusion of African genital mutilation was an important and necessary piece in any consideration of female ecology, and too little has been written about it. To imply, however, that all women suffer the same oppression simply because we are women is to lose sight of the many varied tools of patriarchy. It is to ignore how those tools are used by women without awareness against each other.

To dismiss our black foremothers may well be to dismiss where European women learned to love. As an African-American woman in white patriarchy, I am used to having my archetypal experience distorted and trivialized, but it is terribly painful to feel it being done by a woman whose knowledge so much touches my own.

When I speak of knowledge, as you know, I am speaking of that dark and true depth which understanding serves, waits upon, and makes accessible through language to ourselves and others. It is this depth within each of us that nurtures vision.

What you excluded from *Gyn/Ecology* dismissed my heritage and the heritage of all other non-European women, and denied the real connections that exist between all of us.

It is obvious that you have done a tremendous amount of work for this book. But simply because so little material on non-white female power and symbol exists in white women's words from a radical feminist perspective, to exclude this aspect of connection from even

comment in your work is to deny the fountain of non-European female strength and power that nurtures each of our visions. It is to make a point by choice.

Then, to realize that the only quotations from Black women's words were the ones you used to introduce your chapter on African genital mutilation made me question why you needed to use them at all. For my part, I felt that you had in fact misused my words, utilized them only to testify against myself as a woman of color. For my words which you used were no more, nor less, illustrative of this chapter than "Poetry Is Not a Luxury" or any number of my other poems might have been of many other parts of *Gyn/Ecology*.

So the question arises in my mind, Mary, do you ever really read the work of black women? Did you ever read my words, or did you merely finger through them for quotations which you thought might valuably support an already conceived idea concerning some old and distorted connection between us? This is not a rhetorical question.

To me, this feels like another instance of the knowledge, crone-ology and work of women of Color being ghettoized by a white woman dealing only out of a patriarchal western European frame of reference. Even your words on page 49 of Gyn/Ecology, "The strength which Self-centering women find, in finding our background, is our own strength, which we give back to ourselves," have a different ring as we remember the old traditions of power and strength and nurturance found in the female bonding of African women. It is there to be tapped by all women who do not fear the revelation of connection to themselves.

Have you read my work, and the work of other black women, for what it could give you? Or did you hunt through only to find words that would legitimize your chapter on African genital mutilation in the eyes of other Black women? And if so, then why not use our words to legitimize or illustrate the other places where we connect in our being and becoming? If, on the other hand, it was not Black women you were attempting to reach, in what way did our words illustrate your point for white women?

Mary, I ask that you be aware of how this serves the destructive forces of racism and separation between women - the assumption that the herstory and myth of white women is the legitimate and sole herstory and myth of all women to call upon for power and background, and that nonwhite women and our herstories are noteworthy only as decorations, or examples of female victimization. I ask that you be aware of the effect that this dismissal has upon the community of black women and other women of color, and how it devalues your own words. This dismissal does not essentially differ from the specialized devaluations that make black women prey, for instance, to the murders even now happening in your own city. When patriarchy dismisses us, it encourages our murderers. When radical lesbian feminist theory dismisses us, it encourages its own demise.

This dismissal stands as a real block to communication between us. This block makes it far easier to turn away from you completely than to attempt to understand the

thinking behind your choices. Should the next step be war between us, or separation? Assimilation within a solely western European herstory is not acceptable.

Mary, I ask that you remember what is dark and ancient and divine within yourself that aids your speaking. As outsiders, we need each other for support and connection and all the other necessities of living on the borders. But in order to come together we must recognize each other. Yet I feel that since you have so completely un-recognized me, perhaps I have been in error concerning you and no longer recognize you.

I feel you do celebrate differences between white women as a creative force toward change, rather than a reason for misunderstanding and separation. But you fail to recognize that, as women, those differences expose all women to various forms and degrees of patriarchal oppression, some of which we share and some of which we do not. For instance, surely you know that for nonwhite women in this country, there is an 80 percent fatality rate from breast cancer; three times the number of unnecessary eventrations, hysterectomies and sterilizations as for white women; three times as many chances of being raped, murdered, or assaulted as exist for white women. These are statistical facts, not coincidences nor paranoid fantasies.

Within the community of women, racism is a reality force in my life as it is not in yours. The white women with hoods on in Ohio handing out KKK literature on the street may not like what you have to say, but they will shoot me on sight. (If you and I were to walk into a classroom of women in Dismal Gulch, Alabama, where the only thing they knew about each of us was that we were both Lesbian/Radical/Feminist, you would see exactly what I mean.)

The oppression of women knows no ethnic nor racial boundaries, true, but that does not mean it is identical within those differences. Nor do the reservoirs of our ancient power know these boundaries. To deal with one without even alluding to the other is to distort our commonality as well as our difference.

For then beyond sisterhood is still racism.

We first met at the MLA panel, "The Transformation of Silence into Language and Action." This letter attempts to break a silence which I had imposed upon myself shortly before that date. I had decided never again to speak to white women about racism. I felt it was wasted energy because of destructive guilt and **defensiveness**, and because whatever I had to say might better be said by white women to one another at far less emotional cost to the speaker, and probably with a better hearing. But I would like not to destroy you in my consciousness, not to have to. So as a sister Hag, I ask you to speak to my perceptions.

Whether or not you do, Mary, again I thank you for what I have learned from you.

This letter is in repayment.

In the hands of Afrekete,

Audre Lorde

Working with words

A. Find the words from the text for these meanings. The first letters have been given for you.

a. r…….	unwillingness or disinclination to do something
b. r…….	preventing the expression or awareness of thoughts or desires
c. m……...	the infliction of serious damage on something
d. g……...	restricted to an isolated or segregated place, group, or situation
e. h……...	history viewed from a female or specifically feminist perspective
f. g……...	relating to the human or animal reproductive organs
g. h……...	surgical operations to remove all or part of the uterus
h. p……...	obsessively anxious, suspicious, or mistrustful
i. e……...	thrusting forward of abdominal organs through the abdominal wall

B. Complete the chart.

Verb	Noun	Adjective
		committed
	nurturance	
legitimize		----------
	sterilization	
oppress		
		alluding
	defensiveness	
		victimized

C. Consult a dictionary and define these terms.

racism, lesbian, radical, feminist, patriarchy

D. Underline the consonant clusters in the following sentences.

a. Fluffy went flip-flop all over the floor.

b. The whites sing a song about the striking stars.
c. Here are some flowers and a flask of tea of your favourite flavour.
d. Smita fell ill with flu.
e. My friend is frightened of frogs.
f. Thumbelina stumbled out of the green bush.
g. She heard a rumble and a cry.
h. 'Climb up', said Tom.
i. Freedom needs to be strived for.
j. Children were munching crunchy French fries.

Comprehension

Answer the following questions.

a. Why does Audre Lorde think that Mary got a sort of victory in the University of Boston?
b. Why is Lorde thankful to Mary?
c. What impression has the writer had about the way white women looked upon black women?
d. Why did Mary not cast black women as goddesses in her book according to Lorde?
e. Why did Lorde think that she misused her words?
f. For Lorde, how were women, especially from the black community, undervalued?
g. How does Mary take white women as? Does Lorde agree with Mary's view?
h. What is Afrekete? How does it connect to this lesson?

Critical thinking

a. "The oppression of women knows no ethnic or racial boundaries." Do you agree or not? Justify with your reasons.
b. Why is it important to question our beliefs and values? How are they set up in a person's mind?

Writing

A. Have you ever faced or witnessed cases of racial or sexual discrimination? Write a short account.
B. Write an article for a national daily on **"The Status of Women in Nepali Society."**

Grammar

Adjective order

A. Study the following qualifiers used with the word 'house.'

A house	A large house
A large white house	A large old white house
A beautiful large old white house	A beautiful large old rectangular white house

B. Choose the correct alternative.

a. an old foreign car/a foreign old car
b. a beautiful white dress/ a white beautiful dress
c. a nice tall young man/a tall nice young man
d. a big black wooden desk/ a black wooden big desk
e. a delicious Italian pizza/ an Italian delicious pizza
f. a huge brown bear/a brown huge bear
g. a purple cotton sleeping bag/ a cotton purple sleeping bag
h. a beautiful old Indian village/an old beautiful Indian village
i. a cute little kitten/ a little cute kitten
j. an expensive antique /an antique expensive table

C. Put the adjectives in the following sentences in the correct order.

a. I bought (red/ a /comfortable/new) scooter.
b. She reached home and sat on (relaxing/old/her/wooden) chair.
c. We ate (Chinese/delicious/some) food.
d. I need (golden/delicious/some/round) apples.
e. We like to live in a (calm/unmediated/remote) place for some time.
f. She is wearing (silver/beautiful / a(n)/ old) ring.
g. I am looking for (golden/stylish/a/Japanese) watch.
h. She dropped (old/china/attractive/a(n)) cup and smashed it.
i. He wants to marry (young/pretty/educated/a(n)/rustic) girl.
j. We stayed in a (luxurious/five star/new) hotel in Dubai.

Listening

A. Look at the pictures and answer these questions.

a. Do you know a person in the pictures?
b. What is he famous for?

B. Listen to the speech delivered by Lee Kuan Yew on National Day Rally and match the first halves of the sentences (a-f) with their second halves (A-F). Write the answers in the spaces provided.

a.	The policies need to be revised	
b.	We need a government	
c.	Lee Kuan Yew suggests the citizens	
d.	The first job of a government is	
e.	The determined groups of men who contributed	
f.	Lee Kuan Yew warns the people	

A.	to equalize opportunities.
B.	to make a different Singapore.
C.	because of the changed circumstances.
D.	not to vote in jokers, cranks, weak men and charlatans.
E.	which must be bold and prudent.
F.	to avoid hypocrisy.

C. "The government can give the expression to the will of the people, but the people must have that will. If you don't have it, there's nothing a government can do." Do you agree with this Lee Kuan's opinion? Give your reasons.

Speaking

Denying

A. Study the following pieces of conversation and practise how to deny in specific situations.

a. An old man is trying to get his heavy bag down from the rack on a train.

A: Would you like me to help you?

B: Thank you for your trouble, but I can manage things.

b. After a meeting your boss offers you to drive home, but your friend is picking you up in about 5 minutes.

Boss: Shall I drive you back home?

You: That's extremely kind of you, but I'm expecting Subash.

c. A student is talking with his teacher.

Student: Madam, can I request you for a thing?

Teacher: Of course, what's that?

Student: Will you please come to my home on Saturday? We're having a big party.

Teacher: What a splendid idea! Thank you. But, I can't because I have to go to Pyuthan on Friday.

B. Study some useful expressions for denying.

No, thank you.

No, really, I can manage. Thanks.

No, it's all alright, really.

No, don't bother, really.

Thank you for offering, but……

Nice thought, but…….

Please don't trouble yourself about…

I'm afraid I find myself unable to accept your invitation.

C. Work in pairs. Have conversations in the following situations.

a. You are invited for dinner by your close friend, but you are very busy and cannot attend it.

b. Somebody offers you a long trip but you are not interested in it.

c. A friend offers to post a letter for you, but you can quite easily do it yourself.

d. You are at a party given by an important person. Now it has become very late at night and the host offers you a bed for the night. But you feel you must go home.

e. You and your parent are at the cinema. It is full inside except for the two seats on either side of an old lady. The lady offers to move so that you may sit together.

Project work

Organize a debate competition on **"The Greatest Power Is not Money Power, but Political Power"** in the class. Invite your English teacher as a judge.

Section Two

Literature

Short Stories
Poems
Essays
One-act Plays

Unit 1 Short Stories

1 Neighbours

Tim Winton

Before reading

Discuss the following questions.

a. How many languages are spoken in your community? Do people in your community understand each other's mother tongue?

b. How do the neighbours help each other in your neighbourhood?

Tim Winton, full name Timothy John Winton, (b. 1960) is an Australian author of both adult and children's novels that deal with both the experience of life in and the landscape of his native country. He competed with 35 other novelists for **The Australian Literary Award** presented for the best unpublished novel manuscript and won the prize in 1982 for his manuscript *An Open Swimmer*. His novels include *That Eye, the Sky* (1986), *Dirt Music* (2001), and *Breath* (2008). He also wrote several children's books, including *Lockie Leonard, Human Torpedo* (1990), *The Bugalugs Bum Thief* (1991), and *The Deep* (1998). This story '*Neighbours*' has been taken from *Migrants of Australia* edited by Harwood Lawler.

It is a story about a newly married couple living in a multicultural and multilingual suburb neighborhood. It shows that cultural and linguistic barriers cannot stop people from bestowing love and compassion.

When they first moved in, the young couple were wary of the neighbourhood. The street was full of European migrants. It made the newly-weds feel like sojourners in a foreign land. Next door on the left lived a Macedonian family. On the right, a widower from Poland.

The newly-weds' house was small, but its high ceilings and paned windows gave it the feel of an elegant cottage. From his study window, the young man could see out over the rooftops and used car yards the Moreton Bay figs in the park where they walked their dog. The neighbours seemed cautious about the dog, a docile, moulting collie.

The young man and woman had lived all their lives in the expansive outer suburbs where good neighbours were seldom seen and never heard. The sounds of spitting and washing and daybreak watering came as a shock. The Macedonian family shouted, ranted, screamed. It took six months for the newcomers to comprehend the fact that their neighbours were not murdering each other, merely talking.

The old Polish man spent most of his day hammering nails into wood only to pull them out

again. His yard was stacked with salvaged lumber. He added to it, but he did not build with it.

Relations were uncomfortable for many months. The Macedonians raised eyebrows at the late hour at which the newcomers rose in the mornings. The young man sensed their disapproval at his staying home to write his thesis while his wife worked. He watched in disgust as the little boy next door urinated in the street. He once saw him spraying the cat from the back step. The child's head was shaved regularly, he assumed, in order to make his hair grow thick. The little boy stood at the fence with only his cobalt eyes showing; it made the young man nervous.

In the autumn, the young couple cleared rubbish from their backyard and turned and manured the soil under the open and measured gaze of the neighbours. They planted leeks, onions, cabbage, Brussels sprouts and broad beans and this caused the neighbours to come to the fence and offer advice about spacing, hilling, mulching. The young man resented the interference, but he took careful note of what was said. His wife was bold enough to run a hand over the child's stubble and the big woman with black eyes and butcher's arms gave her a bagful of garlic cloves to plant.

Not long after, the young man and woman built a henhouse. The neighbours watched it fall down. The Polish widower slid through the fence uninvited and rebuilt it for them. They could not understand a word he said.

As autumn merged into winter and the vermilion sunsets were followed by sudden, dark dusks touched with the smell of wood smoke and the sound of roosters crowing day's end, the young couple found themselves smiling back at the neighbours. They offered heads of cabbage and took gifts of grappa and firewood. The young man worked steadily at his thesis on the development of the twentieth century novel. He cooked dinners for his wife and listened to her stories of eccentric patients and hospital incompetence. In the street, they no longer walked with their eyes lowered. They felt superior and proud when their parents came to visit and to cast shocked glances across the fence.

In the winter they kept ducks, big, silent muscovies that stood about in the rain growing fat. In the spring the Macedonian family showed them how to slaughter and to pluck and to dress. They all sat around on blocks and upturned buckets and told barely understood stories — the men butchering, the women plucking, as was demanded. In the haze of down and steam and fractured dialogue, the young man and woman felt intoxicated. The cat toyed with severed heads. The child pulled the cat's tail. The newcomers found themselves shouting.

But they had not planned on a pregnancy. It stunned them to be made parents so early. Their friends did not have children until several years after being married — if at all. The young woman arranged for maternity leave. The young man ploughed on with his thesis on the twentieth century novel.

The Polish widower began to build. In the late spring dawns, he sank post and poured cement and began to use his wood. The young couple turned in their bed, cursed

him behind his back. The young husband, at times, suspected that the widower was deliberately antagonizing them. The young wife threw up in the mornings. Hay fever began to wear him down.

Before long the young couple realized that the whole neighbourhood knew of the pregnancy. People smiled tirelessly at them. The man in the deli gave her small presents of chocolates and him packets of cigarettes that he stored at home, not being a smoker. In the summer, Italian women began to offer names. Greek women stopped the young woman in the street, pulled her skirt up and felt her belly, telling her it was bound to be a boy. By late summer the woman next door had knitted the baby a suit, complete with booties and beanie. The young woman felt flattered, claustrophobic, grateful, peeved.

By late summer, the Polish widower next door had almost finished his two-car garage. The young man could not believe that a man without a car would do such a thing, and one evening as he was considering making a complaint about the noise, the Polish man came over with barrowful of wood scraps for their fire.

Labour came abruptly. The young man abandoned the twentieth century novel for the telephone. His wife began to black the stove. The midwife came and helped her finish the job while he ran about making statements that sounded like queries. His wife hoisted her belly about the house, supervising his movements. Going outside for more wood, he saw, in the last light of the day, the faces at each fence. He counted twelve faces. The Macedonian family waved and called out what sounded like their best wishes.

As the night deepened, the young woman dozed between contractions, sometimes walking, sometimes shouting. She had a hot bath and began to eat ice and demand liverwurst. Her belly rose, uterus flexing downward. Her sweat sparkled, the gossamer highlit by movement and firelight. The night grew older. The midwife crooned. The young man rubbed his wife's back, fed her ice and rubbed her lips with oil.

And then came the pushing. He caressed and stared and tried not to shout. The floor trembled as the young woman bore down in a squat. He felt the power of her, the sophistication of her. She strained. Her face mottled. She kept at it, push after push, assaulting some unseen barrier, until suddenly it was smashed and she was through. It took his wind away to see the look on the baby's face as it was suddenly passed up to the breast. It had one eye on him. It found the nipple. It trailed cord and vernix smears and its mother's own sweat. She gasped and covered the tiny buttocks with a hand. A boy, she said. For a second, the child lost the nipple and began to cry. The young man heard shouting outside. He went to the back door. On the Macedonian side of the fence, a small queue of bleary faces looked up, cheering, and the young man began to weep. The twentieth century novel had not prepared him for this.

Glossary

Macedonian (adj.): from Macedonia, south-eastern Europe

Moreton Bay (n.): a bay located on the eastern coast of Australia

moulting (adj.): molting, hair growing.

grappa (n.): a kind of alcoholic beverage, a fragrant grape-based Italian brandy

eccentric (adj.): unconventional and strange

muscovy (n.): a kind of large duck of South American origin

claustrophobic (adj.): afraid of living in confined places

liverwurst (n.): meat sausage also known as liver sausage

croon (v.): hum or sing in a low soft voice

vernix (n.): a greasy deposit covering the skin of a baby at birth

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

a. Describe how the young couple's house looked like.

b. How did the young couple identify their neighbours in the beginning of their arrival?

c. How did the neighbours help the young couple in the kitchen garden?

d. Why were the people in the neighborhood surprised at the role of the young man and his wife in their family?

e. How did the neighbours respond to the woman's pregnancy?

f. Why did the young man begin to weep at the end of the story?

g. Why do you think the author did not characterize the persons in the story with proper names?

Reference to the context

a. The story shows that linguistic and cultural barriers do not create any obstacle in human relationship. Cite some examples from the story where the neighbours have transcended such barriers.

b. The last sentence of the story reads "The twentieth-century novel had not prepared him for this." In your view, what differences did the young man find between twentieth-century novels and human relations?

c. A Nepali proverb says "Neighbors are companions for wedding procession as well as for funeral procession." Does this proverb apply in the story? Justify.

d. The author has dealt with an issue of multiculturalism in the story. Why do you think multiculturalism has become a major issue in the present world?

Reference beyond the text

a. Write an essay on **Celebration of Childbirth in my Community**.

b. Do the people in your community respond with similar reactions upon the pregnancy and childbirth as depicted in the story? Give a couple of examples.

2 A Respectable Woman

Kate Chopin

Before reading

Discuss the following questions.

a. How do you feel if someone lives in your house as a guest for a long time?

b. Have you ever changed your opinion about a person after meeting her/him?

Kate Chopin, original name Katherine O'Flaherty (1851-1904) was an American novelist and short-story writer. She was born and brought up in St. Louis and lived in New Orleans after getting married to Oscar Chopin. Her first novel *At Fault* appeared in 1890 and the second novel *The Awakening* in 1899. She wrote more than 100 short stories and among them, 'Disiree's Baby', 'Madame Celestin's Divorce' and 'A Respectable Woman' are more anthologized than others. The language in her novels and short stories is full of sexual connotations and her novel *The Awakening* was condemned for its sexual frankness and the publishers had refrained from publishing it. Later after 1950, her works were reinterpreted and she was praised for depicting modern sensibility. The story 'A Respectable Woman' is taken out from her collection *The Awakening and Other Short Stories* (2005).

The short story 'A Respectable Woman' is structured around the character of Mrs. Baroda and her inner conflict as she finds herself attracted to her husband's friend. The conflict follows the pattern of classical fiction and moves from exposition to rising action and then to climax and resolution.

Mrs. Baroda was a little provoked to learn that her husband expected his friend, Gouvernail, up to spend a week or two on the plantation.

They had entertained a good deal during the winter; much of the time had also been passed in New Orleans in various forms of mild dissipation. She was looking forward to a period of unbroken rest, now, and undisturbed tete-a-tete with her husband, when he informed her that Gouvernail was coming up to stay a week or two.

This was a man she had heard much of but never seen. He had been her husband's college friend; was now a journalist, and in no sense a society man or "a man about town," which were, perhaps, some of the reasons she had never met him. But she had unconsciously formed an image of him in her mind. She pictured him tall, slim, cynical; with eyeglasses, and his hands in his pockets; and she did not like him. Gouvernail was

slim enough, but he wasn't very tall nor very cynical; neither did he wear eyeglasses nor carry his hands in his pockets. And she rather liked him when he first presented himself.

But why she liked him she could not explain satisfactorily to herself when she partly attempted to do so. She could discover in him none of those brilliant and promising traits which Gaston, her husband, had often assured her that he possessed. On the contrary, he sat rather mute and receptive before her chatty eagerness to make him feel at home and in face of Gaston's frank and wordy hospitality. His manner was as courteous toward her as the most exacting woman could require; but he made no direct appeal to her approval or even esteem.

Once settled at the plantation he seemed to like to sit upon the wide portico in the shade of one of the big Corinthian pillars, smoking his cigar lazily and listening attentively to Gaston's experience as a sugar planter.

"This is what I call living," he would utter with deep satisfaction, as the air that swept across the sugar field caressed him with its warm and scented velvety touch. It pleased him also to get on familiar terms with the big dogs that came about him, rubbing themselves sociably against his legs. He did not care to fish, and displayed no eagerness to go out and kill grosbecs when Gaston proposed doing so.

Gouvernail's personality puzzled Mrs. Baroda, but she liked him. Indeed, he was a lovable, inoffensive fellow. After a few days, when she could understand him no better than at first, she gave over being puzzled and remained piqued. In this mood, she left her husband and her guest, for the most part, alone together. Then finding that Gouvernail took no manner of exception to her action, she imposed her society upon him, accompanying him in his idle strolls to the mill and walks along the batture. She persistently sought to penetrate the reserve in which he had unconsciously enveloped himself.

"When is he going—your friend?" she one day asked her husband. "For my part, he tires me frightfully."

"Not for a week yet, dear. I can't understand; he gives you no trouble."

"No. I should like him better if he did; if he were more like others, and I had to plan somewhat for his comfort and enjoyment."

Gaston took his wife's pretty face between his hands and looked tenderly and laughingly into her troubled eyes.

They were making a bit of toilet sociably together in Mrs. Baroda's dressing-room.

"You are full of surprises, ma belle," he said to her. "Even I can never count upon how you are going to act under given conditions." He kissed her and turned to fasten his cravat before the mirror.

"Here you are," he went on, "taking poor Gouvernail seriously and making a commotion over him, the last thing he would desire or expect."

"Commotion!" she hotly resented. "Nonsense! How can you say such a thing? Commotion, indeed! But, you know, you said he was clever."

"So he is. But the poor fellow is run down by overwork now. That's why I asked him here to take a rest."

"You used to say he was a man of ideas," she retorted, unconciliated. "I expected him to be interesting, at least. I'm going to the city in the morning to have my spring gowns fitted. Let me know when Mr. Gouvernail is gone; I shall be at my Aunt Octavie's."

That night she went and sat alone upon a bench that stood beneath a live oak tree at the edge of the gravel walk.

She had never known her thoughts or her intentions to be so confused. She could gather nothing from them but the feeling of a distinct necessity to quit her home in the morning.

Mrs. Baroda heard footsteps crunching the gravel; but could discern in the darkness only the approaching red point of a lighted cigar. She knew it was Gouvernail, for her husband did not smoke. She hoped to remain unnoticed, but her white gown revealed her to him. He threw away his cigar and seated himself upon the bench beside her; without a suspicion that she might object to his presence.

"Your husband told me to bring this to you, Mrs. Baroda," he said, handing her a filmy, white scarf with which she sometimes enveloped her head and shoulders. She accepted the scarf from him with a murmur of thanks, and let it lie in her lap.

He made some commonplace observation upon the baneful effect of the night air at the season. Then as his gaze reached out into the darkness, he murmured, half to himself:

"'Night of south winds—night of the large few stars! Still nodding night—'"

She made no reply to this apostrophe to the night, which, indeed, was not addressed to her.

Gouvernail was in no sense a diffident man, for he was not a self-conscious one. His periods of reserve were not constitutional, but the result of moods. Sitting there beside Mrs. Baroda, his silence melted for the time.

He talked freely and intimately in a low, hesitating drawl that was not unpleasant to hear. He talked of the old college days when he and Gaston had been a good deal to each other; of the days of keen and blind ambitions and large intentions. Now there was left with him, at least, a philosophic acquiescence to the existing order—only a desire to be permitted to exist, with now and then a little whiff of genuine life, such as he was breathing now.

Her mind only vaguely grasped what he was saying.

Her physical being was for the moment predominant. She was not thinking of his words, only drinking in the tones of his voice. She wanted to reach out her hand in the darkness and touch him with the sensitive tips of her fingers upon the face or the

lips. She wanted to draw close to him and whisper against his cheek—she did not care what—as she might have done if she had not been a respectable woman.

The stronger the impulse grew to bring herself near him, the further, in fact, did she draw away from him. As soon as she could do so without an appearance of too great rudeness, she rose and left him there alone.

Before she reached the house, Gouvernail had lighted a fresh cigar and ended his apostrophe to the night.

Mrs. Baroda was greatly tempted that night to tell her husband—who was also her friend—of this folly that had seized her. But she did not yield to the temptation. Besides being a respectable woman she was a very sensible one; and she knew there are some battles in life which a human being must fight alone.

When Gaston arose in the morning, his wife had already departed. She had taken an early morning train to the city. She did not return till Gouvernail was gone from under her roof.

There was some talk of having him back during the summer that followed. That is, Gaston greatly desired it; but this desire yielded to his wife's strenuous opposition.

However, before the year ended, she proposed, wholly from herself, to have Gouvernail visit them again. Her husband was surprised and delighted with the suggestion coming from her.

"I am glad, chereamie, to know that you have finally overcome your dislike for him; truly he did not deserve it."

"Oh," she told him, laughingly, after pressing a long, tender kiss upon his lips, "I have overcome everything! You will see. This time I shall be very nice to him."

Glossary

tete-a-tete (n. French): private conversation between two people, usually in an intimate setting

cynical (adj.): concerned only with one's own interests

portico (n.): porch leading to the entrance of a building

Corinthian (adj.): having the characteristics of Corinth in ancient Greece

velvety (adj.): having a smooth, soft appearance, feel, or taste

piqued (adj.): irritated

batture (n.): an alluvial land by a riverside, especially in low land area

mabelle (adj.): French word, equivalent to *my beautiful* in English

unconciliated (adj.): uncompromised, not agreeing

cravat (n.): a short, wide strip of fabric worn by men round the neck inside an open-necked shirt

whiff (n.): a brief and faint smell

temptation (n.): a desire of something wrong or unwise

strenuous (adj.): requiring or using great effort or exertion

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

a. Why was Mrs. Baroda unhappy with the information about Gouvernail's visit to their farm?

b. How was Gouvernail different from Mrs. Baroda's expectation?

c. How does Mrs. Baroda compare Gouvernail with her husband?

d. Why and how did Mrs. Baroda try to change Gouvernail's solitary habits?

e. How does Gaston disagree with his wife on Gouvernail's character?

f. Why is Gaston surprised with his wife's expression towards the end of the story?

Reference to the context

a. What is the cause of conflict in Mrs. Baroda's mind? What role does Mrs. Baroda 'being a respectable woman' play in the story?

b. Sketch the character of Gouvernail and contrast it with Gaston.

c. Why does Mrs. Baroda not disclose her feelings towards Gouvernail to her husband?

d. The last three sentences of the story bring a kind of twist. After reading these three sentences, how do you analyze Mrs. Baroda's attitude towards Gouvernail?

Reference beyond the text

a. The entry of an outsider into a family has been a recurring subject in both literature and films. Narrate a story real or imaginative where an outsider's arrival destroys the intimate relationship between the husband and the wife and causes break up in marital relationship without direct fault of anyone. Anton's Chekhov's story 'About Love' is a story on this subject.

b. Mrs. Baroda makes an expectation about Gouvernail even before meeting him. Suppose you are a mature girl/boy and your family members are giving you pressure for getting married. Write in about 200 words describing what qualities you would like to get in your future husband/wife.

