|Literature| Language Arts is a bundle of creative and engaging educational content. Learners are exposed to diverse genres and language features. Purposively curated to align with the core standards of Reading, Writing, Speaking, and Listening, learners are progressively guided towards the acquisition of essential language skill sets.

Warm up sections at the beginning of each unit set the context for the lesson themes. These cover a variety of activities such as dialog, mind maps, picture analysis, peer discussion, and vocabulary drills.

Excerpts from famous literature have been adapted for reading and discussion. Text types include novels, speeches, poetry and journals. Brief questions are incorporated within some text as Let’s Ponder sections for learners to reflect and opine on the discourse.

Notes on specific aspects of language are embedded within the units to guide learners through the various exercises. These also serve as recapitulation of important language components.

Exercises are designed to scaffold learning of distinct language skills such as grammar and vocabulary. These have been integrated to allow for practice and assessment. The exercises culminate in an Assignment at the end of each unit to demonstrate comprehension and grasp of the key lesson outcomes.
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UNIT 1

Let’s Learn to Express Better!

IN THIS LESSON, WE WILL BE ABLE TO
• Read a story to identify elements of humor in the story
• Revise literary devices (irony, sarcasm, satire)
• Learn how punctuation marks add to the communication process
• Punctuate an essay
• Identify punctuation errors and edit the passages
• Learn to write a travelog
• Enrich your vocabulary

EXERCISE 1

WARM UP
Your teacher will read aloud the diary entry of an explorer. Listen to the diary entry and list all the routine tasks.

Write your response in the space provided.

EXERCISE 2

What preparations do you make before a trip? Share your thoughts with your classmates.
I rather pride myself on my packing. Packing is one of those many things that I feel I know more about than any other person living.

(It surprises me myself, sometimes, how many of these subjects there are.)

I impressed the fact upon George and Harris, and told them that they had better leave the whole matter entirely to me.

They fell into the suggestion with a readiness that had something uncanny about it.

George put on a pipe and spread himself over the easy-chair, and Harris cocked his legs on the table and lit a cigar.

This was hardly what I intended. What I had meant, of course, was, that I should boss the job, and that Harris and George should putter about under my directions, I pushing them aside every now and then with, “Oh, you — !” “Here, let me do it.” “There you are, simple enough!” — really teaching them, as you might say. Their taking it in the way they did irritated me. There is nothing does irritate me more than seeing other people sitting about doing nothing when I’m working.

I lived with a man once who used to make me mad that way. He would loll on the sofa and watch me doing things by the hour together, following me round the room with his eyes, wherever I went. He said it did him real good to look on at me, messing about. He said it made him feel that life was not an idle dream to be gaped and yawned through, but a noble task, full of duty and stern work. He said he often wondered now how he could have gone on before he met me, never having anybody to look at while they worked.
Now, I’m not like that. I can’t sit still and see another man slaving and working. I want to get up and superintend, and walk round with my hands in my pockets, and tell him what to do. It is my energetic nature. I can’t help it.

However, I did not say anything, but started the packing. It seemed a longer job than I had thought it was going to be; but I got the bag finished at last, and I sat on it and strapped it.

“Ain’t you going to put the boots in?” said Harris.

And I looked round, and found I had forgotten them. That’s just like Harris. He couldn’t have said a word until I’d got the bag shut and strapped, of course. And George laughed — one of those irritating, senseless, chuckle-headed, crack-jawed laughs of his. They do make me so wild.

I opened the bag and packed the boots in; and then, just as I was going to close it, a horrible idea occurred to me. Had I packed my toothbrush? I don’t know how it is, but I never do know whether I’ve packed my toothbrush.

My toothbrush is a thing that haunts me when I’m traveling, and makes my life a misery. I dream that I haven’t packed it, and wake up in a cold perspiration, and get out of bed and hunt for it. And, in the morning, I pack it before I have used it, and have to unpack again to get it, and it is always the last thing I turn out of the bag; and then I repack and forget it, and have to rush upstairs for it at the last moment and carry it to the railway station, wrapped up in my pocket-handkerchief.

