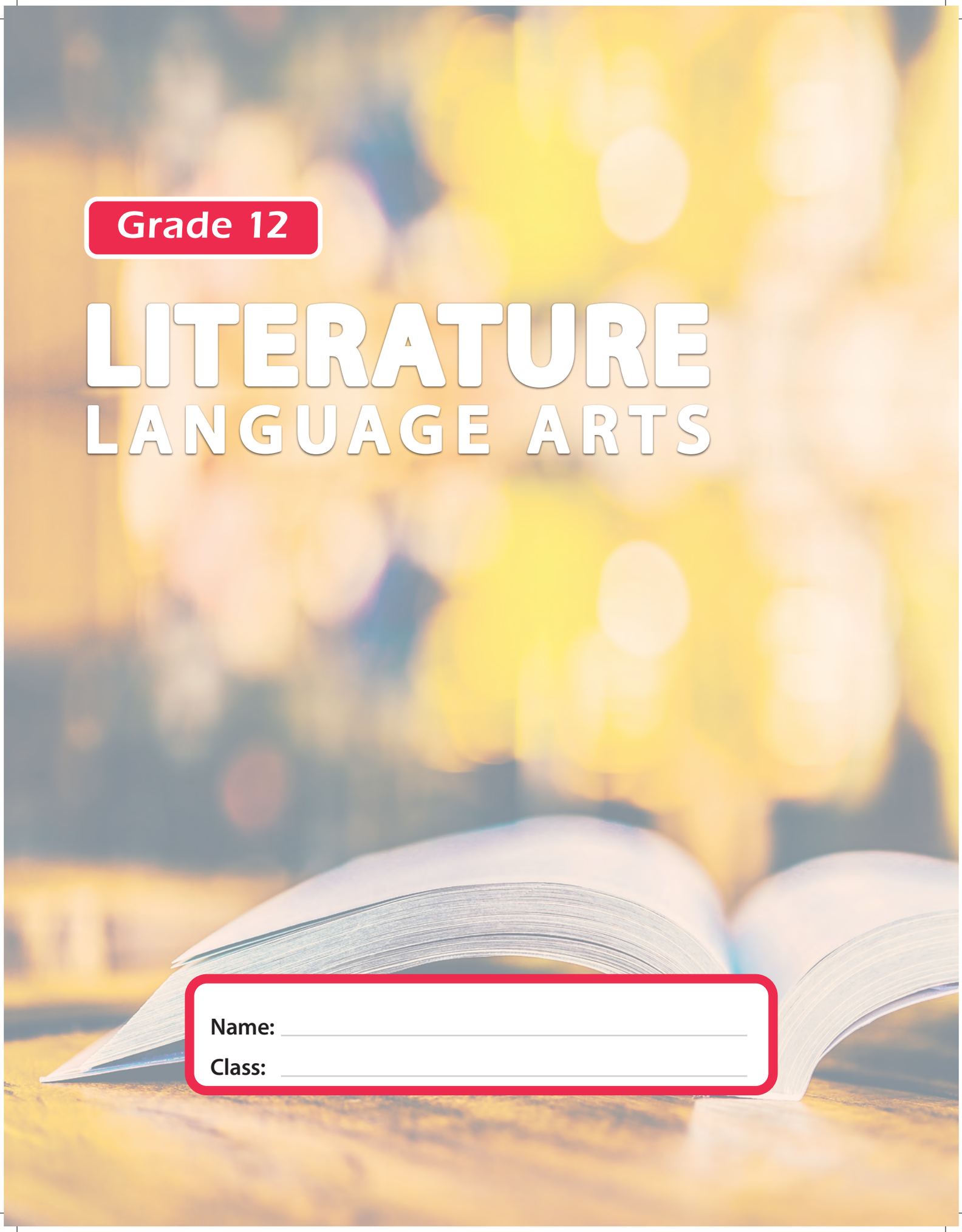

Grade 12

LITERATURE
LANGUAGE ARTS

Name: _____

Class: _____

10 Pienza, Irvine,
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|Literature| Language Arts
Textbook – Grade 12

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Preface

|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.

Introductory section, at the beginning of each unit, presents significant facts on the reading passage. It provides learners with a context of the specific literary genre and an insight into the narrative style and technique adopted by the writer.

Excerpts from famous literature have been adapted for reading and discussion. Text types include novels, autobiographies, articles, speeches, poetry, blogs and short stories. Each passage precedes questions that encapsulate key ideas that allow teachers and learners to delve into the craft and structure of the literary work.

Exercises are designed in some units to scaffold learning of distinct language skills such as grammar and vocabulary. These have been integrated for relevant practice and purposeful assessment. Each unit culminates in an **Assignment** to gauge comprehension and grasp of the key lesson outcomes in order for teachers to perform accurate evaluation of learners' competencies.

Contents

UNIT 1

READING

The Fun They Had

– *Isaac Asimov*

IN THIS LESSON, WE WILL BE ABLE TO

- Read a science fiction story to enhance our reading and comprehension skills.
- Distinguish synonyms from antonyms.
- Identify elements of science fiction.
- Classify the cases of pronouns.
- Write an informative essay.

The Fun They Had *is a science fiction story written by an American writer, Isaac Asimov. It was first published in a children's newspaper in 1951 and was then reprinted in 1954 in* ***The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction****.*

Isaac Asimov was born on January 2, 1920 in Russia and died on April 6, 1992 in New York, U.S.A. He is known as an American author and a biochemist as well as a highly successful and prolific writer of science fiction and science books.

This story is set in the year 2157, when children learn individually at home through a mechanical teacher. The story talks about an 11-year-old Margie Jones, whose neighbor, Tommy, found a real book in the attic of his house. It reminds Margie about the stories of the school her great grandfather attended as a child. The book describes the school where children of the same age used to learn in large institutions. Margie and Tommy talk about how it must have been, to study together with a real person as a teacher. In the beginning, Margie is a bit skeptical about the idea but towards the end of the story, she starts to daydream about what it must have been like for the children and the fun they had.

Margie even wrote about it that night in her diary. On the page headed May 17, 2157, she wrote, "Today, Tommy found a real book!"

It was a very old book. Margie's grandfather once said that when he was a little boy his grandfather told him that there was a time when all stories were printed on paper.

They turned the pages, which were yellow and crinkly, and it was awfully funny to read words that stood still instead of moving the way they were supposed to on a screen, you know. And then, when they turned back to the page before, it had the same words on it that it had had when they read it the first time.

"Gee," said Tommy, "what a waste. When you're through with the book, you just throw it away, I guess. Our television screen must have had a million books on it and it's good for plenty more. I wouldn't throw it away."

"Same with mine," said Margie. She was eleven and hadn't seen as many tele books as Tommy had. He was thirteen. She said, "Where did you find it?"

"In my house." He pointed without looking, because he was busy reading. "In the attic." "What's it about?" "School."

Margie was scornful. "School? What's there to write about school? I hate school."

Margie always hated school, but now she hated it more than ever. The mechanical teacher had been giving her test after test in geography and she had been doing worse and worse until her mother had shaken her head sorrowfully and sent for the County Inspector.

He was a round little man with a red face and a whole box of tools with dials and wires. He smiled at Margie and gave her an apple, then took the teacher apart. Margie had hoped he wouldn't know how to put it together again, but he knew how all right, and, after an hour or so, there it was again, large and black and ugly, with a big screen on which all the lessons were shown and the questions were asked. That wasn't so bad. The part Margie hated most was the slot where she had to put homework and test papers. She always had to write them out in a punch code they made her learn when she was six years old, and the mechanical teacher calculated the mark in no time.

The Inspector had smiled after he was finished and patted Margie's head. He said to her mother, "It's not the little girl's fault, Mrs. Jones. I think the geography sector was geared a little too quick. Those things happen sometimes. I've slowed it up to an average ten-year level. Actually, the over-all pattern of her progress is quite satisfactory." And he patted Margie's head again.

Margie was disappointed. She had been hoping they would take the teacher away altogether. They had once taken Tommy's teacher away for nearly a month because the history sector had blanked out completely.

So she said to Tommy, "Why would anyone write about school?"

Tommy looked at her with very superior eyes. "Because it's not our kind of school, stupid. This is the old kind of school that they had hundreds and hundreds of years ago." He added loftily, pronouncing the word carefully, "Centuries ago."

Margie was hurt. "Well, I don't know what kind of school they had all that time ago." She read the book over his shoulder for a while, then said, "Anyway, they had a teacher."

"Sure they had a teacher, but it wasn't a regular teacher. It was a man." "A man? How could a man be a teacher?" "Well, he just told the boys and girls things and gave them homework and asked them questions." "A man isn't smart enough." "Sure he is. My father knows as much as my teacher." "He can't. A man can't know as much as a teacher." "He knows almost as much, I betcha."

Margie wasn't prepared to dispute that. She said, "I wouldn't want a strange man in my house to teach me."

Tommy screamed with laughter. "You don't know much, Margie. The teachers didn't live in the house. They had a special building and all the kids went there." "And all the kids learned the same thing?" "Sure, if they were the same age."

"But my mother says a teacher has to be adjusted to fit the mind of each boy and girl it teaches and that each kid has to be taught differently."

"Just the same they didn't do it that way then. If you don't like it, you don't have to read the book."

"I didn't say I didn't like it," Margie said quickly. She wanted to read about those funny schools.

They weren't even half-finished when Margie's mother called, "Margie! School!" Margie looked up. "Not yet, Mamma."

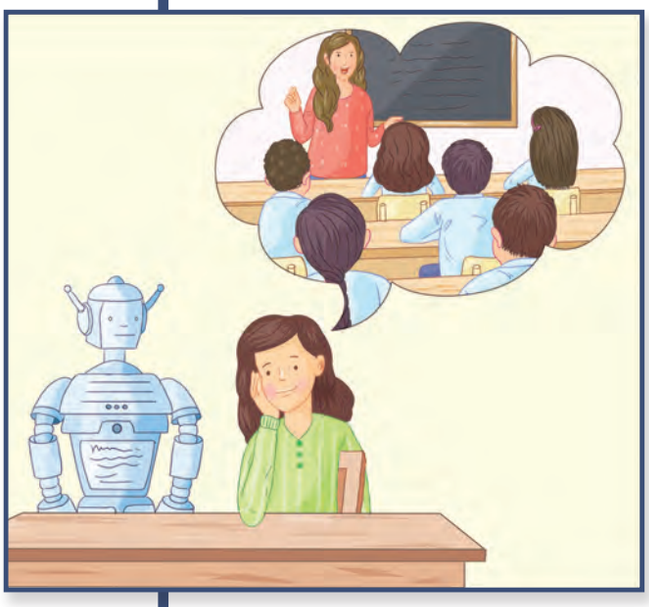
"Now!" said Mrs. Jones. "And it's probably time for Tommy, too."

Margie said to Tommy, "Can I read the book some more with you after school?"

"Maybe," he said nonchalantly. He walked away whistling, the dusty old book tucked beneath his arm.

Margie went into the schoolroom. It was right next to her bedroom, and the mechanical teacher was on and waiting for her. It was always on at the same time every day except Saturday and Sunday, because her mother said little girls learned better if they learned at regular hours.

The screen was lit up, and it said: "Today's arithmetic lesson is on the addition of proper fractions. Please insert yesterday's homework in the proper slot."



Margie did so with a sigh. She was thinking about the old schools they had when her grandfather's grandfather was a little boy. All the kids from the whole neighborhood came, laughing and shouting in the schoolyard, sitting together in the schoolroom, going home together at the end of the day. They learned the same things, so they could help one another on the homework and talk about it.

And the teachers were people...

The mechanical teacher was flashing on the screen: "When we add the fractions ½ and ¼..."

Margie was thinking about how the kids must have loved it in the old days. She was thinking about the fun they had.

Scan here to listen to the story.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4W24xzBobgU

KEY IDEAS AND DETAILS

Answer the following questions.

1 Which year is the story set in?

(a) 2057 (b) 2157 (c) 2156 (d) 2056

2 Isaac Asimov takes us on a journey to

(a) the schools of the past.
(b) the present schools.
(c) the schools during the pandemic.
(d) the schools of the future.

3 The readers can immediately understand that the story is set in the future _____.

(a) when Tommy comments on the usefulness of electronic books
(b) when Margie comments about her great grandfather's generation being the last to use printed books
(c) when Margie mentions her mechanical teacher
(d) when Margie records the date in her diary

4 Why was Margie not interested in school?

(a) She did not go to a regular school.
(b) Her test results were getting worse.
(c) Her teacher was not a real teacher.
(d) She did not have books.

5 "Margie wasn't prepared to dispute that." What was it that she did not want to dispute?

(a) A human teacher knows as much as a mechanical teacher.
(b) A human teacher cannot teach.
(c) Her father was the best teacher.
(d) There was no need for a teacher.

6 Tommy's teacher was taken away for almost a month because

(a) she was unwell.
(b) she didn't teach well.
(c) the history sector had blanked out completely.
(d) the geography sector had blanked out.

7 The description that best matches the County Inspector's appearance is

(a) "sound and little with a pale face".
(b) "skinny and little with a red face".
(c) "round and little with a smiling face".
(d) "round and little with a red face".

8 What aspect of the mechanical teacher does Margie dislike?

(a) it's size
(b) the homework that it assigns
(c) it's slot for the submission of homework and test papers
(d) the speed at which it grades her homework

9 Why are Margie and Mrs. Jones living together in the same house?

(a) They are siblings.
(b) They are mother and daughter.
(c) They are friends.
(d) Mrs. Jones is Margie's teacher.

10 "She was thinking about the fun they had." This refers to

(a) Margie making a new friend.
(b) how the kids must have loved it in the past when they attended a physical school.
(c) walking to school.
(d) her mother calling the County Inspector.

CRAFT AND STRUCTURE

The semantic gradient is a linear representation of a vocabulary list, having antonyms on both ends of the line and synonyms in the middle. Semantic gradients are often used to distinguish between shades of meaning.

E.G. ADORE – love – like – dislike – hate – loathe – ABHOR

Order the words provided below on the semantic gradients. The first one has been done for you as an example.

1 admiring, cynical, derisive

scornful – *derisive* – *cynical* – *admiring* – impressed

2 area, category, division

sector – _____ – _____ – _____ – whole

3 adequate, suitable, insufficient

satisfactory – _____ – _____ – _____ – unsatisfactory

4 egoistic, gracious, arrogant

lofty – _____ – _____ – _____ – modest

5 disagreement, accord, feud

dispute – _____ – _____ – _____ – agreement

6 indifferent, casual, planned

nonchalant – _____ – _____ – _____ – concerned

INTEGRATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

1 What is the role of irony in the story?

2 What picture of the future does the story paint?

3 Relate this story, written in the year 1951, to the situation that students faced in 2020 during the Covid-19 pandemic. Do you observe any similarities?

4 Can technology replace teachers in a new era of education?

SPEAKING AND LISTENING

COMPREHENSION AND COLLABORATION

In mini groups, select one of the following topics for discussion.

1. Human interaction is an important part of learning for most people.
2. Modern education requires a balance between human interaction and technology.
3. We need to be aware of the effects that technology has on education.

PRESENTATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

In your groups, present what you have discussed in class.
Your presentation must be followed by a question and answer session.

WRITING

TEXT TYPES AND PURPOSES

Write an informative essay on the common elements of science fiction.

PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION OF WRITING

Revise and edit your work for accuracy. You may present it in a graphic format or use digital aids for enhanced visual effects.

RESEARCH TO BUILD AND PRESENT KNOWLEDGE

Research your written work and present it creatively.
Present your findings in a proper bibliographical style i.e. MLA.

LANGUAGE

CONVENTIONS OF STANDARD ENGLISH

KNOWLEDGE OF LANGUAGE

Pronouns

Pronoun is a word used instead of a noun or noun phrase and refers to a person, thing and / or an animal.

TYPES OF PRONOUNS

- Subject Pronoun

  Subject pronoun replaces the subject of a sentence or clause.

Pronoun	Example
I, we, you, they, he, she, it	**You** are good students. **She** is a beautiful girl. **They** go to school.

- Object Pronoun

  Object pronoun is used as a grammatical object: the direct or indirect object of a verb, or the object of a preposition.

Pronoun	Example
me, us, you, them, him, her, it	Mike knows **me**. Mom bought it for **them**.

- Possessive Pronoun

  Possessive pronoun shows that something belongs to somebody.

Pronoun	Example
mine, yours, hers, his, its, theirs	The car is **mine**. The phone is **hers**.

- Possessive Adjective

  Possessive adjective is *used to express ownership or possession*.

Adjective	Example
my, our, your, their, his, her , its	**My** parents are generous. **Your** car is very modern. **Their** kids study French.

- Reflexive Pronoun

  Reflexive pronoun denotes a pronoun that refers back to the subject of the clause in which it is used.

Pronoun	Example
myself, yourself, himself, herself, itself, ourselves, themselves, yourselves	I cut **myself**. It feeds **itself**.

- Intensive Pronoun

  Intensive pronoun is used to add emphasis to the subject or antecedent of the sentence.

Pronoun	Example
myself, yourself, himself, herself, itself, ourselves, themselves, yourselves	I hit him **myself**. They kill it **themselves**. She teaches us **herself**.

NOTE: There are two ways of using "YOU" in Reflexive and Intensive Pronoun. If "YOU" is used to refer to one person, we change "YOU" to "YOURSELF"; but if "YOU" is used to refer to two or more people, we change "YOU" to "YOURSELVES".

- ➢ *You should do homework yourself, John.*
- ➢ *Jason and Sarah, you have to do this task yourselves.*

- Demonstrative Pronoun

  Demonstrative pronoun is *used to point to specific people or things*.

Pronoun	Example
this, these, that, those	**This** is my friends. **These** are toys. **That** is a picture. **Those** are rulers.

- Definite Pronoun

  Definite pronoun is used to refer to something specific.

Pronoun	Example
this, that, these, those, one	I used to do **that** before. She explains **these** to me. I would choose **this** one.

- Indefinite Pronoun

  Indefinite pronoun does not have a specific familiar referent, can represent either countable or uncountable nouns.

Pronoun	Example
some, any, none, all, someone, everything, many, nobody, other, few	**None** of us can swim. **All** students submitted the test. **Any** sugar is bad for you.

- Interrogative Pronoun

  Interrogative pronoun is used to ask a question.

Pronoun	Example
who, whom, which and what	**Who** wants to meet you? **What** is in the book? **Whom** did you give the key to?