3 A Devoted Son

Anita Desai

Before reading

Answer the following questions.

a. Will you be ready to sacrifice your career, status, and economic opportunities for the good of your parents? Why or why not?

b. In your view, what are the qualities of a devoted son/daughter?

Anita Desai, original name Anita Mazumdar, (b. 1937-) is an Indian novelist, short story writer and the writer of children's books. As a biracial child born to a German mother and Indian father, Desai was exposed to German, Hindi and English language from her childhood. After completing her B. A. from University of Delhi, Desai began to publish her stories and novels. Her novels *Cry, The Peacock* (1963) *Where Shall We Go this Summer* (1975), *Fire on the Mountain* (1977), *Clear Light of the Day* (1980), *In Custody* (1984) *Baumgartner's Bombay* (1988), *Journey to Ithaca* (1995), *Feasting, Feasting* (1999) and *Zigzag Way* (2004) received mixed response from the readers. She received Shahitya Academy Award for her novel *Fire on the Mountain.* Her novel *In Custody* was adapted into a film in 1993. She published several volumes of short stories including *Games at Twilight and Other Stories* (1978), *Diamond Dust and Other Stories* (2000). Two of her Children's Books *The Village and the Sea* (1982) and *The Artist of Disappearance* (2011) became popular among Indian children. 'The Devoted Son' is extracted from her collection of stories, *The Complete Short Stories*.

'A Devoted Son' is a realistic story set in a middle-class Indian family in an Indian village. The story shows how parents cherish their ambition towards their children and how a son should fulfill his duty towards the parents.

When the results appeared in the morning papers, Rakesh scanned them barefoot and in his pajamas, at the garden gate, then went up the steps to the verandah where his father sat sipping his morning tea and bowed down to touch his feet.

"A first division, son?" his father asked, beaming, reaching for the papers.

"At the top of the list, papa," Rakesh murmured, as if awed. "First in the country."

Bedlam broke loose then. The family whooped and danced. The whole day long visitors streamed into the small yellow house at the end of the road to congratulate the parents of this Wunderkind, to slap Rakesh on the back and fill the house and garden with the sounds and colors of a festival. There were garlands and *halwa,* party clothes and gifts (enough fountain pens to last years, even a watch or two), nerves and temper and joy, all in a multicolored whirl of pride and great shining vistas newly opened: Rakesh was the first son in the family to receive an education, so much had been sacrificed in order to send him to school and then medical college, and at last the fruits of their sacrifice had arrived, golden and glorious.

To everyone who came to him to say "Mubarak, Varmaji, your son has brought you glory," the father said, "Yes, and do you know what is the first thing he did when he saw the results this morning? He came and touched my feet. He bowed down and touched my feet." This moved many of the women in the crowd so much that they were seen to raise the ends of their saris and dab at their tears while the men reached out for the betel-leaves and sweetmeats that were offered around on trays and shook their heads in wonder and approval of such exemplary filial behavior. "One does not often see such behavior in sons anymore," they all agreed, a little enviously perhaps. Leaving the house, some of the women said, sniffing, "At least on such an occasion they might have served pure ghee sweets," and some of the men said, "Don't you think old Varma was giving himself airs? He needn't think we don't remember that he comes from the vegetable market himself, his father used to sell vegetables, and he has never seen the inside of a school." But there was more envy than rancor in their voices and it was, of course, inevitable—not every son in that shabby little colony at the edge of the city was destined to shine as Rakesh shone, and who knew that better than the parents themselves?

And that was only the beginning, the first step in a great, sweeping ascent to the radiant heights of fame and fortune. The thesis he wrote for his M.D. brought Rakesh still greater glory, if only in select medical circles. He won a scholarship. He went to the USA (that was what his father learnt to call it and taught the whole family to say—not America, which was what the ignorant neighbors called it, but, with a grand familiarity, "the USA") where he pursued his career in the most prestigious of all hospitals and won encomiums from his American colleagues which were relayed to his admiring and glowing family. What was more, he came back, he actually returned to that small yellow house in the once-new but increasingly shabby colony, right at the end of the road where the rubbish vans tipped out their stinking contents for pigs to nose in and rag-pickers to build their shacks on, all steaming and smoking just outside the neat wire fences and well-tended gardens. To this Rakesh returned and the first thing he did on entering the house was to slip out of the embraces of his sisters and brothers and bow down and touch his father's feet.

As for his mother, she gloated chiefly over the strange fact that he had not married in America, had not brought home a foreign wife as all her neighbors had warned her he would, for wasn't that what all Indian boys went abroad for? Instead he agreed, almost without argument, to marry a girl she had picked out for him in her own village, the daughter of a childhood friend, a plump and uneducated girl, it was true, but so old-fashioned, so placid, so complaisant that she slipped into the household and settled in like a charm, seemingly too lazy and too good-natured to even try and make Rakesh leave home and set up independently, as any other girl might have done. What was more, she was pretty—really pretty, in a plump, pudding way that only gave way to fat—soft, spreading fat, like warm wax—after the birth of their first baby, a son, and then what did it matter?

For some years Rakesh worked in the city hospital, quickly rising to the top of the administrative organization, and was made a director before he left to set up his own clinic. He took his parents in his car—a new, sky-blue Ambassador with a rear window full of stickers and charms revolving on strings—to see the clinic when it was built, and the large sign-board over the door on which his name was printed in letters of red, with a row of degrees and qualifications to follow it like so many little black slaves of the regent. Thereafter his fame seemed to grow just a little dimmer—or maybe it was only that everyone in town had grown accustomed to it at last—but it was also the beginning of his fortune for he now became known not only as the best but also the richest doctor in town.

However, all this was not accomplished in the wink of an eye. Naturally not. It was the achievement of a lifetime and it took up Rakesh's whole life. At the time he set up his clinic his father had grown into an old man and retired from his post at the kerosene dealer's depot at which he had worked for forty years, and his mother died soon after, giving up the ghost with a sigh that sounded positively happy, for it was her own son who ministered to her in her last illness and who sat pressing her feet at the last moment—such a son as few women had borne.

For it had to be admitted—and the most unsuccessful and most rancorous of neighbors eventually did so—that Rakesh was not only a devoted son and a miraculously good-natured man who contrived somehow to obey his parents and humor his wife and show concern equally for his children and his patients, but there was actually a brain inside this beautifully polished and formed body of good manners and kind nature and, in between ministering to his family and playing host to many friends and coaxing them all into feeling happy and grateful and content, he had actually trained his hands as well and emerged an excellent doctor, a really fine surgeon. How one man—and a man born to illiterate parents, his father having worked for a kerosene dealer and his mother having spent her life in a kitchen—had achieved, combined and conducted such a medley of virtues, no one could fathom , but all acknowledged his talent and skill.

It was a strange fact, however, that talent and skill, if displayed for too long, cease to dazzle. It came to pass that the most admiring of all eyes eventually faded and no longer blinked at his glory. Having retired from work and having lost his wife, the old father very quickly went to pieces, as they say. He developed so many complaints and fell ill so frequently and with such mysterious diseases that even his son could no longer make out when it was something of significance and when it was merely a peevish whim. He sat huddled on his string bed most of the day and developed an exasperating habit of stretching out suddenly and lying absolutely still, allowing the whole family to fly around him in a flap, wailing and weeping, and then suddenly sitting up, stiff and gaunt, and spitting out a big gob of betel-juice as if to mock their behavior.

He did this once too often: there had been a big party in the house, a birthday party for the youngest son, and the celebrations had to be suddenly hushed, covered up and hustled out of the way when the daughter-in-law discovered, or thought she discovered, that the old man, stretched out from end to end of his string bed, had lost his pulse; the party broke up, dissolved, even turned into a band of mourners, when the old man sat up and the distraught daughter-in-law received a gob of red spittle right on the hem of her organza sari. After that no one much cared if he sat up cross-legged on his bed, hawking and spitting, or lay down flat and turned gray as a corpse. Except, of course, for that pearl amongst pearls, his son Rakesh.

It was Rakesh who brought him his morning tea, not in one of the china cups from which the rest of the family drank, but in the old man's favorite brass tumbler, and sat at the edge of his bed, comfortable and relaxed with the string of his pajamas dangling out from under his fine lawn night-shirt, and discussed or, rather, read out the morning news to his father. It made no difference to him that his father made no response apart from spitting. It was Rakesh, too, who, on returning from the clinic in the evening, persuaded the old man to come out of his room, as bare and desolate as a cell, and take the evening air out in the garden, beautifully arranging the pillows and bolsters on the divan in the corner of the open verandah. On summer nights he saw to it that the servants carried out the old man's bed onto the lawn and himself helped his father down the steps and onto the bed, soothing him and settling him down for a night under the stars.

All this was very gratifying for the old man. What was not so gratifying was that he even undertook to supervise his father's diet. One day when the father was really sick, having ordered his daughter-in-law to make him a dish of *soojiehalwa* and eaten it with a saucerful of cream, Rakesh marched into the room, not with his usual respectful step but with the confident and rather contemptuous stride of the famous doctor, and declared, "No more *halwa* for you, papa. We must be sensible, at your age. If you must have something sweet, Veena will cook you a little kheer, that's light, just a little rice and milk. But nothing fried, nothing rich. We can't have this happening again."

The old man who had been lying stretched out on his bed, weak and feeble after a day's illness, gave a start at the very sound, the tone of these words. He opened his eyes—rather, they fell open with shock—and he stared at his son with disbelief that darkened quickly to reproach. A son who actually refused his father the food he craved? No, it was unheard of, it was incredible. But Rakesh had turned his back to him and was cleaning up the litter of bottles and packets on the medicine shelf and did not notice while Veena slipped silently out of the room with a little smirk that only the old man saw, and hated.

Halwa was only the first item to be crossed off the old man's diet. One delicacy after the other went—everything fried to begin with, then everything sweet, and eventually everything, everything that the old man enjoyed.

The meals that arrived for him on the shining stainless steel tray twice a day were frugal to say the least—dry bread, boiled lentils, boiled vegetables and, if there were a bit of chicken or fish, that was boiled too. If he called for another helping—in a cracked voice that quavered theatrically—Rakesh himself would come to the door, gaze at him sadly and shake his head, saying, "Now, papa, we must be careful, we can't risk another illness, you know," and although the daughter-in-law kept tactfully out of the way, the old man could just see her smirk sliding merrily through the air. He tried to bribe his grandchildren into buying him sweets (and how he missed his wife now, that generous, indulgent and illiterate cook), whispering, "Here's fifty paisa," as he stuffed the coins into a tight, hot fist. "Run down to the shop at the crossroads and buy me thirty paisa worth of jalebis, and you can spend the remaining twenty paisa on yourself. Eh? Understand? Will you do that?" He got away with it once or twice but then was found out, the conspirator was scolded by his father and smacked by his mother and Rakesh came storming into the room, almost tearing his hair as he shouted through compressed lips, "Now papa, are you trying to turn my little son into a liar? Quite apart from spoiling your own stomach, you are spoiling him as well—you are encouraging him to lie to his own parents. You should have heard the lies he told his mother when she saw him bringing back those jalebis wrapped up in filthy newspaper. I don't allow anyone in my house to buy sweets in the bazaar, papa, surely you know that. There's cholera in the city, typhoid, gastroenteritis—I see these cases daily in the hospital, how can I allow my own family to run such risks?" The old man sighed and lay down in the corpse position. But that worried no one any longer.

There was only one pleasure left in the old man now (his son's early morning visits and readings from the newspaper could no longer be called that) and those were visits from elderly neighbors. These were not frequent as his contemporaries were mostly as decrepit and helpless as he and few could walk the length of the road to visit him anymore. Old Bhatia, next door, however, who was still spry enough to refuse, adamantly, to bathe in the tiled bathroom indoors and to insist on carrying out his brass mug and towel, in all seasons and usually at impossible hours, into the yard and bathe

noisily under the garden tap, would look over the hedge to see if Varma were out on his verandah and would call to him and talk while he wrapped his dhoti about him and dried the sparse hair on his head, shivering with enjoyable exaggeration. Of course these conversations, bawled across the hedge by two rather deaf old men conscious of having their entire households overhearing them, were not very satisfactory but Bhatia occasionally came out of his yard, walked down the bit of road and came in at Varma's gate to collapse onto the stone plinth built under the temple tree. If Rakesh was at home he would help his father down the steps into the garden and arrange him on his night bed under the tree and leave the two old men to chew betel-leaves and discuss the ills of their individual bodies with combined passion.

"At least you have a doctor in the house to look after you," sighed Bhatia, having vividly described his martyrdom to piles.

"Look after me?" cried Varma, his voice cracking like an ancient clay jar. "He—he does not even give me enough to eat."

"What?" said Bhatia, the white hairs in his ears twitching. "Doesn't give you enough to eat? Your own son?"

"My own son. If I ask him for one more piece of bread, he says no, papa, I weighed out the ata myself and I can't allow you to have more than two hundred grams of cereal a day. He weighs the food he gives me, Bhatia—he has scales to weigh it on. That is what it has come to."

"Never," murmured Bhatia in disbelief. "Is it possible, even in this evil age, for a son to refuse his father food?"

"Let me tell you," Varma whispered eagerly. "Today the family was having fried fish—I could smell it. I called to my daughter-in-law to bring me a piece. She came to the door and said no. . . ."

"Said no?" It was Bhatia's voice that cracked. A drongo shot out of the tree and sped away. "No?"

"No, she said no, Rakesh has ordered her to give me nothing fried. No butter, he says, no oil. . . "

"No butter? No oil? How does he expect his father to live?"

Old Varma nodded with melancholy triumph. "That is how he treats me—after I have brought him up, given him an education, made him a great doctor. Great doctor! This is the way great doctors treat their fathers, Bhatia," for the son's sterling personality and character now underwent a curious sea change. Outwardly all might be the same but the interpretation had altered: his masterly efficiency was nothing but cold heartlessness, his authority was only tyranny in disguise.

There was cold comfort in complaining to neighbors and, on such a miserable diet, Varma found himself slipping, weakening and soon becoming a genuinely sick man. Powders and pills and mixtures were not only brought in when dealing with a crisis like an upset stomach but became a regular part of his diet—became his diet, complained Varma, supplanting the natural foods he craved. There were pills to regulate his bowel movements, pills to bring down his blood pressure, pills to deal with his arthritis and, eventually, pills to keep his heart beating. In between there were panicky rushes to the hospital, some humiliating experience with the stomach pump and enema, which left him frightened and helpless. He cried easily, shriveling up on his bed, but if he complained of a pain or even a vague, gray fear in the night, Rakesh would simply open another bottle of pills and force him to take one. "I have my duty to you papa," he said when his father begged to be let off.

"Let me be," Varma begged, turning his face away from the pills on the outstretched hand. "Let me die. It would be better. I do not want to live only to eat your medicines."

"Papa, be reasonable."

"I leave that to you," the father cried with sudden spirit. "Leave me alone, let me die now, I cannot live like this."

"Lying all day on his pillows, fed every few hours by his daughter-in-law's own hand, visited by every member of his family daily—and then he says he does not want to live 'like this,'" Rakesh was heard to say, laughing, to someone outside the door.

"Deprived of food," screamed the old man on the bed, "his wishes ignored, taunted by his daughter-in-law, laughed at by his grandchildren—that is how I live." But he was very old and weak and all anyone heard was an incoherent croak, some expressive grunts and cries of genuine pain. Only once, when old Bhatia had come to see him and they sat together under the temple tree, they heard him cry, "God is calling me—and they won't let me go."

The quantities of vitamins and tonics he was made to take were not altogether useless. They kept him alive and even gave him a kind of strength that made him hang on long after he ceased to wish to hang on. It was as though he were straining at a rope, trying to break it, and it would not break, it was still strong. He only hurt himself, trying.

In the evening, that summer, the servants would come into his cell, grip his bed, one at each end, and carry it out to the verandah, there sitting it down with a thump that jarred every tooth in his head. In answer to his agonized complaints, they said the doctor sahib had told them he must take the evening air and the evening air they would make him take—thump. Then Veena, that smiling, hypocritical pudding in a rustling sari, would appear and pile up the pillows under his head till he was propped up stiffly into a sitting position that made his head swim and his back-ache.

"Let me lie down," he begged. "I can't sit up any more."

"Try, papa, Rakesh said you can if you try," she said, and drifted away to the other end of the verandah where her transistor radio vibrated to the lovesick tunes from the cinema that she listened to all day.

So there he sat, like some stiff corpse, terrified, gazing out on the lawn where his grandsons played cricket, in danger of getting one of their hard-spun balls in his eye, and at the gate that opened onto the dusty and rubbish-heaped lane but still bore, proudly, a newly touched-up signboard that bore his son's name and qualifications, his own name having vanished from the gate long ago.

At last the sky-blue Ambassador arrived, the cricket game broke up in haste, the car drove in smartly and the doctor, the great doctor, all in white, stepped out. Someone ran up to take his bag from him, others to escort him up the steps. "Will you have tea?" his wife called, turning down the transistor set. "Or a Coca-Cola? Shall I fry you some samosas?" But he did not reply or even glance in her direction. Ever a devoted son, he went first to the corner where his father sat gazing, stricken, at some undefined spot in the dusty yellow air that swam before him. He did not turn his head to look at his son. But he stopped gobbling air with his uncontrolled lips and set his jaw as hard as a sick and very old man could set it.

"Papa," his son said, tenderly, sitting down on the edge of the bed and reaching out to press his feet.

Old Varma tucked his feet under him, out of the way, and continued to gaze stubbornly into the yellow air of the summer evening.

Papa, I'm home."

Varma's hand jerked suddenly, in a sharp, derisive movement, but he did not speak.

"How are you feeling, papa?"

Then Varma turned and looked at his son. His face was so out of control and all in pieces, that the multitude of expressions that crossed it could not make up a whole and convey to the famous man exactly what his father thought of him, his skill, his art.

"I'm dying," he croaked. "Let me die, I tell you."

"Papa, you're joking," his son smiled at him, lovingly. "I've brought you a new tonic to make you feel better. You must take it, it will make you feel stronger again. Here it is. Promise me you will take it regularly, papa."

Varma's mouth worked as hard as though he still had a gob of betel in it (his supply of betel had been cut off years ago). Then he spat out some words, as sharp and bitter as poison, into his son's face. "Keep your tonic—I want none—I want none—I won't take any more of—of your medicines. None. Never," and he swept the bottle out of his son's hand with a wave of his own, suddenly grand, suddenly effective.

His son jumped, for the bottle was smashed and thick brown syrup had splashed up, staining his white trousers. His wife let out a cry and came running. All around the old man was hubbub once again, noise, attention.

He gave one push to the pillows at his back and dislodged them so he could sink down on his back, quite flat again. He closed his eyes and pointed his chin at the ceiling, like some dire prophet, groaning, "God is calling me—now let me go."

Glossary

wunderkind (n.) : a person who achieves great success when relatively young

sweetmeat (n.): a small piece of sweet food, made of or covered in sugar

encomiums (n.): a piece of writing that praises someone or something highly

desolate (adj.): feeling or showing great unhappiness or loneliness

delicacy (n.): fine food item

frugal (adj.): simple and plain and costing little

gastroenteritis (n.): a disease triggered by the infection and inflammation of the digestive system

supplant (v.): replace

hypocritical (adj.): characterized by behavior that contradicts what one claims to believe or feel

Ambassador (n.): an automobile manufactured by Hindustan Motors of India, in production from 1958

hubbub (n.): a loud confusing noise

prophet (n.): a person regarded as an inspired teacher

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

a. How did the morning papers bring ambiance of celebration in the Varma family?

b. How did the community celebrate Rakesh's success?

c. Why was Rakesh's success a special matter of discussion in the neighbourhood?

d. How does the author make fun with the words 'America' and 'the USA'?

e. How does the author characterize Rakesh's wife?

f. Describe how Rakesh rises in his career.

g. How does the author describe Rakesh's family background?

h. What is the impact of Rakesh's mother's death on his father?

i. What did Rakesh do to make his father's old age more comfortable?

j. Why did the old man try to bribe his grandchildren?

k. Are Mr. Varma's complaints about his diets reasonable? How?

Reference to the context

a. How did Varma couple make sacrifices for their son's higher education?

b. Mr. Varma suffers from diseases one after another after his wife's death. Would he have enjoyed better health if she had not died before him? Give reasons.

c. Dr. Rakesh is divided between a doctor and a son. As a son, he loves his father and worries about his weakening health but as a doctor he is strict on his father's diet and medicine. In your view, what else could Rakesh have done to make his father's final years more comfortable?

d. What does the story say about the relationship between grandfather and grand children?

e. Do you call Rakesh a devoted son? Give reasons.

Reference beyond the text

a. Write an essay on **The Parents' Ambition for their Children in Nepali Society.** You must give at least five examples.

b. Medicines replace our diets in the old age. What can be done to make old age less dependent on medicine?

c. Write an essay on "**Care of Elderly Citizens**" in about 300 words.

4 The Treasure in the Forest

H.G. Wells

Before reading

Answer the following questions.

a. Have you read any story about treasure hunting before? If yes, what is its title?

b. Why do you think people take risk of treasure hunting?

H. G. Wells, full **Herbert George Wells, (1866-1946)** was an English novelist, journalist, sociologist, and historian, best known for such science fiction novels. His first novel, *The Time Machine* (1895) was immediately successful, and so he added a series of science fiction novels that revealed him as a writer of marked originality and an immense richness of ideas. His science fiction novels include *The Wonderful Visit* (1895), *The Island of Doctor Moreau* (1896), *The Invisible Man* (1897), *The War of the Worlds* (1898), *The First Men in the Moon* (1901), and *The Food of the Gods* (1904). He also wrote many short stories, which were collected in *The Stolen Bacillus* (1895), *The Plattner Story* (1897), and *Tales of Space and Time* (1899). This story is taken from the collection *The Country of the Blind and other Short Stories.*

'The Treasure in the Forest' is an ominous adventure story in which two men search for Spanish treasure, letting greed get the better of their awareness. As the story moves ahead to show how power and greed corrupt human beings.

The canoe was now approaching the land. The bay opened out, and a gap in the white surf of the reef marked where the little river ran out to the sea; the thicker and deeper green of the virgin forest showed its course down the distant hill slope. The forest here came close to the beach. Far beyond, dim and almost cloudlike in texture, rose the mountains, like suddenly frozen waves. The sea was still save for an almost imperceptible swell. The sky blazed.

The man with the carved paddle stopped. "It should be somewhere here," he said. He shipped the paddle and held his arms out straight before him.

The other man had been in the fore part of the canoe, closely scrutinising the land. He had a sheet of yellow paper on his knee.

"Come and look at this, Evans," he said.

Both men spoke in low tones, and their lips were hard and dry.

The man called Evans came swaying along the canoe until he could look over his

companion's shoulder.

The paper had the appearance of a rough map. By much folding, it was creased and worn to the pitch of separation, and the second man held the discoloured fragments together where they had parted. On it one could dimly make out, in almost obliterated pencil, the outline of the bay.

"Here," said Evans, "is the reef, and here is the gap." He ran his thumb-nail over the chart.

"This curved and twisting line is the river--I could do with a drink now!--and this star is the place."

"You see this dotted line," said the man with the map; "it is a straight line, and runs from the opening of the reef to a clump of palm-trees. The star comes just where it cuts the river. We must mark the place as we go into the lagoon."

"It's queer," said Evans, after a pause, "what these little marks down here are for. It looks like the plan of a house or something; but what all these little dashes, pointing this way and that, may mean I can't get a notion. And what's the writing?"

"Chinese," said the man with the map.

"Of course! He was a Chinee," said Evans.

"They all were," said the man with the map.

They both sat for some minutes staring at the land, while the canoe drifted slowly. Then Evans looked towards the paddle.

"Your turn with the paddle now, Hooker," said he.

And his companion quietly folded up his map, put it in his pocket, passed Evans carefully, and began to paddle. His movements were languid, like those of a man whose strength was nearly exhausted.

Evans sat with his eyes half-closed, watching the frothy breakwater of the coral creep nearer and nearer. The sky was like a furnace, for the sun was near the zenith. Though they were so near the Treasure he did not feel the exaltation he had anticipated. The intense excitement of the struggle for the plan, and the long night voyage from the mainland in the unprovisioned canoe had, to use his own expression, "taken it out of him." He tried to arouse himself by directing his mind to the ingots the Chinamen had spoken of, but it would not rest there; it came back headlong to the thought of sweet water rippling in the river, and to the almost unendurable dryness of his lips and throat. The rhythmic wash of the sea upon the reef was becoming audible now, and it had a pleasant sound in his ears; the water washed along the side of the canoe, and the paddle dripped between each stroke. Presently he began to doze.

He was still dimly conscious of the island, but a queer dream texture interwove with his sensations. Once again it was the night when he and Hooker had hit upon the Chinamen's secret; he saw the moonlit trees, the little fire burning, and the black figures of the three Chinamen--silvered on one side by moonlight, and on the other glowing from the firelight--and heard them talking together in pigeon-English--for they came from different provinces. Hooker had caught the drift of their talk first, and had motioned to him to listen. Fragments of the conversation were inaudible, and fragments incomprehensible. A Spanish galleon from the Philippines hopelessly aground, and its treasure buried against the day of return, lay in the background of the story; a shipwrecked crew thinned by disease, a quarrel or so, and the needs of discipline, and at last taking to their boats never to be heard of again. Then Chang-hi, only a year since, wandering ashore, had happened upon the ingots hidden for two hundred years, had deserted his junk, and reburied them with infinite toil, single-handed but very safe. He laid great stress on the safety--it was a secret of his. Now he wanted help to return and exhume them. Presently the little map fluttered and the voices sank. A fine story for two, stranded British wastrels to hear! Evans' dream shifted to the moment when he had Chang-hi's pigtail in his hand. The life of a Chinaman is scarcely sacred like a European's. The cunning little face of Chang-hi, first keen and furious like a startled snake, and then fearful, treacherous, and pitiful, became overwhelmingly prominent in the dream. At the end Chang-hi had grinned, a most incomprehensible and startling grin. Abruptly things became very unpleasant, as they will do at times in dreams. Chang-hi gibbered and threatened him. He saw in his dream heaps and heaps of gold, and Chang-hi intervening and struggling to hold him back from it. He took Chang-hi by the pig-tail--how big the yellow brute was, and how he struggled and grinned! He kept growing bigger, too. Then the bright heaps of gold turned to a roaring furnace, and a vast devil, surprisingly like Chang-hi, but with a huge black tail, began to feed him with coals. They burnt his mouth horribly. Another devil was shouting his name: "Evans, Evans, you sleepy fool!"--or was it Hooker?

He woke up. They were in the mouth of the lagoon.

"There are the three palm-trees. It must be in a line with that clump of bushes," said his companion. "Mark that. If we, go to those bushes and then strike into the bush in a straight line from here, we shall come to it when we come to the stream."

They could see now where the mouth of the stream opened out. At the sight of it Evans revived. "Hurry up, man," he said, "or by heaven I shall have to drink sea water!" He gnawed his hand and stared at the gleam of silver among the rocks and green tangle.

Presently he turned almost fiercely upon Hooker. "Give me the paddle," he said.

So they reached the river mouth. A little way up Hooker took some water in the hollow of his hand, tasted it, and spat it out. A little further he tried again. "This will do," he

said, and they began drinking eagerly.

"Curse this!" said Evans suddenly. "It's too slow." And, leaning dangerously over the fore part of the canoe, he began to suck up the water with his lips.

Presently they made an end of drinking, and, running the canoe into a little creek, were about to land among the thick growth that overhung the water.

"We shall have to scramble through this to the beach to find our bushes and get the line to the place," said Evans.

"We had better paddle round," said Hooker.

So they pushed out again into the river and paddled back down it to the sea, and along the shore to the place where the clump of bushes grew. Here they landed, pulled the light canoe far up the beach, and then went up towards the edge of the jungle until they could see the opening of the reef and the bushes in a straight line. Evans had taken a native implement out of the canoe. It was L-shaped, and the transverse piece was armed with polished stone. Hooker carried the paddle. "It is straight now in this direction," said he; "we must push through this till we strike the stream. Then we must prospect."

They pushed through a close tangle of reeds, broad fronds, and young trees, and at first it was toilsome going, but very speedily the trees became larger and the ground beneath them opened out. The blaze of the sunlight was replaced by insensible degrees by cool shadow. The trees became at last vast pillars that rose up to a canopy of greenery far overhead. Dim white flowers hung from their stems, and ropy creepers swung from tree to tree. The shadow deepened. On the ground, blotched fungi and a red-brown incrustation became frequent.

Evans shivered. "It seems almost cold here after the blaze outside."

"I hope we are keeping to the straight," said Hooker.

Presently they saw, far ahead, a gap in the sombre darkness where white shafts of hot sunlight smote into the forest. There also was brilliant green undergrowth and coloured flowers. Then they heard the rush of water.

"Here is the river. We should be close to it now," said Hooker.

The vegetation was thick by the river bank. Great plants, as yet unnamed, grew among the roots of the big trees, and spread rosettes of huge green fans towards the strip of sky. Many flowers and a creeper with shiny foliage clung to the exposed stems. On the water of the broad, quiet pool which the treasure-seekers now overlooked there floated big oval leaves and a waxen, pinkish-white flower not unlike a water-lily. Further, as the river bent away from them, the water suddenly frothed and became noisy in a rapid.

"Well?" said Evans.

"We have swerved a little from the straight," said Hooker. "That was to be expected."