Of course, I had to turn every mortal thing out now, and, of course, I could not find it. I rummaged the things up into much the same state that they must have been before the world was created, and when chaos reigned. Of course, I found George’s and Harris’s eighteen times over, but I couldn’t find my own. I put the things back one by one, and held everything up and shook it. Then, I found it inside a boot. I repacked once more.

When I had finished, George asked if the soap was in. I said I didn’t care a hang whether the soap was in or whether it wasn’t; and I slammed the bag to and strapped it, and found that I had packed my tobacco pouch in it, and had to re-open it. It got shut up finally at 10.05 p.m., and then there remained the hampers to do. Harris said that we should be wanting to start in less than twelve hours’ time, and thought that he and George had better do the rest; and I agreed and sat down, and they had a go.
They began in a lighthearted spirit, evidently intending to show me how to do it. I made no comment; I only waited. When George is hanged, Harris will be the worst packer in this world; and I looked at the piles of plates and cups, and kettles, and bottles and jars, and pies, and stoves, and cakes, and tomatoes, &c., and felt that the thing would soon become exciting.

It did. They started with breaking a cup. That was the first thing they did. They did that just to show you what they COULD do, and to get you interested.

Then, Harris packed the strawberry jam on top of a tomato and squashed it, and they had to pick out the tomato with a teaspoon.

And then it was George’s turn, and he trod on the butter. I didn’t say anything, but I came over and sat on the edge of the table and watched them. It irritated them more than anything I could have said. I felt that. It made them nervous and excited, and they stepped on things, and put things behind them, and then couldn’t find them when they wanted them; and they packed the pies at the bottom, and put heavy things on top, and smashed the pies in.

They upset salt over everything, and as for the butter! I never saw two men do more with one and twopence worth of butter in my whole life than they did. After George had got it off his slipper, they tried to put it in the kettle. It wouldn’t go in, and what WAS in wouldn’t come out. They did scrape it out at last, and put it down on a chair, and Harris sat on it, and it stuck to him, and they went looking for it all over the room.

“I’ll take my oath I put it down on that chair,” said George, staring at the empty seat.

“I saw you do it myself, not a minute ago,” said Harris.

Then they started round the room again looking for it; and then they met again in the center, and stared at one another.

“Most extraordinary thing I ever heard of,” said George.

“So mysterious!” said Harris.

Then, George got round at the back of Harris and saw it.

“Why, here it is all the time,” he exclaimed, indignantly.

“Where?” cried Harris, spinning round.

“Stand still, can’t you!” roared George, flying after him.

And they got it off, and packed it in the teapot.

---

**LET’S PONDER**

Which adjectives would you use to describe the three friends?
Montmorency was in it all, of course! Montmorency's ambition in life, is to get in the way and be sworn at. If he can squirm in anywhere where he particularly is not wanted, and be a perfect nuisance, and make people mad, and have things thrown at his head, then he feels his day has not been wasted.

To get somebody to stumble over him, and curse him steadily for an hour, is his highest aim and object; and, when he has succeeded in accomplishing this, his conceit becomes quite unbearable.

He came and sat down on things, just when they were wanted to be packed; and he labored under the fixed belief that, whenever Harris or George reached out their hand for anything, it was his cold, damp nose that they wanted. He put his leg into the jam, and he worried the teaspoons, and he pretended that the lemons were rats, and got into the hamper and killed three of them before Harris could land him with the frying-pan.

Harris said I encouraged him. I didn’t encourage him. A dog like that don’t want any encouragement. It’s the natural, original sin that is born in him that makes him do things like that.

The packing was done at 12.50; and Harris sat on the big hamper, and said he hoped nothing would be found broken. George said that if anything was broken it was broken, which reflection seemed to comfort him. He also said he was ready for bed.

We were all ready for bed. Harris was to sleep with us that night, and we went upstairs. We tossed for beds, and Harris had to sleep with me. He said:

“Do you prefer the inside or the outside, J.?”

I said I generally preferred to sleep INSIDE a bed.

Harris said it was old.

George said: “What time shall I wake you fellows?”

Harris said: “Seven.”

I said: “No, six,” because I wanted to write some letters.

Harris and I had a bit of a row over it, but at last split the difference, and said half-past six.

“Wake us at 6.30, George,” we said.