- Relative Pronoun

  Relative pronoun marks a relative clause.

Pronoun	Example
who, whom, whose, which, that, when, where, etc.	I know the student **who** obtained 100% on the last test. I remember the time **when** we had to go to the library to find the information we needed.

- Distributive Pronoun

  Distributive pronoun considers members of a group separately, rather than collectively.

Pronoun	Example
each, either, neither	**Each** student gets a task. **Neither** of us was bored.

REMEMBER

- When a pronoun is used as the complement of the verb "to be", it should be in the nominative case.
  - *If I were him, I would not do it. – wrong*
  - *If I were he, I would not do it. – correct*
- When the pronoun is used as the object of a verb or of a preposition, it should be in the objective case.
  - *Let you and I do it. – wrong*
  - *Let you and me do it. – correct*
- Intensive pronoun cannot function as a solo subject.
  - *Himself called me. – wrong*
  - *He himself called me. – correct*
- Indefinite pronoun "one" cannot be substituted by other pronouns.
  - *One must not boast of his own success. – wrong*
  - *One must not boast of one's own success. – correct*
- "Either" or "neither" is used only in speaking of two items; "any", "no one" and "none" is used in speaking of more than two items.
  - *Neither of these ten pupils did their homework. – wrong*
  - *No one of these ten pupils did their homework. – correct*
- "Each other" is used in speaking of two persons or things; "one another" is used in speaking of more than two.
  - *The Johnson sisters, Jane, Mary, Liza, and Kattie, loved each other. – wrong*
  - *The Johnson sisters, Jane, Mary, Liza, and Kattie, loved one another. – correct*
- A pronoun must agree with its antecedent in person, number, and gender.
  - *Each of the boys has done their homework. – wrong*
  - *Each of these boys has done his homework. – correct*

- When two or more singular nouns are joined by “and” and refer to different people or things, their pronoun is plural.
  - *Both Lin and Yong have done his homework. – wrong*
  - *Both Lin and Yong have done their homework. – correct*
- When two or more singular nouns joined by “and” and refer to the same person or thing, a pronoun used for them must be singular.
  - *Mike, the police office and the father, is not negligent in their work.-wrong*
  - *Mike, the police office and the father, is not negligent in his work.-correct*
- When two or more singular nouns joined by “or”, “nor”, “either … or”, “neither … nor”, the pronoun used for them should be singular.
  - *Neither Mike nor Alex completed their test. – wrong*
  - *Neither Mike nor Alex completed his test. – correct*
- The pronoun used after “let” should be used in the objective case.
  - *Let she call me. – wrong*
  - *Let her call me. – correct*

ASSIGNMENT

(A) Fill in the blanks with the correct pronoun.

1. Let _____ go to the movie today. (we, us)
2. I know the woman _____ child was hurt. (who, whose, whom)
3. _____ have you got in your pocket? (which, what)
4. Take anything _____ you like. (which, that)
5. _____ can I do for you? (what, which, that)
6. This room is for you and _____. (me, myself)
7. Both he and Mike were reading _____ books. (their, his)
8. _____ are you asking about? (who, whom, which)
9. Behind _____ and _____ were many seats. (he, him, I, me)
10. The results of my oral exam are out today.
    I hope they don't put _____ up on the notice board. (it /them)

(B) Rewrite the following sentences using the correct pronouns.

1. I and you have done it.
2. This pen is my.
3. What is it which troubles you so much?
4. I could see three horses grazing on the field, having its afternoon break before the evening shift begins.

5 One should keep his word.

6 Whom book is this?

7 Both brothers helped one another.

8 It is I who has done it.

9 None of the two sisters is married.

10 One should take care of his health.

11 Let you and I go there.

12 Those who came late they should stand.

13 Whose did you punish?

14 I who are your friend will help you.

15 He availed of the opportunity.

16 He and myself took dinner.

17 The poor is very miserable.

18 Neither Roni nor Rob were at the office.

19 He is one of the best speakers who has confronted the authorities on the matter.

20 I should like to avail of the opportunity.

UNIT 2

READING

The Lost Phoebe

– *Theodore Dreiser*

IN THIS LESSON, WE WILL BE ABLE TO

- Read a story to enhance our reading and comprehension skills.
- Talk about mental health problems caused by isolation and their development.
- Identify thematic similarities across the stories.
- Use coordinating and subordinating conjunctions in writing.
- Write a memoir.

Theodore Dreiser, (born Aug. 27, 1871, Terre Haute, Indiana—died Dec. 28, 1945, Hollywood, California), novelist who was the outstanding American practitioner of naturalism. He was the leading figure in a national literary movement that replaced the observance of Victorian notions of propriety with the unflinching presentation of real-life subject matter. Among other themes, his novels explore the new social problems that had arisen in a rapidly industrializing America.

Although Theodore Dreiser never received the Nobel Prize for literature, he is recognized today as a genuine American literary pioneer, and his novel **An American Tragedy** is acclaimed as one of the most important novels in American literature.

Have you ever heard of mental health problems among seniors caused by isolation? While reading the story, fill in the chart below.

Prerequisites for the disease	
↓	
Development of the desease	
↓	
Aggravation of the patient's condition	

Abridged from https://www.gutenberg.org/cache/epub/68542/pg68542-images.html#Page_112

They lived together in a part of the country which was not so prosperous as it had once been, about three miles from one of those small towns that, instead of increasing in population, is steadily decreasing. The territory was not very thickly settled; perhaps a house every other mile or so, with large areas of corn- and wheat-land and fallow fields that at odd seasons had been sown to timothy and clover. Their particular house was part log and part frame, the log portion being the old original home of Henry's grandfather. The new portion, of now rain-beaten, time-worn slabs, through which the wind squeaked in the chinks at times, and which several overshadowing elms and a butternut-tree made picturesque and reminiscently pathetic, but a little damp, was erected by Henry when he was twenty-one and just married.

That was forty-eight years before. The furniture inside, like the house outside, was old and mildewy and reminiscent of an earlier day. You have seen the what-not of cherry wood, perhaps, with spiral legs and fluted top. It was there. The old-fashioned four poster bed, with its ball-like protuberances and deep curving incisions, was there also, a sadly alienated descendant of an early Jacobean ancestor. The bureau of cherry was also high and wide and solidly built, but faded-looking, and with a musty odor. The rag carpet that underlay all these sturdy examples of enduring furniture was a weak, faded, affair woven by Phoebe Ann's own hands, when she was fifteen years younger than she was when she died. The creaky wooden loom on which it had been done now stood like a dusty, bony skeleton, along with a broken rocking-chair, a worm-eaten clothes-press— who knows how old —a lime-stained bench that had once been used to keep flowers on outside the door, and other decrepit factors of household utility, in an east room that was a lean-to against this so-called main portion. All sorts of other broken-down furniture were about this place; an antiquated clothes-horse, cracked in two of its ribs; a broken mirror in an old cherry frame, which had fallen from a nail and cracked itself three days before their youngest son, Jerry, died; an extension hat-rack, which once had had porcelain knobs on the ends of its pegs; and a sewing-machine, long since outdone in its clumsy mechanism by rivals of a newer generation.

The orchard to the east of the house was full of gnarled old apple-trees, worm-eaten as to trunks and branches, and fully ornamented with green and white lichens, so that it had a sad, greenish-white, silvery effect in moonlight. The low outhouses,

which had once housed chickens, a horse or two, a cow, and several goats, were covered with patches of moss as to their roof, and the sides had been free of paint for so long that they were blackish-gray as to color, and a little spongy. The picket-fence in front, with its gate squeaky and askew, and the side fences of the stake-and-rider type were in an equally run-down condition. As a matter of fact, they had aged synchronously with the persons who lived here, old Henry Reifsneider and his wife Phoebe Ann.

They had lived here, these two, ever since their marriage, forty-eight years before, and Henry had lived here before that from his childhood up. His father and mother, well along in years when he was a boy, had invited him to bring his wife here when he had first fallen in love and decided to marry; and he had done so. His father and mother were the companions of himself and his wife for ten years after they were married, when both died; and then Henry and Phoebe were left with their five children growing lustily apace. But all sorts of things had happened since then. Of the seven children, all told, that had been born to them, three had died; one girl had gone to Kansas; one boy had gone to Sioux Falls, never even to be heard of after; another boy had gone to Washington; and the last girl lived five counties away in the same State, but was so burdened with cares of her own that she rarely gave them a thought. Time and a commonplace home life that had never been attractive had weaned them thoroughly, so that, wherever they were, they gave little thought as to how it might be with their father and mother.

Old Henry Reifsneider and his wife Phoebe were a loving couple. You perhaps know how it is with simple natures that fasten themselves like lichens on the stones of circumstance and weather their days to a crumbling conclusion. The great world sounds widely, but it has no call for them. They have no soaring intellect. The orchard, the meadow, the cornfield, the goat-pen, and the chicken-lot measure the range of their human activities. When the wheat is headed it is reaped and threshed; when the corn is browned and frosted it is cut and shocked; when the timothy is in full head it is cut, and the hay-cock erected. After that comes winter, with the hauling of grain to market, the sawing and splitting of wood, the simple chores of fire-building, meal-getting, occasional repairing, and visiting. Beyond these and the changes of weather—the snows, the rains, and the fair days—there are no immediate, significant things. All the rest of life is a far-off, clamorous phantasmagoria, flickering like Northern lights in the night, and sounding as faintly as cow-bells tinkling in the distance.

Old Henry and his wife Phoebe were as fond of each other as it is possible for two old people to be who have nothing else in this life to be fond of. He was a thin old man, seventy when she died, a queer, crotchety person with coarse gray-black hair and beard, quite straggly and unkempt. He looked at you out of dull, fishy, watery eyes that had deep-brown crow's-feet at the sides. His clothes, like the clothes of many farmers, were aged and angular and baggy, standing out at the pockets, not fitting about the neck, protuberant and worn at elbow and knee. Phoebe Ann was thin and shapeless, a very umbrella of a woman, clad in shabby black, and with a black bonnet for her best wear. As time had passed, and they had only themselves to look after, their movements had become slower and slower, their activities fewer and fewer. The annual keep of goats had been reduced from five to one, and the single horse which Henry now retained was a sleepy animal, not over-nourished and not very clean. The chickens, of which formerly there was a large flock, had almost disappeared, owing to ferrets, foxes, and the lack of proper care, which produces disease. The former healthy garden was now a straggling memory of itself, and the vines and flower-beds that formerly ornamented the windows and dooryard had now become choking thickets. A will had been made which divided the small tax-eaten property equally among the remaining four, so that it was really of no interest to any of them. Yet these two lived together in peace and sympathy, only that now and then old Henry would become unduly cranky, complaining almost invariably that something had been neglected or mislaid which was of no importance at all.

"Phoebe, where's my corn-knife? You ain't never minded to let my things alone no more."

"Now you hush, Henry," his wife would caution him in a cracked and squeaky voice. "If you don't, I'll leave yuh. I'll git up and walk out of here some day, and then where would y'be? Y'ain't got anybody but me to look after yuh, so yuh just behave yourself. Your corn-knife's on the mantel where it's allus been unless you've gone an' put it summers else."

Old Henry, who knew his wife would never leave him in any circumstances, used to speculate at times as to what he would do if she were to die. That was the one leaving that he really feared. As he climbed on the chair at night to wind the old, long-pendulumed, double-weighted clock, or went finally to the front and the back door to see that they were safely shut in, it was a comfort to know that Phoebe was there, properly ensconced on her side of the bed, and that if he stirred restlessly in the night, she would be there to ask what he wanted.

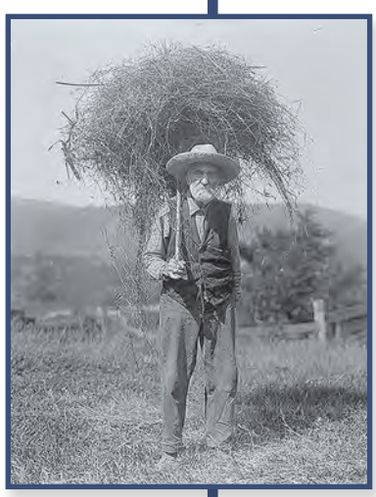
"Now, Henry, do lie still! You're as restless as a chicken."

"Well, I can't sleep, Phoebe."

"Well, yuh needn't roll so, anyhow. Yuh kin let me sleep."

This usually reduced him to a state of somnolent ease. If she wanted a pail of water, it was a grumbling pleasure for him to get it; and if she did rise first to build the fires, he saw that the wood was cut and placed within easy reach. They divided this simple world nicely between them.

As the years had gone on, however, fewer and fewer people had called. They were well-known for a distance of as much as ten square miles as old Mr. and Mrs. Reifsneider, honest, moderately people, but too old to be really interesting any longer. The writing of letters had become an almost impossible burden too difficult to continue or even negotiate via others, although an occasional letter still did arrive from the daughter in Pemberton County. Now and then some old friend stopped with a pie or cake or a roasted chicken or duck, or merely to see that they were well; but even these kindly minded visits were no longer frequent.



One day in the early spring of her sixty-fourth year Mrs. Reifsneider took sick, and from a low fever passed into some indefinable ailment which, because of her age, was no longer curable. Old Henry drove to Swinnerton, the neighboring town, and procured a doctor. Some friends called, and the immediate care of her was taken off his hands. Then one chill spring night she died, and old Henry, in a fog of sorrow and uncertainty, followed her body to the nearest graveyard, an unattractive space with a few pines growing in it. Although he might have gone to the daughter in Pemberton or sent for her, it was really too much trouble and he was too weary and fixed. It was suggested to him at once by one friend and another that he come to stay with them awhile, but he did not see fit. He was so old and so fixed in his notions and so accustomed to the exact surroundings he had known all his days, that he could not think of leaving. He wanted to remain near where they had put his Phoebe; and the fact that he would have to live alone did not trouble him in the least. The living children were notified and the care of him offered if he would leave, but he would not.

"I kin make a shift for myself," he continually announced to old Dr. Morrow, who had attended his wife in this case. "I kin cook a little, and, besides, it don't take much more'n coffee an' bread in the mornin's to satisfy me. I'll get along now well enough. Yuh just let me be." And after many pleadings and proffers of advice, with supplies of coffee and bacon and baked bread duly offered and accepted, he was left to himself. For a while he sat idly outside his door brooding in the spring sun.

He tried to revive his interest in farming, and to keep himself busy and free from thought by looking after the fields, which of late had been much neglected. It was a gloomy thing to come in of an evening, however, or in the afternoon and find no shadow of Phoebe where everything suggested her. By degrees he put a few of her things away. At night he sat beside his lamp and read in the papers that were left him occasionally or in the book that he had neglected for years, but he could get little solace from these things. Mostly he held his hand over his mouth and looked at the floor as he sat and thought of what had become of her, and how soon he himself would die. He made a great business of making his coffee in the morning and frying himself a little bacon at night; but his appetite was gone. The shell in which he had been housed so long seemed vacant, and its shadows were suggestive of immedicable griefs. So he lived quite dolefully for five long months, and then a change began.

It was one night, after he had looked after the front and the back door, wound the clock, blown out the light, and gone through all the self-same motions that he had indulged in for years, that he went to bed not so much to sleep as to think. It was a moonlight night. The green-lichen-covered orchard just outside and to be seen from his bed where he now lay was a silvery affair, sweetly spectral. The moon shone through the east windows, throwing the pattern of the panes on the wooden floor, and making the old furniture, to which he was accustomed, stand out dimly in the room. As usual he had been thinking of Phoebe and the years when they had been young together, and of the children who had gone, and the poor shift he was making of his present days. The house was coming to be in a very bad state indeed. The bed-clothes were in disorder and not clean, for he made a wretched shift of washing. It was a terror to him. The roof leaked, causing things, some of them, to remain damp for weeks at a time, but he was getting into that brooding state where he would accept anything rather than exert himself. He preferred to pace slowly to and fro or to sit and think.

By twelve o'clock of this particular night he was asleep, however, and by two had waked again. The moon by this time had shifted to a position on the western side of the house, and it now shone in through the windows of the living-room and those of the kitchen beyond. A certain combination of furniture—a chair near a table, with his coat on it, the half-open kitchen door casting a shadow, and the position of a lamp near a paper—gave him an exact representation of Phoebe leaning over the table as he had often seen her do in life. It gave him a great start. Could it be she? He looked at her fixedly in the feeble half-light, his old hair tingling oddly at the roots, and then sat up. The figure did not move. He put his thin legs out of the bed and sat looking at her, wondering if this could really be Phoebe.

"Phoebe," he called, thrilling from head to toe and putting out one bony hand, "have yuh come back?"

The figure did not stir, and he arose and walked uncertainly to the door, looking at it fixedly the while. As he drew near, however, the apparition resolved itself into its primal content—his old coat over the high-backed chair, the lamp by the paper, the half-open door.

"Well," he said to himself, his mouth open, "I thought shore I saw her." And he ran his hand strangely and vaguely through his hair, the while his nervous tension relaxed. Vanished as it had, it gave him the idea that she might return.

Another night, because of this first illusion, and because his mind was now constantly on her and he was old, he looked out of the window that was nearest his bed and commanded a hen-coop and goat-pen and a part of the wagon-shed, and there, a faint mist exuding from the damp of the ground, he thought he saw her again. It was one of those little wisps of mist, one of those faint exhalations of the earth that rise in a cool night after a warm day, and flicker like small white cypresses of fog before they disappear. In life it had been a custom of hers to cross this lot from her kitchen door to the goat-pen to throw in any scrap that was left from her cooking, and here she was again. He sat up and watched it strangely, doubtfully, because of his previous experience, but inclined, because of the nervous titillation that passed over his body, to believe that Phoebe, who would be concerned because of his lonely state, must be thinking about him, and hence returning.

A third night, as he was actually dreaming, someten days later, she came to his bedside and put her hand on his head.

"Poor Henry!" she said. "It's too bad."

He roused out of his sleep, actually to see her, he thought, moving from his bed-room into the one living-room, her figure a shadowy mass of black. The weak straining of his eyes caused little points of light to flicker about the outlines of her form. He arose, greatly astonished, walked the floor in the cool room, convinced that Phoebe was coming back to him. If he only thought sufficiently, if he made it perfectly clear by his feeling that he needed her greatly, she would come back, this kindly wife, and tell him what to do. She would perhaps be with him much of the time, in the night, anyhow; and that would make him less lonely, this state more endurable.