He turned and looked into the dim cool shadows of the silent forest behind them. "If we beat a little way up and down the stream we should come to something."

"You said--" began Evans.

"He said there was a heap of stones," said Hooker.

The two men looked at each other for a moment.

"Let us try a little down-stream first," said Evans.

They advanced slowly, looking curiously about them. Suddenly Evans stopped. "What the devil's that?" he said.

Hooker followed his finger. "Something blue," he said. It had come into view as they topped a gentle swell of the ground. Then he began to distinguish what it was.

He advanced suddenly with hasty steps, until the body that belonged to the limp hand and arm had become visible. His grip tightened on the implement he carried. The thing was the figure of a Chinaman lying on his face. The abandon of the pose was unmistakable.

The two men drew closer together, and stood staring silently at this ominous dead body. It lay in a clear space among the trees. Nearby was a spade after the Chinese pattern, and further off lay a scattered heap of stones, close to a freshly dug hole.

"Somebody has been here before," said Hooker, clearing his throat.

Then suddenly Evans began to swear and rave, and stamp upon the ground.

Hooker turned white but said nothing. He advanced towards the prostrate body. He saw the neck was puffed and purple, and the hands and ankles swollen. "Pah!" he said, and suddenly turned away and went towards the excavation. He gave a cry of surprise. He shouted to Evans, who was following him slowly.

"You fool! It's all right. It's here still." Then he turned again and looked at the dead Chinaman, and then again at the hole.

Evans hurried to the hole. Already half exposed by the ill-fated wretch beside them lay a number of dull yellow bars. He bent down in the hole, and, clearing off the soil with his bare hands, hastily pulled one of the heavy masses out. As he did so a little thorn pricked his hand. He pulled the delicate spike out with his fingers and lifted the ingot.

"Only gold or lead could weigh like this," he said exultantly.

Hooker was still looking at the dead Chinaman. He was puzzled.

"He stole a march on his friends," he said at last. "He came here alone, and some

poisonous snake has killed him... I wonder how he found the place."

Evans stood with the ingot in his hands. What did a dead Chinaman signify? "We shall have to take this stuff to the mainland piecemeal, and bury it there for a while. How shall we get it to the canoe?"

He took his jacket off and spread it on the ground, and flung two or three ingots into it. Presently he found that another little thorn had punctured his skin.

"This is as much as we can carry," said he. Then suddenly, with a queer rush of irritation, "What are you staring at?"

Hooker turned to him. "I can't stand him ..." He nodded towards the corpse. "It's so like----"

"Rubbish!" said Evans. "All Chinamen are alike."

Hooker looked into his face. "I'm going to bury that, anyhow, before I lend a hand with this stuff."

"Don't be a fool, Hooker," said Evans, "Let that mass of corruption bide."

Hooker hesitated, and then his eye went carefully over the brown soil about them. "It scares me somehow," he said.

"The thing is," said Evans, "what to do with these ingots. Shall we re-bury them over here, or take them across the strait in the canoe?"

Hooker thought. His puzzled gaze wandered among the tall tree-trunks, and up into the remote sunlit greenery overhead. He shivered again as his eye rested upon the blue figure of the Chinaman. He stared searchingly among the grey depths between the trees.

"What's come to you, Hooker?" said Evans. "Have you lost your wits?"

"Let's get the gold out of this place, anyhow," said Hooker.

He took the ends of the collar of the coat in his hands, and Evans took the opposite corners, and they lifted the mass. "Which way?" said Evans. "To the canoe?"

"It's queer," said Evans, when they had advanced only a few steps, "but my arms ache still with that paddling."

"Curse it!" he said. "But they ache! I must rest."

They let the coat down, Evans' face was white, and little drops of sweat stood out upon his forehead. "It's stuffy, somehow, in this forest."

Then with an abrupt transition to unreasonable anger: "What is the good of waiting here all the day? Lend a hand, I say! You have done nothing but moon since we saw the dead Chinaman."

Hooker was looking steadfastly at his companion's face. He helped raise the coat bearing the ingots, and they went forward perhaps a hundred yards in silence. Evans began to breathe heavily. "Can't you speak?" he said.

"What's the matter with you?" said Hooker.

Evans stumbled, and then with a sudden curse flung the coat from him. He stood for a moment staring at Hooker, and then with a groan clutched at his own throat.

"Don't come near me," he said, and went and leant against a tree. Then in a steadier voice, "I'll be better in a minute."

Presently his grip upon the trunk loosened, and he slipped slowly down the stem of the tree until he was a crumpled heap at its foot. His hands were clenched convulsively. His face became distorted with pain. Hooker approached him.

"Don't touch me! Don't touch me!" said Evans in a stifled voice. "Put the gold back on the coat."

"Can't I do anything for you?" said Hooker.

"Put the gold back on the coat."

As Hooker handled the ingots he felt a little prick on the ball of his thumb. He looked at his hand and saw a slender thorn, perhaps two inches in length.

Evans gave an inarticulate cry and rolled over.

Hooker's jaw dropped. He stared at the thorn for a moment with dilated eyes. Then he looked at Evans, who was now crumpled together on the ground, his back bending and straightening spasmodically. Then he looked through the pillars of the trees and net-work of creeper stems, to where in the dim grey shadow the blue-clad body of the Chinaman was still indistinctly visible. He thought of the little dashes in the corner of the plan, and in a moment he understood.

"God help me!" he said. For the thorns were similar to those the Dyaks poison and use in their blowing-tubes. He understood now what Chang-hi's assurance of the safety of his treasure meant. He understood that grin now.

"Evans!" he cried.

But Evans was silent and motionless, save for a horrible spasmodic twitching of his limbs. A profound silence brooded over the forest.

Then Hooker began to suck furiously at the little pink spot on the ball of his thumb--sucking for dear life. Presently he felt a strange aching pain in his arms and shoulders, and his fingers seemed difficult to bend. Then he knew that sucking was no good.

Abruptly he stopped, and sitting down by the pile of ingots, and resting his chin upon

his hands and his elbows upon his knees, stared at the distorted but still quivering body of his companion. Chang-hi's grin came into his mind again. The dull pain spread towards his throat and grew slowly in intensity. Far above him a faint breeze stirred the greenery, and the white petals of some unknown flower came floating down through the gloom.

Glossary

canoe (n.): a small, light, narrow boat, pointed at both ends and moved using a paddle

imperceptible (adj.): unable to be noticed or felt because of being very slight

obliterated (adj.): removed all signs of something, either by destroying it or by covering it so that it cannot be seen

exaltation (n.): a very strong feeling of happiness

unprovisioned (adj.): without supplies of food and other necessary things

ingot (n.): a piece of metal, usually in the shape of a narrow brick

silvered (adj.): looked white like silver

pidgin (n.): grammatically simplified language

galleon (n.): a large sailing ship with three or four masts, used both in trade and war from the 15th to the 18th centuries

exhume (v.): to dig out from the ground after it has been buried

wastrels (n.): a person who does nothing positive with his life; good for nothing

gibber (v.): to speak quickly in a way that cannot be understood

lagoon (n.): an area of sea water separated from the sea by a reef

tangle (n.): an untidy mass of things that are not in a state of order

implement (n.): a tool that works by being moved by hand

transverse (adj.): in a position or direction that is at an angle of 90° to something else

prospect (v.): to search for gold, oil, or other valuable substances on or under the surface of the earth

canopy (n.): a cover fixed over a seat or bed, etc.

incrustation (n): a layer of material, such as dirt or a chemical, that forms on something, especially slowly

sombre (adj.): dark and dull

shaft (n.): a beam of light

rosette (n.): an object or arrangement resembling a rose

swerve (v.): change or cause to change direction abruptly

prostrate (adj.): lying with the face down and arms stretched out, especially as a sign of respect or worship

moon (v.): to move or spend time in a way that shows a lack of care and interest and no clear purpose

spasmodically (adv.): related to a sudden involuntary muscular contraction

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

a. Describe the expository scene of the story.
b. What does the map look like and how do Evan and Hooker interpret it?
c. How did Evan and Hooker know about the treasure?
d. Describe Evan's dream.
e. What do the two treasure hunters see when they walk towards the island?
f. In what condition did the treasure hunters find the dead man?
g. How did the treasure hunters try to carry gold ingots to the canoe?
h. How were Evan and Hooker poisoned?

Reference to the context

a. How do you know the story is set on a tropical island?
b. Why do you think Evan and Hooker took such a risk of finding the buried treasure in a desert island?
c. Do you think the narrator of the story is racist? If yes, what made him feel superior to other races?
d. What do you think is the moral of the story?

Reference beyond the text

a. Interpret the story as a mystery story.
b. Treasure hunting is a favorable subject of children's story. Remember a treasure hunting story you read in your childhood and compare and contrast it with 'The Treasure in the Forest.'

5 My Old Home

Lu Xun

Before reading

Answer the following questions.

a. How do you feel if you visit a place after an interval of ten years?

b. Who is your best childhood friend? What special memories do you share with him/her?

Lu Xun (1881-1936) is the pen name of the writer born as Zhou Shuren. He was born to a family with a strong Confucian background. His grandfather served as a high official in Beijing, and his father was also a scholar. Lu Xun has been considered China's greatest writer in the 20th century. He was a short story writer, essayist, and translator who is commonly considered the 'father of modern Chinese literature.' Known for his satirical observations of early 20th-century Chinese society, he is celebrated as a pioneer of modern vernacular Chinese literature and was one of the most important thinkers of his time. His popular novels and short story collections include *A Madman's Diary* (1918), *Kong Yiji* (1918), *Medicine* (1919), *Tomorrow* (1920), *An Incident* (1920), *The Story of Hair* (1920), *A Storm in a Teacup* (1920), *Hometown* (1921). The story 'My Old Home' is taken from the short story collection *Hometown.*

'My Old Home' is a story about Xun's memories, from youth to middle age that depicts the conflict between memories and realities. The story describes how Xun feels while being away from home for many years. Upon arriving at his long-past home, his memories are forced to come to confront with the realities. His prior conceptions and understandings of the world come into conflict with his realities.

Braving the bone-cold weather, I was headed back to my hometown, a hometown from which I was separated by over six hundred miles and more than twenty years.

It was in the depth of winter and as I drew closer to the place where I'd grown up, the sky clouded over and a cold wind whistled into the cabin of my boat. Through a crack in the canopy, I peered out in the distance. Scattered across the distant horizon, towns and villages came into view under a vast and graying sky: they were drab, desolate, devoid of any semblance of life. I was assailed by a depression against which I was utterly powerless.

No! This was not the countryside I had recalled time and again for more than twenty

years. The area I remembered was far, far more lovely. And yet, had you demanded that I summon its beauties from the recesses of memory or catalog its various excellences, no concrete image would have appeared in my mind's eye and I would have been unable to reply. My "hometown" was probably nothing more than what lay before me. "This is probably what it really was like," I told myself. "To be sure, there are no signs of progress, but then again it's probably not so depressing as I seem to feel at the moment either. Perhaps it's just that my attitude has changed, especially since I'm not coming back in a happy mood to begin with."

My sole purpose in coming back this time was to bid my home an everlasting farewell. The old family compound in which members of our clan had lived for so many years had already been sold lock, stock, and barrel to people of another surname. The transaction was to be completed by the end of the year. In the short interim before the New Year, we would have to take our final leave of those comfortable old rooms and move away from this familiar countryside to the strange faraway place where I now earned my keep.

Early the next morning I stood before the gate of our family compound. Up on the tile roof, broken stalks of withered vines trembled in the wind and made plain the reason it had not been possible to keep those old rooms from changing hands. The pervading silence suggested that several branches of the family must have already moved out. By the time I made my way back to the rooms that our branch occupied, my mother had already come out to greet me. My eight-year-old nephew Hong'er darted out from behind her.

Though she was obviously happy to see me, I also read hints of melancholy in her face. She bade me sit down and rest, gave me some tea, but avoided any mention of the impending move. Hong'er, whom I had never seen before, stood off at a distance observing me.

At long last, we broached the subject of moving. I said I had already rented a place for us and even bought a few sticks of furniture. I explained that we would have to sell our household goods down here and then use the money to buy whatever else we might need up north. Mother readily assented. She already had our baggage pretty much gathered together and ready to go. On her own initiative, she had even sold the heavy furniture that couldn't readily be moved. She had not yet, however, been able to collect the money people owed her for it.

"As soon as you've rested a day or so, you can make the rounds of our relatives and then we'll be all set," she told me.

"Yes, Mother."

"And don't forget to see Runtu. He asks for you every time he comes by. Says he would really like to see you again. I told him around what day you'd be back, so he could show up most anytime."

Instantaneously, a marvelous scene flashed before my eyes: a round moon hanging

against a blue-black sky, beneath it a stretch of sandy ground planted with emerald green watermelons stretching as far as the eye could see, and standing in the midst of all those melons, a twelve-year-old boy, a silver ring around his neck, a pitchfork in his hand. Suddenly and with all his might the boy stabs at a zha, but the crafty animal makes a lightning turn, runs back between his legs, and makes its good escape.

The boy in that scene was Runtu. Back when I first met him—it will soon be thirty years ago—I couldn't have been much more than ten myself. Since my father was still alive at the time, our family was still fairly well-to-do, and I was something of a "young gentleman." That particular year it was incumbent upon our branch of the clan to perform a certain sacrifice that rolled around, or so it was said, only every thirty-odd years. Consequently, it was to be an occasion of great solemnity.

During the first month, images of our ancestors would be displayed on the altar. The offerings set out before them would be lavish and the sacrificial utensils exquisite. With so many people participating, it would be necessary to guard against theft. However, we had only one "busy-monther" to help out and he already had more work than he could keep up with. And so he suggested that his son Runtu be brought in to keep an eye on the sacrificial vessels. (Down home, workers were divided into three categories: if they worked the whole year long for one family, they were "yearlongs"; if they worked by the day, they were "short-timers"; and if they tilled their own land but worked for a specific family just during the holidays or when rents were collected, they were "busy-monthers.") Since I had heard about Runtu for a long time, I was glad when father agreed. I knew he was about my own age. He'd been born in the run month and among the five elements he was lacking only in tu, so his father had called him Runtu. Best of all, Runtu knew all about how to set snares and catch birds!

From that time on I looked forward eagerly to the New Year, for I knew that when it came so would Runtu. It seemed that this year would never end. But the day did finally arrive when Mother summoned me to announce that Runtu had come and was now in the kitchen. I ran as fast as my legs would carry me.

He had a purplish round face and wore a little felt hat. You could tell that his father loved him very much, because around his neck he wore a large, shimmering silver ring. That meant that his father had feared that he might die during childhood and had taken him before a statue of the Buddha where, in exchange for the protection of his son, he promised to do something for the Buddha in return. It was then that they would have put that neck ring on to show that Runtu was tied to life and protected by Buddha.

Runtu was shy with the adults around our house but wasn't at all timid with me, and would talk a blue streak whenever we were by ourselves. Before half the day was out, we had actually gotten to know each other quite well. I can't recall what we talked about—I only remember how excited and happy Runtu was. He told me that this was the first time he'd ever been to town and that he had already seen all sorts of strange and wondrous things he'd never even dreamed of before.

The next day, I wanted him to catch birds. “Can’t right now. You have to have lots of snow. Out by the ocean where we live, I always wait till there’s a good snowfall. Then I sweep a place nice and clean, take a little stick, and prop up a big, big bamboo basket. I sprinkle some grain underneath and tie a string to the bottom of the stick. Then I back way, way off and wait for the birds to come. One little tug and I’ve got them. A little bit of everything—blue backs, horn chicks, paddy chicks, pigeons…”

How I longed for snow!

“It’s kind of cold now, but you oughta come out our way in the summer. Days, we could go out to the beach and collect shells—reds, blues, ghost-scarers, Guanyin hands. Nights, when Dad and me go to guard the watermelon patch, you could go right along with us.”

“Are you afraid people are going to steal your melons?”

“Nope. If somebody happens to be walkin’ by and picks one ‘cause he’s thirsty, we don’t take that as stealin’. What we’re lookin’ out for are badgers, porcupines, and zha. When the moon’s out and you hear a crunch, you know you’ve got a zhabitin’ into a melon. You grab your pitchfork and…”

At the time I didn’t know what sort of thing a zha was to begin with—still don’t as a matter of fact—but somehow or other I felt it must look like some sort of little dog and be fierce as all get-out.

“Won’t it bite you?”

“Well you’ve got your pitchfork, right? You sneak up on him and when you’ve got him in sight, you let him have it. Are those little guys ever quick on their feet! They’ll turn around and run right back between your legs if you don’t watch‘em. They’ve got these coats all slippery-slick, like oil, and…”

I had never dreamed that the world was full of so many new and marvelous things. Just to think that the seashore had all those wonderful colored shells to offer! And even watermelons had a danger-filled story behind them that I’d never suspected. All I’d known was that you buy them in fruit stores.

“Out there by the seashore just before spring tides, you’ll see a whole bunch of jumper fish hoppin’ all over the place. They’ve got these two little legs on ‘em like frogs and…”

Wow! Runtu’s mind was an inexhaustible treasure-house of exotic things, things my everyday friends knew nothing about, for while Runtu was out there by the sea, they—like me—had nothing to look out on but the square patch of sky that was visible above the high walls of a family courtyard.

Unfortunately the first month of the New Year came to an end and Runtu had to go home. I wailed. He cried too. In the end, however, his father took him away. Later on he sent me a package of shells by way of his father, and some beautiful bird feathers too.

And I also sent him some things a few times after that, but I never saw him again.

Now, when my mother said that Runtu might drop by, memories of my boyhood suddenly came alive again as though illumined by a brilliant flash of lightning. For a fraction of a second, I even seemed to recapture that beautiful homeland I thought I had lost. “Great!” I said. “How…how’s he doing these days?”

“Now? Well, things aren’t going at all well for him.” Mother turned and looked outside as she answered. “Those people are back again. Pretend they’re looking at the furniture and then make off with whatever they can get hold of. I’d better go out and keep an eye on them.”

Mother got up and went out. I could hear the voices of several women outside the door. I motioned to Hong’er to come over and chat with me. I asked him if he knew how to write yet and if he was looking forward to our trip.

“Will we get to ride a train?”

“Yes.”

“A boat, too?”

“First we take a boat and then…”

“Would you look at him now! He’s even got a beard!” A strange, shrill voice suddenly sliced through the air.

Startled, I quickly raised my head and saw a woman of fifty or so standing before me. Her cheekbones protruded and her lips were thin. Wearing a pair of trousers (she hadn’t tied a skirt over them), hands on her hips, legs wide apart, she stood balanced on a pitiful little pair of bound feet, looking for all the world like a pair of compasses out of someone’s drafting kit.

“Don’t recognize me, huh? I used to hold you in my arms when you were just a kid!”

I was even more at a loss. Fortunately, my mother came back in at this juncture and said, “He’s been away a good many years and he’s forgotten everything.” Then she turned to me, “But you really ought to remember her. She’s Second Sister Yang. You know, the woman who lived kitty-corner to our place and ran the beancurd shop.”

Now I remembered. When I was a child there had been a Second Sister Yang sitting from one end of the day to the other in the beancurd shop diagonally across from us. People called her the “Beancurd Beauty.”

Back then she used to powder her face, and her cheekbones weren’t so high, nor were her lips so thin. What was more, since she had always been seated, I had never before seen this “compasses” pose of hers. Back then people used to say that she was the reason the shop did such a surprisingly good business. No doubt because of my tender age, I must have been immune to the alchemy of her charms, for I had forgotten her completely.

Thus, “Compasses” was more than a little put out with me. She looked at me with utter disdain and the kind of smile that one might wear upon discovering a Frenchman who had never heard of Napoleon or an American who didn’t know who Washington was.

Her laugh was cold. “Forgot, huh? Case of the higher you go, the snootier you—“

“How could I ever be like that…why I…” Completely flustered, I stood up.

“Well in that case, Elder Brother Xun, I’ll put it right upfront. You’re rich now and it’s not all that easy to move big, heavy stuff anyway, so why not let me take all this rickety old furniture off your hands. Poor folks like us can still get a lot of use out of it.”

“I’m not rich at all. I have to sell furniture just to—“

“Come off it. I know you’re a big official—a Daotai, they say. And you’re gonna stand there and tell me you’re not rich? You’ve got three concubines and an eight-man sedan chair team to carry you around wherever you wanna go. Not rich? Hah! You can’t put anything over on me!”

I knew it would make no difference no matter what I said, so I held my peace and simply stood there.

“Yup, it’s true all right. The more money they get, the less they’ll turn loose. And the less they turn loose, the more they get!” Compasses angrily turned her back to me and slowly walked away, issuing a steady stream of chatter as she went. On her way out, she picked up a pair of my mother’s gloves and shoved them into the waistband of her trousers.

During the next few days, clansmen and relatives who lived nearby came around to pay visits. I met these social obligations as best I could, stealing time from them whenever possible to finish packing.

One very cold afternoon just after lunch I was sitting and drinking tea when I heard someone come in from the outside. When I turned around to look I couldn’t help but start with surprise. I scrambled to my feet and rushed over to welcome him.

It was Runtu. Although I recognized him right off, he was not at all the Runtu who lived in my memory. He seemed twice as tall now. The round and ruddy face of yesteryear had already turned pale and grey, and it was etched with deep wrinkles. The rims of his eyes were swollen and red just like his father’s. I knew that most farmers who worked close to the sea got that way because of the wind. He was wearing a battered old felt hat, and his cotton clothes were so thin that he was shivering. His hands held a paper package along with his pipe. They were not the smooth and nimble hands that I remembered. Now they were rough, clumsy, and as cracked as pine bark.

I was beside myself with enthusiasm, but didn’t know how to begin and simply said, “Brother Runtu, you’ve come…”

There was so much I wanted to say. There were so many words waiting to gush out one after the other like pearls on a string: horn chicks, jumper fish, Guanyin hands, zha—but at the same time I was aware of something damming them up inside me, so that they simply swirled around in my brain without a single one coming out.

As he stood there his expression was a mixture of happiness and melancholy. His lips began to move, but not a single word came out. Finally he assumed a very respectful

attitude and addressed me in a loud clear voice: “Master!”

I shuddered as I realized what a wretched thick wall now stood between us. I too was at a loss for words. He turned around and said, “Shuisheng, kowtow to the Master.” He grabbed a child who up to this point had been hiding behind him and hauled him around front. This boy was Runtu—twenty years ago, although somewhat paler and thinner than his father had been. The only real difference was that Shuisheng had no silver neck ring.

“This is my fifth. Hasn’t been out and around much, so he’s pretty shy.”

Mother and Hong’er must have heard us talking because they came down from upstairs.

“Old Missus. I got your letter a long time back. You don’t know how happy I was to hear the Master was comin’ home,” said Runtu.

“Hey, what in the world’s come over you that you’re so formal. You two used to call each other ‘Brother.’ Just call him ‘Brother Xun’ the way you used to.”

“Ah, the Old Missus is really too…What kind of manners would that be? We were just kids then. We didn’t know any better.” While Runtu was talking, he was also trying to get Shuisheng to bow to my mother, but the boy was very embarrassed and stuck like glue to his father’s back.

“Is that Shuisheng, your fifth?” Mother asked. “To him, we’re all strangers. No wonder he’s so shy. Why not let him and Hong’er go out together and play.”

When Hong’er heard that, he immediately ran over and greeted the boy. Shuisheng wasn’t the least bit shy with him, and apparently feeling very much at ease, went outside with my nephew to play. Mother asked Runtu to have a seat. He hesitated for a bit but finally sat down and leaned his long pipe against the table. He handed the paper package across to me and said, “We don’t have much of anything in the winter, but these dried peas are the ones I sunned myself. Please accept them, Master…”

I asked how he was doing. He shook his head.

“Things are pretty rough. Even my sixth is old enough to help out now, but still with all the fightin’ and people wantin’ money of you every place you turn—you can never be sure how much—and with all the bad harvests, we just never seem to have enough to eat. When you do take whatever crop you’ve got and head off to market, you’ve gotta pay a whole bunch of taxes before you ever get there. Ends up so you don’t even get back what you’ve put into it. But if you don’t take it to market, it’s just gonna rot in the field anyway…”

He stopped talking but continued to shake his head. There was no movement in any of the wrinkles that life had etched upon him and one would have thought that his face was carved from stone. He probably felt all the pain, but could not find the words to express it. He sat in silence for a while and then picked up his pipe and began to smoke.

Through further questioning, Mother learned that he still had much to do at home and would have to leave tomorrow. She also found out that he’d gone without lunch and

told him to go into the kitchen and make himself a little something.

After he went out, Mother and I both sighed at his plight: too many children, famine, harsh taxes, soldiers, bandits, officials, gentryfolk—everything had plagued [him] until he'd become the lifeless wooden figure we saw today. Mother said that we ought to see to it that he got as much as we weren't going to take with us as possible. So we told him to take whatever he wanted.

He selected a few things that very afternoon—two long tables, an incense burner, some candlesticks, and a set of scales. He also asked for the ashes from our kitchen stove. (We cooked with rice stalks, and the ashes would provide good fertilizer for the sandy soil out his way.) He gathered everything together and said he would come for it in a boat the day we moved out.

We chatted a bit more that night, but none of it amounted to anything. Early the next morning he took Shuisheng and headed back on home.

Nine days later the time of our departure finally arrived. Runtu came early in the morning. Shuisheng wasn't with him this time, but he'd brought along a five-year-old girl to keep an eye on the boat. We were so busy that we had no time to chat. Several other people came by, some to see us off, others to get things, and still others to get things and to see us off. By the time we boarded the boat that afternoon, the old house had been swept clean of old and used things of every imaginable size and description.

As we proceeded upriver, the twilight-green mountains on either bank took on deeper hues and joined together in a single blue-green mass as they fled away into the distance behind the stern. Hong'er and I leaned against the window and watched the dimming landscape. Suddenly he asked, "Uncle, when are we coming back?"

"Coming back? What are you doing thinking about coming back before we've even left?"

"But Shuisheng invited me to go have fun at his place." Engrossed by thoughts of his new friend, Hong'er opened his large black eyes even wider in fascination.

Mother and I weren't immune to nostalgia ourselves, and began talking about Runtu again. She told me that ever since she'd started packing, Second Sister Yang—the Beancurd Beauty—had never let a single day pass without coming by. Just the day before yesterday she had retrieved a dozen or so plates from the pile of rice-stalk ashes. After questioning my mother, Second Sister Yang concluded that they must have been hidden there by Runtu so that he could make off with them when he came for the other stuff.

Having made this discovery, she apparently felt that she'd rendered us a rewardable service, for she picked up the dog-crazer without so much as a by-your-leave and took off with it just as fast as her legs would carry her. (The dog-crazer was a device we used back home in raising chickens. It consisted of a wooden bowl covered with a lattice-like arrangement wide enough for the chickens to poke their heads through, but too narrow for the dogs, who could only stand around "crazed" with frustration while the chickens ate.) Mother said she had never imagined that Second Sister Yang could

develop such speed on those little feet of hers.

My hometown receded even farther into the distance and the familiar landscapes of the surrounding countryside gradually disappeared too. Strange to say, there was not a shred of regret in my heart. I only felt that there was a high and invisible wall all around me that isolated me from my fellow human beings, a wall that was squeezing the breath out of my body. That usually comforting image of a little hero with silver neck ring standing in the middle of a melon patch was now blurred out of focus and stirred nothing in me but a feeling of melancholy.

Mother and Hong'er had both gone to sleep. As I lay there and listened to the gentle slapping of water against the hull, I knew that Runtu and I were going on separate roads. "Even though we're irrevocably cut off from each other," I thought, "didn't Hong'er start to missShuisheng when we had barely set out? I hope they'll never live like my generation with everyone cut off from everyone else. And yet, just to keep that from happening, I wouldn't want them to have this vagabond life of mine, anymore than I'd want them to have Runtu's barren one. Still less I would want them to muddle through the hedonistic lives other people lead. There ought to be a new life for them, a life that none of us has ever known."

As my thoughts turned toward hope, a feeling of anxiety suddenly possessed me. When Runtu took the censer and candlesticks, I had laughed at him behind his back. "Can't let go of that superstitious idol-worship of his for a single minute!" But what was this thing called "hope" if not an idol that I had fashioned with my own hands. The things he hoped for were immediate, while what I wanted was somewhere far off in the murky distance—that was the only difference.

As I lay there half asleep, an emerald green plot of land by the sea appeared before my eyes. In the deep blue sky above it hung a moon, full and golden. "Hope isn't the kind of thing that you can say either exists or doesn't exist," I thought to myself. "It's like a path across the land—it's not there to begin with, but when lots of people go the same way, it comes into being."

Glossary

li (n.): traditional Chinese unit of distance measuring 1,640 feet

rationalize (v.): attempt to explain or justify with logical reasons, even if these are not appropriate

sacrificial vessels (n.): originally a cauldron for cooking and storing meat. The Shang prototype has a round bowl, set on three legs with two short handles on each side

intercalary (n): a day or month inserted in the calendar to harmonize the solar calendar like 29 February

talisman (n.): an object, typically an inscribed ring or stone, which is thought to have magic powers and to bring good luck

hedgehog (n.): a small nocturnal Old World mammal with a spiny coat and short legs, able to roll itself into a ball for defence

Concubine (n.): mistress; woman who lives with a man but has lower status than his wife or wives

treadmill (adj.): monotonous or wearisome, giving no satisfaction

stupefied (adj.): astonished

flabbergasted (ad.): feeling or showing intense shock, surprise, or wonder

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

a. How does the narrator describe his feeling at the arrival of his old home?

b. What were the three kinds of servants in China then? What does it indicate about contemporary Chinese society?

c. What makes the narrator nostalgic? What did he do with Runtu in the teenage?

d. How did Runtu hunt a Zha in his young age?

e. How does the narrator make a humorous picture of Mrs. Yang?

f. According to the narrator, what were different factors that made Runtu a poor man throughout his life?

g. How does the narrator help Runtu before leaving the old home?

h. How does the author differentiate two kinds of idols?