George made no answer, and we found, on going over, that he had been asleep for some time; so we placed the bath where he could tumble into it on getting out in the morning, and went to bed ourselves.
GLOSSARY OF NEW WORDS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Mean</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>uncanny</td>
<td>strange or mysterious in an unsettling way</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>intended</td>
<td>planned or meant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>putter</td>
<td>to move around without hurrying, and in a relaxed way</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>loll</td>
<td>to sit, lie, or stand in a lazy, relaxed way</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>superintend</td>
<td>to be responsible for the management or arrangement of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>haunts</td>
<td>keeps thinking or worrying about something over a long time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>misery</td>
<td>a state or feeling of great physical or mental distress or discomfort</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>perspiration</td>
<td>the process of sweating</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rummaged</td>
<td>searched unsystematically and untidily through something</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>squashed</td>
<td>crushed or squeezed with force so that it becomes flat, soft, or out of shape</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>trod</td>
<td>step, walk, or trample so as to press, crush, or injure something</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>indignantly</td>
<td>a feeling of anger because of something unjust or unworthy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>squirm</td>
<td>move from side to side in an awkward way</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>nuisance</td>
<td>a thing, person or situation that is annoying or causes trouble or problems</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>stumble</td>
<td>trip or momentarily lose one’s balance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>accomplishing</td>
<td>achieving or completing successfully</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>conceit</td>
<td>the state of being too proud of yourself and your actions</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>row</td>
<td>a noisy argument</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tumble</td>
<td>fall suddenly</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

EXERCISE 4

Form groups of 4 members each. Each group should choose 5 countries and present pictures associated with them. The groups will then guess the name of the countries based on descriptive words and phrases.

EXERCISE 5

Share some memorable travel tales with a classmate. Create a comic strip and transcribe the conversation in a dialog form.
EXERCISE 6

Punctuate the excerpt.
Go back to the original text and correct the mistakes in your punctuations (if any).
Identify the most commonly used punctuation marks in the excerpt.

Montmorency was in it all of course Montmorency’s ambition in life is to get in the way and be sworn at If he can squirm in anywhere where he particularly is not wanted and be a perfect nuisance and make people mad and have things thrown at his head then he feels his day has not been wasted
To get somebody to stumble over him and curse him steadily for an hour is his highest aim and object and when he has succeeded in accomplishing this his conceit becomes quite unbearable

Fill in the table below with the punctuation marks and your own examples.
The first one has been done for you.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Punctuation mark</th>
<th>Sentence</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>.</td>
<td>I tend to travel more in summer than in winter.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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EXERCISE 7

Here are some tips for a travel journal.

Day, Date, Time and Location should be stated.

Real photographs provide a more tangible experience.

5 senses – touch, smell, taste, sight, sound – pep up the content.

Write about interesting places, events, conversation, and the people you met.

Decide WHO you are writing for.

Are you writing a personal diary to be shared or to be kept for yourself?
Refer to the travel brochure on The Maldives.
Write a short travel diary using the information from the brochure and the website.

https://visitmaldives.com/en

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**Minimum of 2 persons (twin-sharing)

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Flight 452  Male – Singapore  20 45 – 22 10
Flight 451  Male – Singapore  23 25 – 07 10 + 1
Flight 910  Singapore – Male  09 30 – 13 05

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ASSIGNMENT

Refer to the excerpt from the novel *Three Men in a Boat* and answer the questions.

1. **Key Ideas and Details**
   Answer the following questions.
   (a) Name the characters in the story. What were they doing throughout the story?
   (b) What was the intention of the narrator when he offered to do the packing?
   (c) What was the contribution of Montmorency during the packing?
   (d) What was the final outcome?

2. **Presentation of Ideas**
   Think and answer the following questions in not more than 60-80 words.
   (a) Of the three friends, who do you think is the worst packer? Justify your answer.
   (b) Cite at least three incidences from the story that make it comical. Explain the irony of the situation.

---

**LET'S REVISE**

*Ironic* describes situations that are strange or funny because things happen in a way that seems to be the opposite of what you expect. Note the “opposite”. If an expectation is black, then an ironic outcome would be white, not off-white or gray. There are 3 types of irony:

- **Verbal irony** occurs whenever a speaker or narrator tells us something that differs from what they mean, what they intend, or what the situation requires. “You are so quiet now,” I said to my friend who was screaming.