In age and with the feeble it is not such a far cry from the subtleties of illusion to actual hallucination, and in due time this transition was made for Henry. Night after night he waited, expecting her return. Once in his weird mood he thought he

saw a pale light moving about the room, and another time he thought he saw her walking in the orchard after dark. It was one morning when the details of his lonely state were virtually unendurable that he woke with the thought that she was not dead. How he had arrived at this conclusion it is hard to say. His mind had gone. In its place was a fixed illusion. He and Phoebe had had a senseless quarrel. He had reproached her for not leaving his pipe where he was accustomed to find it, and she had left. It was an aberrated fulfillment of her old jesting threat that if he did not behave himself, she would leave him.

"I guess I could find yuh ag'in," he had always said. But her cackling threat had always been:

"Yuh'll not find me if I ever leave yuh. I guess I kin git some place where yuh can't find me."

This morning when he arose he did not think to build the fire in the customary way or to grind his coffee and cut his bread, as was his wont, but solely to meditate as to where he should search for her and how he should induce her to come back. Recently the one horse had been dispensed with because he found it cumbersome and beyond his needs. He took down his soft crush hat after he had dressed himself, a new glint of interest and determination in his eye and, taking his black crook cane from behind the door, where he had always placed it, started out briskly to look for her among the nearest neighbors. His old shoes clumped soundly in the dust as he walked, and his gray-black locks, now grown rather long, straggled out in a dramatic fringe or halo from under his hat. His short coat stirred busily as he walked, and his hands and face were peaked and pale.

"Why, hello, Henry! Where're yuh goin' this mornin'?" inquired Farmer Dodge, who, hauling a load of wheat to market, encountered him on the public road. He had not seen the aged farmer in months, not since his wife's death, and he wondered now, seeing him looking so spry.

"Yuh ain't seen Phoebe, have yuh?" inquired the old man, looking up quizzically.

"Phoebe who?" inquired Farmer Dodge, not for the moment connecting the name with Henry's dead wife.

"Why, my wife Phoebe, o' course. Who do yuh s'pose I mean?" He stared up with a pathetic sharpness of glance from under his shaggy, gray eyebrows.

"Wall, I'll swan, Henry, yuh ain't jokin', are yuh?" said the solid Dodge, a pursy man, with a smooth, hard, red face. "It can't be your wife yuh're talkin' about. She's dead."

"Dead! Shucks!" retorted the demented Reifsneider. "She left me early this mornin', while I was sleepin'. She allus got up to build the fire, but she's gone now. We had a little spat last night, an' I guess that's the reason. But I guess I kin find her. She's gone over to Matilda Race's; that's where she's gone."

He started briskly up the road, leaving the amazed Dodge to stare in wonder after him.

"Well, I'll be switched!" he said aloud to himself. "He's clean out'n his head. That poor old feller's been livin' down there till he's gone outen his mind. I'll have to notify the authorities." And he flicked his whip with great enthusiasm. "Geddap!" he said, and was off.

Reifsneider met no one else in this poorly populated region until he reached the whitewashed fence of Matilda Race and her husband three miles away. He had passed several other houses en route, but these not being within the range of his illusion were not considered. His wife, who had known Matilda well, must be here. He opened the picket-gate which guarded the walk, and stamped briskly up to the door.

"Why, Mr. Reifsneider," exclaimed old Matilda herself, a stout woman, looking out of the door in answer to his knock, "what brings yuh here this mornin'?"

"Is Phoebe here?" he demanded eagerly.

"Phoebe who? What Phoebe?" replied Mrs. Race, curious as to this sudden development of energy on his part.

"Why, my Phoebe, o' course. My wife Phoebe. Who do yuh s'pose? Ain't she here now?"

"Lawsy me!" exclaimed Mrs. Race, opening her mouth. "Yuh pore man! So you're clean out'n your mind now. Yuh come right in and sit down. I'll git yuh a cup o' coffee. O' course your wife ain't here; but yuh come in an' sit down. I'll find her fer yuh after a while. I know where she is."

The old farmer's eyes softened, and he entered. He was so thin and pale a specimen, pantalooned and patriarchal, that he aroused Mrs. Race's sympathy as he took off his hat and laid it on his knees quite softly and mildly.

"We had a quarrel last night, an' she left me," he volunteered.

"Laws! laws!" sighed Mrs. Race, there being no one present with whom to share her astonishment as she went to her kitchen. "The pore man! Now somebody's just got to look after him. He can't be allowed to run around the country this way lookin' for his dead wife. It's turrible."

She boiled him a pot of coffee and brought in some of her new-baked bread and fresh butter. She set out some of her best jam and put a couple of eggs to boil, lying whole-heartedly the while.

"Now yuh stay right there, Uncle Henry, till Jake comes in, an' I'll send him to look for Phoebe. I think it's more'n likely she's over to Swinnerton with some o' her friends. Anyhow, we'll find out. Now yuh just drink this coffee an' eat this bread. Yuh must be tired. Yuh've had a long walk this mornin'." Her idea was to take counsel with Jake, "her man," and perhaps have him notify the authorities.

She bustled about, meditating on the uncertainties of life, while old Reifsneider thrummed on the rim of his hat with his pale fingers and later ate abstractedly of what she offered. His mind was on his wife, however, and since she was not here, or did not appear, it wandered vaguely away to a family by the name of Murray, miles away in another direction. He decided after a time that he would not wait for Jake Race to hunt his wife but would seek her for himself. He must be on, and urge her to come back.

"Well, I'll be goin'," he said, getting up and looking strangely about him. "I guess she didn't come here after all. She went over to the Murrays', I guess. I'll not wait any longer, Mis' Race. There's a lot to do over to the house to-day." And out he marched in the face of her protests taking to the dusty road again in the warm spring sun, his cane striking the earth as he went.

It was two hours later that this pale figure of a man appeared in the Murrays' doorway, dusty, perspiring, eager. He had tramped all of five miles, and it was noon. An amazed husband and wife of sixty heard his strange query, and realized also that he was mad. They begged him to stay to dinner, intending to notify the authorities later and see what could be done; but though he stayed to partake of a little something, he did not stay long, and was off again to another distant farmhouse, his idea of many things to do and his need of Phoebe impelling him. So it went for that day and the next and the next, the circle of his inquiry ever widening.

The process by which a character assumes the significance of being peculiar, his antics weird, yet harmless, in such a community is often involute and pathetic. This day, as has been said, saw Reifsneider at other doors, eagerly asking his unnatural question, and leaving a trail of amazement, sympathy, and pity in his wake. Although

the authorities were informed—the county sheriff, no less—it was not deemed advisable to take him into custody; for when those who knew old Henry, and had for so long, reflected on the condition of the county insane asylum, a place which, because of the poverty of the district, was of staggering aberration and sickening environment, it was decided to let him remain at large; for, strange to relate, it was found on investigation that at night he returned peaceably enough to his lonesome domicile there to discover whether his wife had returned, and to brood in loneliness until the morning. Who would lock up a thin, eager, seeking old man with iron-gray hair and an attitude of kindly, innocent inquiry, particularly when he was well known for a past of only kindly servitude and reliability? Those who had known him best rather agreed that he should be allowed to roam at large. He could do no harm. There were many who were willing to help him as to food, old clothes, the odds and ends of his daily life—at least at first. His figure after a time became not so much a commonplace as an accepted curiosity, and the replies, "Why, no, Henry; I ain't see her," or "No, Henry; she ain't been here to-day," more customary.

For several years thereafter then he was an odd figure in the sun and rain, on dusty roads and muddy ones, encountered occasionally in strange and unexpected places, pursuing his endless search. Undernourishment, after a time, although the neighbors and those who knew his history gladly contributed from their store, affected his body; for he walked much and ate little. The longer he roamed the public highway in this manner, the deeper became his strange hallucination; and finding it harder and harder to return from his more and more distant pilgrimages, he finally began taking a few utensils with him from his home, making a small package of them, in order that he might not be compelled to return. In an old tin coffee-pot of large size he placed a small tin cup, a knife, fork, and spoon, some salt and pepper, and to the outside of it, by a string forced through a pierced hole, he fastened a plate, which could be released, and which was his woodland table. It was no trouble for him to secure the little food that he needed, and with a strange dignity, he had no hesitation in asking for that much. By degrees his hair became longer and longer, his once black hat became an earthen brown, and his clothes threadbare and dusty.

For all of three years he walked, and none knew how wide were his perambulations, nor how he survived the storms and cold. They could not see him, with homely rural understanding and forethought, sheltering himself in hay-cocks, or by the sides of cattle, whose warm bodies protected him from the cold, and whose dull understandings were not opposed to his harmless presence. Overhanging rocks and trees kept him at times from the rain, and a friendly hay-loft or corn-crib was not above his humble consideration.

The involute progression of hallucination is strange. From asking at doors and being constantly rebuffed or denied, he finally came to the conclusion that although his Phoebe might not be in any of the houses at the doors of which he inquired, she might nevertheless be within the sound of his voice. And so, from patient inquiry, he began to call sad, occasional cries, that ever and anon waked the quiet landscapes and ragged hill regions, and set to echoing his thin "O-o-o Phoebe! O-o-o Phoebe!" It had a pathetic, albeit insane, ring, and many a farmer or plowboy came to know it even from afar and say, "There goes old Reifsneider."

It was in the seventh year of these hopeless peregrinations, in the dawn of a similar springtime to that in which his wife had died, that he came at last one night to the vicinity of this self-same patch that crowned the rise to the Red Cliff. His far-flung cane, used as a divining-rod at the last cross-roads, had brought him hither. He had walked many, many miles. It was after ten o'clock at night, and he was very weary. Long wandering and little eating had left him but a shadow of his former self. It was a question now not so much of physical strength but of spiritual endurance which kept him up. He had scarcely eaten this day, and now exhausted he set himself down in the dark to rest and possibly to sleep.

Curiously on this occasion a strange suggestion of the presence of his wife surrounded him. It would not be long now, he counseled with himself, although the long months had brought him nothing, until he should see her, talk to her. He fell asleep after a time, his head on his knees. At midnight the moon began to rise, and at two in the morning, his wakeful hour, was a large silver disk shining through the trees to the east. He opened his eyes when the radiance became strong, making a silver pattern at his feet and lighting the woods with strange lusters and silvery, shadowy forms. As usual, his old notion that his wife must be near occurred to him on this occasion, and he looked about him with a speculative, anticipatory eye. What was it that moved in the distant shadows along the path by which he had entered—a pale, flickering will-o'-the-wisp that bobbed gracefully among the trees and riveted his expectant gaze? Moonlight and shadows combined to give it a strange form and a stranger reality, this fluttering of bog-fire or dancing of wandering fire-flies. Was it truly his lost Phoebe? By a circuitous route it passed about him, and in his fevered state he fancied that he could see the very eyes of her, not as she was when he last saw her in the black dress and shawl but now a strangely younger Phoebe, gayer, sweeter, the one whom he had known years before as a girl. Old Reifsneider got up. He had been expecting and dreaming of this hour all these years, and now as he saw the feeble light dancing lightly before him, he peered at it questioningly, one thin hand in his gray hair.

"O Phoebe! Phoebe!" he called. "Have yuh really come? Have yuh really answered me?" And hurrying faster, he fell once, scrambling lamely to his feet, only to see the light in the distance dancing illusively on. On and on he hurried until he was fairly running, brushing his ragged arms against the trees, striking his hands and face against impeding twigs. His hat was gone, his lungs were breathless, his reason quite astray, when coming to the edge of the cliff he saw her below among a silvery bed of apple-trees now blooming in the spring.

"O Phoebe!" he called. "O Phoebe! Oh, no, don't leave me!" And feeling the lure of a world where love was young and Phoebe as this vision presented her, a delightful epitome of their quondam youth, he gave a gay cry of "Oh, wait, Phoebe!" and leaped.

Scan here to listen to an abridged version of the story.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PicyER7SrbE

KEY IDEAS AND DETAILS

Answer the following questions.

1. How many children did Henry and Phoebe have?
   (a) seven (b) ten (c) four (d) five

2. How many children survived and lived till their adulthood?
   (a) seven (b) ten (c) four (d) five

3. For how many years had Henry and Phoebe been married before she died?
   (a) 55 (b) 48 (c) 44 (d) 10

4. How many months had Henry spent alone before the disease started to progress?
   (a) five (b) seven (c) ten (d) eleven

5 How many months passed between the first hallucination and the moment when Henry decided that Phoebe was still alive?

(a) about a month

(b) about a year

(c) about a fortnight

(d) there is no precise number provided

6 Who was the first one to understand that Henry had gone mad?

(a) Farmer Dodge

(b) Matilda Race

(c) the Murrays

(d) the Reinsneiders

7 What was the main reason for the sheriff's refusal to isolate Henry in the mental asylum?

(a) Henry was too poor to pay.

(b) The asylum was known for unconventional methods.

(c) The asylum was poorly managed due to financial needs.

(d) Henry wasn't dangerous to the society.

8 How many years did Henry suffer before he died?

(a) five (b) six (c) seven (d) eight

9 Henry died in the _____.

(a) spring (b) autumn (c) summer (d) winter

10 The cause of Henry's death was _____.

(a) an accident (b) a heart attack (c) a stroke (d) a storm

CRAFT AND STRUCTURE

1 In the following phrase "yuh're talkin' about" ("It can't be your wife yuh're talkin' about. She's dead.") Theodor Dreiser is using 'yuh're talkin' about" to _____.

(a) confuse a reader

(b) demonstrate the peculiarities of the local accent

(c) demonstrate how illiterate the neighbors are

(d) mock the farmer

2 What do the phrase in bold refer to?

"All the rest of life is a far-off, ***clamorous phantasmagoria****, flickering like Northern lights in the night, and sounding as faintly as cow-bells tinkling in the distance".*

(a) a loud movie

(b) a kaleidoscopic chain of events

(c) a green lantern

(d) an unusual picture

3 *"He was a thin old man, seventy when she died, a queer, crotchety person with coarse gray-black hair and beard, quite straggly and unkempt."*

According to this description, Henry was _____.

(a) a very neat person who cared a lot about himself

(b) rather unpleasant looking

(c) well-proportioned and noble

(d) old but easy going

4 *Phoebe Ann was thin and shapeless, a very umbrella of a woman, clad in shabby black, and with a black bonnet for her best wear.*

According to this description, Phoebe _____.

(a) suffered from obesity

(b) was in good shape but liked oversized clothes

(c) tended to wear black

(d) was a very attractive woman

5 *The chickens, of which formerly there was a large flock, had almost disappeared, owing to ferrets, foxes, and the lack of proper care, which produces disease.*

What state was the farm in judging by this sentence?

(a) The farm was well managed.

(b) The farm was rather neglected.

(c) The farm suffered greatly from wild animals.

(d) The farmers struggled to control diseases.

6 *If she wanted a pail of water, it was a grumbling pleasure for him to get it; and if she did rise first to build the fires, he saw that the wood was cut and placed within easy reach. They divided this simple world nicely between them.*

What kind of a relationship did the Reinsneiders have?

(a) They got accustomed to one another over the years and didn't notice each other.

(b) They tended to have little quarrels, but they were part of their daily routine.

(c) They hated to build the fires in the morning.

(d) They got tired of each other over those years.

INTEGRATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

1 Read *Crime and Punishment* by Fyodor Dostoevsky.
https://www.gutenberg.org/files/2554/2554-h/2554-h.htm

2 Read *Don Quixote* by Miguel de Cervantes.
https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/996

Compare and contrast main heroes of *The Lost Phoebe* , *Crime and Punishment* and *Don Quixote*. How are they similar / different?

SPEAKING AND LISTENING

COMPREHENSION AND COLLABORATION

Work in mini groups. Do quick research on dementia, schizophrenia, TBI, Alzheimer's and Parkinson's diseases.

Each group should select and research one particular disease.

Look up the information on

- causes of the diseases,
- progression of the diseases,
- methods of treatments,
- risk factors,
- other facts.

PRESENTATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

Reshuffle the mini groups and present your findings. Come up with the list of similarities and differences you have found.

WRITING

TEXT TYPES AND PURPOSES

Write a memoir on any one of these topics:

1. Reflect on a moment when you felt happy, positive, confident or fulfilled.
2. Discuss a book that has had an influence on your life. What did you learn or gain from it? Is there a character you can particularly relate to?
3. Write about a time when you saw someone in a new light.
4. Illustrate your greatest strength and how you apply it in life.

Tips on writing a Memoir

Memoirs are a very special form of creative, non-fiction writing. They tend to read like a novel or a short story but they are based on facts and memories from a writer's personal experiences.

Unlike autobiographies, a memoir focuses on a particular event. This makes the genre unique. You don't need to be famous or have done anything extraordinary, you simply need to be able to tell a story and draw meaning from something that has happened in your life.

The best memoirs contain the following aspects:

- *clear reflection of memories,*
- *vivid descriptions,*
- *relatable style,*
- *honesty and transparency.*

PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION OF WRITING

Revise and edit your work for accuracy. Enhance the quality of your writing with appropriate vocabulary and good grammar.

RESEARCH TO BUILD AND PRESENT KNOWLEDGE

Write in a sincere, relatable style. As memoirs are personal accounts, there is no need for citations or a bibliography.

LANGUAGE

CONVENTIONS OF STANDARD ENGLISH

KNOWLEDGE OF LANGUAGE

Conjunctions

It is a word used to connect clauses or sentences or to coordinate words in the same clause.

- Coordinating Conjunction

  It is a word that joins two elements of equal grammatical rank and syntactic importance. It can join two verbs, two nouns, two adjectives, two phrases or two independent clauses.

  *You can eat your cake with a spoon **or** a fork.*

- Subordinating Conjunction

  It is a word or phrase that links a dependent clause to an independent clause.

  ***When** the doorbell rang, my dog barked loudly.*

  ***Once**, **while**, **when**, **whenever**, **before** and **after**, are some examples of conjunctions.*

EXERCISE

(A) Fill in the blanks with the appropriate coordinating conjunctions.

1. I missed the bus _____ I was late for college.
2. Either Hari _____ I am to blame.
3. He is dull _____ industrious.
4. The choice is between death _____ dishonor.
5. He is poor _____ he is proud.
6. Answer my question _____ get out.
7. He is rich _____ he is kind.
8. You _____ I are friends.
9. He is the fastest runner _____ he came last.
10. God made the country _____ man made the town.

(B) Fill in the blanks with appropriate subordinating conjunctions.