Reference to the context

a. While reading the friendship between the narrator and Runtu, Hindu readers remember the friendship between Krishna and Sudama. Which particular description reminds you of the mythological example?

b. How does the story support the proposition that the relationships of childhood are innocent, impartial and disinterested?

c. After reading the story, what inferences can you make about contemporary Chinese economic and social system?

d. What does the story indicate about the geographical features of the narrator's hometown?

Reference beyond the text

a. Human beings are on the road from time immemorial, always migrating to new places. Write an essay on **The Trend of Migration in Nepal** in about 300 words.

b. Find one of your relatives or friends, who has migrated to a new place leaving his/her old home. Talk to him/her and prepare a report on what he/she felt while leaving the old home.

6 The Half-closed Eyes of the Buddha and the Slowly Sinking Sun

Shankar Lamichhane

Before reading

Discuss the following questions.

a. What does a Nepali tourist guide think about foreign tourists?

b. What do common Nepali people think of a fair-skinned foreigner?

c. Why do you think foreign tourists visit Nepal?

Shankar Lamichhane (1928-1975) was born in Kathmandu but lived in Banaras with his uncle at a young age. After receiving college education at Tri-Chandra College in Kathmandu, he took his first job at the age of twenty-two and worked for a number of governmental and cultural institutions in the capital. In his later years, he became the manager of a handicrafts store. Lamichhane was an admirer of modern American fiction and frequently mixed with foreign visitors to Nepal. His stories are heavy with symbolism, often lacking a conventional plot and more closely resembling essays, but his prose is rich and poetic. This story is taken from *Himalayan Voices: An Introduction to Nepali Literature*, translated and edited by Michael Hutt.

The story deals with the monologues of two characters a tourist guide in Kathmandu valley and a foreign tourist. The story is different from conventional stories and, instead of showing actions and events, the story records what the two characters think in a stream of consciousness technique.

Oh guide, you do not, you cannot understand the joy we Westerners feel when we first, set foot upon the soil of your country!

As the Dakota crosses the Four Passes, we see this green valley with its geometric fields, its earthen houses of red, yellow, and white. The scent of soil and mountains is in the air, arid there's an age-old peacefulness in the atmosphere. You were born amongst all of this, and so perhaps you feel that the embrace of these blue hills' outspread arms confines you. But we live in the plains or beside the sea. Our vision founders on a horizon of land or sea, and so we know the affection with which the breast of these hills forever clings to your sight. You have never had to suffer the feeling of insignificance that is caused by a vast distance. Perhaps we are always adrift in vastness, my friend; perhaps that is why this, your enclosure, appeals to us! Has it ever occurred to you that the half-closed eyes of the Buddha seem to welcome you, even at the airport? It is as if one acquires a calmness, as if one is returning once more to a resting place.

You have always known only how to give to the West. You've given us religion arid

the Puranas, images of brass and ornaments of ivory, manuscripts of palm leaves and inscriptions on copperplate. You gave us a civilization and its wisdom and garlands of jasmine flowers around our necks. You have continued in your giving, ignorant of what others call "taking," innocent of the notion of ownership. The very word indulgence is unknown to you. My friend, I know your history. Before I came here, I spent several years in our libraries, leafing through the pages of your priceless volumes. You are a guide who will lead me down the streets and alleyways of the present, but I could take you along your ancient ways. Even now I can see it clearly: the valley is filled with water, and a lotus flower blooms where Swyambhunath now stands. Manjushri strikes with his sword at Chobhar. I see monks and nuns receiving alms and spreading the law in the nooks and crannies of the Kasthamandap. Behold the eyes of these shaven-headed monks. You cannot meet their gaze! It is called the samyak gaze. Do you know what that means? It is perception, pure and without contamination; sight that perceives everything in its true form. I'll have just one more drink before dinner....

You live in a house like a temple, but you are unaware of its beauty, its enchantment. In these wooden images, these multifarious ornamentations, these many styles, there is the flowing music of a chisel in the hands of an artist. Do you not feel it? Tell me about those happy, prosperous young artists working in the fields all day and creating beautiful images of their personal deities in their spare time, who are now covered by the dusts of the past.

Once, an artist was adding the finishing touches to a wooden image when his fair, tiny wife came by, carrying her baby on her back, and poured him *Raksi* from a jug. The foam bubbled over and congealed. Is it true that it was that foam that inspired the artist to construct a roof of tiles? Oh, your land is truly great, this country where so many different cultures found their home. Aryans, non-Aryans, Hindus, and Buddhists all came and obtained a rebirth here. It must be the effect of your country's soil, my friend; it was the soil that enabled all these races to flourish together here. Come, I'll drink one more small one, it's not dinner time yet...

I am greatly indebted to you for you have served me both Nepali and Newari food. Ah, *mo-mos*... Just picture the scene: it is winter and an old man sits in the upper story of his house, lit only by the fire. Perhaps the smoke is filling the room like fog from floor to ceiling. Perhaps he is telling his grandson about each and every Nepali item that Princess Bhrikuti took with her when King Amshuvarma sent her off to Tibet. The old lady smokes tobacco from a bamboo *hookah*, and, mindful of the old man, she carries on making fresh mo-mos. The son's wife puts some of them onto a brass plate, and the old man's words are garbled and obscured by his mouthful. The grandson laughs, and the old man tries to swallow quickly, so he burns his tongue and, unabashed, pours out a stream of ribald curses. . . . These are scenes that cannot be read in an old book in a library, and that is why I've had to come to Kathmandu and soak myself in its atmosphere, for which I'm greatly obliged to you. . . . Now, cheers once again, to your great country, and to mine!

Oh, and another thing that is not to be found in any book is the smile on the faces of these people. It is a smile of welcome, as if our meeting were neither accidental nor our first. It's as if I was the farmer's eldest son, coming home after a long day's work in the fields, as if my labors had been fruitful and I was content and at ease with my father. It's as if I have taken the world's most beautiful woman for my wife and have brought her along behind me, and my mother is smiling a welcome from the door. It's as if my sister's husband and I were the closest of friends and we, her brother and her husband, were coming along with our arms around one another, singing songs of drunkenness. It's as if—I cannot explain; however much I try, I cannot describe it fully. That smile is full of wisdom; it is a smile from the soul, a smile peculiar to this place. . . . One more drink, to your Nepalese smile, that sweet smile!

And then there are the eyes. The eyes of the carved lattice windows, the eyes painted on the door panels. The eyes on the stupas, the eyes of the people. And the eyes of the Himalaya, which peep out from the gaps between the hills like those of a neighbor's boy when he jumps up to see the peach tree in your garden. This is a land of eyes, a land guarded by the half-closed eyes of the Lord Buddha.

Even if all of the world's history books were destroyed today, your eyes would build a new culture; they would reassemble a civilization. My appetite for eyes is still not satiated. Tomorrow I shall go to a lonely place where there is a stupa with eyes that are clear. There I want to see the pleasant light of sunset reflected in the eyes of the Buddha. Show me beautiful, full eyes, eyes without equal, eyes whose memory will make this journey of mine unforgettable.... Come, let's go to eat dinner.

Come, my guest; today I am to show you some eyes.

This is Chobhar hill, where you people come to see the cleft that was made by Manjushri's sword and the outflow of the Bagmati River. Today I'll take you up the hill where few of our guests ever go and no tourist's car can proceed. There (in your words) the dust of time has not yet covered the culture of the past. Do you see this worn old rock? A young village artist has drawn some birds on it. Nearby, he has sketched a temple, leaving out any mention of the religion to which it belongs. Further up the hill, in the middle of the village, stands the temple of Adinath. In the temple courtyard there is a shrine of Shiva, several Buddha images, and many prayer wheels, inscribed *Om mani padme hu*.'-' You say it is a living example of Nepalese tolerance and coexistence. Children play happily there, unconcerned by the variety of their gods, religions, and philosophies. But my guest, I will not take you there.

You have already seen much of such things, and you have understood them and even preached them. Today I'll take you to a house where I feel sure you will find the pulse of our reality. They are a farmer's family, probably owning a few fields here and there, where they work and sweat to pay off half the proceeds to someone in the city. There is no smoke to fill their upstairs room, they cook no mo-mos in their hearth, nor do they discuss Bhrikutl's dowry in their winters. There is a child in the home,

who is certainly no divine incarnation, either. Attacked by polio and born into a poor farmer's household, the child is surely incapable of spreading the law or of making any contribution to this earth. He has taken birth here in one of his maker's strangest forms of creation.

And moreover, my friend—oh, the climb has tired you; would you like some filtered water from the thermos flask?—my intention is not to show him to you as any kind of symbol. Yesterday you were swept along by waves of emotion, inspired by your "Black and White" whisky, and you urged me to show you eyes that would forever remind you of your visit to Nepal. So I have brought you here to show you eyes like that.

The child's whole body is useless; he cannot speak, move his hands, chew his food, or even spit. His eyes are the only living parts of his body and it is only his eyes that indicate that he is actually alive. I don't know whether his eyes have the *samyak* gaze or not. I don't even understand the term, but his face is certainly devoid of all emotion. His gaze is uninterested, without resolution or expression; it is inactive and listless, unexercised and lacking any measure of contemplation. (Perhaps I have begun to speak unwittingly in the terms of the Aryan eightfold path, which will either be your influence or a virtue bestowed upon me by the child.)

My guest, these are the eyes you wanted. A living being accumulates many capabilities in one lifetime. It feels happy and it smiles; it feels sad and it weeps. If it feels cold, it seeks warmth, and if it is hungry, it prepares food to eat. It seeks to learn what it doesn't already know, and it succeeds or it fails. It has many experiences, some bitter, some sweet, and these it relates when company, occasion, and mood seem suited. How commonplace all of these actions are! My guest, yesterday you said that we Eastern peoples were always making contributions to the West, did you not? (Shall I give you some water? Are you out of breath?) Here is a child who can neither give nor take anything at all. Just put yourself in his position for a moment. You want your finger to do something, but your finger refuses. You want to speak, but speech will not come to you. Every vein, nerve, and bone is powerless to heed the commands of your brain, and yet . . . you are alive. I know that this disease occurs in your country, too. But the ability to endure it and to maintain a total indifference in the eyes, even, perhaps, to foster the samyak gaze, this capacity for remaining speechless, inactive, powerless, and immobile, and yet to survive without complaint . . . this can surely only be found in an Easterner!

Come, come closer. I have lied to his parents; I have told them that you are a doctor. Look . . . their faith in you shows in their eyes. There is intimacy, kindliness, and gratitude in their eyes, as if your coming here were preordained. That smile you described is on their faces, as if you were their eldest son who has brought a life-restoring remedy across the seven seas for your brother. The old peasant woman is smiling, isn't she? It's as if she's rejoicing at the birth of her first grandchild from your wife, the beauty of the world. I know that this same smile will remain on their faces

as long as you are here. I know that it will be extinguished when you turn to go. Once you've gone they'll sink back into the same old darkness.

The child has a sister whose body functions properly. He watches her as she crawls around, picking up everything she comes across and putting it into her mouth, knocking over the beer, overturning the cooking stone. Just for an instant, the ambition to emulate her is reflected in his eyes, but then it is reabsorbed into the same old indifference. Once his mother was scolding his sister, and a light gleamed in his eyes. I couldn't tell you to which era its vision belonged, but I realized that he wanted to speak. With a gaze devoid of language, gesture, or voice, he wanted to say, "Mother, how can you appreciate what fun it is to fall over? To crawl through the green dub grass and rub the skin off your knees, to shed a couple of drops of blood like smeared tears, and graze your flesh a little. To feel pain and to cry, to call out for help. That pain would be such a sweet experience. She can rub her snot or spittle into her own grazes, or pull out the thorn that has pricked her, and throw it away. Or she could pull off a scab that has healed over a buried splinter of glass or spend a few days resting under her quilt. She can climb up onto the storage jar to try to pull a picture down from the wall, and when the peg slips out and the picture falls and the glass smashes with a wonderful noise, she feels a wave of fear as she realizes her guilt. She has grown up, learning from experience the facts that fire can burn her and water makes her wet, that nettles cause blisters and beer makes her dizzy. That if she falls she might be hurt or break a bone that if something else falls it will probably break. That if someone dies, she is able to weep, and if someone laughs, she can laugh right back; if someone makes fun of her, she can strike them, and if someone steals from her, she can steal from them. My sister, who learns arid remembers each and every new word she hears, is the result of the self-sacrificing practice of thousands of years of human language. She embodies a history, a tradition, and a culture, and it is in her very ability to speak that the future is born. But not in one like me, who cannot even move his lips. In my body, in its strength and gestures, an unbroken cycle of historical and human development has come to its conclusion. A long labor, a chain of events, a lengthy endeavor, and an endlessness are all at an end. The future ends and is broken abruptly."

And these are the eyes, my guest, that look at you but see nothing; this is the gaze that is incapable of self-manifestation. This is beauty that is complete and has no other expression.

These are eyes surrounded by mountains; their lashes are rows of fields where rice ripens in the rains and wheat ripens in the winter.

These are the eyes that welcome you, and these are eyes that build. And in these eyes hides the end of life. Look! They are just as beautiful as the setting sun's reflection in the eyes of the Buddha!

Glossary

Four Passes (n.): Older name of the Kathmandu Valley, *Char Bhanjyang* in Nepali

adrift (adj.): a boat moving on the water uncontrolled

multifarious (adj.): many and of various types

Adinath (n.): a name of Lord Shiva

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

a. How does the tourist describe his initial impression of the Kathmandu valley?

b. According to the tourist, why is the West indebted to the East?

c. How does the tourist interpret the gaze of the monks and nuns?

d. Why do the tourists think Nepali people are wonderful and exceptional?

e. What are the different kinds of communities in the Kathmandu valley and how do they co-exist with each other?

f. What does the tourist feel about the temple of Adinath?

g. Why does the guide take the tourist to the remote village?

h. What does the innocent village couple think of the doctor?

i. What are the differences between the paralyzed child and his sister?

j. Why does the guide show the instances of poverty to the tourist?

Reference to the context

a. Which narrative technique is used by the author to tell the story? How is this story different from other stories you have read?

b. How is the author able to integrate two fragments of the narration into a unified whole?

c. The author brings some historical and legendary references in the story. Collect these references and show their significance in the story.

d. The author talks about the eyes in many places: the eyes of the shaven monks and nuns, eyes in the window and door panels, the eyes of the Himalayas, the eyes of the paralyzed boy, the eyes of the welcoming villagers and above all the half-closed eyes of the Buddha. Explain how all the instances of eyes contribute to the overall unity of the story.

Reference beyond the text

a. Write an essay on **Living Proximity to Nature.**

b. The story talks about ethnic/religious co-existence of different communities in Nepal, where the Buddhists and the Hindus and the Aryans and non-Aryans have lived in communal harmony for ages. In your view, how have the Nepali people been able to live in such harmony?

7 A Very Old Man with Enormous Wings

Gabriel Garcia Marquez

Before reading

Discuss the following questions.

a. Have you ever visited a place to see something strange or unusual? If yes, what is it?

b. How do clever people take advantage of common people's gullibility?

Gabriel Garcia Marquez (1927-2014) was Colombian-born Spanish American journalist, novelist, and short story writer. He is regarded as the literary volcano of the nineteen sixties and an exponent of a new narrative style known as magical realism. His novel *One Hundred Years of Solitude* (1967) is taken as a classical example of magical realism. Marquez is one of the best novelists of world literature and perhaps the best in Spanish literature. For many readers, Gabriel Garcia Marquez and magical realism as synonymous with each other. Magical Realism is a mode of narrative in which real and fantastic, natural and supernatural, are coherently represented in a state of equivalence. Marquez's other best-known novels are *No One Writes to the Colonel* (1961), *Love in the Time of Cholera* (1985), and *Memories of my Melancholy Whores* (2004). The story 'A Very Old Man with Enormous Wings' was first published in 1955.

'A Very Old Man with Enormous Wings' is a magical realist story which examines the human response to those who are weak, dependent, and different. The story shows human nature-related curiosity, greed and cruelty.

On the third day of rain, they had killed so many crabs inside the house that Pelayo had to cross his drenched courtyard and throw them into the sea, because the newborn child had a temperature all night and they thought it was due to the stench. The world had been sad since Tuesday. Sea and sky were a single ash-gray thing and the sands of the beach, which on March nights glimmered like powdered light, had become a stew of mud and rotten shellfish. The light was so weak at noon that when Pelayo was coming back to the house after throwing away the crabs, it was hard for him to see what it was that was moving and groaning in the rear of the courtyard. He had to go very close to see that it was an old man, a very old man, lying face down in the mud, who, in spite of his tremendous efforts, couldn't get up, and impeded by his enormous wings.

Frightened by that nightmare, Pelayo ran to get Elisenda, his wife, who was putting

compresses on the sick child, and he took her to the rear of the courtyard. They both looked at the fallen body with a mute stupor. He was dressed like a ragpicker. There were only a few faded hairs left on his bald skull and very few teeth in his mouth, and his pitiful condition of a drenched great-grandfather took away and sense of grandeur he might have had. His huge buzzard wings, dirty and half-plucked were forever entangled in the mud. They looked at him so long and so closely that Pelayo and Elisenda very soon overcame their surprise and in the end found him familiar. Then they dared speak to him, and he answered in an incomprehensible dialect with a strong sailor's voice. That was how they skipped over the inconvenience of the wings and quite intelligently concluded that he was a lonely castaway from some foreign ship wrecked by the storm. And yet, they called in a neighbor woman who knew everything about life and death to see him, and all she needed was one look to show them their mistake.

"He's an angel," she told them. "He must have been coming for the child, but the poor fellow is so old that the rain knocked him down."

On the following day, everyone knew that a flesh-and-blood angel was held captive in Pelayo's house. Against the judgment of the wise neighbor woman, for whom angels in those times were the fugitive survivors of a spiritual conspiracy, they did not have the heart to club him to death. Pelayo watched over him all afternoon from the kitchen, armed with his bailiff's club, and before going to bed he dragged him out of the mud and locked him up with the hens in the wire chicken coop. In the middle of the night, when the rain stopped, Pelayo and Elisenda were still killing crabs. A short time afterward the child woke up without a fever and with a desire to eat. Then they felt magnanimous and decided to put the angel on a raft with fresh water and provisions for three days and leave him to his fate on the high seas. But when they went out into the courtyard with the first light of dawn, they found the whole neighborhood in front of the chicken coop having fun with the angel, without the slightest reverence, tossing him things to eat through the openings in the wire as if weren't a supernatural creature but a circus animal.

Father Gonzaga arrived before seven o'clock, alarmed at the strange news. By that time onlookers less frivolous than those at dawn had already arrived and they were making all kinds of conjectures concerning the captive's future. The simplest among them thought that he should be named mayor of the world. Others of sterner mind felt that he should be promoted to the rank of five-star general in order to win all wars. Some visionaries hoped that he could be put to stud in order to implant the earth a race of winged wise men who could take charge of the universe. But Father Gonzaga, before becoming a priest, had been a robust woodcutter. Standing by the wire, he reviewed his catechism in an instant and asked them to open the door so that he could take a close look at that pitiful man who looked more like a huge decrepit hen among the fascinated chickens. He was lying in the corner drying his

open wings in the sunlight among the fruit peels and breakfast leftovers that the early risers had thrown him. Alien to the impertinences of the world, he only lifted his antiquarian eyes and murmured something in his dialect when Father Gonzaga went into the chicken coop and said good morning to him in Latin. The parish priest had his first suspicion of an imposter when he saw that he did not understand the language of God or know how to greet His ministers. Then he noticed that seen close up he was much too human: he had an unbearable smell of the outdoors, the back side of his wings was strewn with parasites and his main feathers had been mistreated by terrestrial winds, and nothing about him measured up to the proud dignity of angels. Then he came out of the chicken coop and in a brief sermon warned the curious against the risks of being ingenuous. He reminded them that the devil had the bad habit of making use of carnival tricks in order to confuse the unwary. He argued that if wings were not the essential element in determining the different between a hawk and an airplane, they were even less so in the recognition of angels. Nevertheless, he promised to write a letter to his bishop so that the latter would write his primate so that the latter would write to the Supreme Pontiff in order to get the final verdict from the highest courts.

His prudence fell on sterile hearts. The news of the captive angel spread with such rapidity that after a few hours the courtyard had the bustle of a marketplace and they had to call in troops with fixed bayonets to disperse the mob that was about to knock the house down. Elisenda, her spine all twisted from sweeping up so much marketplace trash, then got the idea of fencing in the yard and charging five cents admission to see the angel.

The curious came from far away. A traveling carnival arrived with a flying acrobat who buzzed over the crowd several times, but no one paid any attention to him because his wings were not those of an angel but, rather, those of a sidereal bat. The most unfortunate invalids on earth came in search of health: a poor woman who since childhood has been counting her heartbeats and had run out of numbers; a Portuguese man who couldn't sleep because the noise of the stars disturbed him; a sleepwalker who got up at night to undo the things he had done while awake; and many others with less serious ailments. In the midst of that shipwreck disorder that made the earth tremble, Pelayo and Elisenda were happy with fatigue, for in less than a week they had crammed their rooms with money and the line of pilgrims waiting their turn to enter still reached beyond the horizon.

The angel was the only one who took no part in his own act. He spent his time trying to get comfortable in his borrowed nest, befuddled by the hellish heat of the oil lamps and sacramental candles that had been placed along the wire. At first they tried to make him eat some mothballs, which, according to the wisdom of the wise neighbor woman, were the food prescribed for angels. But he turned them down, just as he turned down the papal lunches that the pentinents brought him,

and they never found out whether it was because he was an angel or because he was an old man that in the end ate nothing but eggplant mush. His only supernatural virtue seemed to be patience. Especially during the first days, when the hens pecked at him, searching for the stellar parasites that proliferated in his wings, and the cripples pulled out feathers to touch their defective parts with, and even the most merciful threw stones at him, trying to get him to rise so they could see him standing. The only time they succeeded in arousing him was when they burned his side with an iron for branding steers, for he had been motionless for so many hours that they thought he was dead. He awoke with a start, ranting in his hermetic language and with tears in his eyes, and he flapped his wings a couple of times, which brought on a whirlwind of chicken dung and lunar dust and a gale of panic that did not seem to be of this world. Although many thought that his reaction had not been one of rage but of pain, from then on they were careful not to annoy him, because the majority understood that his passivity was not that of her taking his ease but that of a cataclysm in repose.

Father Gonzaga held back the crowd's frivolity with formulas of maidservant inspiration while awaiting the arrival of a final judgment on the nature of the captive. But the mail from Rome showed no sense of urgency. They spent their time finding out in the prisoner had a navel, if his dialect had any connection with Aramaic, how many times he could fit on the head of a pin, or whether he wasn't just a Norwegian with wings. Those meager letters might have come and gone until the end of time if a providential event had not put an end to the priest's tribulations.

It so happened that during those days, among so many other carnival attractions, there arrived in the town the traveling show of the woman who had been changed into a spider for having disobeyed her parents. The admission to see her was not only less than the admission to see the angel, but people were permitted to ask her all manner of questions about her absurd state and to examine her up and down so that no one would ever doubt the truth of her horror. She was a frightful tarantula the size of a ram and with the head of a sad maiden. What was most heartrending, however, was not her outlandish shape but the sincere affliction with which she recounted the details of her misfortune. While still practically a child she had sneaked out of her parents' house to go to a dance, and while she was coming back through the woods after having danced all night without permission, a fearful thunderclap rent the sky in tow and through the crack came the lightning bolt of brimstone that changed her into a spider. Her only nourishment came from the meatballs that charitable souls chose to toss into her mouth. A spectacle like that, full of so much human truth and with such a fearful lesson, was bound to defeat without even trying that of a haughty angel who scarcely deigned to look at mortals. Besides, the few miracles attributed to the angel showed a certain mental disorder, like the blind man who didn't recover his sight but grew three new teeth,

or the paralytic who didn't get to walk but almost won the lottery, and the leper whose sores sprouted sunflowers. Those consolation miracles, which were more like mocking fun, had already ruined the angel's reputation when the woman who had been changed into a spider finally crushed him completely. That was how Father Gonzaga was cured forever of his insomnia and Pelayo's courtyard went back to being as empty as during the time it had rained for three days and crabs walked through the bedrooms.

The owners of the house had no reason to lament. With the money they saved they built a two-story mansion with balconies and gardens and high netting so that crabs wouldn't get in during the winter, and with iron bars on the windows so that angels wouldn't get in. Pelayo also set up a rabbit warren close to town and have up his job as a bailiff for good, and Elisenda bought some satin pumps with high heels and many dresses of iridescent silk, the kind worn on Sunday by the most desirable women in those times. The chicken coop was the only thing that didn't receive any attention. If they washed it down with creolin and burned tears of myrrh inside it every so often, it was not in homage to the angel but to drive away the dungheap stench that still hung everywhere like a ghost and was turning the new house into an old one. At first, when the child learned to walk, they were careful that he not get too close to the chicken coop. But then they began to lose their fears and got used to the smell, and before the child got his second teeth he'd gone inside the chicken coop to play, where the wires were falling apart. The angel was no less standoffish with him than with the other mortals, but he tolerated the most ingenious infamies with the patience of a dog who had no illusions. They both came down with the chicken pox at the same time. The doctor who took care of the child couldn't resist the temptation to listen to the angel's heart, and he found so much whistling in the heart and so many sounds in his kidneys that it seemed impossible for him to be alive. What surprised him most, however, was the logic of his wings. They seemed so natural on that completely human organism that he couldn't understand why other men didn't have them too.

When the child began school it had been some time since the sun and rain had caused the collapse of the chicken coop. The angel went dragging himself about here and there like a stray dying man. They would drive him out of the bedroom with a broom and a moment later find him in the kitchen. He seemed to be in so many places at the same time that they grew to think that he'd be duplicated, that he was reproducing himself all through the house, and the exasperated and unhinged Elisenda shouted that it was awful living in that hell full of angels. He could scarcely eat and his antiquarian eyes had also become so foggy that he went about bumping into posts. All he had left were the bare cannulae of his last feathers. Pelayo threw a blanket over him and extended him the charity of letting him sleep in the shed, and only then did they notice that he had a temperature at night, and was delirious with the tongue twisters of an old

Norwegian. That was one of the few times they became alarmed, for they thought he was going to die and not even the wise neighbor woman had been able to tell them what to do with dead angels.

And yet he not only survived his worst winter, but seemed improved with the first sunny days. He remained motionless for several days in the farthest corner of the courtyard, where no one would see him, and at the beginning of December some large, stiff feathers began to grow on his wings, the feathers of a scarecrow, which looked more like another misfortune of decrepitude. But he must have known the reason for those changes, for he was quite careful that no one should notice them that no one should hear the sea chanteys that he sometimes sang under the stars. One morning Elisenda was cutting some bunches of onions for lunch when a wind that seemed to come from the high seas blew into the kitchen. Then she went to the window and caught the angel in his first attempts at flight. They were so clumsy that his fingernails opened a furrow in the vegetable patch and he was on the point of knocking the shed down with the ungainly flapping that slipped on the light and couldn't get a grip on the air. But he did manage to gain altitude. Elisenda let out a sigh of relief, for herself and for him, when she watched him pass over the last houses, holding himself up in some way with the risky flapping of a senile vulture. She kept watching him even when she was through cutting the onions and she kept on watching until it was no longer possible for her to see him, because then he was no longer an annoyance in her life but an imaginary dot on the horizon of the sea.

Glossary

compress (v.) squeeze or press

stupor (n.): a state in which a person's thoughts are not clear e.g., drunken stupor, feverish stupor

castaway (n.): ashore as a survivor of a shipwreck

celestial (adj.): belonging or relating to the heaven

magnanimous (adj.): a generous or forgiving towards enemies or less powerful rivals

reverence (n.): deep respect for someone or something

conjecture (n.): an opinion or conclusion formed on the basis of incomplete information

catechism (n.): religious instruction, especially in Roman catholic

decrepit (adj.): ruined because of age or neglect

impertinence (n.): lack of respect

antiquarian (adj.): relating to the antiques (old and rare things)

imposter (n.): a person who pretends to be someone else

ingenuous (adj.): innocent and unsuspecting

Supreme Pontiff (n.): The Pope (Roman catholic)

befuddled (adj.): utterly confused

sacramental (adj.) related to Christian religious ceremony

pentinent (n.) : person who repents of a sin

cataclysm (n.): a large scale and violent event in natural or cultural history

Aramaic (n.): a language

providential (adj.): occurring to a favorable time

tribulation (n.): a state of great trouble

outlandish (adj.) that looks or sounds unfamiliar

thunderclap (n.): a crash of thunder

creolin (n.): a kind of disinfectant

myrrh (n.): a fragrant gum resin obtained from certain trees and used, especially in perfumery, medicines, and incense

standoffish (adj.): unfriendly

exasperate (v.): irritate/worsen

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

a. How does the narrator describe the weather and its effects in the exposition of the story?

b. Describe the strange old man as Palayo and his wife first encounter within their courtyard.

c. Why did Pelayo and Elisenda imprison the old man in the chicken coop?

d. Why was Father Gonzaga not sure about the old man being a celestial messenger?

e. Many people gathered at Palayo's house to see the strange old man. Why do you think the crowd assembled to see him?

f. Some miracles happened while the crowd gathers to see the strange man. What are these miracles?

g. State the irritating things that the people did with the strange old man.

h. How and why was the woman changed into a spider?

i. Describe how Elisenda saw the strange man flying over the houses.