- **Dramatic irony** occurs whenever a character in a story is deprived of an important piece of information that governs the plot that surrounds them (we know that the Titanic will sink).

- **Situational irony** occurs when characters’ intentions are foiled, when people do certain things to bring about an intended result, but in fact produce the opposite result. *Three men in a boat, the friends think that they are expert packers, but break everything they are trying to pack.*
Satire means making fun of people by imitating them in ways that expose their stupidity or flaws.

Sarcasm depends on the listener or reader to be in the loop of the joke. Sarcasm is usually used in ‘insincere speeches’. Your mom asks if you’re excited to start cleaning and you say, “Yeah, right,” when you mean “No way.”

To distinguish irony from satire and sarcasm, remember that irony is applicable to situations while satire and sarcasm are forms of expression. People make satire and sarcasm happen. Irony is just there.

3 Integration of Knowledge and Ideas

(a) Look at the picture below. Use your imagination and the new words from Notes: Glossary to create a short paragraph. Remember to punctuate correctly.
(b) Imagine that you are one of the characters in *Three Men in a Boat*. Write a page in your travel diary about the first day of the journey (morning after the packing). Use the information from the story to build references.
Say It with a SIMILE!

IN THIS LESSON, WE WILL BE ABLE TO

- Read an excerpt from a play to
  - Develop our recitation skills
  - Enhance our vocabulary
  - Analyze it critically
  - Identify the mood of the playwright
- Learn about the use of similes as figures of speech

EXERCISE 1

WARM UP

Bring your favorite photograph to class. Share what you like about it with your classmates. Talk about when and where the photograph was taken and what it means to you.

EXERCISE 2

What are your thoughts on the Theory of Evolution based on the infographic given on the next page? Look for an alternative theory and present it as an infographic in the column provided. Remember to keep it short and focused on human beings. What are the most important periods in human life?
ALTERNATIVE THEORY

THEORY OF EVOLUTION
BY CHARLES DARWIN

HOW IT STARTED
According to Darwin, all human beings originate from a common ancestor. We adopt ideal living conditions and pass the trait of adaptability to our offspring.

TRANSFORMATION
Over time, we evolve into species different from our ancestors.

GENES
Gradually, the genes which we inherit from our parents transform.

ECOSYSTEM
We become a part of an ecosystem and our survival depends on how we interact with nature.

FUTURE
With limited resources available, there is a threat to survival. This is sometimes referred to as the survival of the fittest.

NOTES
The theme of a poem is the message an author wants to communicate through the piece.
EXERCISE 3

Here is an excerpt from the play “As You Like It” written by William Shakespeare. Listen to three different recitations of the excerpt. Which appeals to you most? Why? Discuss in mini groups what makes recitation successful. What is the theme of the poem?

All the world’s a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse’s arms.
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress’ eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon’s mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

– William Shakespeare

LET’S PONDER

What is the name of the character who delivers the lines of the monolog in the play?
EXERCISE 4

Match the words in column A to their meanings in column B.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Column A</th>
<th>Column B</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>mewling</td>
<td>sad</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>whining</td>
<td>crying softly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>woeful</td>
<td>weak old man</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>severe</td>
<td>high-pitched sound of a baby</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pantaloon</td>
<td>harsh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hose</td>
<td>unaware</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>treble</td>
<td>high-pitched voice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>oblivion</td>
<td>loose trousers</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

INTERESTING FACTS

“Sans” is a French word which means “without”.
Can you recall any French words that are commonly used in the English language?
EXERCISE 5

Work in mini groups. The famous speech *All the World’s a Stage* was first published as part of *As You Like It* in 1623. Discuss if anything has changed since that time. How and why? Do you think this order will ever change? How and why?

EXERCISE 6

NOTES

Phrases such as “creeping like snail” and “sighing like a furnace” are called *Similes*. A Simile is an explicit comparison made by referring to one thing as another.

Some examples include:

- *She sways like a flower.*
- *His face is as bright as the sun.*
- *Farmers toil like an ox in the fields.*

In pairs, come up with as many similes as you can. Take turns describing what they mean and the effects they create.
ASSIGNMENT

Refer to the excerpt from the play *As You Like It* and answer the questions.