1. This is the reason _____ I do not help my friend.
2. Stay here _____ I come back.
3. He started early _____ he might not be late.
4. _____ you work hard, you will fail in the examination.
5. _____ I have fever today, I cannot attend college.
6. I do not know _____ he is.
7. I have not seen him _____ he left home.
8. Look _____ you leap.
9. He worked hard _____ he might pass.
10. _____ he is weak, he can walk.

ASSIGNMENT

The following sentences contain mistakes. Correct the errors in the sentences.

1. I shall leave for Delhi when my father will come.
2. Look after you leap.
3. I regard him friend.
4. I am not sure that I can answer this question.
5. Walk slowly lest you fall.
6. I wasn't informed whom I should ask.
7. Do so you like.
8. Unless you do not work hard, you cannot pass.
9. Work hard unless you want to pass.
10. Ten years passed when I left the government service.
11. He asked me that why they had gone there.
12. He helps you if you will go to him.
13. The teacher asked me that I had done my homework.
14. He came after I left.
15. Work hard lest you do not fail.
16. Wait here till I will return.
17. He called me as a fool.
18. As he is tired, so he will not come.
19. You will not succeed unless you will not work harder.
20. He neither offended him nor his brother.

UNIT 3

READING

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

– *Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

IN THIS LESSON, WE WILL BE ABLE TO

- Read a poem to enhance our reading and comprehension skills.
- Identify the use of imagery in poetry.
- Facilitate an interview session.
- Hone our speaking skills.
- Learn about imperative sentences.
- Write a diary entry.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner *is one of the most significant and celebrated poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. It was written and published in 1798 in the first edition of* ***Lyrical Ballads****.*

The poem is an allegory in the narrative form. The central theme of the poem is sin and its penalty.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner *is often considered a signal shift to modern poetry and the beginning of British Romantic literature.*

PART 1

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din.

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye –
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon –
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

And now the STORM-BLAST came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken –
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
[…]

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!
In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white Moon-shine.'

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?" With my cross-bow
I shot the ALBATROSS.

PART II

The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariner's hollo!

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!
Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink

The very deep did rot: O Lord!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in.
As they were drinking all.

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame.
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
[…]
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a DEATH? and are there two?
Is DEATH that woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare LIFE-IN-DEATH was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won! I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip –
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornèd Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly,
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

PART IV

I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown.
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.
Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay dead like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.
An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.
The moving Moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside.
Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmèd water burnt alway
A still and awful red.
Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

Scan here to listen to the poem.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DphDIcL64HU

KEY IDEAS AND DETAILS

Answer the following questions.

1. Why did the ancient mariner compel the wedding guest to listen to his story?
2. What was the crime committed by the mariner?
3. Why did the mariner wear the albatross around his neck?
4. Why did the other sailors blame the mariner for their plight?
5. How did the albatross prove to be a good omen for the ship?
6. What consequences did the sailors face after the death of the albatross?
7. What is the main theme of this poem?
8. What is the poet trying to convey?

CRAFT AND STRUCTURE

Discuss Coleridge's use of imagery in the poem. How does this enhance the reader's experience?

INTEGRATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

Respect for all forms of life is an essential value. Mindless destruction of nature and its creatures deserves just punishment.

Do you agree or disagree with this statement? State your point of view in an essay.

SPEAKING AND LISTENING

COMPREHENSION AND COLLABORATION

You are part of an interview panel seeking to recruit one of the following:

- a wedding planner for your sister's wedding,
- a sailor for a cargo ship,
- Executive Chef for a restaurant in a five-star hotel,
- receptionist in a doctor's clinic,
- Sales Manager for a high-end car showroom,
- space selling executive in a leading media house,
- a high school science teacher.

In groups of 3 or 4, assume the roles of the interviewers and the interviewee. Come up with a list of questions for either side.

PRESENTATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

Each mini group should enact the interview they've come up with while their counterparts (the audience) should provide a constructive feedback on the adequacy of the questions, eye contact, body language, tone and modulation of voice, articulation and clarity of expression.

WRITING

TEXT TYPES AND PURPOSES

Imagine yourself to be one of the crew members aboard the ship. After your counterpart – the mariner – kills an albatross, chaos unleashes. Write a diary entry describing your point of view of the incident, your feelings, hopes and fears.

Tips for writing a diary entry:

- Express your true thoughts and feelings.
- Provide a full and thorough narrative.
- Avoid linguistic errors.
- Include the date of the entry.
- Give your entry a title.

PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION OF WRITING

Revise and edit your work for accuracy. You may present your diary in digital form and use graphic images for visual enhancement.

RESEARCH TO BUILD AND PRESENT KNOWLEDGE

Read other diary entries to get a sense of the narrative style. While the style of narration may differ from one author to another, note the importance of accuracy in grammar and vocabulary for the coherence of the text.

FAMOUS DIARIES

- *The Diary of Anne Frank (1952)*
  http://www.rhetorik.ch/Aktuell/16/02_13/frank_diary.pdf
- *Robert Scott's Captain's Log (1912)*
  https://www.gutenberg.org/cache/epub/11579/pg11579.html
- *Pliny the Younger's Letters (97–109)*
- *Mary Churchill's War: The Wartime Diaries of Churchill's Youngest Daughter (2021)*
- *Samuel Pepys' Secret Diary (1660–1669)*
- *Lewis and Clark's Journals (1803–1806)*

CONVENTIONS OF STANDARD ENGLISH

KNOWLEDGE OF LANGUAGE

Imperative Sentences

An imperative sentence is a sentence that gives a direct command to listeners. We use these sentences in our daily lives to make requests, wishes, express desires or give commands or even warnings. We come across imperative sentences in our conversations on a daily basis. Road signs that instruct e.g. to *drive carefully*, *keep left*, etc., are imperatives.

Imperative Sentences do not have a proper subject and begin with an Imperative Verb. The subject "you" is only implied and not mentioned.

Imperative Sentences Forms

1. Direct imperative sentences
   - Affirmative Form: V (infinitive) (+ Object)
     - ➢ *Open the door.*
     - ➢ *Turn on the light.*
   - Negative Form: Don't + V(infinitive) (+ Object)
     - ➢ *Don't open the car.*
     - ➢ *Don't stop.*
2. Indirect imperative sentences: tell / say / order / ask somebody to do something
   - Affirmative Form: tell / say / order / ask somebody to do something
     - ➢ *Tell him to open the door.*
   - Negative Form: tell / say / order / ask somebody NOT to do something.
     - ➢ *He ordered me NOT to open the door.*
3. Imperative sentences with "let".
   - Affirmative Form: Let me / us / him / her / it / them + bare infinitive
     - ➢ *Let me do it.*
   - Negative Form: Let me / us / him / her / it / them + NOT + bare infinitive
     - ➢ *Let him NOT close the door.*

ASSIGNMENT

Answer the following questions.

1. He ordered me _____ the book.
   (a) open (b) opening (c) to open (d) open to

2. _____ this table now!
   (a) Clear (b) Be clear (c) Do be clear (d) To clear

3. _____, we don't have much time.
   (a) Don't hurry (b) Doesn't hurry (c) Do to hurry (d) Do hurry

4. _____ turn off the light.
   (a) Does (b) Doesn't (c) Do to (d) Don't

5. John asked me _____ turn off the fan.
   (a) not to (b) don't (c) doesn't (d) to not

6. Tell him _____ call me.
   (a) to not (b) not to (c) don't (d) doesn't

7. _____ be noisy. I am studying.
   (a) Not be (b) Aren't (c) Isn't (d) Don't

8. _____ move!
   (a) Does (b) Does to (c) Don't (d) Do to

9. Please _____ me alone.
   (a) to leave (b) leave (c) leaving (d) leaved

10. _____ by train.
    (a) Let her go (b) Let her goes (c) Let go her (d) Let goes her

11. _____ go to play tennis.
    (a) Let us not (b) Let not us (c) Let us not to (d) Let not us to

UNIT 4

READING

The Boscombe Valley Mystery

– *Sir Arthur Conan Doyle*

IN THIS LESSON, WE WILL BE ABLE TO

- Read a story to enhance our reading and comprehension skills.
- Deliver an impromptu speech.
- Create a survey questionnaire.
- Learn about ambiguous sentences.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle created a fictional character, "consulting" detective Sherlock Holmes who is known for proficient observation, brilliant reasoning, and a fantastic knowledge of forensic science. Doyle's Sherlock solves 62 cases (in 4 novels and 58 short stories) across the United Kingdom and Europe.

Though Sherlock Holmes was immensely popular, Conan Doyle always thought that his creature was obscuring the rest of his works, especially the historical novels, so he decided to kill him in 1893 at the end of the 26th story, ***The Adventure of the Final Problem****. However, 8 years later, under family and editor pressure, he "resurrected" the detective and wrote 34 more stories between 1901 and 1927.*

We were seated at breakfast one morning, my wife and I, when the maid brought in a telegram. It was from Sherlock Holmes and ran in this way:

"Have you a couple of days to spare? Have just been wired for from the west of England in connection with Boscombe Valley tragedy. Shall be glad if you will come with me. Air and scenery perfect. Leave Paddington by the 11:15."

"What do you say, dear?" said my wife, looking across at me. "Will you go?"

"I really don't know what to say. I have a fairly long list at present."

"Oh, Anstruther would do your work for you. You have been looking a little pale lately. I think that the change would do you good, and you are always so interested in Mr. Sherlock Holmes' cases."

"I should be ungrateful if I were not, seeing what I gained through one of them," I answered. "But if I am to go, I must pack at once, for I have only half an hour."

My experience of camp life in Afghanistan had at least had the effect of making me a prompt and ready traveler. My wants were few and simple, so that in less than the time stated, I was in a cab with my valise, rattling away to Paddington Station. Sherlock Holmes was pacing up and down the platform, his tall, gaunt figure made even gaunter and taller by his long gray traveling-cloak and close-fitting cloth cap.

"It is really very good of you to come, Watson," said he. "It makes a considerable difference to me, having someone with me on whom I can thoroughly rely. Local aid is always either worthless or else biased. If you will keep the two corner seats I shall get the tickets."

We had the carriage to ourselves save for an immense litter of papers which Holmes had brought with him. Among these he rummaged and read, with intervals of note-taking and of meditation, until we were past Reading. Then, he suddenly rolled them all into a gigantic ball and tossed them up onto the rack.

"Have you heard anything of the case?" he asked.

"Not a word. I have not seen a paper for some days."

"The London press has not had very full accounts. I have just been looking through all the recent papers in order to master the particulars. It seems, from what I gather, to be one of those simple cases which are so extremely difficult."

"That sounds a little paradoxical."

"But it is profoundly true. Singularity is almost invariably a clue. The more featureless and commonplace a crime is, the more difficult it is to bring it home. In this case, however, they have established a very serious case against the son of the murdered man."

"It is a murder, then?"

"Well, it is conjectured to be so. I shall take nothing for granted until I have the opportunity of looking personally into it. I will explain the state of things to you, as far as I have been able to understand it, in a very few words."

Boscombe Valley is a country district not very far from Ross, in Herefordshire. The largest landed proprietor in that part is a Mr. John Turner, who made his money in Australia and returned some years ago to the old country. One of the farms which he held, that of Hatherley, was let to Mr. Charles McCarthy, who was also an ex-Australian. The men had known each other in the colonies, so that it was not unnatural that when they came to settle down they should do so as near each other as possible. Turner was apparently the richer man, so McCarthy became his tenant but still remained, it seems, upon terms of perfect equality, as they were frequently together. McCarthy had one son, a lad of eighteen, and Turner had an only daughter of the same age, but neither of them had wives living. They appear to have avoided the society of the neighboring English families and to have led retired lives, though both the McCarthy's were fond of sport and were frequently seen at the race-meetings of the neighborhood. McCarthy kept two servants – a man and a girl. Turner had a considerable household, some half-dozen at the least. That is as much as I have been able to gather about the families. Now for the facts.

On June 3rd, that is, on Monday last, McCarthy left his house at Hatherley about three in the afternoon and walked down to the Boscombe Pool, which is a small lake formed by the spreading out of the stream which runs down the Boscombe Valley. He had been out with his serving-man in the morning at Ross, and he had told the man that he must hurry, as he had an appointment of importance to keep at three. From that appointment he never came back alive.

From Hatherley Farmhouse to the Boscombe Pool is a quarter of a mile, and two people saw him as he passed over this ground. One was an old woman, whose name is not mentioned, and the other was William Crowder, a game-keeper in the employ of Mr. Turner. Both these witnesses depose that Mr. McCarthy was walking alone. The game-keeper adds that within a few minutes of his seeing Mr. McCarthy pass he had seen his son, Mr. James McCarthy, going the same way with a gun under his arm. To the best of his belief, the father was actually in sight at the time, and the son was following him. He thought no more of the matter until he heard in the evening of the tragedy that had occurred.

The two McCarthys were seen after the time when William Crowder, the game-keeper, lost sight of them. The Boscombe Pool is thickly wooded round, with just a fringe of grass and of reeds round the edge. A girl of fourteen, Patience Moran, who is the daughter of the lodge-keeper of the Boscombe Valley estate, was in one of the woods picking flowers. She states that while she was there she saw, at the border of the wood and close by the lake, Mr. McCarthy and his son, and that they appeared to be having a violent quarrel. She heard Mr. McCarthy the elder using very strong language to his son, and she saw the latter raise up his hand as if to strike his father.

She was so frightened by their violence that she ran away and told her mother when she reached home that she had left the two McCarthys quarreling near Boscombe Pool, and that she was afraid that they were going to fight. She had hardly said the words when young Mr. McCarthy came running up to the lodge to say that he had found his father dead in the wood, and to ask for the help of the lodge-keeper. He was much excited, without either his gun or his hat, and his right hand and sleeve were observed to be stained with fresh blood. On following him they found the dead body stretched out upon the grass beside the pool. The head had been beaten in by repeated blows of some heavy and blunt weapon. The injuries were such as might very well have been inflicted by the butt-end of his son's gun, which was found lying on the grass within a few paces of the body. Under these circumstances the young man was instantly arrested, and a verdict of 'wilful murder' having been returned at the inquest on Tuesday, he was on Wednesday brought before the magistrates at Ross, who have referred the case to the next Assizes. Those are the main facts of the case as they came out before the coroner and the police-court.

"I could hardly imagine a more damning case," I remarked. "If ever circumstantial evidence pointed to a criminal it does so here."

"Circumstantial evidence is a very tricky thing," answered Holmes thoughtfully. "It may seem to point very straight to one thing, but if you shift your own point of view a little, you may find it pointing in an equally uncompromising manner to something entirely different. It must be confessed, however, that the case looks exceedingly grave against the young man, and it is very possible that he is indeed the culprit. There are several people in the neighborhood, however, and among them Miss Turner, the daughter of the neighboring landowner, who believe in his innocence, and who have retained Lestrade, whom you may recollect in connection with the Study in Scarlet, to work out the case in his interest. Lestrade, being rather puzzled, has referred the case to me, and hence it is that two middle-aged gentlemen are flying westward at fifty miles an hour instead of quietly digesting their breakfasts at home."

"I am afraid," said I, "that the facts are so obvious that you will find little credit to be gained out of this case."

"There is nothing more deceptive than an obvious fact," he answered, laughing. "Besides, we may chance to hit upon some other obvious facts which may have been by no means obvious to Mr. Lestrade. You know me too well to think that I am boasting when I say that I shall either confirm or destroy his theory by means which he is quite incapable of employing, or even of understanding. To take the first example to hand, I very clearly perceive that in your bedroom the window is upon the right-hand side, and yet I question whether Mr. Lestrade would have noted even so self-evident a thing as that."

"How on earth …"

"My dear fellow, I know you well. I know the military neatness which characterizes you. You shave every morning, and in this season you shave by the sunlight; but since your shaving is less and less complete as we get farther back on the left side, until it becomes positively slovenly as we get round the angle of the jaw, it is surely very clear that that side is less illuminated than the other. I could not imagine a man of your habits looking at himself in an equal light and being satisfied with such a result. I only quote this as a trivial example of observation and inference. Therein lies my métier, and it is just possible that it may be of some service in the investigation which lies before us. There are one or two minor points which were brought out in the inquest, and which are worth considering."

"What are they?"

"It appears that his arrest did not take place at once, but after the return to Hatherley Farm. On the inspector of constabulary informing him that he was a prisoner, he remarked that he was not surprised to hear it, and that it was no more than his deserts. This observation of his had the natural effect of removing any traces of doubt which might have remained in the minds of the coroner's jury."

"It was a confession," I ejaculated.

"No, for it was followed by a protestation of innocence."

"Coming on the top of such a damning series of events, it was at least a most suspicious remark."

"On the contrary," said Holmes, "it is the brightest rift which I can at present see in the clouds. However innocent he might be, he could not be such an absolute imbecile as not to see that the circumstances were very black against him. Had he appeared surprised at his own arrest, or feigned indignation at it, I should have looked upon it as highly suspicious, because such surprise or anger would not be natural under the circumstances, and yet might appear to be the best policy to a scheming man. His frank acceptance of the situation marks him as either an innocent man, or else as a man of considerable self-restraint and firmness. As to his remark about his deserts, it was also not unnatural if you consider that he stood beside the dead body of his father, and that there is no doubt that he had that very day so far forgotten his filial duty as to bandy words with him, and even, according to the little girl whose evidence is so important, to raise his hand as if to strike him. The self-reproach and contrition which are displayed in his remark appear to me to be the signs of a healthy mind rather than of a guilty one."

I shook my head. "Many men have been hanged on far slighter evidence," I remarked.

"So they have. And many men have been wrongfully hanged."

"What is the young man's own account of the matter?"

"It is, I am afraid, not very encouraging to his supporters, though there are one or two points in it which are suggestive. You will find it here, and may read it for yourself."