Reference to the context

a. The arrival of a strange old man at Palayo's courtyard arouses many suspicions and explanations. Explain how the neighbour woman, Father Gonzaga and the doctor speak of the strange man. Why do you think these three people give three different kinds of interpretations?

b. This story belongs to the genre of 'magical realism', a genre perfected by Gabriel Garcia Marquez in his novels and short stories. Magical realism is a narrative technique in which the story-teller narrates the common place things with magical colour and the events look both magical and real at the same time. Collect five magic realist happenings from the story and argue why they seem magical to you.

c. The author introduces the episode of a woman who became a spider for having disobeyed her parents. This episode at once shifts people's concentration from the strange old man to the spider woman. What do you think is the purpose of the author to bring this shift in the story?

d. The story deals with the common people's gullibility. How do Palayo and his wife take advantage of common people's whim?

Reference beyond the text

a. An irresistible crowd queues at Palayo's house for many days simply to look at the strange old man. Narrate an episode from your experience or from another story where people assemble in crowds, not for any noble cause.

b. The taste of children is different from grown-ups. What are the elements in the story that make '**The Old Man with Enormous Wings**' a children's story?

Unit 2 Poems

1 A Day

Emily Dickinson

Before reading

Answer the following questions.

a. What kind of day do you like: rainy, sunny or foggy? Why?

b. How does the sun tell us about different stages of a day?

One of the most eminent American poets from the nineteenth century, Emily Dickinson's (1830-1886) poetry was heavily influenced by the Metaphysical poets of seventeenth-century England, as well as her reading of the Book of Revelation and her upbringing in a Puritan New England town. These upbringings inculcated in her Calvinist, orthodox, and conservative approach to Christianity. Dickinson and Walt Whitman are considered the founders of a uniquely American poetic voice. While Dickinson was extremely prolific as a poet her regularly enclosed poems in letters to friends she was not publicly recognized during her lifetime. However, she has been steadily gaining popularity through her posthumously published poems.

In her poem "A Day", Dickinson, through the use of brilliant imageries and symbols, describes a beautiful day that leads the children from innocence to experience.

I'll tell you how the sun rose, ___
A ribbon at a time.
The steeples swam in amethyst,
The news like squirrels ran.

The hills untied their bonnets,
The bobolinks begun.
Then I said softly to myself,
"That must have been the sun!"

But how he set, I know not.
There seemed a purple stile
Which little yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while

Till when they reached the other side,
A dominie in gray
Put gently up the evening bars,
And led the flock away.

Glossary

steeples (n.): tall towers with a spire on top, rising above the roof of a church
amethyst (n.): purple precious stone used in making jewellery
bonnets (n.): hats tied with strings under the chin, worn by babies and women
bobolinks (n.): songbirds with large, somewhat flat heads, short necks and short tails
dominie (n.): a school master (Scottish); a pastor or clergyman (US)
stile (n.): a set of steps that help people to climb over a fence or wall, especially in the village

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

a. How does the poet describe the morning sun in the first stanza?
b. What does the line 'The news like squirrels ran' mean?
c. What do you understand by the line 'The hills untied their bonnets'?
d. Is the speaker watching the morning sun? Why? Why not?
e. How does the sun set?

Reference to the context

a. What, according to the speaker, is a day?
b. What purpose does the hyphen in the first line serve in the poem?
c. What makes this poem lyrical and sonorous? Discuss.
d. Who are the target audience of the speaker? Why?
e. The poem seems to describe a day for children. How would the adult people respond to this poem? Discuss this poem with your parents/guardians and write the answer based on their responses.

Reference beyond the text

a. Observe your surroundings of one fine morning and write a poem based on your own experience.
b. Write a personal essay on **A Day in the School**.

2 Every Morning I Wake

Dylan Thomas

Before reading

Answer the following questions.

a. Why do people offer prayers to the God?

b. What do you feel when you visit the mosque, temple, or church? Why do you feel so?

Born in Swansea, Wales, **Dylan Thomas** (1914-1953) is famous for his acutely lyrical and emotional poetry. Thomas can be seen as an extension into the 20th century of the general movement called Romanticism, that flourished in the nineteenth century Englnad, particularly in its emphasis on imagination, emotion, intuition, spontaneity, and organic form. Considered to be one of the greatest Welsh poets of all time, Thomas is largely known for his imaginative use of language and vivid imagery in his poems. He started working for BBC in 1945. *Under Milk Wood (1953),* a radio play, was written over a long period of time during the last months of his life. It is set in a small Welsh town called Llareggub and covers one day in the lives of its provincial characters.

"Every Morning I Wake" is an extract from *Under the Milk Wood*. In this poem, Thomas prays to the magnificent God to have mercy on ordinary inhabitants living under the Milk Wood.

Every morning when I wake,
Dear Lord, a little prayer I make,
O please do keep Thy loving eye
On all poor creatures born to die

And every evening at sun-down
I ask a blessing on the town,
For whether we last the night or no
I'm sure is always touch-and-go.

We are not wholly bad or good
Who live our lives under Milk Wood,
And Thou, I know, wilt be the first
To see our best side, not our worst.

O let us see another day!
Bless us all this night, I pray,
And to the sun we all will bow
And say, good-bye – but just for now!

Glossary

Milk Wood (adj.): a wooded area in the hills above a Welsh seaside village of Llaggerub in Dylan Thomas' play *Under Milk Wood*

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

a. When does the speaker pray to the Lord?
b. What does the speaker pray for?
c. Who are the 'poor creatures'? Why does the speaker call them 'poor creatures'?
d. What does Milk Wood sound like? A type of wood or a place? Why?
e. Why do the inhabitants of Milk Wood bow to the setting sun 'but just for now'?

Reference to the context

a. Discuss "Every Morning When I Wake" as a prayer to the God.
b. Why does the speaker make a prayer to the God, but not to a king, a billionaire or a scientist?
c. How does the poet highlight the magnificence of the God?
d. How does the rhyme scheme of the poem reinforce its message?

Reference beyond the text

a. Does the God exist? Give your opinion.
b. In his Epistle to the author of the book, *The Three Impostors* (1768), Voltaire says, "Even if the God didn't exist, it would be necessary to invent him." Write an essay highlighting the importance of the God in the society.

3 I Was My Own Route

Julia de Burgos

Before reading

Discuss the following questions.

a. Do you try to be like what others want you to be? Why? Why not?

b. How can we achieve our identity?

Born in Carolina, Puerto Rico, **Julia de Burgos** (1914-1953) moved to New York, where she worked as a journalist, and then Cuba, where she pursued further studies at the University of Havana. Returning to New York after two years in Cuba, de Burgos, a freedom fighter, served as the art and culture editor for the progressive newspaper *Pueblos Hispanos*. Predating the Nuyorican poetry movement, de Burgos' poems deal with themes of women's liberation and social justice.

A precursor to the contemporary Latina/o writers, de Burgos, in her poem "I was my Own Route," depicts how the women are burdened with the patriarchal ideologies from the past. Therefore, de Burgos urges the women to detach themselves from the past so as to locate their identity within.

I wanted to be like men wanted me to be:
an attempt at life;
a game of hide and seek with my being.
But I was made of nows,
and my feet level on the promissory earth
would not accept walking backwards
and went forward, forward,
mocking the ashes to reach the kiss
of new paths.

At each advancing step on my route forward
my back was ripped by the desperate flapping wings
of the old guard.

But the branch was unpinned forever,
and at each new whiplash my look
separated more and more and more from the distant
familiar horizons;
and my face took the expansion that came from within,
the defined expression that hinted at a feeling
of intimate liberation;
a feeling that surged
from the balance between my life
and the truth of the kiss of the new paths.

Already my course now set in the present,
I felt myself a blossom of all the soils of the earth,
of the soils without history,
of the soils without a future,
of the soil always soil without edges
of all the men and all the epochs.

And I was all in me as was life in me .. . .
I wanted to be like men wanted me to be:
an attempt at life;

a game of hide and seek with my being.
But I was made of nows;
when the heralds announced me
at the regal parade of the old guard,
the desire to follow men warped in me,
and the homage was left waiting for me.. . . . . .

Glossary

promissory (adj.): containing or conveying a promise
whiplash (n.): a blow with a whip
epochs (n.): periods of time in history or a person's life, especially the ones marked by important events of special characteristics
regal (adj.): of, like or fit for a king or queen; royal
warped (adj.): twisted out of normal or natural shape; strange and unpleasant
homage (n): things said or done to show great respect

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

a. Why did the speaker try to be the way men wanted her to be?

b. What do you understand by her feet 'would not accept walking backwards'?

c. Who are the old guards? Why did they grow desperate?

d. How did the speaker have 'a feeling of intimate liberation'?

e. Why did the speaker's desire to follow men warp in her?

Reference to the context

a. What does the speaker mean when she says she was playing a game of hide and seek with her being'?

b. Why, in your view, was her back ripped by the old guards as she was advancing forward?

c. What, according to the speaker, did it feel like to be free?

d. Why does the speaker prefer the present to the past?

e. John Donne, in his poem "No Man is an Island", says, "No man is an island entire of itself." Would Burgos agree with Donne? Do you agree with Donne or Burgos?

Reference beyond the text

a. Write an essay on **My Idea of Freedom**.

b. Not all people, however, seem to agree with the kind of freedom upheld by Burgos in this poem. For example, William Faulkner, in his novel *Requiem for a Nun*, says, '"The past is never dead. It's not even past. All of us labor in webs spun long before we were born, webs of heredity and environment, of desire and consequence, of history and eternity." Do you agree with Faulkner? Why? Why not?

4 The Awakening Age

Ben Okri

Before reading

Discuss the following questions.

a. Why do you think people from your country migrate to another country?

b. Do people from other countries migrate to your country? Why?

A winner of Man Booker prize for his novel *The Famished Road*, the Nigerian poet, fiction writer, and essayist **Ben Okri** (1949-) spent his early childhood in London. Informed by folk tales and dream logic, Okri's writing also treats his family's experience of the Nigerian civil war. In an interview for *The National*, Okri stated, "I grew up in a tradition where there are simply more dimensions to reality: legends and myths and ancestors and spirits and death. You can't use Jane Austen to speak about African reality. Which brings the question: what is reality? Everyone's reality is different. For different perceptions of reality we need a different language."

A prolific poet and story teller, Okri, like in his other works, portrays the hardships of the African people in "The Awakening Age". In addition, he makes a call for unity, peace and solidarity among human beings from different parts of the world.

O ye who travel the meridian line,
May the vision of a new world within you shine.

May eyes that have lived with poverty's rage,
See through to the glory of the awakening age.

For we are all richly linked in hope,
Woven in history, like a mountain rope.

Together we can ascend to a new height,
Guided by our heart's clearest light.

When perceptions are changed there's much to gain,
A flowering of truth instead of pain.
There's more to a people than their poverty;
There's their work, wisdom, and creativity.

Along the line may our lives rhyme,
To make a loving harvest of space and time.

Glossary

meridian line (n.): any imaginary circle round the earth that passes through both the North and South Poles

rage (n.): violent anger

harvest (n.): the act of cutting and gathering grain and other food crops

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

a. Who are the people 'who travel the meridian line'?
b. What does the poet mean by 'a new world'?
c. How are people connected to each other?
d. What can we gain after our perceptions are changed?
e. How are we benefited by new people?
f. Describe the rhyme scheme of this sonnet.

Reference to the context

a. What does the poet mean by 'the awakening age'?
b. Why, in your view, have these people 'lived with poverty's rage'?
c. Why does the poet appeal for solidarity among the people?
d. Does the poet present migration in a positive light? Why? Why not?
e. Nepal is also known for its economic as well as educational migrants. Have you noticed any change in the perceptions and behaviours of these migrants when they return home from abroad?
f. Relate the rhyme scheme of this sonnet to the kind of life idealized by the poet.

Reference beyond the text

Write an essay on '**The Impacts of Migration on Nepali Society**'.

5 Soft Storm

Abhi Subedi

Before reading

Answer the following questions.

a. Have you ever grown sad/happy observing things around you?
b. Point out three things you are not happy about within your surroundings.

A prolific poet, playwright, and critic, Abhi Subedi (1945) has remained one of the eminent personalities in the field of literature in Nepal. Born in Sabla village of Terhathum district, Subedi has written several plays including *Dreams of Peach Blossoms* (2001) and *Fire in the Monastery* (2003). Subedi, who taught at the Central Department of English, Tribhuvan University, for around 40 years, has poetry collections like *Manas* (1974) and *Chasing Dreams: Kathmandu Odyssey* (1996) and *Shabdara Chot* (1997) to his credit.

In the present poem entitled "Soft Storm," Subedi, with a touch of compassion, contemplates over the absurdities of tumultuous times.

I became soft
I became soft
after I heard the tumult and
crashed on the eerie stillness;
I inherited the soft
when the sky grew like crocuses
over stones and
became five inches taller
that very night
when moon skidded down
your walls

speaking in the language
of posters and politics
rituals and reasons.
I became soft
as the softness rose like a gale
tearing my roofs
that very night
when the moon sang of
lampposts and gutters
in this seamless city.

I became soft
when homeless children in Thamel
cried with hunger under the bat-bearing
trees of Kesharmahal;
I became soft
when I returned
from the melee
where ceremony
dances with mad steps
on the unwedded gardens of history
growing around protruded rocks.

I became soft
when I alone turned to you
leaving deep dents of words
on these white sheets;
I became soft storm
when I saw a forlorn child
carrying transistor radio around his neck
run around wailing
to find his mother
in the corridors of violent history.

I became a soft storm
when I saw a man
beaten mercilessly
for no reason
before his family
by nobody for no reason
in no sensible times.

I became soft
when I saw
a blood-stained shirt
speaking in the earth's ears
with bruised human lips
in the far corner
under the moon
of history and dreams
playing hide and seek
in open museums
of human times.

I became soft
since you gave words
but did not listen to them,
gave storms
but didn't wait to see its Leela
over the silent stone.

Crocuses have grown
over the stone–
I saw last moonlit night,
storms have loitered
in the narrow lanes
where I too have walked alone

pensively in rain tears
and little chuckles of sun laughter
that have risen and melted
like rainbow.
Soft is my storm
that rages and rages
over silent pages,
silent stones,
silent forlorn shirts carrying war memories,
silent dilapidations of gods' abodes
where dances and songs
are buried under helpless divine debris
in human courtyards.

Soft is what you saw,
I honor your mooneyes
but the mad time spools
winding all that we see and live with,
stone growing in flower
moon humming melodies
history rushing under the lamppost
and over deforested land,
birds singing of bizarre journeys
over the warming earth
rhododendron blooming in winter,
mother earth telling of the tumults
in the songs of the sad birds.
All in unison have created
this soft gale.

But in these hard times
I want to melt like a rainbow

my soft storm in your minuscule sky.
My soft storm
dances in ripples
of your uneasy lake.

Glossary

tumult (n.): violent and noisy commotion or disturbance of a crowd or mob; uproar

eerie (adj.): so mysterious, strange, or unexpected as to send a chill up the spine

crocuses (n.): a type of flowering plants in the iris family

seamless (adj.): moving from one thing to another easily and without any interruptions or problems

melee (n.): confusion, turmoil, jumble

protruded (adj.): stuck out from or through something

Leela (n.): a divine play

loitered (v.): moved slowly around or stand in a public place without an obvious reason

pensively (adv.): done in a thoughtful manner, often with sadness

spools (n.): a cylindrical device which has a rim or ridge at each end and an axial hole for a pin or spindle and on which material (such as thread, wire, or tape) is wound

minuscule (adj.): very small

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

a. When does the speaker grow soft? Enlist the occasions when he grows soft.
b. What do you understand by 'this seamless city'?
c. Describe the poor children potrayed in the poem.
d. What do you understand by 'the unwedded gardens of history'?
e. Why was the forlorn child wailing?
f. What do you understand by 'soft storm'?
g. Why does the speaker call our time 'mad time'?
h. What does the speaker want to do in "hard times"?

Reference to the context

a. The poet uses the word 'soft' with the words like 'storm' and 'gale', which generally refer to disorder and violence. What effect does the poet achieve through the use of such anomolous expressions?

b. What is the speaker's attitude towards the time he describes in the poem?

c. What is the speaker like? Is he a rebel? Why? Why not?

d. Explain the stanza below in your own words:

I became soft
when I saw
a blood-stained shirt
speaking in the earth's ears
with bruised human lips
in the far corner
under the moon
of history and dreams
playing hide and seek
in open museums
of human times.

Reference beyond the text

a. Write an essay, highlighting your dissatisfaction towards social, cultural, economic and political issues prevailing in Nepal at present.

b. Suppose you are a rebel, who wants to change the society by eliminating malpractices and anomalies prevailing in the society. Draft a speech outlining your vision for change.

Unit 3 Essays

1 On Libraries

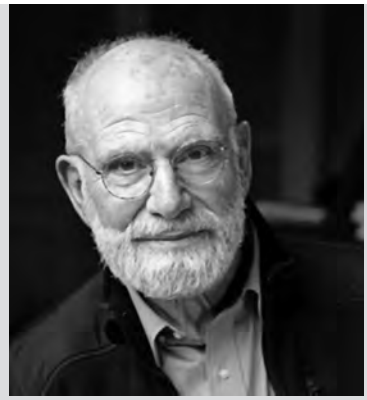
Oliver Sacks

Before reading

Answer the following questions.

a. Why do people visit the libraries?

b. Have you ever borrowed books from the library? If yes, what kinds of books do you like to read?



Oliver Sacks was born in 1933 in London and was educated at the Queen's College, Oxford. He completed his medical training at San Francisco's Mount Zion Hospital and at UCLA before moving to New York, where he soon encountered the patients whom he would write about in his book *Awakenings.* Sacks was a neurologist and an author whose case studies of patients with unusual disorders became best-sellers. His focus on patients with particularly rare or dramatic problems made his work popular with writers in other forms, and his case studies were adapted into several different movies and operas. Dr. Sacks spent almost fifty years working as a neurologist and wrote a number of books--including *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat*, *Musicophilia*, and *Hallucinations*--about the strange neurological predicaments and conditions of his patients. *The New York Times* referred to him as "the poet laureate of medicine," and he received many awards, including honors from 'The Guggenheim Foundation,' The National Science Foundation, The American Academy of Arts and Letters, and The Royal College of Physicians. His memoir, *On the Move*, was published shortly before his death in August 2015.

"On Libraries" is written in praise of intellectual freedom, community work, and the ecstasy of serendipitous discovery. Among the titans of mind and spirit shaped and saved by libraries was the great neurologist, author, and voracious reader.

When I was a child, my favorite room at home was the library, a large oak-paneled room with all four walls covered by bookcases—and a solid table for writing and studying in the middle. It was here that my father had his special library, as a Hebrew scholar; here too were all of Ibsen's plays—my parents had originally met in a medical

students' Ibsen society; here, on a single shelf, were the young poets of my father's generation, many killed in the Great War; and here, on the lower shelves so I could easily reach them, were the adventure and history books belonging to my three older brothers. It was here that I found *The Jungle Book*; I identified deeply with Mowgli, and used his adventures as a taking-off point for my own fantasies.

My mother had her favorite books in a separate bookcase in the lounge—Dickens, Trollope, and Thackeray, Bernard Shaw's plays in pale green bindings, as well as an entire set of Kipling bound in soft morocco. There was a beautiful three-volume set of Shakespeare's works, a gilt-edged Milton, and other books, mostly poetry, that my mother had got as school prizes.

Medical books were kept in a special locked cabinet in my parents' surgery (but the key was in the door, so it was easy to unlock).

The oak-paneled library was the quietest and most beautiful room in the house, to my eyes, and it vied with my little lab as my favorite place to be. I would curl up in a chair and become so absorbed in what I was reading that all sense of time would be lost. Whenever I was late for lunch or dinner I could be found, completely absorbed by a book, in the library. I learned to read early, at three or four, and books, and our library, are among my first memories.

But the Ur-library, for me, was the Willesden Public Library, our own local public library. Here I spent many of the happiest hours of my growing-up years—our house was a five-minute walk from the library—and it was there I received my real education.

On the whole, I disliked school, sitting in class, receiving instruction; information seemed to go in one ear and out by the other. I could not be passive—I had to be active, learn for myself, learn what I wanted, and in the way which suited me best. I was not a good pupil, but I was a good learner, and in Willesden Library—and all the libraries that came later—I roamed the shelves and stacks, had the freedom to select whatever I wanted, to follow paths which fascinated me, to become myself. At the library I felt free—free to look at the thousands, tens of thousands, of books; free to roam and to enjoy the special atmosphere and the quiet companionship of other readers, all, like myself, on quests of their own.

As I got older, my reading was increasingly biased towards the sciences, especially astronomy and chemistry. St. Paul's School, where I went when I was twelve, had an excellent general library, the Walker Library, which was particularly heavy in history and politics—but it could not provide all of the science and especially chemistry books I now hungered for. But with a special testimonial from one of the school masters, I was able to get a ticket to the library of the Science Museum, and there I devoured the many volumes of Mellor's *Comprehensive Treatise on Inorganic and Theoretical Chemistry* and the even-longer *Gmelin's Handbook of Inorganic Chemistry*.

When I went to university, I had access to Oxford's two great university libraries, the Radcliffe Science Library and the Bodleian, a wonderful general library that could

trace itself back to 1602. It was in the Bodleian that I stumbled upon the now-obscure and forgotten works of Theodore Hook, a man greatly admired in the early nineteenth century for his wit and his genius for theatrical and musical improvisation (he was said to have composed more than five hundred operas on the spot). I became so fascinated by Hook that I decided to write a sort of biography or "case-history" of him. No other library—apart from the British Museum Library—could have provided the materials I needed, and the tranquil atmosphere of the Bodleian was a perfect one in which to write.

But the library I most loved at Oxford was our own library at the Queen's College. The magnificent library building itself had been designed by Christopher Wren, and beneath this, in an underground maze of heating pipes and shelves, were the vast subterranean holdings of the library. To hold ancient books, incunabula, in my own hands was a new experience for me—I particularly adored Gesner's *HistoriaeAnimalium* (1551), richly illustrated with Dürer's drawing of a rhinoceros and Agassiz's four-volume work on fossil fishes. It was there, too, that I saw all of Darwin's works in their original editions, and it was in the stacks that I found and fell in love with all the works of Sir Thomas Browne—his *Religio Medici*, his *Hydrotaphia*, and *The Garden of Cyrus (The Quincunciall Lozenge)*. How absurd some of these were, but how magnificent the language! And if Browne's classical magniloquence became too much at times, one could switch to the lapidary cut-and-thrust of Swift—all of whose works, of course, were there in their original editions. While I had grown up on the nineteenth-century works that my parents favored, it was the catacombs of the Queen's library that introduced me to seventeenth- and eighteenth-century literature—John-son, Hume, Pope, and Dryden. All of these books were freely available, not in some special, locked-away rare books enclave, but just sitting on the shelves, as they had done (I imagined) since their original publication. It was in the vaults of the Queen's College that I really gained a sense of history, and of my own language.

I first came to New York City in 1965, and at that time I had a horrid, pokey little apartment in which there were almost no surfaces to read or write on. I was just able, holding an elbow awkwardly aloft, to write some of *Migraine* on the top of the refrigerator. I longed for spaciousness. Fortunately, the library at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, where I worked, had this in abundance. I would sit at a large table to read or write for a while, and then wander around the shelves and stacks. I never knew what my eyes might alight upon, but I would sometimes discover unexpected treasures, lucky finds, and bring these back to my seat.

Though the library was quiet, whispered conversations might start in the stacks—two of you, perhaps, were searching for the same old book, the same bound volumes of *Brain* from 1890—and conversations could lead to friendships. All of us in the library were reading our own books, absorbed in our own worlds, and yet there was a sense of community, even intimacy. The physicality of books—along with their places

and their neighbors on the bookshelves—was part of this camaraderie: handling books, sharing them, passing them between us, even seeing the names of previous readers and the dates they took books out.

But a shift was occurring by the 1990s. I would continue to visit the library frequently, sitting at a table with a mountain of books in front of me, but students increasingly ignored the bookshelves, accessing what they needed with their computers. Few of them went to the shelves anymore. The books, so far as they were concerned, were unnecessary. And since the majority of users were no longer using the books themselves, the college decided, ultimately, to dispose of them.

I had no idea that this was happening—not only in the AECOM library but in college and public libraries all over the country. I was horrified when I visited the library a couple of months ago and found the shelves, once overflowing, sparsely occupied. Over the last few years, most of the books, it seems, have been thrown out, with remarkably little objection from anyone. I felt that a murder, a crime had been committed—the destruction of centuries of knowledge. Seeing my distress, a librarian reassured me that everything "of worth" had been digitized. But I do not use a computer, and I am deeply saddened by the loss of books, even bound periodicals, for there is something irreplaceable about a physical book: its look, its smell, its heft. I thought of how the library once cherished "old" books, had a special room for old and rare books; and how in 1967, rummaging through the stacks, I had found an 1873 book, Edward Liveing's *Megrim*, which inspired me to write my own first book.

Oliver Sacks, a writer and neurologist, was the author of over a dozen books, including Hallucinations, Musicophilia, Awakenings, The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat, *and* On the Move. *He died on August 30, 2015.*

Glossary

fantasies (n.): imagination, not real

morocco (n.): a fine soft material used for making covers for books

curl up (v.): to form or make sth form into a curl or curls

absorbed (adv.): with one's attention fully held

astronomy (n.): the scientific study of the Sun, moon, stars, planets, etc.

hungered for (v.): to have a strong desire for sb/sth

devoured (v.): to eat sth completely and quickly, especially because of hunger

stumbled upon (v.): to find sth/sb unexpectedly or by chance

improvisation (n.): music, a part in a play

incunabula (n.): an early printed book, especially one printed before 1501

magniloquence (n.): use of high-flown language

lapidary (adj.): elegant and precise

catacombs (n.): a series of underground tunnels

enclave (n.): a small territory belonging to one state or group of people surrounded by that of another

pokey (adj.): small and cramped

aloft (adv.): overhead

stacks (n.): piles or heaps of something

camaraderie (n.): friendship and trust

rummaging (v.): to turn things over and esp. make them untidy while searching for sth

helt (v.): to lift or carry

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

a. Where could the author be found when he was late for lunch or dinner?

b. What are his first memories?

c. Why did he dislike school?

d. What did he feel about at the library?

e. Why was he so biased about sciences especially astronomy and chemistry?

f. Why did he become so fascinated by Hook?

g. Describe library at the Queen's College.

h. Why did the students ignore the bookshelves in the 1990s?

i. Why was he horrified when he visited the library a couple of months ago?

Reference to the context

a. The author says, "I was not a good pupil, but I was a good listener." Justify it with the textual evidences.

b. A proverb says, "Nothing is pleasanter than exploring a library." Does this proverb apply in the essay? Explain.

c. Are there any other services that you would like to see added to the library?

Reference beyond the text

a. Write an essay on **Libraries and its uses for students**.

b. Do you have any public library in your locality? If so, do the people in your community use it? Give a couple of examples.

2 Marriage as a Social Institution

Stephen L. Nock

Before reading

Answer the following questions.

a. What types of marriages are in practice in your culture?

b. Do you think marriages are different from culture to culture?

Steven L. Nock (March 11, 1950 – January 26, 2008) was a researcher, author, and the Commonwealth Professor of Sociology at the University of Virginia. He wrote extensively on the role of marriage in society, and worked in the Federal Department of Health and Human Services as a consultant on American family policy. He authored text-books and articles about the causes and consequences of change in the American family. He investigated issues of privacy, unmarried fatherhood, cohabitation, commitment, divorce, and marriage. His book, *Marriage in Men's Lives* won the William J. Good Book Award from the American Sociological Association for the most outstanding contribution to family scholarship in 1999.

In this essay, the author examines the national marriage debate by reviewing the social and demographic trends that have changed the role of marriage and the family. He views that marriage and parenthood are private matters, relevant only to the individuals directly involved.

He points out the programs that have strengthened marital relationships, lowered divorce rates, reduced out-of-wedlock births, and encouraged responsible fatherhood.

A marriage is much more than the sum of two spouses. It is also a relationship defined by legal, moral, and conventional assumptions. While one can imagine a variety of close personal affiliations uniting two adults, the variety of marriage affiliations is much narrower because marriage is an *institution*, culturally patterned and integrated into other basic social institutions, such as education, the economy, and politics. Marriage has rules that originate outside any particular union of two spouses and that establish *soft boundaries* around the relationship that influence the partners in many ways. The boundaries around marriages are the commonly understood allowable limits of behavior that distinguish marriage from all other kinds of relationships. The social norms that define the institution

of marriage identify married spouses in ways that distinguish them from others. Married couples have something that other couples lack: they are heirs to a vast system of understood principles that help organize and sustain their lives.