1 Key Ideas and Details

(a) “And one man in his time plays many parts,
   His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
   Mewling and puking in the nurse’s arms.
   Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
   And shining morning face, creeping like snail
   Unwillingly to school.”

(i) Shakespeare has compared Man’s life span to _________________.

(ii) | STAGE             | FEATURES         |
     |                   | Mewling and puking|
     | Young boy         |                   |

(b) “Then a soldier,
   Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
   Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
   Seeking the bubble reputation
   Even in the cannon’s mouth. And then the justice,
   In fair round belly with good capon lined,
   With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
   Full of wise saws and modern instances;
   And so he plays his part.”

(i) Identify the rhyme scheme of the above lines.

(ii) Which words tell us that the life stage of the soldier is short lived?

(iii) Explain the phrase “wise saws” briefly.
2 Presentation of Ideas
   (a) What is the theme of the poem?
   (b) Explain the parallelism drawn between the stage and life of Man.
   (c) Select any two stages described in the poem and compare them.

3 Integration of Knowledge and Ideas
   (a) Which stage of life appeals to you the most? Explain in context of the poem written by William Shakespeare.
   (b) Read the poem “The Brook” by Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Outline the commonalities in the themes of “The Seven Ages” and “The Brook”.
   (c) Elucidate how similes, as figures of speech, helped the playwright to express his viewpoint in an impactful manner.
A Narrative of “Exceptions”

IN THIS LESSON, WE WILL BE ABLE TO

• Read a story to:
  ➢ Enhance our reading and comprehension skills
  ➢ Enrich our vocabulary
  ➢ Learn about the narrative styles of authors
  ➢ Research and write about our favorite storyteller

• Learn about gerunds
• Identify gerunds in a given sentence

EXERCISE 1

WARM UP

Bring a family photograph to class. Share about your relationship with your parents / siblings and how you help out with household chores and errands.

EXERCISE 2

Read a short story, “Sampadak”, by Nobel laureate Rabindranath Tagore, on a relationship between a father and daughter.

As long as my wife was alive, I did not pay much attention to Probha. As a matter of fact, I thought a great deal more about Probha’s mother than I did of the child herself.

At that time my dealing with her was superficial, limited to a little petting, listening to her lisping chatter, and occasionally watching her laugh and play. As long as it was agreeable to me I used to fondle her, but as soon as it threatened to become tiresome I would surrender her to her mother with the greatest readiness.

At last, on the untimely death of my wife, the child dropped from her mother’s arms into mine, and I took her to my heart.
But it is difficult to say whether it was I who considered it my duty to bring up the motherless child with twofold care, or my daughter who thought it her duty to take care of her wifeless father with a superfluity of attention. At any rate, it is a fact that from the age of six she began to assume the role of housekeeper. It was quite clear that this little girl constituted herself the sole guardian of her father.

I smiled inwardly but surrendered myself completely to her hands. I soon saw that the more inefficient and helpless I was, the better pleased she became. I found that even if I took down my own clothes from the peg, or went to get my own umbrella, she put on such an air of offended dignity that it was clear that she thought I had usurped her right. Never before had she possessed such a perfect doll as she now had in her father, and so she took the keenest pleasure in feeding him, dressing him, and even putting him to bed. Only when I was teaching her the elements of arithmetic or the First Reader, had I the opportunity of summoning up my parental authority.

Every now and then, the thought troubled me as to where I should be able to get enough money to provide her with a dowry for a suitable bridegroom. I was giving her a good education, but what would happen if she fell into the hands of an ignorant fool?

I made up my mind to earn money. I was too old to get employment in a Government office, and I had not the influence to get work in a private one. After a good deal of thought, I decided that I would write books.
But, just then, an excellent opportunity came my way. The landlord of a certain village, Jahirgram, started a newspaper, and sent a request that I would become its editor. I agreed to take the post.

For the first few days, I wrote with such fire and zest that people used to point at me when I went out into the street, and I began to feel a brilliant halo about my forehead.