He picked out from his bundle a copy of the local Herefordshire paper, and having turned down the sheet he pointed out the paragraph in which the unfortunate young man had given his own statement of what had occurred. I settled myself down in the corner of the carriage and read it very carefully. It ran in this way:

Mr. James McCarthy, the only son of the deceased, was then called and gave evidence as follows: 'I had been away from home for three days at Bristol, and had only just returned upon the morning of last Monday, the 3rd. My father was absent from home at the time of my arrival, and I was informed by the maid that he had driven over to Ross with John Cobb, the groom. Shortly after my return I heard the wheels of his trap in the yard, and, looking out of my window, I saw him get out and walk rapidly out of the yard, though I was not aware in which direction he was going. I then took my gun and strolled out in the direction of the Boscombe Pool, with the intention of visiting the rabbit warren which is upon the other side. On my way I saw William Crowder, the game-keeper, as he had stated in his evidence; but he is mistaken in thinking that I was following my father. I had no idea that he was in front of me. When about a hundred yards from the pool I heard a cry of "Cooee!" which was a usual signal between my father and myself. I then hurried forward, and found him standing by the pool. He appeared to be much surprised at seeing me and asked me rather roughly what I was doing there. A conversation ensued which led to high words and almost to blows, for my father was a man of a very violent temper. Seeing that his passion was becoming ungovernable, I left him and returned towards Hatherley Farm. I had not gone more than 150 yards, however, when I heard a hideous outcry behind me, which caused me to run back again. I found my father expiring upon the ground, with his head terribly injured. I dropped my gun and held him in my arms, but he almost instantly expired. I knelt beside him for some minutes, and then made my way to Mr. Turner's lodge-keeper, his house being the nearest, to ask for assistance. I saw no one near my father when I returned, and I have no idea how he came by his injuries. He was not a popular man, being somewhat cold and forbidding in his manners, but he had, as far as I know, no active enemies. I know nothing further of the matter.'

The Coroner: "Did your father make any statement to you before he died?"

Witness: "He mumbled a few words, but I could only catch some allusion to a rat."

The Coroner: "What did you understand by that?"

Witness: "It conveyed no meaning to me. I thought that he was delirious."

The Coroner: "What was the point upon which you and your father had this final quarrel?"

Witness: "I should prefer not to answer."

The Coroner: "I am afraid that I must press it."

Witness: "It is really impossible for me to tell you. I can assure you that it has nothing to do with the sad tragedy which followed.'

The Coroner: "That is for the court to decide. I need not point out to you that your refusal to answer will prejudice your case considerably in any future proceedings which may arise."

Witness: "I must still refuse."

The Coroner: "I understand that the cry of *Cooee* was a common signal between you and your father?"

Witness: "It was."

The Coroner: "How was it, then, that he uttered it before he saw you, and before he even knew that you had returned from Bristol?'

Witness (with considerable confusion): "I do not know."

A Juryman: "Did you see nothing which aroused your suspicions when you returned on hearing the cry and found your father fatally injured?"

Witness: "Nothing definite."

The Coroner: "What do you mean?"

Witness: "I was so disturbed and excited as I rushed out into the open that I could think of nothing except of my father. Yet I have a vague impression that as I ran forward something lay upon the ground to the left of me. It seemed to me to be something gray in color, a coat of some sort, or a plaid perhaps. When I rose from my father I looked round for it, but it was gone."

The Coroner: "Do you mean that it disappeared before you went for help?"

Witness: "Yes, it was gone."

The Coroner: "You cannot say what it was?"

Witness: "No, I had a feeling something was there."

The Coroner: "How far from the body?"

Witness: "A dozen yards or so."

The Coroner: "And how far from the edge of the wood?"

Witness: "About the same."

The Coroner: "Then if it was removed it was while you were within a dozen yards of it?"

Witness: "Yes, but with my back towards it."

The Coroner: "This concluded the examination of the witness."

"I see," said I as I glanced down the column, "that the coroner in his concluding remarks was rather severe upon young McCarthy. He calls attention, and with reason, to the discrepancy about his father having signaled to him before seeing him, also to his refusal to give details of his conversation with his father, and his singular account of his father's dying words. They are all, as he remarks, very much against the son."

Holmes laughed softly to himself and stretched himself out upon the cushioned seat. "Both you and the coroner have been at some pains," said he, "to single out the very strongest points in the young man's favor. Don't you see that you alternately give him credit for having too much imagination and too little? Too little, if he could not invent a cause of quarrel which would give him the sympathy of the jury; too much, if he evolved from his own inner consciousness anything so outré as a dying reference to a rat, and the incident of the vanishing cloth. No, sir, I shall approach this case from the point of view that what this young man says is true, and we shall see whither that hypothesis will lead us. And now here is my pocket Petrarch, and not another word shall I say of this case until we are on the scene of action. We lunch at Swindon, and I see that we shall be there in twenty minutes."

It was nearly four o'clock when we at last, after passing through the beautiful Stroud Valley, and over the broad gleaming Severn, found ourselves at the pretty little country-town of Ross. A lean, ferret-like man, furtive and sly-looking, was waiting for us upon the platform. In spite of the light brown dustcoat and leather-leggings which he wore in deference to his rustic surroundings, I had no difficulty in recognising Lestrade, of Scotland Yard. With him we drove to the Hereford Arms where a room had already been engaged for us.

"I have ordered a carriage," said Lestrade as we sat over a cup of tea. "I knew your energetic nature, and that you would not be happy until you had been on the scene of the crime."

"It was very nice and complimentary of you," Holmes answered. "It is entirely a question of barometric pressure."

Lestrade looked startled. "I do not quite follow," he said.

"How is the glass? Twenty-nine, I see. No wind, and not a cloud in the sky. I have a caseful of cigarettes here which need smoking, and the sofa is very much superior to the usual country hotel abomination. I do not think that it is probable that I shall use the carriage to-night."

Lestrade laughed indulgently. "You have, no doubt, already formed your conclusions from the newspapers," he said. "The case is as plain as a pikestaff, and the more one goes into it the plainer it becomes. Still, of course, one can't refuse a lady, and such a very positive one, too. She has heard of you, and would have your opinion, though I repeatedly told her that there was nothing which you could do which I had not already done. Why, bless my soul! Here is her carriage at the door."

He had hardly spoken before there rushed into the room one of the loveliest young women that I have ever seen in my life. Her violet eyes shining, her lips parted, a pink flush upon her cheeks, all thought of her natural reserve lost in her overpowering excitement and concern.

"Oh, Mr. Sherlock Holmes!" she cried, glancing from one to the other of us, and finally, with a woman's quick intuition, fastening upon my companion, "I am so glad that you have come. I have driven down to tell you so. I know that James didn't do it. I know it, and I want you to start upon your work knowing it, too. Never let yourself doubt upon that point. We have known each other since we were little children, and I know his faults as no one else does; but he is too tender-hearted to hurt a fly. Such a charge is absurd to anyone who really knows him."

"I hope we may clear him, Miss Turner," said Sherlock Holmes. "You may rely upon my doing all that I can."

"But you have read the evidence. You have formed some conclusion? Do you not see some loophole, some flaw? Do you not yourself think that he is innocent?"

"I think that it is very probable."

"There, now!" she cried, throwing back her head and looking defiantly at Lestrade. "You hear! He gives me hopes."

Lestrade shrugged his shoulders. "I am afraid that my colleague has been a little quick in forming his conclusions," he said.

"But he is right. Oh! I know that he is right. James never did it. And about his quarrel with his father, I am sure that the reason why he would not speak about it to the coroner was because I was concerned in it."

"In what way?" asked Holmes.

"It is no time for me to hide anything. James and his father had many disagreements about me. Mr. McCarthy was very anxious that there should be a marriage between us. James and I have always loved each other as brother and sister; but of course he is young and has seen very little of life yet, and – and – well, he naturally did not wish to do anything like that yet. So there were quarrels, and this, I am sure, was one of them."

"And your father?" asked Holmes. "Was he in favor of such a union?"

"No, he was averse to it also. No one but Mr. McCarthy was in favor of it." A quick blush passed over her fresh young face as Holmes shot one of his keen, questioning glances at her.

"Thank you for this information," said he. "May I see your father if I call tomorrow?"

"I am afraid the doctor won't allow it."

"The doctor?"

"Yes, have you not heard? Poor father has never been strong for years back, but this has broken him down completely. He has taken to his bed, and Dr. Willows says that he is a wreck and that his nervous system is shattered. Mr. McCarthy was the only man alive who had known dad in the old days in Victoria."

"Ha! In Victoria! That is important."

"Yes, at the mines."

"Quite so; at the gold-mines, where, as I understand, Mr. Turner made his money."

"Yes, certainly."

"Thank you, Miss Turner. You have been of material assistance to me."

"You will tell me if you have any news tomorrow. No doubt you will go to the prison to see James. Oh, if you do, Mr. Holmes, do tell him that I know him to be innocent."

"I will, Miss Turner."

"I must go home now, for dad is very ill, and he misses me so if I leave him. Goodbye, and God help you in your undertaking." She hurried from the room as impulsively as she had entered, and we heard the wheels of her carriage rattle off down the street.

"I am ashamed of you, Holmes," said Lestrade with dignity after a few minutes' silence. "Why should you raise up hopes which you are bound to disappoint? I am not overtender of heart, but I call it cruel."

"I think that I see my way to clearing James McCarthy," said Holmes. "Have you an order to see him in prison?"

"Yes, but only for you and me."

"Then I shall reconsider my resolution about going out. We have still time to take a train to Hereford and see him tonight?"

"Ample."

"Then let us do so. Watson, I fear that you will find it very slow, but I shall only be away a couple of hours."

I walked down to the station with them, and then wandered through the streets of the little town, finally returning to the hotel, where I lay upon the sofa and tried to interest myself in a yellow-backed novel. The puny plot of the story was so thin, however, when compared to the deep mystery through which we were groping, and I found my attention wander so continually from the action to the fact, that I at last flung it across the room and gave myself up entirely to a consideration of the

events of the day. Supposing that this unhappy young man's story were absolutely true, then what hellish thing, what absolutely unforeseen and extraordinary calamity could have occurred between the time when he parted from his father, and the moment when, drawn back by his screams, he rushed into the glade? It was something terrible and deadly. What could it be? Might not the nature of the injuries reveal something to my medical instincts? I rang the bell and called for the weekly county paper, which contained a verbatim account of the inquest. In the surgeon's deposition it was stated that the posterior third of the left parietal bone and the left half of the occipital bone had been shattered by a heavy blow from a blunt weapon. I marked the spot upon my own head. Clearly such a blow must have been struck from behind.

That was to some extent in favor of the accused, as when seen quarreling he was face to face with his father. Still, it did not go for very much, for the older man might have turned his back before the blow fell. Still, it might be worthwhile to call Holmes' attention to it. Then there was the peculiar dying reference to a rat. What could that mean? It could not be delirium. A man dying from a sudden blow does not commonly become delirious. No, it was more likely to be an attempt to explain how he met his fate. But what could it indicate? I cudgeled my brains to find some possible explanation. And then the incident of the gray cloth seen by young McCarthy. If that were true the murderer must have dropped some part of his dress, presumably his overcoat, in his flight, and must have had the hardihood to return and to carry it away at the instant when the son was kneeling with his back turned not a dozen paces off. What a tissue of mysteries and improbabilities the whole thing was! I did not wonder at Lestrade's opinion, and yet I had so much faith in Sherlock Holmes' insight that I could not lose hope as long as every fresh fact seemed to strengthen his conviction of young McCarthy's innocence.

It was late before Sherlock Holmes returned. He came back alone, for Lestrade was staying in lodgings in the town.

"The glass still keeps very high," he remarked as he sat down. "It is of importance that it should not rain before we are able to go over the ground. On the other hand, a man should be at his very best and keenest for such nice work as that, and I did not wish to do it when fagged by a long journey. I have seen young McCarthy."

"And what did you learn from him?"

"Nothing."

"Could he throw no light?"

"None at all. I was inclined to think at one time that he knew who had done it and was screening him or her, but I am convinced now that he is as puzzled as everyone else. He is not a very quick-witted youth, though comely to look at and, I should think, sound at heart."

"I cannot admire his taste," I remarked, "if it is indeed a fact that he was averse to a marriage with so charming a young lady as this Miss Turner."

"Ah, thereby hangs a rather painful tale. This fellow is madly, insanely, in love with her, but some two years ago, when he was only a lad, and before he really knew her, for she had been away five years at a boarding-school, what does the idiot do but get into the clutches of a barmaid in Bristol and marry her at a registry office? No one knows a word of the matter, but you can imagine how maddening it must be to him to be upbraided for not doing what he would give his very eyes to do, but what he knows to be absolutely impossible. It was sheer frenzy of this sort which made him throw his hands up into the air when his father, at their last interview, was goading him on to propose to Miss Turner. On the other hand, he had no means of supporting himself, and his father, who was by all accounts a very hard man, would have thrown him over utterly had he known the truth. It was with his barmaid wife that he had spent the last three days in Bristol, and his father did not know where he was. Mark that point. It is of importance. Good has come out of evil, however, for the barmaid, finding from the papers that he is in serious trouble and likely to be hanged, has thrown him over utterly and has written to him to say that she has a husband already in the Bermuda Dockyard, so that there is really no tie between them. I think that bit of news has consoled young McCarthy for all that he has suffered."

"But if he is innocent, who has done it?"

"Ah! Who? I would call your attention very particularly to two points. One is that the murdered man had an appointment with someone at the pool, and that the someone could not have been his son, for his son was away, and he did not know when he would return. The second is that the murdered man was heard to cry 'Cooee!' before he knew that his son had returned. Those are the crucial points upon which the case depends. And now let us talk about George Meredith, if you please, and we shall leave all minor matters until tomorrow."

There was no rain, as Holmes had foretold, and the morning broke bright and cloudless. At nine o'clock Lestrade called for us with the carriage, and we set off for Hatherley Farm and the Boscombe Pool.

"There is serious news this morning," Lestrade observed. "It is said that Mr. Turner, of the Hall, is so ill that his life is despaired of."

"An elderly man, I presume?" said Holmes.

"About sixty; but his constitution has been shattered by his life abroad, and he has been in failing health for some time. This business has had a very bad effect upon him. He was an old friend of McCarthy's, and, I may add, a great benefactor to him, for I have learned that he gave him Hatherley Farm rent free."

"Indeed! That is interesting," said Holmes.

"Oh, yes! In a hundred other ways he has helped him. Everybody about here speaks of his kindness to him."

"Really! Does it not strike you as a little singular that this McCarthy, who appears to have had little of his own, and to have been under such obligations to Turner, should still talk of marrying his son to Turner's daughter, who is, presumably, heiress to the estate, and that in such a very cocksure manner, as if it were merely a case of a proposal and all else would follow? It is stranger, since we know that Turner himself was averse to the idea. The daughter told us as much. Do you not deduce something from that?"

"We have got to the deductions and the inferences," said Lestrade, winking at me. "I find it hard enough to tackle facts, Holmes, without flying away after theories and fancies."

"You are right," said Holmes demurely; "you do find it very hard to tackle the facts."

"Anyhow, I have grasped one fact which you seem to find it difficult to get hold of," replied Lestrade with some warmth.

"And that is …"

"That McCarthy senior met his death from McCarthy junior and that all theories to the contrary are the merest moonshine."

"Well, moonshine is a brighter thing than fog," said Holmes, laughing. "But I am very much mistaken if this is not Hatherley Farm upon the left."

"Yes, that is it." It was a widespread, comfortable-looking building, two-storied, slate-roofed, with great yellow blotches of lichen upon the gray walls. The drawn blinds and the smokeless chimneys, however, gave it a stricken look, as though the weight of this horror still lay heavy upon it. We called at the door, when the maid,

at Holmes' request, showed us the boots which her master wore at the time of his death, and also a pair of the son's, though not the pair which he had then had. Having measured these very carefully from seven or eight different points, Holmes desired to be led to the courtyard, from which we all followed the winding track which led to Boscombe Pool.

Sherlock Holmes was transformed when he was hot upon such a scent as this. Men who had only known the quiet thinker and logician of Baker Street would have failed to recognize him. His face flushed and darkened. His brows were drawn into two hard black lines, while his eyes shone out from beneath them with a steely glitter. His face was bent downward, his shoulders bowed, his lips compressed, and the veins stood out like whipcord in his long, sinewy neck. His nostrils seemed to dilate with a purely animal lust for the chase, and his mind was so absolutely concentrated upon the matter before him that a question or remark fell unheeded upon his ears, or, at the most, only provoked a quick, impatient snarl in reply.

Swiftly and silently he made his way along the track which ran through the meadows, and so by way of the woods to the Boscombe Pool. It was damp, marshy ground, as is all that district, and there were marks of many feet, both upon the path and amid the short grass which bounded it on either side. Sometimes Holmes would hurry on, sometimes stop dead, and once he made quite a little detour into the meadow. Lestrade and I walked behind him, the detective indifferent and contemptuous, while I watched my friend with the interest which sprang from the conviction that every one of his actions was directed towards a definite end.

The Boscombe Pool, which is a little reed-girt sheet of water some fifty yards across, is situated at the boundary between the Hatherley Farm and the private park of the wealthy Mr. Turner. Above the woods which lined it upon the farther side we could see the red, jutting pinnacles which marked the site of the rich landowner's dwelling. On the Hatherley side of the pool the woods grew very thick, and there was a narrow belt of sodden grass twenty paces across between the edge of the trees and the reeds which lined the lake. Lestrade showed us the exact spot at which the body had been found, and, indeed, so moist was the ground, that I could plainly see the traces which had been left by the fall of the stricken man. To Holmes, as I could see by his eager face and peering eyes, very many other things were to be read upon the trampled grass. He ran round, like a dog who is picking up a scent, and then turned upon my companion.

"What did you go into the pool for?" he asked.

"I fished about with a rake. I thought there might be some weapon or other trace. But how on earth …"

"Oh, tut, tut! I have no time! That left foot of yours with its inward twist is all over the place. A mole could trace it, and there it vanishes among the reeds. Oh, how simple it would all have been had I been here before they came like a herd of buffalo and wallowed all over it. Here is where the party with the lodge-keeper came, and they have covered all tracks for six or eight feet round the body.

But here are three separate tracks of the same feet." He drew out a lens and lay down upon his waterproof to have a better view, talking all the time rather to himself than to us. "These are young McCarthy's feet. Twice he was walking, and once he ran swiftly, so that the soles are deeply marked and the heels hardly visible. That bears out his story. He ran when he saw his father on the ground. Then here are the father's feet as he paced up and down. What is this, then? It is the butt-end of the gun as the son stood listening. And this? Ha, ha! What have we here? Tiptoes! Tiptoes! Square, too, quite unusual boots! They come, they go, they come again – of course that was for the cloak. Now where did they come from?" He ran up and down, sometimes losing, sometimes finding the track until we were well within the edge of the wood and under the shadow of a great beech, the largest tree in the neighborhood. Holmes traced his way to the farther side of this and lay down once more upon his face with a little cry of satisfaction. For a long time he remained there, turning over the leaves and dried sticks, gathering up what seemed to me to be dust into an envelope and examining with his lens not only the ground but even the bark of the tree as far as he could reach. A jagged stone was lying among the moss, and this also he carefully examined and retained. Then, he followed a pathway through the wood until he came to the highroad, where all traces were lost.