One explanation for how marriage matters to men is that it provides structure to their lives and organizes their ambitions. This is an old argument, first suggested a century ago by Emile Durkheim, who demonstrated the protective role of marriage in preventing suicide. Durkheim observed that since basic human necessities (food, housing, clothing) are more or less available in all advanced societies, desires among modern humans are focused on well-being, comfort, luxury, and prestige. Sooner or later, however, the appetite for such rewards becomes sated. One of the central problems in modern society, therefore, is establishing legitimate boundaries around such desires. This, Durkheim believed, can be accomplished only by social institutions such as marriage.

Durkheim explained the function of marriage for men by noting how unrestrained longings and desires must be checked. Marriage benefits men, Durkheim believed, because, as an organ of society, it restrains their otherwise uncontrollable impulses. Discussing such desires and impulses, Durkheim observed:

> *By forcing a man to attach himself forever to the same woman, marriage assigns a strictly definite object to the need for love, and closes the horizon. This determination is what forms the state of moral equilibrium from which the husband benefits. Being unable to seek other satisfactions than those permitted, without transgressing his duty, he restricts his desires to them. The salutary discipline to which he is subjected makes it his duty to find his happiness in his lot, and by doing so supplies him with the means. (1951: 270-71)*

Two people may enjoy a harmonious and happy life without the benefit of marriage. In fact, growing numbers of Americans appear to believe that unmarried *cohabitation* offers something that marriage does not: freedom from the rules of marriage because there are no widely accepted and approved boundaries around cohabitation. Unmarried partners have tremendous freedom to decide how they will arrange their relationships. Each partner must decide how to deal with the other's parents, for example. Couples must decide whether vacations will be taken together or separately. Money may be pooled or held in separate accounts.

And the parents of a cohabiting couple will also need to create a relationship with them with little guidance. Is the cohabiting couple to be treated as a married pair? In such small ways, cohabiting couples and their associates must create

their relationship. Married couples may also face decisions about some of these matters. However, married spouses have a pattern to follow. For most matters of domestic life,

marriage supplies a template—what cohabiting couples lack. They are exempt from the vast range of marriage norms and laws in our society.

A man can say to his spouse: "I am your husband. You are my wife. I am expected to do certain things for you, and you likewise. We have pledged our faithfulness. We have sworn to forego others. We have made a commitment to our children. We have a responsibility and obligation to our close relatives, as they have to us." These statements are not simply personal pledges. They are also enforceable. Others will expect these things of the couple. Laws, religion, and customs bolster this contract. When this man says to someone, "I would like you to meet my wife," this simple declaration says a great deal.

Consider an unmarried couple living happily together. What, if any, are the conventional assumptions that can be made? What are the limits to behavior? To whom is each obligated? Whom can this couple count on for help in times of need? And how do you complete this introduction of one's cohabiting partner: "I would like you to meet my ..."? The lack of a word for such a partner clearly indicates how little such relationships are governed by convention. Alternatively, we may say that such a relationship is *not* an institution.

Marriage is a form of "capital" just as surely as any other resource. "If physical capital is wholly tangible, being embodied in observable material form, and human capital is less tangible, being embodied in skills and knowledge acquired by an individual, *social capital* is less tangible yet, for it exists in the *relations* among persons. Just as physical capital and human capital facilitate productive activity, social capital does as well" (Coleman, 1988: S100-S101). Social capital consists of extensive networks of individuals linked by bonds of trustworthiness and trust.

This type of capital is produced in relationships predicated on the belief (i.e., trust) that obligations will be incurred *and* repaid. Through their marriages, husbands and wives become connected to new kin (and friends of new kin). Kinship ties forged through marriage differ from those in more casual relationships. Such relationships are extensively woven with threads of obligations. In times of need, one may call upon relatives and expect assistance. The enduring nature of kinship obligations means that such debts persist and bind relatives together in an ongoing relationship. Social capital also embeds individuals in networks that channel valued knowledge and information among all members. Such networks are sustained by social norms and social sanctions (honor, status, etc.) that facilitate certain actions and constrain others. Individuals benefit just as much from the accumulation of social capital as from other types of capital. Yet social capital cannot be separated from the configuration of institutions and communities (other people) that give it meaning and consequence. In

short, the institution of marriage is an individual asset. Although intangible, it is no less important than other assets, yet more difficult to sustain (or accumulate) because it exists only *as* relationships with others.

The soft boundaries of marriage distinguish it qualitatively from all other forms of relationships. Therefore, to understand how marriage affects spouses, one must consider the various rules that define it. Thus, it would be well to reemphasize here the six dimensions that define normative marriage in America: marriages are entered *voluntarily* by *mature, heterosexual* adults with the expectation that husbands will be the *principal earners,* that both partners will be *sexually*

faithful, and that married partners will become parents. Although many marriages depart from these ideals, the ideals still constitute the core of normative marriage as it is expressed in law, religion, and custom. Normative marriage is a form of social control, a way by which behaviors and aspirations are channeled appropriately. It is a force greater than the individuals involved because it represents the collective sentiments of others. Marriage in this view is qualitatively different from other intimate relationships. Much of the meaning of marriage in men's lives will be found in these rules. Together, these six premises provide a definition of marriage that will inform the rest of this work.

Glossary

institution (n.): an established custom

boundaries (n.): dividing lines/lines that make limits

heir (n.): a person with the legal right to receive property or money when the owner dies

appetite (n.): physical desire esp. food or pleasure

unrestrained (adj.): not controlled

impulses (n): sudden urge to act without thinking about the results

transgressing (v.): going beyond the limits of (what is morally, socially, or legally acceptable)

cohabitation (n.): the state of living together and having a sexual relationship without being married

bolster (n.): a thick pillow shaped like a long tube

intangible (adj.): that cannot be easily or clearly understood

normative (adj.): describing or setting standards or rules of language or behavior which should be followed

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

a. According to the author, what is marriage?

b. How is marriage an institution?

c. What are the rules that a marriage has?

d. Why does marriage matter to men?

e. What is one of the central problems in modern society?

f. What does social capital consist of?

g. What is normative marriage? Explain.

Reference to the context

a. Discuss six dimensions that define normative marriage in America.

b. Do marriages differ according to culture? How is your marriage practice different from marriage in America?

Reference beyond the text

a. Write an essay on the marriage practice in your own culture.

b. Is marriage a social institution? Discuss.

3 Knowledge and Wisdom

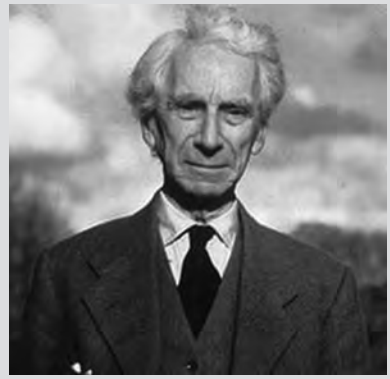
Bertrand Russell

Before reading

Discuss the following questions.

a. What are the differences between a learned man and a wise man?

b. Why do you think some knowledgeable people are not wise?



Bertrand Arthur William Russell (1872–1970) was a British philosopher, logician, essayist and social critic best known for his work in mathematical logic and analytic philosophy. His most influential contributions include his championing of logicism (the view that mathematics is in some important sense reducible to logic), his refining of Gottlob Frege's predicate calculus (which still forms the basis of most contemporary systems of logic), his defense of neutral monism (the view that the world consists of just one type of substance which is neither exclusively mental nor exclusively physical), and his theories of definite descriptions, logical atomism and logical types.

In this essay, Russell differentiates between knowledge and wisdom. Knowledge and wisdom are different things. According to him, knowledge is defined as the acquisition of data and information, while wisdom is defined as the practical application and use of the knowledge to create value. Wisdom is gained through learning and practical experience, not just memorization.

Most people would agree that, although our age far surpasses all previous ages in knowledge, there has been no correlative increase in wisdom. But agreement ceases as soon as we attempt to define `wisdom' and consider means of promoting it. I want to ask first what wisdom is, and then what can be done to teach it.

There are, I think, several factors that contribute to wisdom. Of these, I should put first a sense of proportion: the capacity to take account of all the important factors in a problem and to attach to each its due weight. This has become more difficult than it used to be owing to the extent and complexity for the specialized knowledge required of various kinds of technicians. Suppose, for example, that you are engaged in research in scientific medicine. The work is difficult and is likely to absorb the whole of your intellectual energy. You have not time to consider the effect which your discoveries or inventions may have outside the field of medicine. You succeed (let us say), as modern medicine has succeeded, in enormously lowering the infant death-rate, not only in Europe and America, but also in Asia

and Africa. This has the entirely unintended result of making the food supply inadequate and lowering the standard of life in the most populous parts of the world. To take an even more spectacular example, which is in everybody's mind at the present time: You study the composition of the atom from a disinterested desire for knowledge, and incidentally place in the hands of powerful lunatics the means of destroying the human race. In such ways the pursuit of knowledge may become harmful unless it is combined with wisdom; and wisdom in the sense of comprehensive vision is not necessarily present in specialists in the pursuit of knowledge.

Comprehensiveness alone, however, is not enough to constitute wisdom. There must be, also, a certain awareness of the ends of human life. This may be illustrated by the study of history. Many eminent historians have done more harm than good because they viewed facts through the distorting medium of their own passions. Hegel had a philosophy of history which did not suffer from any lack of comprehensiveness, since it started from the earliest times and continued into an indefinite future. But the chief lesson of history which he sought to inculcate was that from the year 400AD down to his own time Germany had been the most important nation and the standard-bearer of progress in the world. Perhaps one could stretch the comprehensiveness that constitutes wisdom to include not only intellect but also feeling. It is by no means uncommon to find men whose knowledge is wide but whose feelings are narrow. Such men lack what I call wisdom.

It is not only in public ways, but in private life equally, that wisdom is needed. It is needed in the choice of ends to be pursued and in emancipation from personal prejudice. Even an end which it would be noble to pursue if it were attainable may be pursued unwisely if it is inherently impossible of achievement. Many men in past ages devoted their lives to a search for the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life. No doubt, if they could have found them, they would have conferred great benefits upon mankind, but as it was their lives were wasted. To descend to less heroic matters, consider the case of two men, Mr A and Mr B, who hate each other and, through mutual hatred, bring each other to destruction. Suppose you go to the Mr A and say, 'Why do you hate Mr B?' He will no doubt give you an appalling list of Mr B's vices, partly true, partly false. And now suppose you go to Mr B. He will give you an exactly similar list of Mr A's vices with an equal admixture of truth and falsehood. Suppose you now come back to Mr A and say,

'You will be surprised to learn that Mr B says the same things about you as you say about him', and you go to Mr B and make a similar speech. The first effect, no doubt, will be to increase their mutual hatred, since each will be so horrified by the other's injustice.

But perhaps, if you have sufficient patience and sufficient persuasiveness, you may succeed in convincing each that the other has only the normal share of human wickedness, and that their enmity is harmful to both. If you can do this, you will have instilled some fragment of wisdom.

I think the essence of wisdom is emancipation, as fat as possible, from the tyranny of the here and now. We cannot help the egoism of our senses. Sight and sound and touch are bound up with our own bodies and cannot be impersonal. Our emotions start similarly from ourselves. An infant feels hunger or discomfort, and is unaffected except by his own physical condition. Gradually with the years, his horizon widens, and, in proportion as his thoughts and feelings become less personal and less concerned with his own physical states, he achieves growing wisdom. This is of course a matter of degree. No one can view the world with complete impartiality; and if anyone could, he would hardly be able to remain alive. But it is possible to make a continual approach towards impartiality, on the one hand, by knowing things somewhat remote in time or space, and on the other hand, by giving to such things their due weight in our feelings. It is this approach towards impartiality that constitutes growth in wisdom.

Can wisdom in this sense be taught? And, if it can, should the teaching of it be one of the aims of education? I should answer both these questions in the affirmative. We are told on Sundays that we should love our neighbors as ourselves. On the other six days of the week, we are exhorted to hate. But you will remember that the precept was exemplified by saying that the Samaritan was our neighbour. We no longer have any wish to hate Samaritans and so we are apt to miss the point of the parable. If you want to get its point, you should substitute Communist or anti-Communist, as the case may be, for Samaritan.

It might be objected that it is right to hate those who do harm. I do not think so. If you hate them, it is only too likely that you will become equally harmful; and it is very unlikely that you will induce them to abandon their evil ways. Hatred of evil is itself a kind of bondage to evil. The way out is through understanding, not through hate. I am not advocating non-resistance. But I am saying that resistance, if it is to be effective in preventing the spread of evil, should be combined with the greatest degree of understanding and the smallest degree of force that is compatible with the survival of the good things that we wish to preserve.

It is commonly urged that a point of view such as I have been advocating is incompatible with vigour in action. I do not think history bears out this view. Queen Elizabeth I in England and Henry IV in France lived in a world where almost everybody was fanatical, either on the Protestant or on the Catholic side. Both remained free from the errors of their time and both, by remaining free, were beneficent and certainly not ineffective. Abraham Lincoln conducted a great war without ever departing from what I have called wisdom.

I have said that in some degree wisdom can be taught. I think that this teaching should have a larger intellectual element than has been customary in what has been thought of as moral instruction. I think that the disastrous results of hatred and narrow-mindedness to those who feel them can be pointed out incidentally in the course of giving knowledge. I do not think that knowledge and morals ought to be too much separated. It is true that the kind of specialized knowledge which is required for various kinds of skill has very little to do with

wisdom. But it should be supplemented in education by wider surveys calculated to put it in its place in the total of human activities. Even the best technicians should also be good citizens; and when I say 'citizens', I mean citizens of the world and not of this or that sect or nation. With every increase of knowledge and skill, wisdom becomes more necessary, for every such increase augments our capacity of realizing our purposes, and therefore augments our capacity for evil, if our purposes are unwise. The world needs wisdom as it has never needed it before; and if knowledge continues to increase, the world will need wisdom in the future even more than it does now.

Glossary

proportion (n.): a part or share of a whole

absorb (v.): to take, draw or suck something in

distorting (v.): pull or twist out of shape

inculcate (v.): inplant, infuse, instil

bound up (v.): to limit something

fanatical (adj.): a person who is too enthusiastic about something

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

a. What are the factors that contribute to wisdom?

b. What message does the writer try to convey with the example of technicians?

c. Which leaders does Russell say were able to mix knowledge and wisdom soundly?

d. Why is wisdom needed not only in public ways, but in private life equally?

e. What, according to Russell, is the true aim of education?

f. Can wisdom be taught? If so, how?

g. Why does the world need more wisdom in the future?

Reference to the context

a. According to Russel, “The pursuit of knowledge may become harmful unless it is combined with wisdom.” Justify this statement.

b. What, according to Russell, is the essence of wisdom? And how can one acquire the very essence?

Reference beyond the text

a. Why is wisdom necessary in education? Discuss.

b. How can you become wise? Do you think what you are doing in college contributes to wisdom?

4 Humility

Yuval Noah Harari

Before reading

Answer the following questions.

a. What do you know about the Chinese civilization?

c. Are there any similarities between South Indian and Chinese civilizations? Discuss.

Prof. Yuval Noah Harari is a historian, philosopher, and the bestselling author of *Sapiens: A Brief History of Humankind*, *Homo Deus: A Brief History of Tomorrow*, *21 Lessons for the 21st Century,* and *Sapiens: A Graphic History*. He is a Co-founder of Sapienship, a multidisciplinary organization advocating for global responsibility whose mission is to clarify the public conversation, support the quest for solutions and focus attention on the most important challenges facing the world today. He is now a lecturer in the Department of History at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem.

Harari exemplifies the virtue of *humility* in that he debunks humanity's illusions of superiority and mastery. He claims morality, art, spirituality and creativity are universal human abilities embedded in our DNA.

You are not the centre of the world

Most people tend to believe they are the centre of the world, and their culture is the linchpin of human history. Many Greeks believe that history began with Homer, Sophocles and Plato, and that all important ideas and inventions were born in Athens, Sparta, Alexandria or Constantinople. Chinese nationalists retort that history really began with the Yellow Emperor and the Xia and Shang dynasties, and that whatever Westerners, Muslims or Indians achieved is but a pale copy of original Chinese breakthroughs.

Hindu nativists dismiss these Chinese boasts, and argue that even airplanes and nuclear bombs were invented by ancient sages in the Indian subcontinent long before Confucius or Plato, not to mention Einstein and the Wright brothers. Did you know, for example, that it was Maharishi Bhardwaj who invented rockets and aeroplanes, that Vishwamitra not only invented but also used missiles, that Acharya Kanad was

the father of atomic theory, and that the Mahabharata accurately describes nuclear weapons?

Pious Muslims regard all history prior to the Prophet Muhammad as largely irrelevant, and they consider all history after the revelation of the Quran to revolve around the Muslim *ummah*. The main exceptions are Turkish, Iranian and Egyptian nationalists, who argue that even prior to Muhammad their particular nation was the fountainhead of all that was good about humanity, and that even after the revelation of the Quran, it was mainly their people who preserved the purity of Islam and spread its glory.

Needless to say that British, French, German, American, Russian, Japanese and countless other groups are similarly convinced that humankind would have lived in barbarous and immoral ignorance if it wasn't for the spectacular achievements of their nation. Some people in history went so far as to imagine that the political institutions and religious practices were essential to the very laws of physics. Thus the Aztecs firmly believed that without the sacrifices they performed each year, the sun would not rise and the entire universe would disintegrate.

All these claims are false. They combine a wilful ignorance of history with more than a hint of racism. None of the religions or nations of today existed when humans colonised the world, domesticated plants and animals, built the first cities, or invented writing and money. Morality, art, spirituality and creativity are universal human abilities embedded in our DNA. Their genesis was in Stone Age Africa. It is therefore crass egotism to ascribe to them a more recent place and time, be they China in the age of the Yellow Emperor, Greece in the age of Plato, or Arabia in the age of Muhammad.

Personally, I am all too familiar with such crass egotism, because the Jews, my own people, also think that they are the most important thing in the world. Name any human achievement or invention, and they will quickly claim credit for it. And knowing them intimately, I also know they are genuinely convinced of such claims. I once went to a yoga teacher in Israel, who in the introductory class explained in all seriousness that yoga was invented by Abraham, and that all the basic yoga postures derive from the shape of the letters of the Hebrew alphabet! (Thus the *trikonasana* posture imitates the shape of the Hebrew letter *aleph*, *tuladandasana* imitates the letter *daled*, etc.) Abraham taught these postures to the son of one of his concubines, who went to India and taught yoga to the Indians. When I asked for some evidence, the master quoted

a biblical passage: 'And to the sons of his concubines Abraham gave gifts, and while he was still living he sent them away from his son Isaac, eastward to the east country' (Genesis 25:6). What do you think these gifts were? So you see, even yoga was actually invented by the Jews.

Considering Abraham to be the inventor of yoga is a fringe notion. Yet mainstream Judaism solemnly maintains that the entire cosmos exists just so that Jewish rabbis can study their holy scriptures, and that if Jews cease this practice, the universe will come to an end. China, India, Australia and even the distant galaxies will all be annihilated if the rabbis in Jerusalem and Brooklyn stop debating the Talmud. This is a central article of faith of Orthodox Jews, and anyone who dares doubt it is considered an ignorant fool. Secular Jews may be a bit more sceptical about this grandiose claim, but they too believe that the Jewish people are the central heroes of history and the ultimate wellspring of human morality, spirituality and learning.

What my people lack in numbers and real influence, they more than compensate for in chutzpah. Since it is more polite to criticise one's own people than to criticise foreigners, I will use the example of Judaism to illustrate how ludicrous such self-important narratives are, and I will leave it to readers around the world to puncture the hot-air balloons inflated by their own tribes.

Glossary

linchpin (n.): the most important thing
retort (v.): make a quick reply to an accusation or a challenge
barbarous (adj.): cruel or wild
spectacular (adj.): impressive
disintegrate (v.): to break or cause sth to break into small parts or pieces
embedded (v.): to fix sth deeply and firmly in a mass of sth
genesis (n.): origin of sth
egotism (n.): the practice of thinking and talking too often or too much about oneself
concubines (n.): (in countries a man can legally have more than one wife) a woman who lives with a man, often as well as his wife or wives, but with lower status
fringe (n.): the front part of sb's hair, cut so that it hangs over the forehead
annihilated (v.): to destroy sb/sth completely
grandiose (adj.): more elaborate than necessary
chutzpah (n.): extreme self-confidence, audacity
ludicrous (adj.): ridiculous, absurd

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

a. Describe the claim of the Chinese nationalists about the human history.

b. What do pious Muslims believe about the human history?

c. What did the Aztecs firmly believe about the universe?

d. What, according to the essay, are the universal human abilities?

e. How are the basic yoga postures derived from the shape of the letters of the Hebrew alphabet?

Reference to the context

a. How do Hindu nationalists refute the Chinese claim that human history really began with the Yellow Emperor and the Xia and Shang dynasties? Who do you agree with, and why?

b. The author has dealt with a controversial debate on human history. Why do you think history has been a major contested issue in the present world?

Reference beyond the text

a. Write a short essay on **The Conflicting History of Human Civilization.**

b. The author claims, "Since it is more polite to criticize one's own people than to criticize foreigners." Do you agree to his claim? Give your reasons.

5 Human Rights and the Age of Inequality

Samuel Moyn

Before reading

Discuss the following questions.

a. How do you define human rights?

b. Do you know about constitution? How does the Constitution of Nepal guarantee the human rights?

Samuel Moyn is Jeremiah Smith, Jr. Professor of Law and Professor of History at Harvard University. In 2010, he published *The Last Utopia: Human Rights in History*, and his most recent book is *Christian Human Rights.* His areas of interest in legal scholarship include international law, human rights, the law of war, and legal thought, in both historical and current perspectives. In intellectual history, he has worked on a diverse range of subjects, especially twentieth-century European moral and political theory. He has written several books in his fields of European intellectual history and human rights history. His book *Not Enough: Human Rights in an Unequal World* (2018) is the most recent work. He is currently working on a new book on the origins and significance of the humane war for Farrar, Straus, and Giroux. Over the years he has written in venues such as *Boston Review*, the *Chronicle of Higher Education*, *Dissent*, *The Nation*, *The New Republic*, the *New York Times*, and *The Wall Street Journal*.

In "Human Rights and the Age of Inequality," Samuel Moyn deals with the drastic mismatch between the egalitarian crisis and the human rights remedy that demands not a substitute but a supplement. He points out that the human rights regime and movement are simply not equipped to challenge global inequalities.

Introduction

Start with a parable: Imagine that one man owned everything. Call him Croesus, after the king of ancient lore who, Herodotus says, was so "wonderfully rich" that he "thought himself the happiest of mortals". Impossibly elevated above his fellow men and women though he is, however, this modern Croesus is also remarkably magnanimous. With his global realm, the modern Croesus outstrips the already fabulous wealth of his predecessor by a long shot. But he does not want everyone else to starve, and not only because he needs some of them for the upkeep of his

global estate. Instead, Croesus insists on a floor of protection, so that everyone living under his benevolent but total ascendancy can escape utter destitution. Health, food, water, even paid vacations – Croesus funds them all.

In comparison to the world in which we live today, where few enjoy these benefits, Croesus offers a kind of utopia. It is the utopia foreseen in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights (1948)1, whose goal is to provide a list of the most basic entitlements that humans deserve thanks to being human itself. This utopia is one that, though little known in its own time, has become our own, with the rise in the last half-century of the international human rights movement – especially now that this movement has belatedly turned to mobilization for the economic and social rights that the Universal Declaration promised from the start.

We increasingly live in Croesus's world. It now goes without saying that any enlightened regime respects basic civil liberties, though the struggle to provide them is compelling and unending. Croesus hates repression and not merely indigence. He would never consent to a police state; he views the atrocities of war and occupation with horror; he glows with outrage when the word 'torture' is mentioned; he agrees cruelty is the worst thing we can do. But he also considers it outrageous, even as the sole inhabitant of the top, to live in a world of socio-economic destitution at the bottom. So-called 'social rights' matter deeply to him. Croesus's generosity, then, is as unprecedented as his wealth is. How could anyone trivialize what Croesus has to offer?

Let me try. For the value of distributive equality – any ceiling on the wealth gap between rich and poor – is as absent from the Universal Declaration, as well as from the legal regimes and social movements that take it as their polestar, as it is far from Croesus's mind. True, the founding document of human rights announced status equality: according to its first article, all human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights. It may be true that, in a world devastated by the evils of racism and genocide, the assertion of bare status equality was itself a revolutionary act. Yet this same status equality implies nothing more. Nothing in the scheme of human rights rules out Croesus's world, with its absolute overlordship, so long as it features that floor of protection.

In itself, Croesus' willing provision of a floor of protection seems deeply flawed – immoral even – if it comes together with the most massive inequality ever seen. This is the point of the thought experiment: to remind us that human rights, even perfectly realized human rights, are compatible with inequality, even radical inequality. Staggeringly, we could live in a situation of absolute hierarchy like Croesus's world, with human rights norms as they have been canonically

formulated perfectly respected. Our question is whether we should continue to idealize Croesus's world as we continue to make our world more like it every day.

Human rights in the age of national welfare

Writing the history of human rights in relation to that of political economy would involve two big stages – with a possible missed opportunity in between. The first, clearly, was the heroic age of the national welfare states after World War II. At that time, human rights reflected a small part of a larger and universal welfarist consensus that united the otherwise bitter enemies of the new cold war in 1948 and for two decades after. Contrary to stereotype, the 'West' for a long moment agreed about the importance of socio-economic rights. Indeed, it was in part out of their own experience of socio-economic misery, and not only the threatening communist insistence on an absolute ceiling on inequality, that the capitalist nations signed on so enthusiastically to welfarism. Of course, America never got as far in answering the welfarist imperative as those European nations that chose Christian Democracy, social democracy, or (in the east) communist egalitarianism. But the reigning consensus even in the capitalist nations in that lost age went far beyond a basic floor of protection to include its own exacting ideal of a ceiling on inequality, which to a remarkable extent they succeeded (like the communist nations) in building to accompany their new floor of entitlements. Indeed, it is perhaps because human rights offered a modest first step rather than a grand final hope that they were broadly ignored or rejected in the 1940s as the ultimate formulation of the good life.

The assertion of human rights in the 1940s, in other words, is best understood as one version of the update to the entitlements of citizenship on whose desirability and necessity almost everyone agreed after depression and war. Franklin Roosevelt issued his famous call for a "second Bill of Rights" that included socio-economic protections in his State of the Union address the year before his death, but the most important three facts about that call have been almost entirely missed. One is that it marked a characteristically provincial America's late and ginger entry into an already foreordained North Atlantic consensus. A second is that in promising "freedom from want" and envisioning it "everywhere in the world", Roosevelt in fact understated the actually egalitarian aspirations that every version of welfarism proclaimed, which went far beyond a low bar against indigence so as to guarantee a more equal society than before (or since). His highest promise, in his speech, was not a floor of protection for the masses but the end of "special privileges for the few" – a ceiling on inequality. The last is that though Roosevelt certainly hoped it would span the globe, it was to be nationally rather than internationally organized – in stark contrast to the assumptions of both political economy and human rights

as they have prevailed in our time.

The most interesting truth about human rights in the 1940s, indeed, is not that they were an optional and normally ignored synonym for a consensus welfarism but that they still portended a fully *national* project of reconstruction – just like all other reigning versions of welfarism. Everywhere in the world, and not least in Roosevelt's America itself, welfarism was both announced and achieved on a national basis. The minor exception of the International Labour Organization to one side, in the 1940s, neither socio-economic rights nor a more ambitious welfarism were international projects, except insofar as modular nation-states experimenting with their own arrangements were supposed to answer to higher values of morality. Of course the Universal Declaration is international in source and form, but essentially as a template for nations – "a high standard of achievement for all peoples and nations", as its own preamble tells us. This ought to be unsurprising. Welfarism had been national ever since the crisis between the world wars prompted state-led reconstruction. If 'national socialism' did not triumph as a slogan or a programme after World War II, it was in part because the name was taken but mainly because a more ecumenical national welfarism– my label – structured a debate about how far (not whether) the state would intervene into economic affairs to plan and manage growth, with a range of options from tweaked capitalism to full-blown communism. Indeed, a once more internationalist socialism had been reduced to the scale of the nation. Having never ascended above it, 'welfarism in one country' was the rule where full-blown socialism did not obtain, like various places in Western and everywhere in Eastern Europe.

Political economy ascended beyond the nation in the 1940s only for the sake of avoiding catastrophe if individual states failed in their obligation of countercyclical management of their own economies, never for the sake of either a global floor of protection, let alone a global ceiling on inequality. As economist and Nobel laureate Gunnar Myrdal explained laconically, looking back at this consensus about the geographical limits but relative generosity of post-war distributive justice, "the welfare state is nationalistic" (Myrdal 1960). The original relation of the Universal Declaration to political economy was thus the lowest set of guarantees for which the national welfarist experiment should strive, when conducted in the modular boxes provided – and divided – by political borders.

The harmony of ideals between the campaign against abjection and the demand for equality succeeded only nationally, and in mostly North Atlantic states, and then only partially. Whatever success occurred on both fronts thus came with sharp limitations – and especially the geographical modesty that the human rights idiom has successfully

transcended. It is, indeed, as if globalization of the norms of basic protection were a kind of reward for the relinquishment of the imperative of local equality.