If you make holes in a bamboo tube, it will no longer hold either oil or water, in fact its power of receptivity is lost; but if you blow through it, then, without any expenditure it may produce music. I felt quite sure that the man who is not useful can be ornamental, and he who is not productive in other fields can at least produce literature. Encouraged by this thought, I wrote a farce. People said it was good, and it was even acted on the stage.

Once having tasted of fame, I found myself unable to stop pursuing it farther. Days and days together I went on writing farces with an agony of determination.

Probha would come with her smile, and remind me gently: “Father, it is time for you to take your bath.”

And I would growl out at her: “Go away, go away; can’t you see that I am busy now? Don’t vex me.”

The poor child would leave me, unnoticed, with a face dark like a lamp whose light has been suddenly blown out.

I drove the maid-servants away, and beat the men-servants, and when beggars came and sang at my door I would get up and run after them with a stick. My room being by the side of the street, passers-by would stop and ask me to tell them the way, but I would request them to go to Jericho. Alas, no one took it into serious consideration that I was engaged in writing a screaming farce.

Yet I never got money in the measure that I got fun and fame. But that did not trouble me, although in the meantime all the potential bridegrooms were growing up for other brides whose parents did not write farces.

**LET’S PONDER**

How do your parents show their anger?
Do you think it might be their way of expressing concern?
Next to Jahirgram was the village of Ahirgram. Between the landlords of these two villages there was a constant rivalry and feud. There had been a time when they came to blows not infrequently. But now, since the magistrate had bound them both over to keep the peace, I took the place of the hired ruffians who used to act for one of the rivals. Every one said that I lived up to the dignity of my position.

My writings were so strong and fiery that Ahirgram could no longer hold up its head. I blackened with my ink the whole of their ancient clan and family.

All this time, I had the comfortable feeling of being pleased with myself. I even became fat. My face beamed with the exhilaration of a successful man of genius. I admired my own delightful ingenuity of insinuation, when at some excruciating satire of mine, directed against the ancestry of Ahirgram, the whole of Jahirgram would burst its sides with laughter like an over-ripe melon. I enjoyed myself thoroughly.

But, at last, Ahirgram started a newspaper. What it published was starkly naked, without a shred of literary urbanity. The language it used was of such undiluted colloquialism that every letter seemed to scream in one’s face. The consequence was that the inhabitants of both villages clearly understood its meaning.

But, as I was hampered in my style by my sense of decency, my subtlety of sarcasm very often made but a feeble impression upon the power of understanding of both my friends and my enemies.

The result was that even when I won decidedly in this war of infamy my readers were not aware of my victory. At last, in desperation, I wrote a sermon on the necessity of good taste in literature, but found that I had made a fatal mistake. For things that are solemn offer more surface for ridicule than things that are truly ridiculous. And therefore, my effort at the moral betterment of my fellow-beings had the opposite effect to that which I had intended.

My employer ceased to show me such attention as he had done. The honor to which I had grown accustomed dwindled in its quantity, and its quality became poor. When I walked in the street people did not go out of their way to carry off the memory of a word with me. They even went so far as to be frivolously familiar in their behavior towards me, such as slapping my shoulders with a laugh and giving me nicknames.

In the meantime, my admirers had quite forgotten the farces which had made me famous. I felt as if I was a burned-out match, charred to its very end.
My mind became so depressed that, no matter how I racked my brains, I was unable to write one line. I seemed to have lost all zest for life.

Probha had now grown afraid of me. She would not venture to approach me unless summoned. She had come to understand that a commonplace doll is a far better companion than a genius of a father who writes comic pieces.

One day, I saw that the Ahirgram newspaper, leaving my employer alone for once, had directed its attack on me. Some very ugly imputations had been made against myself. One by one all my friends and acquaintances came and read to me the spiciest bits, laughing heartily. Some of them said that however one might disagree with the subject-matter, it could not be denied that it was cleverly written. In the course of the day, at least twenty people came and said the same thing, with slight variations to break its monotony.

In front of my house, there is a small garden. I was walking there in the evening with a mind distracted with pain. When the birds had returned to their nests, and surrendered themselves to the peace of the evening, I understood quite clearly that amongst the birds at any rate there were no writers of journalism, nor did they hold discussions on good taste. I was thinking only of one thing, namely, what answer I could make. The disadvantage of politeness is that it is not intelligible to all classes of people. So, I had decided that my answer must be given in the same strain as the attack. I was not going to allow myself to acknowledge defeat.