"It has been a case of considerable interest," he remarked, returning to his natural manner. "I fancy that this gray house on the right must be the lodge. I think that I will go in and have a word with Moran, and perhaps write a little note. Having done that, we may drive back to our luncheon. You may walk to the cab, and I shall be with you presently."

It was about ten minutes before we regained our cab and drove back into Ross, Holmes still carrying with him the stone which he had picked up in the wood.

"This may interest you, Lestrade," he remarked, holding it out. "The murder was done with it."

"I see no marks."

"There are none."

"How do you know, then?"

"The grass was growing under it. It had only lain there a few days. There was no sign of a place whence it had been taken. It corresponds with the injuries. There is no sign of any other weapon."

"And the murderer?"

"Is a tall man, left-handed, limps with the right leg, wears thick-soled shooting-boots and a gray cloak, smokes Indian cigars, uses a cigar-holder, and carries a blunt pen-knife in his pocket. There are several other indications, but these may be enough to aid us in our search."

Lestrade laughed. "I am afraid that I am still a sceptic," he said. "Theories are all very well, but we have to deal with a hard-headed British jury."

"Nous verrons," answered Holmes calmly. "You work your own method, and I shall work mine. I shall be busy this afternoon, and shall probably return to London by the evening train."

"And leave your case unfinished?"

"No, finished."

"But the mystery?"

"It is solved."

"Who was the criminal, then?"

"The gentleman I describe."

"But who is he?"

"Surely it would not be difficult to find out. This is not such a populous neighborhood."

Lestrade shrugged his shoulders. "I am a practical man," he said, "and I really cannot undertake to go about the country looking for a left-handed gentleman with a game leg. I should become the laughing-stock of Scotland Yard."

"All right," said Holmes quietly. "I have given you the chance. Here are your lodgings. Goodbye. I shall drop you a line before I leave."

Having left Lestrade at his rooms, we drove to our hotel, where we found lunch upon the table. Holmes was silent and buried in thought with a pained expression upon his face, as one who finds himself in a perplexing position.

"Look here, Watson," he said when the cloth was cleared "just sit down in this chair and let me preach to you for a little. I don't know quite what to do, and I should value your advice. Light a cigar and let me expound."

"Pray do so."

"Well, now, in considering this case there are two points about young McCarthy's narrative which struck us both instantly, although they impressed me in his favor and you against him. One was the fact that his father should, according to his account, cry 'Cooee!' before seeing him. The other was his singular dying reference to a rat. He mumbled several words, you understand, but that was all that caught the son's ear. Now from this double point our research must commence, and we will begin it by presuming that what the lad says is absolutely true."

"What of this 'Cooee!' then?"

"Well, obviously it could not have been meant for the son. The son, as far as he knew, was in Bristol. It was mere chance that he was within earshot. The 'Cooee!' was meant to attract the attention of whoever it was that he had the appointment with. But 'Cooee' is a distinctly Australian cry, and one which is used between Australians. There is a strong presumption that the person whom McCarthy expected to meet him at Boscombe Pool was someone who had been in Australia."

"What of the rat, then?"

Sherlock Holmes took a folded paper from his pocket and flattened it out on the table. "This is a map of the Colony of Victoria," he said. "I wired to Bristol for it last night." He put his hand over part of the map. "What do you read?"

"ARAT," I read.

"And now?" He raised his hand.

"BALLARAT."

"Quite so. That was the word the man uttered, and of which his son only caught the last two syllables. He was trying to utter the name of his murderer. So and so, of Ballarat."

"It is wonderful!" I exclaimed.

"It is obvious. And now, you see, I had narrowed the field down considerably. The possession of a gray garment was a third point which, granting the son's statement to be correct, was a certainty. We have come now out of mere vagueness to the definite conception of an Australian from Ballarat with a gray cloak."

"Certainly."

"And one who was at home in the district, for the pool can only be approached by the farm or by the estate, where strangers could hardly wander."

"Quite so."

"Then comes our expedition of today. By an examination of the ground I gained the trifling details which I gave to that imbecile Lestrade, as to the personality of the criminal."

"But how did you gain them?"

"You know my method. It is founded upon the observation of trifles."

"His height I know that you might roughly judge from the length of his stride. His boots, too, might be told from their traces."

"Yes, they were peculiar boots."

"But his lameness?"

"The impression of his right foot was always less distinct than his left. He put less weight upon it. Why? Because he limped – he was lame."

"But his left-handedness."

"You were yourself struck by the nature of the injury as recorded by the surgeon at the inquest. The blow was struck from immediately behind, and yet was upon the left side. Now, how can that be unless it were by a left-handed man? He had stood behind that tree during the interview between the father and son. He had even smoked there. I found the ash of a cigar, which my special knowledge of tobacco ashes enables me to pronounce as an Indian cigar. I have, as you know, devoted some attention to this, and written a little monograph on the ashes of 140 different varieties of pipe, cigar, and cigarette tobacco. Having found the ash, I then looked round and discovered the stump among the moss where he had tossed it. It was an Indian cigar, of the variety which are rolled in Rotterdam."

"And the cigar-holder?"

"I could see that the end had not been in his mouth. Therefore he used a holder. The tip had been cut off, not bitten off, but the cut was not a clean one, so I deduced a blunt pen-knife."

"Holmes," I said, "you have drawn a net round this man from which he cannot escape, and you have saved an innocent human life as truly as if you had cut the cord which was hanging him. I see the direction in which all this points. The culprit is …"

"Mr. John Turner," cried the hotel waiter, opening the door of our sitting-room, and ushering in a visitor.

The man who entered was a strange and impressive figure. His slow, limping step and bowed shoulders gave the appearance of decrepitude, and yet his hard, deep-lined, craggy features, and his enormous limbs showed that he was possessed of unusual strength of body and of character. His tangled beard, grizzled hair, and outstanding, drooping eyebrows combined to give an air of dignity and power to his appearance, but his face was of an ashen white, while his lips and the corners of his nostrils were tinged with a shade of blue. It was clear to me at a glance that he was in the grip of some deadly and chronic disease.

"Pray sit down on the sofa," said Holmes gently. "You had my note?"

"Yes, the lodgekeeper brought it up. You said that you wished to see me here to avoid scandal."

"I thought people would talk if I went to the Hall."

"And why did you wish to see me?" He looked across at my companion with despair in his weary eyes, as though his question was already answered.

"Yes," said Holmes, answering the look rather than the words. "It is so. I know all about McCarthy."

The old man sank his face in his hands. "God help me!" he cried. "But I would not have let the young man come to harm. I give you my word that I would have spoken out if it went against him at the Assizes."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said Holmes gravely.

"I would have spoken now had it not been for my dear girl. It would break her heart – it will break her heart when she hears that I am arrested."

"It may not come to that," said Holmes.

"What?"

"I am no official agent. I understand that it was your daughter who required my presence here, and I am acting in her interests. Young McCarthy must be got off, however."

"I am a dying man," said old Turner. "I have had diabetes for years. My doctor says it is a question whether I shall live a month. Yet I would rather die under my own roof than in a gaol."

Holmes rose and sat down at the table with his pen in his hand and a bundle of paper before him. "Just tell us the truth," he said. "I shall jot down the facts. You will sign it, and Watson here can witness it. Then I could produce your confession at the last extremity to save young McCarthy. I promise you that I shall not use it unless it is absolutely needed."

"It's as well," said the old man; "it's a question whether I shall live to the Assizes, so it matters little to me, but I should wish to spare Alice the shock. And now I will make the thing clear to you; it has been a long time in the acting, but will not take me long to tell."

You didn't know this dead man, McCarthy. He was a devil incarnate. I tell you that. God keep you out of the clutches of such a man as he. His grip has been upon me these twenty years, and he has blasted my life. I'll tell you first how I came to be in his power.

It was in the early 60's at the diggings. I was a young chap then, hot-blooded and reckless, ready to turn my hand at anything; I got among bad companions, took to drink, had no luck with my claim, took to the bush, and in a word became what you would call over here a highway robber. There were six of us, and we had a wild, free life of it, sticking up a station from time to time, or stopping the wagons on the road to the diggings. Black Jack of Ballarat was the name I went under, and our party is still remembered in the colony as the Ballarat Gang.

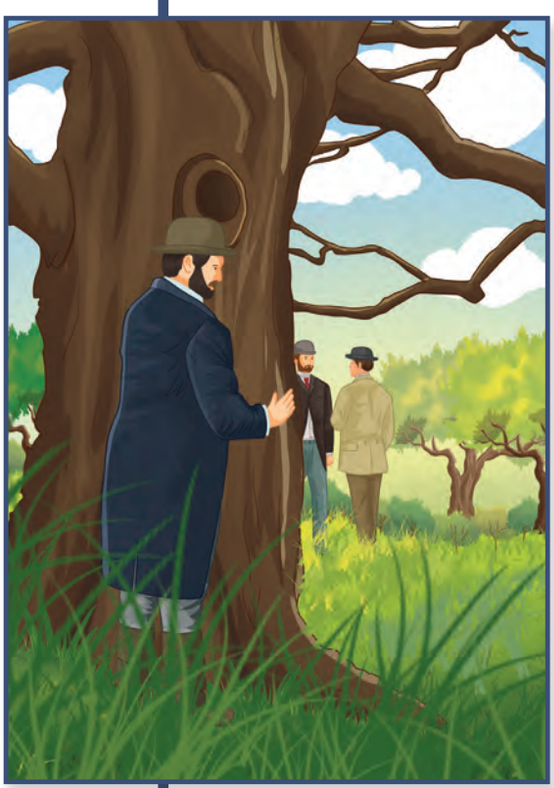
One day a gold convoy came down from Ballarat to Melbourne, and we lay in wait for it and attacked it. There were six troopers and six of us, so it was a close thing, but we emptied four of their saddles at the first volley. Three of our boys were killed, however, before we got the swag. I put my pistol to the head of the wagon-driver, who was this very man McCarthy. I wish to the Lord that I had shot him then, but I spared him, though I saw his wicked little eyes fixed on my face, as though to remember every feature. We got away with the gold, became wealthy men, and made our way over to England without being suspected. There I parted

from my old pals and determined to settle down to a quiet and respectable life. I bought this estate, which chanced to be in the market, and I set myself to do a little good with my money, to make up for the way in which I had earned it. I married, too, and though my wife died young she left me my dear little Alice. Even when she was just a baby her wee hand seemed to lead me down the right path as nothing else had ever done. In a word, I turned over a new leaf and did my best to make up for the past. All was going well when McCarthy laid his grip upon me.

I had gone up to town about an investment, and I met him in Regent Street with hardly a coat to his back or a boot to his foot.

"Here we are, Jack," says he, touching me on the arm; "we'll be as good as a family to you. There's two of us, me and my son, and you can have the keeping of us. If you don't, it's a fine, law-abiding country is England, and there's always a policeman within hail."

Well, down they came to the West Country, there was no shaking them off, and there they have lived rent free on my best land ever since. There was no rest for me, no peace, no forgetfulness; turn where I would, there was his cunning, grinning face at my elbow. It grew worse as Alice grew up, for he soon saw I was more afraid of her knowing my past than of the police. Whatever he wanted he must have, and whatever it was I gave him without question, land, money, houses, until at last he asked a thing which I could not give. He asked for Alice.



His son, you see, had grown up, and so had my girl, and as I was known to be in weak health, it seemed a fine stroke to him that his lad should step into the whole property. But there I was firm. I would not have his cursed stock mixed with mine; not that I had any dislike to the lad, but his blood was in him, and that was enough. I stood firm. McCarthy threatened. I braved him to do his worst. We were to meet at the pool midway between our houses to talk it over.

When I went down there I found him talking with his son, so I smoked a cigar and waited behind a tree until he should be alone. But as I listened to his talk all that was black and bitter in me seemed to come uppermost. He was urging his son to marry my daughter with as little regard for what she might think as if she were a slut from off the streets. It drove me mad to think that I and all that I held most dear should be in the power of

such a man as this. Could I not snap the bond? I was already a dying and a desperate man. Though clear of mind and fairly strong of limb, I knew that my own fate was sealed. But my memory and my girl! Both could be saved if I could but silence that foul tongue. I did it, Mr. Holmes. I would do it again. Deeply as I have sinned, I have led a life of martyrdom to atone for it. But that my girl should be entangled in the same meshes which held me was more than I could suffer. I struck him down with no more compunction than if he had been some foul and venomous beast. His cry brought back his son; but I had gained the cover of the wood, though I was forced to go back to fetch the cloak which I had dropped in my flight. That is the true story, gentlemen, of all that occurred.

"Well, it is not for me to judge you," said Holmes as the old man signed the statement which had been drawn out. "I pray that we may never be exposed to such a temptation."

"I pray not, sir. And what do you intend to do?"

"In view of your health, nothing. You are yourself aware that you will soon have to answer for your deed at a higher court than the Assizes. I will keep your confession, and if McCarthy is condemned I shall be forced to use it. If not, it shall never be seen by mortal eye; and your secret, whether you be alive or dead, shall be safe with us."

"Farewell, then," said the old man solemnly. "Your own deathbeds, when they come, will be the easier for the thought of the peace which you have given to mine." Tottering and shaking in all his giant frame, he stumbled slowly from the room.

"God help us!" said Holmes after a long silence. "Why does fate play such tricks with poor, helpless worms? I never hear of such a case as this that I do not think of Baxter's words, and say, 'There, but for the grace of God, goes Sherlock Holmes.'"

James McCarthy was acquitted at the Assizes on the strength of a number of objections which had been drawn out by Holmes and submitted to the defending counsel. Old Turner lived for seven months after our interview, but he is now dead; and there is every prospect that the son and daughter may come to live happily together in ignorance of the black cloud which rests upon their past.

Scan here to listen to the story.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Lz0gilAXLlk

KEY IDEAS AND DETAILS

Answer the following questions.

1 What did James claim to have seen near his father's body?

(a) a gray or plaid cloak
(b) an Australian bird
(c) a gun
(d) grass which was growing tall

2 Who was a representative of Scotland Yard?

(a) Charles McCarthy
(b) Miss Turner
(c) Lestrade
(d) Dr. Watson

3 One of the witnesses to the events leading up to the murder was

(a) Sherlock Holmes.
(b) Miss Turner.
(c) William Crowder.
(d) James McCarthy.

4 Black Jack of Ballarat was the nick name of

(a) Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.
(b) Dr. Watson.
(c) John Turner.
(d) Dr. Willows.

5 Why did Turner allow McCarthy to live rent-free?

(a) He was an Australian.
(b) He was his doctor.
(c) He wanted to return a past favor.
(d) McCarthy used to blackmail Mr. Turner.

6 Why couldn't James marry Miss Turner?

(a) Her father didn't want his daughter to marry McCarthy's son.
(b) He was too old.
(c) He was already married to a barmaid.
(d) He disliked her expensive tastes.

7 Why did Holmes look at McCarthy's boots?

(a) They were the perfect size.

(b) He was convinced that they belonged to Turner.

(c) So as to not arouse any suspicion.

(d) To compare it to the footprints found at the scene of the crime.

8 Who is reported to marry very young and on impulse?

(a) James

(b) William Crowder

(c) Charles McCarthy

(d) George Meredith

9 Which of the following clues implied that the culprit lived in Australia?

(a) the brand of cigarette

(b) the boots

(c) a key word

(d) the coat

10 Why did Miss Turner believe that James McCarthy was innocent?

(a) He didn't have the courage to kill anyone.

(b) He was away in Bristol at that time.

(c) He was a disabled man.

(d) He told her that he was innocent.

CRAFT AND STRUCTURE

Answer the following questions.

1 How does John Turner refer to Charles McCarthy in the story?

(a) his best friend

(b) the devil incarnate

(c) a stand-up guy

(d) a shady individual

2 The wagons mentioned in the text refer to _____.

(a) freight carts

(b) railway trucks

(c) cars

(d) ships

3 Which has the same meaning as "done quickly and without delay"?

(a) deter
(b) unwilling
(c) restrain
(d) prompt

4 Which of the following best describes a thin and bony person?

(a) desolate
(b) gaunt
(c) sombre
(d) dismal

5 Which of the following is defined as "a person who pays rent for the use of a room, building, land, to the person who owns it"?

(a) landlord
(b) owner
(c) tenant
(d) lessor

6 Which of the following has the some meaning as "to search through; investigate the contents of"?

(a) rummage
(b) overlook
(c) miss
(d) pass over

7 A synonym for "guess" would be

(a) fact.
(b) reality.
(c) conjecture.
(d) calculation.

INTEGRATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

1 What is the basis of the blackmail between Charles McCarthy and John Turner in this story?

2 What does the setting in the story suggest about appearances?

COMPREHENSION AND COLLABORATION

SPEAKING AND LISTENING

Impromptu Speech

Have a look at the list of topics provided below.
Select one that appeals to you most. Deliver an impromptu speech.

- Looks can be deceiving.
- Still waters run deep.
- A strong foe is better than a weak friend.
- Every secret has an expiration date.
- Every family has a secret.
- Murder is an inherently evil act, no matter what the circumstances, no matter how convincing the rationalizations.
- It's only in love and in murder that we still remain sincere.
- The simple and familiar hold the secrets of the complex and unknown.
- The most confused you will ever get is when you try to convince your heart and spirit of something your mind knows is a lie.
- If it is too good to be true, it is not true.

Tips for Impromptu Speech

- Personalize your speech.
- Pay attention to the tone and modulation of your voice.
- Do not ramble.
- Focus on your audience.
- Adhere to a basic structure in which your speech is presented – introduction, body and conclusion.
- Use appropriate body language.
- Maintain eye contact with your audience.
- Outline the significance of your topic.
- Enunciate your words clearly.
- Speak at an appropriate volume and pace.
- Use inflections to engage your audience.

PRESENTATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

Keep to the time limit and stay focused on the topic. Do not go off-tangent or get distracted. It is normal to feel nervous. Take a deep breath, gather your thoughts and be as natural as you can.

WRITING

TEXT TYPES AND PURPOSES

Conduct a survey on the change(s) that residents would like to see in your neighborhood.