Even the decolonization of the world, though unforeseen at the time of the Universal Declaration that accommodated itself to the empires of the day, hardly changed this relationship, since the new states themselves adopted the national welfarist resolve. The burning question was what would happen after, especially in the face of the inability of the Global South to transplant national welfarism and the wealth gap that endures to this day between two sorts of countries: rich and poor.

Another human rights movement?

Could a different form of human rights than the regimes and movements spawned so far correct this mistake? I doubt it. To be absolutely clear, this is not to contradict the moral significance and possibly even historical success of human rights when it comes to their core uses in combating political repression and restraining excessive violence. But when inequality has been contained in human affairs, it was never on the sort of individualistic, and often antistatist, basis that human rights do indeed share with their market fundamentalist *Doppelganger*. And when it comes to the necessary mobilizational complement to any programme, the chief tools of the human rights movements in its most renowned and possibly successful campaigns – the critique of state repression and the melioration of disasters of war – are simply not fit for use in the socio-economic domain. It is in part because the human rights movement is not up to the challenge when it comes to each and every of its self-assigned tasks that it has been condemned to offer no meaningful alternative, and certainly no serious threat, to market fundamentalism. The success and prestige of human rights in our day – and the absence of other political approaches – has bred the mistake of the man who, lacking anything but a hammer, then treats everything like a nail. Croesus's world is safe from the drastic mismatch between need and remedy as human rights regimes and movements so far can present it.

In Herodotus's *Histories*, Solon's shaming of Croesus merely took him down a peg. It was only Persian armies that toppled him. The truth is that global socio-economic justice, like local socio-economic justice, would require redistribution under pressure from the rich to the poor, something naming and shaming is never likely to achieve, even when supplemented by novel forms of legal activism. Thinking historically, it can be no accident that the era of the moderation of inequality in the mid-twentieth century was also the age of both totalitarian regimes and a cold war that exacted an appalling toll on the world, including at the hands of the ultimate victor. At the zenith of national welfare, a floor of protection came linked to a ceiling on inequality, and both

were built together, only in the presence of frightening internal and external threats – a workers' movement and a communist menace. In response to those dangers, change came thanks to a 'reformism of fear' – the working class was placated and untold violence was brought against enemies, often at home and always abroad.

Yet if the human rights movement at its most inspiring has stigmatized such repression and violence, it has never offered a functional replacement for the sense of fear that led to both protection and redistribution for those who were left alive by twentieth century horror. If a global welfarism is ever to be brought out the realm of the ideal where it is currently exiled, it will need to be championed not only as a programme but also by a movement. But it will not look like our human rights movement, which has become prominent as our world has become more like Croesus's world each day. None of this is to say that human rights activism, to which Amnesty International made such an epoch-making and defining contribution in the last century, is irrelevant.

The stigmatization of states and communities that fail to protect basic values is – so long as it is not selective and a smokescreen for great power politics – a tremendous contribution. But human rights advocates in their current guises do not know how to stigmatize inequality, and not principles but a new political economy would have to be invented to actually moderate it. Most of all, history suggests that they are the wrong kind of agent: not fearful enough to provoke redistribution. Could a new form of human rights mount such a challenge? Possibly, but it would need to be so different as to be unrecognizable, and threaten the power to stigmatize in the face of the violation of basic values that activists have carefully and with much hard work learned to achieve. If this is correct, human rights movements face a deeply strategic choice about whether to try to reinvent themselves – or whether to stand aside on the assumption that as inequality grows, someday its opponent will arise. Until then, Croesus's world is our common fate.

Glossary

parable (n.): a story told to illustrate a moral or spiritual truth

outstrip (v.): to become larger, more important, than sb/sth

ascendancy (n.): the position of having dominant power or control

destitution (n.): lack of sth

repression (n.): the action of forcing desires

generosity (n.): kindness

genocide (n.): the deliberate killing of a nation or race of people

egalitarianism (adj.): showing or holding a belief in equal rights, benefits and opportunities for everybody

preamble (n.): a statement or introduction that comes before sth spoken or written

enumenical (adj.): relating to, or representing the whole of a body churches

countercyclical (adj.): opposing the trend of a business or economic cycle

doppelganger (n.): alter ego

stigmatized (v.): to describe or consider sb/sth as sth very bad, worthy or of extreme disapproval, etc.

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

a. What is the first human rights declaration adopted by the United Nations?
b. When is Human Rights Day observed?
c. What is the goal of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights?
d. What are two big stages that involve writing the history of human rights in relation to that of political economy?
e. What are the facts that have been missed in Roosevelt's call for a "second Bill of Rights"?
f. Write the truth expressed in Herodotus's Histories.
g. Why is the Universal Declaration of Human Rights important to you?

Reference to the context

a. Does the essay give ways on how to stigmatize inequality? Explain.
b. Is another human rights movement necessary? Why?

Reference beyond the text

a. What are the challenges in maintaining human rights in Nepal?

Unit 4 One-act Plays

1 A Matter of Husbands

Ferenc Molnar
Translated by Benjamin Glazer

Before reading

Answer the following questions.

a. Have you ever watched a play in a theatre?

b. Can actors use their acting skills in their real life? Why?

Widely regarded as Hungary's most celebrated and controversial playwright, **Ferenc Molnár's** (1878–1952) primary aim was to entertain people by transforming his personal experiences into literary works of art. Out of his many plays, *The Devil* (1907), *Lilion* (1909), *The Guardsman* (1910), *The Swan* (1920), and *The Play's the Thing* (1926) endure as classics. He immigrated to the United States to escape persecution of Hungarian Jews during World War II and later adopted American citizenship. Molnár's plays continue to be relevant and are performed all over the world.

Published in 1923, *A Matter of Husband* sheds light on the basic function of actors: to make the audience believe in illusion.

CHARACTERS
FAMOUS ACTRESS
EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN

[The scene is a drawing room, but a screen, a sofa and a chair will do, provided that the design and colorings are exotic and suggestive of the apartment of the famous Hungarian actress in which this dialogue takes place. The time is late afternoon, and when the curtain rises the Earnest Young Woman is discovered, poised nervously on the edge of a gilt chair. It is plain she has been sitting there a long time. For perhaps the fiftieth time she is studying the furnishings of the room and regarding the curtained door with a glance that would be impatient if it were not so palpably frightened. And now and then she licks her lips as if her mouth was dry. She is dressed in a very modest frock and wears her hat and furs. At last the Famous Actress enters through the curtained door at the right which leads to her boudoir.]

FAMOUS ACTRESS: You wished to see me?

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: [She gulps emotionally] Yes.

FAMOUS ACTRESS: What can I do for you?

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: [Extends her arms in a beseeching gesture] Give me back my husband!

FAMOUS ACTRESS: Give you back your husband!

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: Yes. [The FAMOUS ACTRESS only stares at her in speechless bewilderment.] You are wondering which one he is.... He is a blond man, not very tall, wears spectacles. He is a lawyer, your manager's lawyer. Alfred is his first name.

FAMOUS ACTRESS: Oh! I have met him--yes.

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: I know you have. I implore you, give him back to me.

[There is a long pause.]

FAMOUS ACTRESS: You mustn't mistake my silence for embarrassment. I am at a loss because--I don't quite see how I can give you back your husband when I haven't got him to give.

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: You just admitted that you knew him.

FAMOUS ACTRESS: That scarcely implies that I have taken him from you. Of course I know him. He drew up my last contract. And it seems to me I have seen him once or twice since then--backstage. A rather nice-spoken, fair-haired man. Did you say he wore spectacles?

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: Yes.

FAMOUS ACTRESS: I don't remember him with spectacles.

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: He probably took them off. He wanted to look his best to you. He is in love with you. He never takes them off when I'm around. He doesn't care how he looks when I'm around. He doesn't love me. I implore you, give him back to me!

FAMOUS ACTRESS: If you weren't such a very foolish young woman I should be very angry with you. Wherever did you get the idea that I have taken your husband from you?

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: He sends you flowers all the time.

FAMOUS ACTRESS: That's not true.

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: It is!

FAMOUS ACTRESS: It isn't. He never sent me a flower in all his life. Did he tell you he did?

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: No. I found out at the florist's. The flowers are sent to your dressing room twice a week and charged to him.

FAMOUS ACTRESS: That's a lie.

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: Do you mean to say that I am lying?

FAMOUS ACTRESS: I mean to say that someone is lying to you.

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: [Fumbles in her bag for a letter] And what about this letter?

FAMOUS ACTRESS: Letter?

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: He wrote it to you. And he said--

FAMOUS ACTRESS: He wrote it to me? Let me see.

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: No. I'll read it to you. [She opens it and reads mournfully] "My darling, Shan't be able to call for you at the theater tonight. Urgent business. A thousand apologies. Ten thousand kisses. Alfred."

FAMOUS ACTRESS: Oh!

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: I found it on his desk this morning. He probably intended to send it to the theater by messenger. But he forgot it. And I opened it. [She weeps.]

FAMOUS ACTRESS: You mustn't cry.

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: [Sobbing] Why mustn't I? You steal my husband and I mustn't cry! Oh, I know how little it means to you. And how easy it is for you. One night you dress like a royal princess, and the next night you undress like a Greek goddess. You blacken your eyebrows and redden your lips and wax your lashes and paint your face. You have cosmetics and bright lights to make you seem beautiful. An author's lines to make you seem witty and wise. No wonder a poor, simple-minded lawyer falls in love with you. What chance have I against you in my cheap little frock, my own lips and eyebrows, my own unstudied ways? I don't know how to strut and pose and lure a man. I haven't got Mr. Shakespeare to write beautiful speeches for me. In reality you may be more stupid than I am, but I admit that when it comes to alluring men I am no match for you.

FAMOUS ACTRESS: [Without anger, slowly, regards her appraisingly] This is a very interesting case.

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: What is?

FAMOUS ACTRESS: Yours.

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: Mine? What do you mean?

FAMOUS ACTRESS: I mean that I never received a flower, or a letter, or anything else from your husband. Tell me, haven't you and your husband been getting on rather badly of late?

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: Yes, of course.

FAMOUS ACTRESS: You used to be very affectionate to each other?

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: Why, yes.

FAMOUS ACTRESS: And of late you have been quite cold?

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: Yes.

FAMOUS ACTRESS: Of course! A typical case.... My dear, if you knew how often we actresses meet this sort of thing! It is perfectly clear that your husband has been playing a little comedy to make you jealous, to revive your interest in him.

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: [Dumbfounded, staring] Do you really think that? Do you mean to say such a thing has happened to you before?

FAMOUS ACTRESS: Endless times. It happens to every actress who is moderately pretty and successful. It is one of the oldest expedients in the world, and we actresses are such conspicuous targets for it! There is scarcely a man connected with the theater who doesn't make use of us in that way some time or another--authors, composers, scene designers, lawyers, orchestra leaders, even the managers themselves. To regain a wife or sweetheart's affections all they need to do is invent a love affair with one of us. The wife is always so ready to believe it. Usually we don't know a thing about it. But even when it is brought to our notice we don't mind so much. At least we have the consolation of knowing that we are the means of making many a marriage happy which might otherwise have ended in the divorce court.

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: But how--how could I know?

FAMOUS ACTRESS: [With a gracious little laugh] There, dear, you mustn't apologize. You couldn't know, of course. It seems so plausible. You fancy your husband in an atmosphere of perpetual temptation, in a backstage world full of beautiful sirens without scruples or morals. One actress, you suppose, is more dangerous than a hundred ordinary women. You hate us and fear us. None understands that better than your husband, who is evidently a very cunning lawyer. And so he plays on your fear and jealousy to regain the love you deny him. He writes a letter and leaves it behind him on the desk. Trust a lawyer never to do that unintentionally. He orders flowers for me by telephone in the morning and probably cancels the order the moment he reaches his office. By the way, hasn't he a lock of my hair?

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: Yes. In his desk drawer. I brought it with me.

FAMOUS ACTRESS: Yes. They bribe my hair-dresser to steal from me. It is a wonder I have any hair left at all.

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: [Happily] Is that how he got it?

FAMOUS ACTRESS: I can't imagine how else. Tell me, hasn't he left any of my love letters lying around?

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: [In alarm] No.

FAMOUS ACTRESS: Don't be alarmed. I haven't written him any.

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: Then what made you--?

FAMOUS ACTRESS: I might have if he had come to me frankly and said: "I say, Sara, will you do something for me? My wife and I aren't getting on so well. Would you write me a passionate love letter that I can leave lying around at home where she may find it?" I should certainly have done it for him. I'd have written a letter that would have made you weep into your pillow for a fortnight. I wrote ten like that for a very eminent playwright once. But he had no luck with them. His wife was such a proper person she returned them all to him unread.

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: How clever you are! How good!

FAMOUS ACTRESS: I'm neither better nor worse than any other girl in the theater. Even though you do consider us such monsters.

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: [Contritely] I have been a perfect fool.

FAMOUS ACTRESS: Well, you do look a bit silly, standing there with tears in your eyes, and your face flushed with happiness because you have discovered that a little blond man with spectacles loves you, after all. My dear, no man deserves to be adored as much as that. But then it's your own affair, isn't it?

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: Yes.

FAMOUS ACTRESS: Yet I want to give you a parting bit of advice: don't let him fool you like this again.

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: He won't. Never fear!

FAMOUS ACTRESS: No matter what you may find in his pockets--letters, handkerchiefs, my photograph, no matter what flowers he sends, or letters he writes, or appointments he makes--don't be taken in a second time.

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: You may be sure of that. And you won't say anything to him about my coming here, will you?

FAMOUS ACTRESS: Not a word. I'm angry with him for not having come to me frankly for permission to use my name the way he did.

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: You are a dear, and I don't know how to thank you.

FAMOUS ACTRESS: Now you mustn't begin crying all over again.

EARNEST YOUNG WOMAN: You have made me so happy!

[She kisses the FAMOUS ACTRESS impetuously, wetting her cheek with tears; then she rushes out. The door closes behind her. There is a pause.]

FAMOUS ACTRESS: [Goes to the door of her boudoir, calls] All right, Alfred. You can come in now. She has gone.

(THE CURTAIN FALLS)

Glossary

poised (adj.): in a state of balance

gilt (adj.): gold, or something resembling gold, applied to a surface in a thin layer

palpably (adv.): noticeably or clearly

boudoir (n.): a woman's bedroom or small private room

gulp (v.): swallow or breath with difficulty, typically in response to strong emotion

beseeching (adj.): (of a look or tone of voice) appealing or begging for something

implore (v.): beg someone desperately to do something

strut (v.): walk with a stiff, erect and apparently arrogant way

lure (v.): to tempt or attract a person or an animal

appraisingly (n.): in a way that shows you judge the value, quality or nature of something or somebody

expedients (n.): means of attaining an end, especially ones which are convenient but possibly improper or immoral

scruples (n.): feelings of doubt or hesitation with regard to the morality or propriety of course of action

contritely (adj.): in a way that shows you feel very sorry and guilty for something bad you have done

impetuously (adj.): in an impulsive way, without considering the results

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

a. What favour does Earnest Young Woman ask from The Famous Actress?

b. What, according to The Earnest Young Woman, are the indications that her husband has fallen in love with Famous Actress?

c. Is Earnest Young Woman convinced by the argument of Famous Actress? How?

d. Where is the Earnest Young Woman's husband hiding himself as they are talking about him?

e. When do you feel that Famous Actress is really good at acting?

f. How do we come to know that Famous Actress and the husband of Earnest Young Woman are in love?

g. Write down the plot of the play in a paragraph.

Reference to the context

a. Sketch the character of Famous Actress.

b. Shed light on the difference between an ordinary woman and an actress.

c. According to Famous Actress, men associated with theatre use the theatre actresses to make their estranged wives jealous so as to woo them back. Do you agree with her argument? Why? Why not?

d. How does Famous Actress make a fool of Earnest Young Woman?

e. The conversation between the two women takes place on the stage of the theatre. What role does the theatre house as a part of setting play in *A Matter for Husband*?

f. What do you think about the ending of the play?

Reference beyond the text

a. Write a paragraph describing your favourite actor/actress.

b. John Cassavetes says, "I'm very worried about the depiction of women on the screen. It's gotten worse than ever and it's related to their being either high- or low-class concubines . . . . There's nothing to do with the dreams of women, or of woman as the dream, nothing to do with the quirky part of her, the wonder of her." How do you assess Famous Actress in the light of Cassavetes' argument about the portrayal of women?

2 Facing Death

August Strindberg

Before reading

Answer the following questions.

a. Have you ever observe your parents in a financial crisis? If yes, what was it like?

b. Have you ever appreciated their selfless act for your sake? If yes, how?

Johan August Strindberg (1849–1912) was a Swedish writer, playwright, and painter. Ranked among Sweden's most important authors,his works fall into two major literary movements, Naturalism and Expressionism. His theater tries to create a perfect illusion of reality through detailed sets, an unpoetic literary style that reflects the way real people speak, and a style of acting that tries to recreate reality. *Miss Julie* (1888), *Facing Death* (1892), *A Dream Play* (1902), and *The Ghost Sonata* (1907) are some of his notable plays.

In *Facing Death*, Strindberg dramatizes a heroic sacrifice made by a bankrupt man for the sake of his daughters.

CHARACTERS

MONSIEUR DURAND, a pension proprietor, formerly connected with the state railroad

ADÈLE, his daughter, twenty-seven

ANNETTE, his daughter, twenty-four

THÉRÈSE, his daughter, twenty-four

ANTONIO, a lieutenant in an Italian cavalry regiment in French Switzerland in the eighties

PIERRE, an errand boy

[A dining-room with a long table. Through the open door is seen, over the tops of churchyard cypress trees, Lake Leman, with the Savoy Alps and the French bathing-resort Evian. To left is a door to the kitchen. To right a door to inner rooms. Monsieur Durand stands in doorway looking over the lake with a pair of field glasses.]

ADÈLE: [Comes in from kitchen wearing apron and turned-up sleeves. She carries a tray with coffee things.] Haven't you been for the coffee-bread, father?

DURAND: No, I sent Pierre. My chest has been bad for the last few days, and it affects me to walk the steep hill.

ADÈLE: Pierre again, eh? That costs three sous. Where are they to come from, with only one tourist in the house for over two months?

DURAND: That's true enough, but it seems to me Annette might get the bread.

ADÈLE: That would ruin the credit of the house entirely, but you have never done anything else.

DURAND: Even you, Adèle?

ADÈLE: Even I am tired, though I have held out longest!

DURAND: Yes, you have, and you were still human when Thérèse and Annette cautioned me. You and I have pulled this house through since mother died. You have had to sit in the kitchen like Cinderella; I have had to take care of the service, the fires, sweep and clean, and do the errands. You are tired; how should it be with me, then?

ADÈLE: But you mustn't be tired. You have three daughters who are unprovided for and whose dowry you have wasted.

DURAND: [Listening without] Doesn't it seem as if you heard the sound of clanging and rumbling down toward Cully? If fire has broken out they are lost, because the wind is going to blow soon, the lake tells me that.

ADÈLE: Have you paid the fire insurance on our house?

DURAND: Yes, I have. Otherwise I would never have got that last mortgage.

ADÈLE: How much is there left unmortgaged?

DURAND: A fifth of the fire insurance policy. But you know how property dropped in value when the railroad passed our gates and went to the east instead.

ADÈLE: So much the better.

DURAND: [Sternly] Adèle! [Pause.] Will you put out the fire in the stove?

ADÈLE: Impossible. I can't till the coffee-bread comes.

DURAND: Well, here it is.

[Pierre comes in with basket. Adèle looks in the basket.]

ADÈLE: No bread! But a bill--two, three--

PIERRE: --Well, the baker said he wouldn't send any more bread until he was paid. And then, when I was going by the butcher's and the grocer's, they shoved these bills at me. [Goes out.]

ADÈLE: Oh, God in heaven, this is the end for us! But what's this? [Opens a package.]

DURAND: Some candles that I bought for the mass for my dear little Rèné. Today is the anniversary of his death.

ADÈLE: You can afford to buy such things!

DURAND: With my tips, yes. Don't you think it is humiliating to stretch out my hand whenever a traveller leaves us? Can't you grant me the only contentment I possess--let

me enjoy my sorrow one time each year? To be able to live in memory of the most beautiful thing life ever gave me?

ADÈLE: If he had only lived until now, you'd see how beautiful he'd be!

DURAND: It's very possible that there's truth in your irony--as I remember him, however, he was not as you all are now.

ADÈLE: Will you be good enough to receive Monsieur Antonio yourself? He is coming now to have his coffee without bread! Oh, if mother were only living! She always found a way when you stood helpless.

DURAND: Your mother had her good qualities.

ADÈLE: Although you saw only her faults.

DURAND: Monsieur Antonio is coming. If you leave me now, I'll have a talk with him.

ADÈLE: You would do better to go out and borrow some money, so that the scandal would be averted.

DURAND: I can't borrow a sou. After borrowing for ten years! Let everything crash at once, everything, everything, if it would only be the end!

ADÈLE: The end for you, yes. But you never think of us!

DURAND: No, I have never thought of you, never!

ADÈLE: Do you begrudge us our bringing-up?

DURAND: I am only answering an unjust reproach. Go now, and I'll meet the storm--as usual.

ADÈLE: As usual--h'm!

[Goes. Antonio comes in from back.]

ANTONIO: Good morning, Monsieur Durand.

DURAND: Monsieur Lieutenant has already been out for a walk?

ANTONIO: Yes, I've been down toward Cully and saw them put out a chimney fire. Now, some coffee will taste particularly good.

DURAND: It's needless to say how it pains me to have to tell you that on account of insufficient supplies our house can no longer continue to do business.

ANTONIO: How is that?

DURAND: To speak plainly, we are bankrupt.

ANTONIO: But, my good Monsieur Durand, is there no way of helping you out of what I hope is just a temporary embarrassment?

DURAND: No, there is no possible way out. The condition of the house has been so completely undermined for many years that I had rather the crash would come than live in a state of anxiety day and night, expecting what must come.

ANTONIO: Nevertheless I believe you are looking at the dark side of things.

DURAND: I can't see what makes you doubt my statement.

ANTONIO: Because I want to help you.

DURAND: I don't wish any help. Privation must come and teach my children to lead a different life from this which is all play. With the exception of Adèle, who really does take care of the kitchen, what do the others do? Play, and sing, and promenade, and flirt; and as long as there is a crust of bread in the house, they'll never do anything useful.

ANTONIO: Granting that, but until the finances are straightened out we must have bread in the house. Allow me to stay a month longer and I will pay my bill in advance.

DURAND: No, thank you, we must stick to this course even if it leads us into the lake! And I don't want to continue in this business, which doesn't bring bread--nothing but humiliations. Just think how it was last spring, when the house had been empty for three months. Then at last an American family came and saved us. The morning after their arrival I ran across the son catching hold of my daughter on the stairs. It was Thérèse,--he was trying to kiss her. What would you have done in my case?

ANTONIO: [Confused] I don't know--

DURAND: I know what I, as a father, should have done, but--father-like--I didn't do it. But I know what to do the next time.

ANTONIO: On account of that very thing it seems to me that you should think very carefully about what you do, and not leave your daughters to chance.

DURAND: Monsieur Antonio, you are a young man who, for some inexplicable reason, has won my regard. Whether you grant it, or not, I am going to ask one thing of you. Don't form any opinions about me as an individual, or about my conduct.

ANTONIO: Monsieur Durand, I promise it if you will answer me one question; are you Swiss-born, or not?

DURAND: I am a Swiss citizen.

ANTONIO: Yes, I know that, but I ask if you were born in Switzerland.

DURAND: [Uncertainly] Yes.

ANTONIO: I asked only--because it interested me. Nevertheless--as I must believe you that your pension must be closed, I want to pay what I owe. To be sure it's only ten francs, but I can't go away and leave an unpaid bill.

DURAND: I can't be sure that this is really a debt, as I don't keep the accounts, but if you have deceived me you shall hear from me. Now I'll go and get the bread. Afterward we'll find out.

[Goes out. Antonio alone. Afterward Thérèse comes in, carrying a rat-trap. She wears a morning negligée and her hair is down.]

THÉRÈSE: Oh, there you are, Antonio! I thought I heard the old man.

ANTONIO: Yes, he went to get the coffee-bread, he said.

THÉRÈSE: Hadn't he done that already? No, do you know, we can't stand him any longer.

ANTONIO: How beautiful you are today, Thérèse! But that rat-trap isn't becoming.

THÉRÈSE: And such a trap into the bargain! I have set it for a whole month, but never, never get a live one, although the bait is eaten every morning. Have you seen Mimi around?

ANTONIO: That damned cat? It's usually around early and late, but today I've been spared it.

THÉRÈSE: You must speak beautifully about the absent, and remember, he who loves me, loves my cat. [She puts rat-trap on the table and picks up an empty saucer from under table.] Adèle, Adèle!

ADÈLE: [In the kitchen door] What does Her Highness demand so loudly?

THÉRÈSE: Her Highness demands milk for her cat and a piece of cheese for your rats.

ADÈLE: Go get them yourself.

THÉRÈSE: Is that the way to answer Her Highness?

ADÈLE: The answer fits such talk. And besides, you deserve it for showing yourself before a stranger with your hair not combed.

THÉRÈSE: Aren't we all old friends here, and--Antonio, go and speak nicely to Aunt Adele, and then you'll get some milk for Mimi. [Antonio hesitates.] Well, aren't you going to mind?

ANTONIO: [Sharply] No.

THÉRÈSE: What kind of a way to speak is that? Do you want a taste of my riding whip?

ANTONIO: Impudence!

THÉRÈSE: [Amazed] What's that? What's that? Are you trying to remind me of my position, my debt, my weakness?

ANTONIO: No, I only want to remind you of my position, my debt, my weakness.

ADÈLE: [Getting the saucer] Now listen, good friends. What's all this foolishness for? Be friends--and then I'll give you some very nice coffee. [Goes into the kitchen.]

THÉRÈSE: [Crying] You are tired of me, Antonio, and you are thinking of giving me up.

ANTONIO: You mustn't cry, it will make your eyes so ugly.

THÉRÈSE: Oh, if they are not as beautiful as Annette's--

ANTONIO: --So, it's Annette now? But now look here; all fooling aside, isn't it about time we had our coffee?

THÉRÈSE: You'd make a charming married man--not able to wait a moment for your coffee.

ANTONIO: And what a lovable married lady you would be, who growls at her husband because she has made a blunder.

[Annette comes in fully dressed and hair done up.]

ANNETTE: You seem to be quarreling this morning.

ANTONIO: See, there's Annette, and dressed already.

THÉRÈSE: Yes, Annette is so extraordinary in every respect, and she also has the prerogative of being older than I am.

ANNETTE: If you don't hold your tongue--

ANTONIO: --Oh, now, now, be good, now, Thérèse!

[He puts his arm around her and kisses her. Monsieur Durand appears in the doorway as he does so.]

DURAND: [Astonished] What's this?

THÉRÈSE: [Freeing herself] What?

DURAND: Did my eyes see right?

THÉRÈSE: What did you see?

DURAND: I saw that you allowed a strange gentleman to kiss you.

THÉRÈSE: That's a lie!

DURAND: Have I lost my sight, or do you dare lie to my face?

THÉRÈSE: Is it for you to talk about lying, you who lie to us and the whole world by saying that you were born a Swiss although you are a Frenchman?

DURAND: Who said that?

THÉRÈSE: Mother said so.

DURAND: [To Antonio] Monsieur Lieutenant, as our account is settled, I'll ask you to leave this house immediately, or else--

ANTONIO: Or else?

DURAND: Choose your weapon.

ANTONIO: I wonder what sort of defense you would put up other than the hare's!

DURAND: If I didn't prefer my stick, I should take the gun that I used in the last war.

THÉRÈSE: You have surely been at war--you who deserted!

DURAND: Mother said that, too. I can't fight the dead, but I can fight the living.

[Lifts his walking-stick and goes toward Antonio. Thérèse and Annette throw

themselves between the men.]

ANNETTE: Think what you are doing!

THÉRÈSE: This will end on the scaffold!

ANTONIO: [Backing away] Good-bye, Monsieur Durand. Keep my contempt--and my ten francs.

DURAND: [Takes a gold piece from his vest pocket and throws it toward Antonio] My curses follow your gold, scamp!

[Thérèse and Annette following Antonio.]

THÉRÈSE and **ANNETTE:** Don't go, don't leave us! Father will kill us!

DURAND: [Breaks his stick in two] He who cannot kill must die.

ANTONIO: Good-bye, and I hope you'll miss the last rat from your sinking ship.

[He goes.]

THÉRÈSE: [To Durand] That's the way you treat your guests! Is it any wonder the house has gone to pieces!

DURAND: Yes--that's the way--such guests! But tell me, Thérèse, my child--[Takes her head between his hands] tell me, my beloved child, tell me if I saw wrong just now, or if you told a falsehood.

THÉRÈSE: [Peevishly] What?

DURAND: You know what I mean. It isn't the thing itself, which can be quite innocent--but it is a matter of whether I can trust my senses that interests me.

THÉRÈSE: Oh, talk about something else.--Tell us rather what we are going to eat and drink today. For that matter, it's a lie; he didn't kiss me.

DURAND: It isn't a lie. In Heaven's name, didn't I see it happen?

THÉRÈSE: Prove it.

DURAND: Prove it? With two witnesses or--a policeman! [To Annette.] Annette, my child, will you tell me the truth?

ANNETTE: I didn't see anything.

DURAND: That's a proper answer. For one should never accuse one's sister. How like your mother you are today, Annette!