Just as I had come to this conclusion, a well-known voice came softly through the darkness of the evening, and immediately afterwards I felt a soft warm touch in the palm of my hand. I was so distracted and absent-minded that even though that voice and touch were familiar to me, I did not realize that I knew them.

But the next moment, when they had left me, the voice sounded in my ear, and the memory of the touch became living. My child had slowly come near to me once more, and had whispered in my ear, “Father,” but not getting any answer she had lifted my right hand, and with it had gently stroked her forehead, and then silently gone back into the house.
For a long time Probha had not called me like that, nor caressed me with such freedom. Therefore, it was that today at the touch of her love, my heart suddenly began to yearn for her.

Going back to the house a little later, I saw that Probha was lying on her bed. Her eyes were half closed, and she seemed to be in pain. She lay like a flower which has dropped on the dust at the end of the day.

Putting my hand on her forehead, I found that she was feverish. Her breath was hot, and her pulse was throbbing.

I realized that the poor child, feeling the first symptoms of fever, had come with her thirsty heart to get her father’s love and caresses, while he was trying to think of some stinging reply to send to the newspaper.

I sat beside her. The child, without speaking a word, took my hand between her two fever-heated palms, and laid it upon her forehead, lying quite still.

All the numbers of the Jahirgram and Ahirgram papers which I had in the house I burned to ashes. I wrote no answer to the attack. Never had I felt such joy as I did, when I thus acknowledged defeat.

I had taken the child to my arms when her mother had died, and now, having cremated this rival of her mother, again I took her to my heart.

**LET’S PONDER**

How do you cheer your parents up when they are sad?

**EXERCISE 3**

Complete the table.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Main characters in the story</th>
<th>Editor of a local newspaper</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Probha</td>
<td></td>
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<table>
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<tr>
<th>Setting of the story</th>
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EXERCISE 4

Your teacher will read aloud what Peter Armenti, literature specialist for the Digital Reference Section at the Library of Congress, has to say about the author of the story. The article is contributed by Nuzhat Khatoon, South Asia Specialist, Asian Division. It originally appeared in the 4 Corners of the World blog.

After listening to the story and the essay on Rabindranath Tagore, what do you think is the author’s narrative style? Discuss your views with your classmates.

EXERCISE 5

NOTES

Things to note about the narrative style of an author

- Choice of themes
- Choice of words
- Types of characters
- Nature of beginning and end
Who is your favorite author? Which of his / her books have you read? What are some of the memorable lines from the stories / novels you have read?
Write your response in the space provided.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Stories read</th>
<th>Favorite lines</th>
<th>Memorable lines</th>
<th>Narrative style</th>
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**Unit 3: A Narrative of “Exceptions”**
The verbs that are formed by adding “-ing” and act as nouns are called GERUNDS. While the present participle (or participle I) of the verb is also formed by adding “-ing”, a verb in the present participle form does not automatically become a gerund.

Gerunds look exactly as the present progressive tense of verbs (without an auxiliary verb) but function as nouns in the sentence.

Examples of gerunds and gerund phrases in sentences:

Exercising was the reason for Le’s weight loss.
The students were more focused on having a good time than on learning during their field trip.

Work in pairs and / or mini groups, come up with your own examples.
ASSIGNMENT

Refer to the short story *Sampadak* and answer the questions.

1 **Key Ideas and Details**
   
   (a) What roles did Probha assume at home?
   
   (b) How did the relationship between the father and daughter change in the story?
   
   (c) How did the narrator respond to the rivalry of the two villages?
   
   (d) What made the narrator realize that his relationship with his daughter needs attention?

2 **Presentation of Ideas**
   
   (a) What do you think about the narrator’s character? What feelings and emotions does his character stir? Why?
   
   (b) Think about the background of the story. What are the social vices that the author describes?

3 **Integration of Knowledge and Ideas**
   
   Imagine that you are Probha. Write a letter to the father. Explain your feelings and emotions about your relationships before and after the father became famous, before and after your illness.