A survey is a list of questions aimed at extracting specific data from a particular group of people. It may be conducted by phone, mail, via the internet or in person. In this context, your survey could be targeted at friends and family members who live in the same precinct.

Tips for writing good survey questions. Writing a good survey means asking questions in a way that allows respondents to answer truthfully. At the same time, it means providing respondents with a quick and effective experience. Your questionnaire should include:

- Close-ended questions. They generate quantitative data that can be used to measure variables. The answers to close-ended questions are typically objective and conclusive.
- Neutral questions that are distinct and non-repetitive.
- Optional entries.
- Estimated time needed to answer the questions.

PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION OF WRITING

Edit your work for accuracy. You may consider curating a digital version of a questionnaire e.g. Google forms.

RESEARCH TO BUILD AND PRESENT KNOWLEDGE

- Refer to other questionnaire samples. Be mindful of linguistic inconsistencies which could impede comprehension and affect the outcome of your survey.

CONVENTIONS OF STANDARD ENGLISH

KNOWLEDGE OF LANGUAGE

Ambiguous Sentences

An **ambiguous sentence** has two or more possible meanings within a single sentence or sequence of words. This can confuse the reader and make the meaning of the sentence unclear.

Mr Smith was found guilty of keeping a protected animal in the Atherton Magistrates Court after being charged with removing a scrub python from a neighbor's property.

Problem: This sentence is ambiguous because it is not clear if Mr Smith was guilty of keeping the snake in the Magistrates Court, or guilty of keeping the snake after he caught it from a neighbor's property.

Corrected: In the Atherton Magistrates Court, Mr Smith was found guilty of keeping a protected animal, a scrub python, after removing it from a neighbor's property.

Structural Ambiguity

Structural ambiguity occurs when a phrase or sentence has more than one underlying structure. The phrase can be disambiguated by putting it in a sentence with some sort of formal signals which help the reader or hearer to recognize the sentence structure.

She observed the man with the binoculars.

Problem: Was the woman looking at the man through binoculars, or was the man she was observing carrying the binoculars? It's unclear because of the placement of the prepositional phrase with the binoculars.

Semantic Ambiguity

Semantic ambiguity occurs when a word, phrase or sentence, taken out of context, has more than one interpretation.

I don't like it when my father smokes.

Problem: The word "smokes" has more than one meaning, and the significance of the sentence changes dramatically depending on which meaning is intended.

EXERCISE

Identify the ambiguous sentence in each of the following.

1. (a) When the detective asks if the goods are stolen, the honest reply.
   (b) When the detective asks if the goods are stolen, honest people reply.

2. (a) She grabs her poles and proceeds to ski down the mountain.
   (b) She grabs her poles and skis down the mountain.

3. (a) The insurance company receives many calls and claims that you submit your forms too late.
   (b) The insurance company receives many calls and maintains that you submit your forms too late.

4. (a) The constituents told the representative that they had elected to open the private park to the public.
   (b) The constituents told the elected representative to open the private park to the public.

ASSIGNMENT

Rewrite the following sentences to remove the ambiguity.

1. He may collaborate with you on this project.
2. You must be extremely meticulous.
3. Sally can read this book.
4. He might have been killed.
5. He could spend the evening with his buddies.
6. He would spend more time working on that.
7. I should be happy to participate in this initiative.
8. My keys should be on the kitchen table.

UNIT 5

READING

The Great Gatsby

– F. Scott Fitzgerald

IN THIS LESSON, WE WILL BE ABLE TO

- Read a story to enhance our reading and comprehension skills.
- Summarize an extract from a novel.
- Learn about common "native speaker" mistakes to prevent erroneous use.
- Write a newspaper article on a given topic.

The Great Gatsby, *by F. Scott Fitzgerald, was published in 1925. The novel has gained worldwide artistic and material recognition and brought great success to its writer. Generations of readers and writers vouch for it as a literary masterpiece, making it one of the most popular classics in modern American fiction. Its themes are characteristically American and universally human, revealing the moral and economic attitudes of the affluent of that time. The novel focuses on the Jazz Age generation's adherence to false material values.*

Nick is the narrator of the story, though his name is not mentioned in this part of the extract, taken from the story.

At a lull in the entertainment, the man looked at me and smiled. "Your face is familiar," he said politely. "Weren't you in the First Division during the war?"

"Why yes. I was in the Twenty-eighth Infantry."

"I was in the Sixteenth until June nineteen-eighteen. I knew I'd seen you somewhere before."

We talked for a moment about some wet, gray little villages in France. Evidently he lived in this vicinity, for he told me that he had just bought a hydroplane, and was going to try it out in the morning. "Want to go with me, old sport? Just near the shore along the Sound."

"What time?"

"Any time that suits you best." It was on the tip of my tongue to ask his name when Jordan looked around and smiled.

"Having a gay time now?" she inquired.

"Much better." I turned again to my new acquaintance. "This is an unusual party for me. I haven't even seen the host. I live over there …" I waved my hand at the invisible hedge in the distance, "and this man Gatsby sent over his chauffeur with an invitation."

For a moment he looked at me as if he failed to understand.

"I'm Gatsby," he said suddenly.

"What!" I exclaimed. "Oh, I beg your pardon."

"I thought you knew, old sport. I'm afraid I'm not a very good host."

He smiled understandingly much more than understandingly. It was one of those rare smiles with a quality of eternal reassurance in it that you may come across four or five times in life. It faced, or seemed to face, the whole eternal world for an instant, and then concentrated on you with an irresistible prejudice in your favor. It understood you just so far as you wanted to be understood, believed in you as you would like to believe in yourself, and assured you that it had precisely the impression of you that, at your best, you hoped to convey. Precisely at that point it vanished and I was looking at an elegant young roughneck, a year or two over thirty, whose elaborate formality of speech just missed being absurd. Sometime before he introduced himself I'd got a strong impression that he was picking his words with care.

Almost at the moment when Mr. Gatsby identified himself, a butler hurried toward him with the information that Chicago was calling him on the wire. He excused himself with a small bow that included each of us in turn.

"If you want anything just ask for it, old sport," he urged me."Excuse me. I will rejoin you later."

When he was gone I turned immediately to Jordan, constrained to assure her of my surprise. I had expected that Mr. Gatsby would be a florid and corpulent person in his middle years.

"Who is he?" I demanded. "Do you know?"

"He's just a man named Gatsby."

"Where is he from, I mean? And what does he do?"

"Now you're started on the subject," she answered with a wan smile."Well, he told me once he was an Oxford man."

A dim background started to take shape behind him, but at her next remark it faded away.

"However, I don't believe it."

"Why not?"

"I don't know," she insisted, "I just don't think he went there."

Something in her tone reminded me of the other girl's "I think he killed a man," and had the effect of stimulating my curiosity. I would have accepted without question the information that Gatsby sprang from the swamps of Louisiana or from the lower East Side of New York. That was comprehensible. But young men didn't, at least in my provincial inexperience I believed they didn't, drift coolly out of nowhere and buy a palace on Long Island Sound.

"Anyhow, he gives large parties," said Jordan, changing the subject with an urban distaste for the concrete. "And I like large parties. They're so intimate. At small parties there isn't any privacy."

There was the boom of a bass drum, and the voice of the orchestra leader rang out suddenly above the echolalia of the garden.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he cried. "At the request of Mr. Gatsby we are going to play for you Mr. Vladmir Tostoff's latest work, which attracted so much attention at Carnegie Hall last May. If you read the papers you know there was a big sensation." He smiled with jovial condescension, and added: "Some sensation!" Whereupon everybody laughed.

"The piece is known," he concluded lustily, "as 'Vladmir Tostoff's Jazz History of the World!'"

The nature of Mr. Tostoff's composition eluded me, because just as it began my eyes fell on Gatsby, standing alone on the marble steps and looking from one group to another with approving eyes. His tanned skin was drawn attractively tight on his face and his short hair looked as though it were trimmed every day. I could see nothing sinister about him. I wondered if the fact that he was not drinking helped to set him off from his guests, for it seemed to me that he grew more correct as the fraternal hilarity increased.

"I beg your pardon." Gatsby's butler was suddenly standing beside us. "Miss Baker?" he inquired. "I beg your pardon, but Mr. Gatsby would like to speak to you alone."

"With me?" she exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes, madame."

She got up slowly, raising her eyebrows at me in astonishment, and followed the butler toward the house. I noticed that she wore her evening dress, all her dresses, like sports clothes, there was a jauntiness about her movements as if she had first learned to walk upon golf courses on clean, crisp mornings.

I was alone and it was almost two. For some time, confused and intriguing sounds had issued from a long, many-windowed room which overhung the terrace. Eluding Jordan's undergraduate, who was now engaged in an obstetrical conversation with two chorus girls, and who implored me to join him, I went inside.

The large room was full of people. One of the girls in yellow was playing the piano, and beside her stood a tall, red-haired young lady from a famous chorus, engaged in song. During the course of her song she had decided, ineptly, that everything was very, very sad; she was not only singing, she was weeping too. Whenever there was a pause in the song she filled it with gasping, broken sobs, and then took up the lyric again in a quavering soprano. The tears coursed down her cheeks, not freely, however, for when they came into contact with her heavily beaded eyelashes they assumed an inky color, and pursued the rest of their way in slow black rivulets. A humors suggestion was made that she sing the notes on her face, whereupon she threw up her hands, sank into a chair, and went off into a deep vinous sleep.

The reluctance to go home was not confined to wayward men. The hall was at present occupied by two deplorably sober men and their highly indignant wives. The wives were sympathizing with each other in slightly raised voices.

"Whenever he sees I'm having a good time he wants to go home."

"Never heard anything so selfish in my life."

"We're always the first ones to leave."

"So are we."

"Well, we're almost the last tonight," said one of the men sheepishly.

"The orchestra left half an hour ago."

In spite of the wives' agreement that such malevolence was beyond credibility, the dispute ended in a short struggle, and both wives were lifted, kicking, into the night. As I waited for my hat in the hall the door of the library opened and Jordan Baker and Gatsby came out together. He was saying some last word to her, but the eagerness in his manner tightened abruptly into formality as several people approached him to say goodbye.

Jordan's party were calling impatiently to her from the porch, but she lingered for a moment to shake hands. "I've just heard the most amazing thing," she whispered. "How long were we in there?"

"Why, about an hour."

"It was … simply amazing," she repeated abstractedly. "But I swore I wouldn't tell it and here I am tantalizing you." She yawned gracefully in my face. "Please come and see me … Phone book … Under the name of Mrs. Sigourney Howard … My aunt …" She was hurrying off as she talked, her brown hand waved a jaunty salute as she melted into her party at the door.

Rather ashamed that on my first appearance I had stayed so late, I joined the last of Gatsby's guests, who were clustered around him. I wanted to explain that I'd hunted for him early in the evening and to apologize for not having known him in the garden.

"Don't mention it," he enjoined me eagerly. "Don't give it another thought, old sport." The familiar expression held no more familiarity than the hand which reassuringly brushed my shoulder. "And don't forget we're going up in the hydroplane tomorrow morning, at nine o'clock."

Then the butler, behind his shoulder: "Philadelphia wants you on the phone, sir."

"All right, in a minute. Tell them I'll be right there … Good night."

"Good night."

"Good night." He smiled and suddenly there seemed to be a pleasant significance in having been among the last to go, as if he had desired it all the time. "Good night, old sport … Good night."

But as I walked down the steps I saw that the evening was not quite over. Fifty feet from the door a dozen headlights illuminated a bizarre and tumultuous scene. In the ditch beside the road, right side up, but violently shorn of one wheel, rested a new coupé which had left Gatsby's drive not two minutes before. The sharp jut of a wall accounted for the detachment of the wheel, which was now getting considerable attention from half a dozen curious chauffeurs. However, as they had left their cars blocking the road, a harsh, discordant din from those in the rear had been audible for some time, and added to the already violent confusion of the scene.

A man in a long duster had dismounted from the wreck and now stood in the middle of the road, looking from the car to the tyre and from the tyre to the observers in a pleasant, puzzled way.

"See!" he explained. "It went in the ditch."

The fact was infinitely astonishing to him, and I recognized first the unusual quality of wonder, and then the man – it was the late patron of Gatsby's library.

"How'd it happen?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I know nothing whatever about mechanics," he said decisively.

"But how did it happen? Did you run into the wall?"

"Don't ask me," said Owl Eyes, washing his hands of the whole matter. "I know very little about driving, next to nothing. It happened, and that's all I know."

"Well, if you're a poor driver you oughtn't to try driving at night."

"But I wasn't even trying," he explained indignantly, "I wasn't even trying."

An awed hush fell upon the bystanders.

"Do you want to commit suicide?"

"You're lucky it was just a wheel! A bad driver and not even trying!"

"You don't understand," explained the criminal. "I wasn't driving. There's another man in the car."

The shock that followed this declaration found voice in a sustained"Ah-h-h!" as the door of the coupé swung slowly open. The crowd – it was now a crowd – stepped back involuntarily, and when the door had opened wide there was a ghostly pause. Then, very gradually, part by part, a pale, dangling individual stepped out of the wreck, pawing tentatively at the ground with a large uncertain dancing shoe.

Blinded by the glare of the headlights and confused by the incessant groaning of the horns, the apparition stood swaying for a moment before he perceived the man in the duster.

"What's matter?" he inquired calmly. "Did we run out of gas?"

"Look!"

Half a dozen fingers pointed at the amputated wheel – he stared at it for a moment, and then looked upward as though he suspected that it had dropped from the sky.

"It came off," someone explained.

He nodded.

"At first I didn't notice we'd stopped."A pause. Then, taking a long breath and straightening his shoulders, he remarked in a determined voice: "Wonder if someone can tell me where there's a gasoline station?"

At least a dozen men, some of them a little better off than he was, explained to him that wheel and car were no longer joined by any physical bond."Back out," he suggested after a moment. "Put her in reverse."

"But the wheel's off!" He hesitated.

"No harm in trying," he said.

The caterwauling horns had reached a crescendo and I turned away and cut across the lawn toward home. I glanced back once. A wafer of a moon was shining over Gatsby's house, making the night fine as before, and surviving the laughter and the sound of his still glowing garden. A sudden emptiness seemed to flow now from the windows and the great doors, endowing with complete isolation the figure of the host, who stood on the porch, his hand up in a formal gesture of farewell.

Reading over what I have written so far, I see I have given the impression that the events of three nights several weeks apart were all that absorbed me. On the contrary, they were merely casual events in a crowded summer, and, until much later, they absorbed me infinitely less than my personal affairs.

Most of the time I worked. In the early morning the sun threw my shadow westward as I hurried down the white chasms of lower New York to the Probity Trust. I knew the other clerks and young bond-salesmen by their first names, and lunched with them in dark, crowded restaurants.

I took dinner usually at the Yale Club – for some reason it was the gloomiest event of my day – and then I went upstairs to the library and studied investments and securities for a conscientious hour. There were generally a few rioters around, but they never came into the library, so it was a good place to work. After that, if the night was mellow, I strolled down Madison Avenue past the old Murray Hill Hotel, and over 33rd Street to the Pennsylvania Station.

To listen to a full audio book, scan the QR.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bN_Mhe5oXoo

KEY IDEAS AND DETAILS

Answer the following questions.

1 What reason does Nick give for Gatsby's popularity?

(a) People like his dark and mysterious nature.
(b) He throws lavish parties regularly.
(c) He once saved a child from a burning building.
(d) He gives money to the poor frequently.

2 Who is "Owl Eyes"?

(a) Gatsby's father.
(b) An old man who reveals Gatsby's secret to Nick.
(c) Nicks' friend and doctor.
(d) A man Nick runs into at Gatsby's library.

3 Where did Gatsby and Nick first meet?

(a) They both served in France during the war.

(b) Gatsby's father was Nick's family's butler.

(c) They were schoolmates.

(d) Gatsby was once married to Nick's sister.

4 What did Gatsby do before moving to Long Island?

(a) He was a German spy.

(b) He was a professor at Oxford.

(c) He was a boxer.

(d) It is not mentioned in the extract.

5 Which of the following gossip about Gatsby is not mentioned in the excerpt?

(a) Gatsby is a German spy.

(b) Gatsby killed a man.

(c) Gatsby did not go to Oxford.

(d) Gatsby did go to Oxford.

6 What did Nick initially imagine Gatsby to look like?

(a) Handsome, elegant and smart

(b) Florid, corpulent and middle-aged

(c) Outgoing and humorous

(d) Grumpy, arrogant and mean

7 What did Gatsby and Nick plan to do the following day?

(a) They planned to go to New York.

(b) They planned to board the hydroplane at 9 o' clock.

(c) They planned to board the hydroplane at 10 o' clock.

(d) They planned to have another party.

8 Gatsby's favored term of endearment is _____.

(a) "darling"

(b) "old sport"

(c) "my dear"

(d) "dear old chap"

CRAFT AND STRUCTURE

Choose the correct meaning for each of the following words.

1 permeate

(a) lobby
(b) to penetrate
(c) frivolous
(d) spite

2 erroneous

(a) attitude
(b) hint
(c) mistaken
(d) dead or extinct

3 vehement

(a) emphatic
(b) diffuse
(c) happening by chance
(d) not necessary

4 innuendo

(a) commotion
(b) fragrant
(c) a piece of turf
(d) insinuation

5 impetus

(a) impulsive
(b) treacherous
(c) pompous
(d) momentous

6 provincial

(a) splendid
(b) rustic or unsophisticated
(c) scornful
(d) self-satisfied

7 convivial

(a) subtle
(b) scorn
(c) invent
(d) jovial or festive

8 divergence

(a) branch off
(b) censure
(c) unruly
(d) painstaking

INTEGRATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

A **summary** is a brief account of a longer document or speech.

Rules for writing a summary

- It is written in your own words.
- It removes minor details and examples.
- It contains only the ideas of the original text.
- It re-orders the ideas as needed.
- It searches for the most important concepts and fundamental points of the text.
- It is much shorter than the original source.

Summary writing skills are your means of expressing that you have read and understood a text and that you can identify and formulate the main ideas using brief sentences.

Summarize the extract from *The Great Gatsby* in not more than 250 words.

COMPREHENSION AND COLLABORATION

SPEAKING AND LISTENING

The "American Dream" refers to potential upward social mobility, provided people work for it. Every character portrayed in *The Great Gatsby* draws inspiration from this dream that promises wealth and prosperity. Unfortunately, though Gatsby succeeds in acquiring wealth, he was never accepted by the upper class. This suggests that the "American Dream" is somewhat unattainable.