ANNETTE: Don't you say anything about mother! She should be living such a day as this!

[Adèle comes in with a glass of milk, which she puts on the table.]

ADÈLE: [To Durand] There's your milk. What happened to the bread?

DURAND: Nothing, my children. It will continue to come as it always has up to the present.

THÉRÈSE: [Grabs the glass of milk from her father] You shall not have anything, you

who throw away money, so that your children are compelled to starve.

ADÈLE: Did he throw away money, the wretch? He should have been put in the lunatic asylum the time mother said he was ripe for it. See, here's another bill that came by way of the kitchen.

[Durand takes the bill and starts as he looks at it. Pours a glass of water and drinks. Sits down and lights his briar pipe.]

ANNETTE: But he can afford to smoke tobacco.

DURAND: [Tired and submissively] Dear children, this tobacco didn't cost me any more than that water, for it was given to me six months ago. Don't vex yourselves needlessly.

THÉRÈSE: [Takes matches away] Well, at least you shan't waste the matches.

DURAND: If you knew, Thérèse, how many matches I have wasted on you when I used to get up nights to see if you had thrown off the bedclothes! If you knew, Annette, how many times I have secretly given you water when you cried from thirst, because your mother believed that it was harmful for children to drink!

THÉRÈSE: Well, all that was so long ago that I can't bother about it. For that matter, it was only your duty, as you have said yourself.

DURAND: It was, and I fulfilled my duty and a little more too.

ADÈLE: Well, continue to do so, or no one knows what will become of us. Three young girls left homeless and friendless, without anything to live on! Do you know what want can drive one to?

DURAND: That's what I said ten years ago, but no one would heed me; and twenty years ago I predicted that this moment would come, and I haven't been able to prevent its coming. I have been sitting like a lone brakeman on an express train, seeing it go toward an abyss, but I haven't, been able to get to the engine valves to stop it.

THÉRÈSE: And now you want thanks for landing in the abyss with us.

DURAND: No, my child, I only ask that you be a little less unkind to me. You have cream for the cat, but you begrudge milk to your father, who has not eaten for--so long.

THÉRÈSE: Oh, it's you, then, who has begrudged milk for my cat!

DURAND: Yes, it's I.

ANNETTE: And perhaps it is he who has eaten the rats' bait, too.

DURAND: It is he.

ADÈLE: Such a pig!

THÉRÈSE: [Laughing] Think if it had been poisoned!

DURAND: Alas, if only it had been, you mean!

THÉRÈSE: Yes, you surely wouldn't have minded that, you who have so often talked about shooting yourself--but have never done it!

DURAND: Why didn't you shoot me? That's a direct reproach. Do you know why I haven't done it? To keep you from going into the lake, my dear children.--Say something less unkind now. It's like hearing music--tunes that I recognize--from the good old times--

ADÈLE: Stop such useless talk now and do something. Do something.

THÉRÈSE: Do you know what the consequences may be if you leave us in this shape?

DURAND: You will go and prostitute yourselves. That's what your mother always said she'd do when she had spent the housekeeping money on lottery tickets.

ADÈLE: Silence! Not a word about our dear, beloved mother!

DURAND: [Half humming to himself]

In this house a candle burns,

When it burns out the goal he earns,

The goal once won, the storm will come

With a great crash. Yes! No!

[It has begun to blow outside and grown cloudy. Durand rises quickly.]

DURAND: [To Adèle] Put out the fire in the stove. The wind storm is coming.

ADÈLE: [Looking Durand in the eyes] No, the wind is not coming.

DURAND: Put out the fire. If it catches fire here, we'll get nothing from the insurance. Put out the fire, I say, put it out.

ADÈLE: I don't understand you.

DURAND: [Looks in her eyes, taking her hand] Just obey me, do as I say. [Adèle goes into kitchen, leaving the door open. To Thérèse and Annette.] Go up and shut the windows, children, and look after the draughts. But come and give me a kiss first, for I am going away to get money for you.

THÉRÈSE: Can you get money?

DURAND: I have a life insurance that I think I am going to realize on.

THÉRÈSE: How much can you get for it?

DURAND: Six hundred francs if I sell it, and five thousand if I die. [Thérèse concerned.] Now, tell me, my child,--we mustn't be needlessly cruel,--tell me, Thérèse, are you so attached to Antonio that you would be quite unhappy if you didn't get him?

THÉRÈSE: Oh, yes!

DURAND: Then you must marry him if he really loves you. But you mustn't be unkind to him, for then you'll be unhappy. Good-bye, my dear beloved child. [Takes her in his arms and kisses her cheeks.]

THÉRÈSE: But you mustn't die, father, you mustn't.

DURAND: Would you grudge me going to my peace?

THÉRÈSE: No, not if you wish it yourself. Forgive me, father, the many, many times I've been unkind to you.

DURAND: Nonsense, my child.

THÉRÈSE: But no one was so unkind to you as I.

DURAND: I felt it less because I loved you most. Why, I don't know. But run and shut the windows.

THÉRÈSE: Here are your matches, papa--and there's your milk.

DURAND: [Smiling] Ah, you child!

THÉRÈSE: Well, what can I do? I haven't anything else to give you.

DURAND: You gave me so much joy as a child that you owe me nothing. Go now, and just give me a loving look as you used to do. [Thérèse turns and throws herself into his arms.] So, so, my child, now all is well. [Thérèse runs out.] Farewell, Annette.

ANNETTE: Are you going away? I don't understand all this.

DURAND: Yes, I'm going.

ANNETTE: But of course, you're coming back, papa.

DURAND: Who knows whether he will live through the morrow? Anyway, we'll say farewell.

ANNETTE: Adieu, then, father--and a good journey to you. And you won't forget to bring something home to us just as you used to do, will you?

DURAND: And you remember that, though it's so long since I've bought anything for you children? Adieu, Annette. [Annette goes. Durand hums to himself.] Through good and evil, great and small, Where you have sown, others gather all. [Adèle comes in.] Adèle, come, now you shall hear and understand. If I speak in veiled terms, it is only to spare your conscience in having you know too much. Be quiet. I've got the children up in their rooms. First you are to ask me this question, "Have you a life insurance policy?" Well?

ADÈLE: [Questioningly and uncertain] "Have you a life insurance policy?"

DURAND: No, I had one, but I sold it long ago, because I thought I noticed that someone became irritable when it was due. But I have a fire insurance. Here are the papers. Hide them well. Now, I'm going to ask you something; do you know how many candles there are in a pound, mass candles at seventy-five centimes?

ADÈLE: There are six.

DURAND: [Indicating the package of candles] How many candles are there?

ADÈLE: Only five.

DURAND: Because the sixth is placed very high up and very near--

ADÈLE: --Good Lord!

DURAND: [Looking at his watch] In five minutes or so, it will be burned out.

ADÈLE: No!

DURAND: Yes! Can you see dawn any other way in this darkness?

ADÈLE: No.

DURAND: Well, then. That takes care of the business. Now about another matter. If Monsieur Durand passes out of the world as an [Whispers] incendiary, it doesn't matter much, but his children shall know that he lived as a man of honor up to that time. Well, then, I was born in France, but I didn't have to admit that to the first scamp that came along. Just before I reached the age of conscription I fell in love with the one who later became my wife. To be able to marry, we came here and were naturalized. When the last war broke out, and it looked as if I was going to carry a weapon against my own country, I went out as a sharpshooter against the Germans. I never deserted, as you have heard that I did--your mother invented that story.

ADÈLE: Mother never lied--

DURAND: --So, so. Now the ghost has risen and stands between us again. I cannot enter an action against the dead, but I swear I am speaking the truth. Do you hear? And as far as your dowry is concerned, that is to say your maternal inheritance, these are the facts: first, your mother through carelessness and foolish speculations ruined your paternal inheritance so completely that I had to give up my business and start this pension. After that, part of her inheritance had to be used in the bringing-up of you children, which of course cannot be looked upon as thrown away. So it was also untrue that--

ADÈLE: No, that's not what mother said on her death-bed--

DURAND: --Then your mother lied on her death-bed, just as she had done all through her life. And that's the curse that has been following me like a spook. Think how you have innocently tortured me with these two lies for so many years! I didn't want to put disquiet into your young lives which would result in your doubting your mother's goodness. That's why I kept silent. I was the bearer of her cross throughout our married life; carried all her faults on my back, took all the consequences of her mistakes on myself until at last I believed that I was the guilty one. And she was not slow, first to believe herself to be blameless, and then later the victim. "Blame it on me," I used to say, when she had become terribly involved in some tangle. And she blamed and I bore! But the more she became indebted to me, the more she hated me, with the limitless hatred of her indebtedness. And in the end she despised me, trying to strengthen herself by imagining she had deceived me. And last of all she taught you children to despise me, because she wanted support in her weakness. I hoped and believed that this evil but weak spirit would die when she died; but evil lives and grows like disease, while soundness stops at a certain point and then retrogrades. And when I wanted to change what was wrong in the habits of this household, I was always met with "But mother said," and therefore it was true; "Mother used to do this way," and therefore it was

right. And to you I became a good-for-nothing when I was kind, a miserable creature when I was sensitive, and a scamp when I let you all have your way and ruin the house.

ADÈLE: It's honorable to accuse the dead who can't defend themselves!

DURAND: [Fast and exalted] I am not dead yet, but I will be soon. Will you defend me then? No, you need not. But defend your sisters. Think only of my children, Adèle. Take a motherly care of Thérèse; she is the youngest and liveliest, quick for good and bad, thoughtless but weak. See to it that she marries soon, if it can be arranged. Now, I can smell burning straw.

ADELE: Lord protect us!

DURAND: [Drinks from glass] He will. And for Annette you must try to find a place as teacher, so that she can get up in the world and into good company. You must manage the money when it falls due. Don't be close, but fix up your sisters so that they will be presentable to the right kind of people. Don't save anything but the family papers, which are in the top drawer of my chiffonier in the middle room. Here is the key. The fire insurance papers you have. [Smoke is seen forcing its way through the ceiling.] It will soon be accomplished now. In a moment you will hear the clanging from St. François. Promise me one thing. Never divulge this to your sisters. It would only disturb their peace for the rest of their lives. [He sits by the table.] And one thing more, never a hard word against their mother. Her portrait is also in the chiffonier; none of you knew that, because I found it was enough that her spirit walked unseen in the home. Greet Thérèse, and ask her to forgive me. Don't forget that she must have the best when you buy her clothes; you know her weakness for such things and to what her weakness can bring her. Tell Annette--

[A distant clanging of bells is heard; the smoke increases. Monsieur Durand drops his head in his hands on the table.]

ADÈLE: It's burning, it's burning! Father, what's the matter with you? You'll be burned up! [Durand lifts his head, takes the water glass up and puts it down with a meaningful gesture.] You have--taken--poison!

DURAND: [Nods affirmatively] Have you got the insurance papers? Tell Thérèse--and Annette--

[His head falls. The bell in distance strikes again. Rumbling and murmur of voices outside.]

(THE CURTAIN FALLS)

Glossary

Monsieur (n.): (in countries where French is spoken) a title used before the name of a man to refer to him, or used alone as a formal and polite form of address

sous (n.): coins in Switzerland. 100 sou coin is equal to five Swiss franc coin, a four sou coin is twenty Swiss-centime

mortgage (n): an agreement by which money is lent by a building society, bank, etc. for buying a house or other property, the property being the security

reproach (v.): to blame or criticize somebody/oneself, especially in a sad or disappointed way, for failing to do something

privation (n): a lack of basic comforts and things necessary for life

promenade (v.): to take a relaxed walk or ride in public, especially in order to meet or be seen by others

francs (n.): the currency of Switzerland

impudence (n.): rudeness; lack of respect; insolence

prerogative (n): a right or privilege, especially one belonging to a particular person or group

scaffold (n): a platform on which people are executed

scamp (n.): a child who enjoys playing tricks and causing trouble

abyss (n.): a hole so deep that it seems to have no bottom

draughts (n.): cracks from where air flows into a house

veiled (adj.): partly hidden

incendiary (adj.): designed to set buildings, etc. on fire

conscription (n.): the act of forcing somebody by law to serve in the armed forces

spook (n.): a ghost

retrogrades (v.): to get worse; to return to a less good condition

exalted (adj.): in a state of extreme spiritual happiness

divulge (v.): to make something known, especially a secret

chiffonier (n): a high chest of drawers, often having a mirror at the top

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

a. Where does the play take place?

b. Why do the grocery, the baker and the butcher send their bills to the Durand household?

c. Why does Monsieur Duran spend money on candles when he doesn't have money to buy even bread?

d. Why did Monsieur Duran sell his life insurance?

e. Why has Monsieur Duran paid fire insurance?

f. How did Monsieur Duran and Mrs. Duran run out of their inheritances from both the sides?

g. Why does Monsieur Duran tell a lie about his birthplace?

h. What business is Monsieur Duran running to make a living?

i. What plan does Monsieur Duran have to help his daughters with money?

j. How does Monsieur Duran die?

Reference to the context

a. Sketch the character of Monsieur Duran.

b. How do we know that the Duran family has reached a dead end?

c. 'The mother, though already dead, seems to have had a great influence on the daughters, especially Theresa.' Do you agree?

d. Discuss the relationship between Monsieur Duran and his wife.

e. 'Money determines the relationship between characters in this play.' Elaborate this statement with examples from the play.

f. Monsieur Duran kills himself so that his daughters would get 5000 francs as the compensation from the insurance company. What does his plan tell us about him?

g. Discuss *Facing Death* as a modern tragedy.

Reference beyond the text

a. Write a few paragraphs describing the role of the father in the family.

b. In his famous essay "The Experimental Novel," Emile Zola says:

> This is what constitutes the experimental novel: to possess a knowledge of the mechanism of the phenomena inherent in man, to show the machinery of his intellectual and sensory manifestations, under the influences of heredity and environment, such as physiology shall give them to us, and then finally to exhibit man living in social conditions produced by himself, which he modifies daily, and in the heart of which he himself experiences a continual transformation. (21)

To what extent do you agree with Zola's idea that human beings' intellectual as well as emotional capacities are determined by their environment and heredity? Discuss with examples including *Facing Death*.

3 The Bull

Bhimnidhi Tiwari

Before reading

Answer the following questions.

a. Which animal do you like most? Why?

b. How do you take care of your domestic animal or pet?

c. How do you feel when your domestic animal or pet dies?

Bhimnidhi Tiwari (1911-1973) is a well-known poet, story writer and dramatist from Nepal. An ardent social reformer, Tiwari established Nepal Natak Sangh (Nepal Drama Society) in 1949. Through this organization, he promoted the Nepali plays by staging plays and encouraging the Nepali writers to write plays. In order to sustain this organization, he also wrote plays like *Matoko Maya*, *Shilanyas* and *Sahansheela Sushila*, among others. Tiwari won Madan Puraskar for literature in 1970.

It was the late eighteenth century. Ranabahadur Shah, the grandson of Prithvi Narayan Shah, was the king of Nepal. Ranabahadur Shah was fond of bulls. In his one act play "The Bull," Bhimnidhi Tiwari dramatizes an incident related to Ranabahadur Shah's craze for bulls to make a biting satire on the feudal system, which dehumanizes human beings to such an extent that their existence depends on their deferential treatment towards the four-footed animals like bulls.

A preceding history

(King Ranabahadur Shah was fond of rearing four-footed animals. Among the four-footed animals, too, he was especially avid about rearing bulls. He was the very person to start a custom of releasing a bull with a burnt mark every month at Pashupatinath Temple. He was the one, who had maintained Thulo Gauchar (a large cow pasture), where an airport has been built now). Among many bulls reared by him, a bull named 'Male' fell sick. 'You would get shaved if you came to tell me that a bull died', he had threatened the bull doctor. The bull died. Taking the events following the bull's death, this One Act Play has been written. –Playwright)

Characters

Ranabahadur Shah- The king, 23 years

Laxminarayan Dahal (Jaisi)- Subedar with Samarjug Company, *bichari* of the Ita

Chapali court, and bull doctor, around 40 years

Jitman- Cowherd

Gore- Cowherd

Scene I

Place- Yard

Time- Dawn

Month- Ashwin (V.S. 1854)

[Birds are chirping in the trees. The red sun shines on the yard and the body of Laxminarayan. He is squatting on the carpet.]

Laxmi- (*Looking towards the backstage*) How immoral and carefree have you all become? I could not be happy even after having seven wives. I am waiting for having a puff of hookah. Nobody brings it. (*Shouting*) Hey, flat-nosed one! Hey, beautiful one! Hey, butterfly! Hey, swallow! The eldest one! Hey, the one with ugly face! May you all die at once! All pretend as if they have not heard even after hearing. There is nothing else except rivalry in each and everything.

(Jitman and Gore arrive there, running out of breath.)

What's the matter? How is the bull?

Gore- *(Greeting)* He died, *baje*! The bull died.

Laxmi- (*Startled*) Huh?

Jitman- (*Greeting*) He has just died.

Laxmi- Has he already died?

Jitman- He stretched body and his eyes have grown still.

Gore- His tail has gone loose.

Laxmi- Now your father will kill us. He will get me shaved. You both will be beheaded. We are doomed!

Jitman- (*Frightened*) What should we do, *baje*? Should I run away to my home at Dhunibesi? I love my younger son.

Gore- (*Frightened*) What should we do,*baje*? You should save our life. Life is a big deal.

Laxmi- How will your life be saved? He got my mouth burnt for speaking in a loud voice. A black patch is still visible. No moustache grows on this side. Now the bull has died. How will life be saved?

(*Thinking for a while*) But wait. I will try my best to save you both. How am I going to save myself? How did that young bull die?

Gore- It's not good to utter big words with this small mouth. How can the kind which lives on grass digest the fine rice and the lentil soup of split red gram? Prices have risen because of this. The price of one *pathi* rice has reached one rupee. The price of one *dharni* ghee has reached ten *ana*. Humans don't get to have the snacks of maize. He would have guavas, bananas, and sticks of sugarcane in snacks. Not just one or two days.

Jitman- That's true. We have to sleep on the straw in the winter. Mattress, quilt, mosquito net for that beast. Oh God!

Laxmi- You're right. Go and stay in the cowshed. Don't utter 'The bull is dead' from your mouth in any case. Keep taking care of it. I go to the palace right now. Let's see what happens.

If I don't go, I have many enemies. If somebody reported to the king about it, no hope for survival would be left.

Go! (*Looking towards the backstage*) Hey, Khatri! Get the horse ready.

(*The cowherds go away. One wife fills hookah and brings it with a pipe*)

I am about to lose my property. I am about to get shaved. How can I have hookah in such a situation? (*Scolding*) Take it back.

(*He goes. The wife keeps standing there, bewildered.*)

Scene II

Place- A courtyard of Basantapur Palace

Time/Month- Same (After a while)

(After arriving there, Laxminarayan reverently keeps standing looking up towards the window)

Ranabahadur- (*In a commanding voice from the backstage*) What's the matter?

Laxmi- (*Bowing down quite low*) *Swosti! Swosti!Swosti!*Your Majesty!

Ranabahdur- Why have you come here, Dahal? Hey, Lachchhe! Why are you here so early in the morning?

Laxmi- (*In a very polite way, joining two hands*) If I don't ask for Your Majesty's favour, the issue is such that I must beg for your favour, Your Majesty. If I ask for Your Majesty's favour, I feel intolerable burning pain within. I don't know what has happened to the bull sir. The sun has already gone high in the sky. He does not wake up. We served him breakfast. He didn't eat either. He does not move or speak. He is sleeping as if he is relaxed.

Ranabahadur- Huh? What did you say? Has he died?

Laxmi- He is staring with his still eyes.

Ranabahadur- Wait. Wait. I will come down right there.

Laxmi- (*Wiping tears from forehead; taking deep breath*) Hey Ram! Hey Krishna!! (*After a while*)

(*Laxminarayan stands more reverently. Entry of Raabahadur*)

Ranabahadur- Huh? What did you say? Has he died?

Laxmi- He has not passed away yet.

Ranabahadur- What do you say now?

Laxmi- Your Majesty! In spite of being human beings, all people are not alike. Your Majesty is a human being. So is a beggar. Your Majesty's name, fame and deeds! Worshipped all over the nation! What generosity! And this lowly beggar Brahmin! Likewise, in spite of being bulls, all are not alike. Male Sir's solid body! That beauty! That style of walking! That valiant fighting! Other bulls are not comparable to him at all. I am anxious about his health. Shall I move him to the hill comfortably for a change of climate before the temperature rises? I will act as per Your Majesty's order.

Ranabahdur- Okay. Take him immediately. Do you need the supporting soldiers?

Laxmi- He will have more comfort with the cowherds rather than the soldiers. The cowherds have understood all of his desires. They know how and what will make him feel comfortable.

Ranabahadur- Go. You should also accompany them.

Laxmi- Your Majesty! This beggar will also go-I have to take pulse and administer medicine from time to time. Shall I take leave now?

Ranabahadur- Go. Take him away with a great care.

Laxmi- (*Cheerfully*) His Majesty! *Swosti! Swosti!Swosti!*

(*Whereas Ranabahadur goes inside, Laxminarayan goes outside*)

Ranabahadur- (*Entering again*) Dahal! Dahal! Dahal! Lachchhe! Look here! Look at this side!

Laxmi- (Entering) His Majesty!

Ranabahdur- I will go to see him. If he gets better after treating here, why should we take him to the hill? Why should we give him a trouble without any reason?

Laxmi- (*Bowing and joining two hands*) The medicine administered here has relieved him a bit but it has not cured him. Perhaps, he needs a change in climate.

Ranabahadur- I will see him once. (*Looking towards the backstage*) We are undertaking a convoy. Get the palanquin ready. Dahal, understood? We have to go together. Wait for me outside the door.

Laxmi- Your Majesty!

(*Both go.*)

Scene III

Place- A cowshed at ThuloGauchar

Time- Morning

Month- Same

(**The bull is lying dead on a thick mattress. Jitman and Gore are squatting.**)

Jitmman- We have been two brothers till today. Now we are going to be four brothers.

Gore- Will he behead us?

Jitman- How will we get to survive?

Gore- Dahal*baje* has gone to see the king. Let's see what decision he brings.

Jitman- He is such a cunning man. He has access to the king. He will survive. We will be victims. We'd better escape.

Gore- Where could the wethers of the pen escape? They will bring us back and behead us. (*Look far*) Look! Look, Jite! The king seems to be on his convoy.

Jitman- (*Looking*) Yes. The palanquin at the front. *Baje* is following on foot. After *baje*, Khatri is walking the horse.

Gore- What to do? We will get killed today.

Jitman- This stupid bull. He died and he will get us killed now.

Gore- Look. The palanquin has stopped. Look, the convoy has come out in the meadow. (*Alarmed*) Look, look! How fast the convoy is moving! See, I don't know why but Dahal*baje* is running towards us, ahead of others.

Jitman- What will he say now?

(*Entering and speaking in a hurry*) You massage the hind feet. You wave the fan from the front. Bow down. Don't look up. Don't utter the bull died from your mouth. Get started. There is no guarantee whether you will die or live.

(*Jitman starts massaging the hind legs of the bull. Gore starts waving a fan from the front. Nearby Laxminarayan starts grinding medicine fast.*)

Ranabahadur- (*Entering, and in a commanding voice*) Male! Eh, Male! What happened to you? Get up! Get up!

Laxmi- Since midnight, Your Majesty! Till now (*Pointing towards Jitman*), he is massaging the feet. (*Pointing towards Gore*) He is waving the fan. I have been preparing and administering medicine. Bull sir swallows medicine. Neither does he get up, nor does he move. Neither does he bellow, nor does he eat anything. He is only listening to us. He keeps staring.

Ranabahdur- Huh? What happened to him? Male? Get up! Are there any fruits? Bring them, Dahal!

(*Going out, Laxminarayan brings a hand of bananas immediately.*)

Laxmi- Bananas, Your Majesty!

Ranabahadur- (*Extending bananas to the mouth of the bull*) Eat! Dahal, what happened to him? He does not breathe. He does not eat either. He seems to have died.

Laxmi- He has been looking so well with his eyes.

Ranabahadur- Look, his ears have drooped down. His tail has loosened. He has died. What climate do you make him change? He has died.

(*Right after hearing that the bull has died, Jitman starts crying, placing his head on the thigh of the bull. Seeing that, Gore also stops waving the fan. He falls down on the horns of the bull and starts crying*.)

Jitman- (*Crying)* I took care of you so much from your childhood. I brushed you and massaged your feet so much. Today you have gone, leaving me an orphan, bull sir. Where have you gone? (*To Ranabahadur, drumming his chest*) His Majesty! What should I do now? I am burning within.

Ranabahadur- Hey cowherd! Why do you cry? It has died. What can we do about that?

Jitman- My heart doesn't accept it, Your Majesty! No, it doesn't. My Male! What should I do? What sort of fate do I have?

Ranabahadur- Hey Dahal! Console him.

Laxmi- How would he accept? How would he be consoled? He has been immensely hurt.

Ranabahadur- Don't cry. You have received a tip of four hundred rupees. Shut up now. (*Right after hearing that Jitman has received a tip of four hundred rupees, Gore also starts sobbing, falling at the feet of the bull*.)

Gore- For the sake of your care, I didn't think of anything- home, mother, father, wife and children. Bull sir, I will go with you. Either will I hang myself to death or I will get buried with you. I can't leave you. (*Drumming his chest*) I can't. I can't.

Ranabahadur- Hey, Dahal. Console him, too.

Laxmi- You will receive a favour from His Majesty. He has suffered to the limit, Your Majesty. Don't cry. He would not let even a single fly sit on the bull's body. He would wave the fan day and night. He would take care of the bull all the time. Right after waking up, he would bow to all the four feet of the bull, saying 'This is my father'. He has become an orphan, a helpless one.

Gore- (*Crying inconsolably*) Your Majesty! What should I do? Instead of him, I should have died.

Ranabahadur- Shut up. You will also receive a tip of five hundred rupees. Don't cry.

Laxmi- (*Acting as if the agony has come out from the navel itself, and in a choked throat*) For the sake of the bull sir, I also didn't think of hunger, thirst and sleep. Even by compromising my *chakari* to Your Majesty, I took care of him night and morning.

If he was living till today, what facilities I would receive! Whom to say? My own fate is broken. I administered all types of syrups and medicines. His body had grown really strong and healthy. At such tender age, he had already grown into a valiant fighter, defeating all other bulls. At such a rising youth, right in front of my eyes . . . (*Failing to control himself, he sobs.*)

Ranabahadur- (*Scolding*) A weakling who has become Subedar of the company and a *bichari*. Why do you cry? Can't you console yourself? Shut up! (Leaving) Bury him with your own hand. You perform its funeral rites. Make all the offerings to the priest on your own. I will take care of your worries. (*He goes away.*)

(Laxminarayan also follows him.)

(After a while)

Jitman- God! We survived. (*Wiping out sweat with his cap*) This carrion almost got us killed!

Gore- I thought I was done for. (*Waving the fan at himself, taking a deep breath*) Thank God, we survived!

(THE CURTAIN FALLS)

Glossary

avid (adj.): passionate, obsessive, keen

bichari (n.): a legal officer in the court

baje (n.): (In Nepal) a grandfather; a Brahman, out of respect, is also called *baje* (grandpa) regardless of age

pathi (n.): a unit of measuring grains, a pot to measure grains (one pathi is approximately equal to3.2 kg.)

dharni (n.) : a unit of measuring weight (one dharni is approximately equal to 2.5 kg)

ana (n.): twenty five paisa, one fourth of a rupee

swosti (n.): a way of greeting, especially made by the subjects to their masters and mistresses in the feudal Hindu society

convoy (n.): a procession of horses or vehicles

wethers (n.): castrated male goats

palanquin (n.): (in the Asian countries like Nepal) a covered litter for one passenger, consisting of a large box carried on two horizontal poles by four or six bearers

chakari (n.): a service rendered to a person of higher rank with an expectation of receiving favour, an effort to appeal to a person of high ran by demonstrating one's poverty or distress, sycophancy

carrion (n.): the dead body of an animal or a human being

Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

a. Why have Gore and Jitman come to see Laxminarayan?

b. What, according to cowherds, is the reason behind the death of Male?

c. Why does Ranabahadur want to see the bull himself?

d. Why does Laxminarayan run ahead of the convoy at Thulo Gauchar?

e. Why do Gore and Jitman cry when the king declares that Male is dead?

f. How do we learn that the bull is dead?

g. How does the play make a satire on the feudal system?

h. Write down the plot of the play in a paragraph.

Reference to the context

a. Discuss the late eighteenth-century Nepali society as portrayed in terms of the relation between the king and his subjects as portrayed in the play.

b. What does the relation between Laxminarayan and his wives tell us about the society of that time? To what extent has the Nepali society changed since then?

c. Shed light on the practice of *chakari* as portrayed in the play. Have you noticed this practice in your society?

d. How does Laxminarayan outsmart Ranabahadur?

e. Sketch the character of Laxminarayan.

Reference beyond the text

a. Write an essay in about 300 words on "The Nepali Society: Past, Present and Future".

b. In his "Satire 9", Nicolas Boileau-Despréaux says:

But satire, ever moral, ever new
Delights the reader and instructs him, too.
She, if good sense, refine her sterling page,
Oft shakes some rooted folly of the age.

Do you agree with the poet? Discuss the lines with reference to Bhimnidhi Tiwari's play "The Bull".