Do you agree or disagree with the above analysis? Justify your stance.

PRESENTATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

In mini groups, deliberate on the concept of social status and affluence. Present your views and be prepared to field questions from your classmates.

TEXT TYPES AND PURPOSES

WRITING

Research on an influential individual. Gather information about him / her and present it as an article in your school newspaper.

Tips for writing your article

- Decide on the influential figure you intend to feature.
- Refer to various online and print sources.
- Structure your article.
  - **Headline or title**

    The headline of your article should be catchy and succinct.
  - **By-line**

    The by-line is the name of the writer – your name, in this case.
  - **Lead**

    The lead is the first sentence or paragraph, written to provide a preview of the entire article. It summarizes the story and includes many of the basic facts.

- **The story**

  Once you've established the context with a good lead, follow up with a well-written story that contains facts from your research and quotes from people you've interviewed. The article should not contain your personal opinions. Detail any events in chronological order. Use the active voice and write in clear, short and direct sentences.

- **Use the inverted pyramid format**

  Placing the most critical information in the initial paragraphs and substantiating with supporting information; this ensures that the reader grasps the critical details first.

- **The sources**

  Include your sources in the body with the relevant information and quotes.

- **The ending**

  Your conclusion can be your last bit of information, a summary, or a carefully chosen quote to leave the reader with a lasting impression of your story.

PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION OF WRITING

Edit your work for accuracy. You may present your article in a digital form.

RESEARCH TO BUILD AND PRESENT KNOWLEDGE

Perform adequate research to ensure that your article is balanced, objective and engaging.

LANGUAGE

CONVENTIONS OF STANDARD ENGLISH

KNOWLEDGE OF LANGUAGE

Common "mistakes" of native speakers

Native speakers tend to communicate in a way that contradicts the rules of standard English. This occurs due to regional variation, changes in formality and personal preference. Study the list of common "native mistakes" provided below to prevent erroneous use.

- **Past Participles instead of Past Simple**
  - A: Lizzy, how was the test? Have you finished?
    B: Yeah! ***I done*** it!

    Correction:
    A: Lizzy, how was the test? Have you finished?
    B: Yeah! ***I have done it***! / ***I did it***.

- **Splitting infinitives**

  Native speakers often separate "to" from the "infinitive" – normally by inserting an adverb.

  - I need ***to quickly stop*** at the bank.

    Correction:
    I ***quickly*** need ***to stop*** at the bank. OR I need ***to stop*** at the bank ***quickly***.

  Native speakers tend to use "not" as the splitting descriptor for an infinitive phrase in both formal and informal English.

  - Sam decided **not to eat** the week-old gas station sushi. – Standard English (Sam doesn't want to eat sushi.)
  - Sam decided **to not eat** the week-old gas station sushi. – Situational English with a tint of comical effect (Sam wanted to eat sushi but decided against, the phrase will sound wrong and odd if there is no context around it to underline the conditions.)

  Note: A split infinitive is not always viewed as an error. Splitting an infinitive can make the meaning of your sentence clearer and more natural, as well as add humorous or comic effect in some situations.
  You need **to really pay** attention here or I will definitely fail this exam.
  I want our profits **to more than double** this year to cover my debts.

- **"Me" instead of "I"**

  Native speakers sometimes use the object pronoun *me* instead of the subject pronoun *I* and put these in the wrong order.

  - ***Me and John*** went to the shops.

    Correction:
    John and I went to the shops.

- **Fewer and less**

  Native speakers tend to use "less" more often and disregard the rules of standard English grammar: "less" is used with uncountable nouns; "fewer" with countable.

  - Checkout counter for 10 items and ***less***.

    Correction:
    Checkout counter for 10 items and ***fewer***.

ASSIGNMENT

Find and correct the mistakes in the following sentences.

1. I've done it last week, didn't I ?

2. Me and Michael are coming for the weekend.

3. I am not going to myself rush.

4. I want to not create any more problems.

5. I am good and yourself?

6. Us with him will arrive later.

7. Finished! I done it.

8. I have less friends than my sister.

UNIT 6

READING

Walden

(Where I Lived, and What I Lived For)

– *Henry David Thoreau*

IN THIS LESSON, WE WILL BE ABLE TO

- Read a story to enhance our reading and comprehension skills.
- Create a poster.
- Hypothesize based on observations.
- Learn about proverbs.
- Write a synthesis essay.

Henry David Thoreau (1817 –1862) was an American naturalist, essayist, poet, and philosopher. A leading transcendentalist, he is best known for his book ***Walden****, a reflection upon simple living in natural surroundings.*

Transcendentalism is a nineteenth-century movement of writers and philosophers in New England who were loosely bound together by adherence to an idealistic system of thought based on a belief in the essential unity of all creation, the innate goodness of humanity, and the supremacy of insight over logic and experience for the revelation of the deepest truths.

Walden *(first published in 1854 as* ***Walden****;* ***or****,* ***Life in the Woods****) is Thoreau's reflection upon simple living in natural surroundings. The work is his personal declaration of independence, social experiment, voyage of spiritual discovery, satire, and—to some degree—a manual for self-reliance.* ***Walden*** *details Thoreau's experiences over the course of two years, two months, and two days in a cabin he built near Walden Pond (Massachusetts) amidst woodland owned by his friend and mentor Ralph Emerson.*

At a certain season of our life we are accustomed to consider every spot as the possible site of a house. I have thus surveyed the country on every side within a dozen miles of where I live. In imagination I have bought all the farms in succession, for all were to be bought, and I knew their price. I walked over each farmer's premises, tasted his wild apples, discoursed on husbandry with him, took his farm at his price, at any price, mortgaging it to him in my mind; even put a higher price on it, took everything but a deed of it, took his word for his deed, for I dearly love to talk, cultivated it, and him too to some extent, I trust, and withdrew when I had enjoyed it long enough, leaving him to carry it on. This experience entitled me to be

regarded as a sort of real-estate broker by my friends. Wherever I sat, there I might live, and the landscape radiated from me accordingly. What is a house but a sedes, a seat? Better if a country seat. I discovered many a site for a house not likely to be soon improved, which some might have thought too far from the village, but to my eyes the village was too far from it. Well, there I might live, I said; and there I did live, for an hour, a summer and a winter life; saw how I could let the years run off, buffet the winter through, and see the spring come in. The future inhabitants of this region, wherever they may place their houses, may be sure that they have been anticipated. An afternoon sufficed to lay out the land into orchard, woodlot, and pasture, and to decide what fine oaks or pines should be left to stand before the door, and whence each blasted tree could be seen to the best advantage; and then I let it lie, fallow perchance, for a man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone.

My imagination carried me so far that I even had the refusal of several farms, the refusal was all I wanted, but I never got my fingers burned by actual possession. The nearest that I came to actual possession was when I bought the Hollowell place, and had begun to sort my seeds, and collected materials with which to make a wheelbarrow to carry it on or off with; but before the owner gave me a deed of it, his wife – every man has such a wife – changed her mind and wished to keep it, and he offered me ten dollars to release him. Now, to speak the truth, I had but ten cents in the world, and it surpassed my arithmetic to tell, if I was that man who had ten cents, or who had a farm, or ten dollars, or all together. However, I let him keep the ten dollars and the farm too, for I had carried it far enough; or rather, to be generous, I sold him the farm for just what I gave for it, and, as he was not a rich man, made him a present of ten dollars, and still had my ten cents, and seeds, and materials for a wheelbarrow left. I found thus that I had been a rich man without any damage to my poverty. But I retained the landscape, and I have since annually carried off what it yielded without a wheelbarrow. With respect to landscapes,

"I am monarch of all I survey,

My right there is none to dispute."

I have frequently seen a poet withdraw, having enjoyed the most valuable part of a farm, while the crusty farmer supposed that he had got a few wild apples only. Why, the owner does not know it for many years when a poet has put his farm in rhyme, the most admirable kind of invisible fence, has fairly impounded it, milked it, skimmed it, and got all the cream, and left the farmer only the skimmed milk.

The real attractions of the Hollowell farm, to me, were; its complete retirement, being, about two miles from the village, half a mile from the nearest neighbor, and separated from the highway by a broad field; its bounding on the river, which the owner said protected it by its fogs from frosts in the spring, though that was nothing to me; the gray color and ruinous state of the house and barn, and the dilapidated fences, which put such an interval between me and the last occupant; the hollow and lichen-covered apple trees, gnawed by rabbits, showing what kind of neighbors I should have; but above all, the recollection I had of it from my earliest voyages up the river, when the house was concealed behind a dense grove of red maples, through which I heard the house-dog bark. I was in haste to buy it, before the proprietor finished getting out some rocks, cutting down the hollow apple trees, and grubbing up some young birches which had sprung up in the pasture, or, in short, had made any more of his improvements. To enjoy these advantages I was ready to carry it on; like Atlas, to take the world on my shoulders, I never heard what compensation he received for that, and do all those things which had no other motive or excuse but that I might pay for it and be unmolested in my possession of it; for I knew all the while that it would yield the most abundant crop of the kind I wanted if I could only afford to let it alone. But it turned out as I have said.

All that I could say, then, with respect to farming on a large scale, (I have always cultivated a garden) was, that I had had my seeds ready. Many think that seeds improve with age. I have no doubt that time discriminates between the good and the bad; and when at last I shall plant, I shall be less likely to be disappointed. But I would say to my fellows, once for all, as long as possible live free and uncommitted. It makes but little difference whether you are committed to a farm or the county jail.

Old Cato, whose "De Re Rusticâ" is my "Cultivator," says, and the only translation I have seen makes sheer nonsense of the passage, "When you think of getting a farm, turn it thus in your mind, not to buy greedily; nor spare your pains to look at it, and do not think it enough to go round it once. The oftener you go there the more it will please you, if it is good." I think I shall not buy greedily, but go round and round it as long as I live, and be buried in it first, that it may please me the more at last.

The present was my next experiment of this kind, which I purpose to describe more at length; for convenience, putting the experience of two years into one. As I have said, I do not propose to write an ode to dejection, but to brag as lustily as chanticleer in the morning, standing on his roost, if only to wake my neighbors up.

When first I took up my abode in the woods, that is, began to spend my nights as well as days there, which, by accident, was on Independence Day, or the Fourth of July, 1845, my house was not finished for winter, but was merely a defence against the rain, without plastering or chimney, the walls being of rough, weather-stained boards, with wide chinks, which made it cool at night. The upright white hewn studs and freshly planed door and window casings gave it a clean and airy look, especially in the morning, when its timbers were saturated with dew, so that I fancied that by noon some sweet gum would exude from them. To my imagination it retained throughout the day more or less of this auroral character, reminding me of a certain house on a mountain which I had visited the year before. This was an airy and unplastered cabin. The winds which passed over my dwelling were such as sweep over the ridges of mountains, bearing the broken strains, or celestial parts only, of terrestrial music. The morning wind forever blows, the poem of creation is uninterrupted; but few are the ears that hear it. Olympus is but the outside of the earth everywhere.

The only house I had been the owner of before, if I accept a boat, was a tent, which I used occasionally when making excursions in the summer, and this is still rolled up in my garret; but the boat, after passing from hand to hand, has gone down the stream of time. With this more substantial shelter about me, I had made some progress toward settling in the world. This frame, so slightly clad, was a sort of crystallization around me, and reacted on the builder. It was suggestive somewhat as a picture in outlines. I did not need to go outdoors to take the air, for the atmosphere within had lost none of its freshness. It was not so much within doors as behind a door where I sat, even in the rainiest weather.

The Harivansa says, "An abode without birds is like a meat without seasoning." Such was not my abode, for I found myself suddenly neighbor to the birds; not by having imprisoned one, but having caged myself near them. I was not only nearer to some of those which commonly frequent the garden and the orchard, but to those wilder and more thrilling songsters of the forest which never, or rarely, serenade a villager, the wood-thrush, the veery, the scarlet tanager, the field-sparrow, the whippoorwill, and many others.

I was seated by the shore of a small pond, about a mile and a half south of the village of Concord and somewhat higher than it, in the midst of an extensive wood between that town and Lincoln, and about two miles south of that our only field known to fame, Concord Battle Ground; but I was so low in the woods that the opposite shore, half a mile off, like the rest, covered with wood, was my most distant horizon. For the first week, whenever I looked out on the pond it impressed me like a tarn high up on the side of a mountain, its bottom far above the surface of

other lakes, and, as the sun arose, I saw it throwing off its nightly clothing of mist, and here and there, by degrees, its soft ripples or its smooth reflecting surface was revealed, while the mists, like ghosts, were stealthily withdrawing in every direction into the woods, as at the breaking up of some nocturnal conventicle. The very dew seemed to hang upon the trees later into the day than usual, as on the sides of mountains.

This small lake was of most value as a neighbor in the intervals of a gentle rain storm in August, when, both air and water being perfectly still, but the sky overcast, mid-afternoon had all the serenity of evening, and the wood-thrush sang around, and was heard from shore to shore. A lake like this is never smoother than at such a time; and the clear portion of the air above it being shallow and darkened by clouds, the water, full of light and reflections, becomes a lower sky itself so much the more important. From a hill top nearby, where the wood had been recently cut off, there was a pleasing vista southward across the pond, through a wide indentation in the hills which form the shore there, where their opposite sides sloping toward each other suggested a stream flowing out in that direction through a wooded valley, but stream there was none. That way I looked between and over the near green hills to some distant and higher ones in the horizon, tinged with blue. Indeed, by standing on tiptoe I could catch a glimpse of some of the peaks of the still bluer and more distant mountain ranges in the north-west, those true-blue coins from heaven's own mint, and also of some portion of the village. But in other directions, even from this point, I could not see over or beyond the woods which surrounded me. It is well to have some water in your neighborhood, to give buoyancy to and float the earth. One value even of the smallest well is, that when you look into it you see that earth is not continent but insular. This is as important as that it keeps butter cool. When I looked across the pond from this peak toward the Sudbury meadows, which in time of flood I distinguished elevated perhaps by a mirage in their seething valley, like a coin in a basin, all the earth beyond the pond appeared like a thin crust insulated and floated even by this small sheet of interverting water, and I was reminded that this on which I dwelt was but dry land.

Though the view from my door was still more contracted, I did not feel crowded or confined in the least. There was pasture enough for my imagination. The low shrub-oak plateau to which the opposite shore arose, stretched away toward the prairies of the West and the steppes of Tartary, affording ample room for all the roving families of men. "There are none happy in the world but beings who enjoy freely a vast horizon," said Damodara, when his herds required new and larger pastures.

Both place and time were changed, and I dwelt nearer to those parts of the universe and to those eras in history which had most attracted me. Where I lived was as far off as many a region viewed nightly by astronomers. We are wont to imagine rare and delectable places in some remote and more celestial corner of the system, behind the constellation of Cassiopeia's Chair, far from noise and disturbance. I discovered that my house actually had its site in such a withdrawn, but forever new and unprofaned, part of the universe. If it were worth the while to settle in those parts near to the Pleiades or the Hyades, to Aldebaran or Altair, then I was really there, or at an equal remoteness from the life which I had left behind, dwindled and twinkling with as fine a ray to my nearest neighbor, and to be seen only in moonless nights by him. Such was that part of creation where I had squatted;

"There was a shepherd that did live,

And held his thoughts as high

As were the mounts whereon his flocks

Did hourly feed him by."

What should we think of the shepherd's life if his flocks always wandered to higher pastures than his thoughts?

Every morning was a cheerful invitation to make my life of equal simplicity, and I may say innocence, with Nature herself. I have been as sincere a worshipper of Aurora as the Greeks. I got up early and bathed in the pond; that was a daily exercise, and one of the best things which I did. They say that characters were engraved on the bathing tub of king Tching-thang to this effect: "Renew thyself completely each day; do it again, and again, and forever again." I can understand that. Morning brings back the heroic ages. I was as much affected by the faint hum of a mosquito making its invisible and unimaginable tour through my apartment at earliest dawn, when I was sitting with door and windows open, as I could be by any trumpet that ever sang of fame. It was Homer's requiem; itself an Iliad and Odyssey in the air, singing its own wrath and wanderings.

There was something cosmical about it; a standing advertisement, till forbidden, of the everlasting vigor and fertility of the world. The morning, which is the most memorable season of the day, is the awakening hour. Then there is least somnolence in us; and for an hour, at least, some part of us awakes which slumbers all the rest of the day and night. Little is to be expected of that day, if it can be called a day, to which we are not awakened by our Genius, but by the mechanical nudging of some servitor, are not awakened by our own newly-acquired force and aspirations from within, accompanied by the undulations of celestial music, instead of factory bells,

and a fragrance filling the air, to a higher life than we fell asleep from; and thus the darkness bear its fruit, and prove itself to be good, no less than the light. That man who does not believe that each day contains an earlier, more sacred, and auroral hour than he has yet profaned, has despaired of life, and is pursuing a descending and darkening way. After a partial cessation of his sensuous life, the soul of man, or its organs rather, are reinvigorated each day, and his Genius tries again what noble life it can make. All memorable events, I should say, transpire in morning time and in a morning atmosphere.

Scan here for the audio book.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PC-M8Fgc7nE

KEY IDEAS AND DETAILS

Answer the following questions.

1. What does the pond symbolize?
2. What does "let us spend one day as deliberately as Nature" mean?
3. What was Thoreau's experiment at the pond?
4. In paragraphs 3 and 4, how does Thoreau contrast the way he lives with that of others?
5. How does the last paragraph communicate the main message of *Walden*?
6. Refer to this extract.

   Let us spend one day as deliberately as Nature, and not be thrown off the track by every nutshell and mosquito's wing that falls on the rails. Let us rise early and fast, or breakfast, gently and without perturbation; let company come and let company go, let the bells ring and the children cry, determined to make a day of it.

   How does Thoreau use the imagery of bells?
7. What is the narrative tone of the story?

CRAFT AND STRUCTURE

The idiom "tongue-in-cheek" refers to a humorous or sarcastic statement which is expressed in a mock serious tone. Messages conveyed in a tongue-in-cheek manner tend to be playful and grab the attention of listeners / readers.

Create a tongue-in-cheek poster with illustrations. Refer to the following examples and be as creative as you can.

Everybody wants to be "in" nowadays, and the only way to be "in" - nowadays, that is–is to be a non-conformist. Non-conforming is an art. There is a right and a wrong way to practice this art. *How to Be a Nonconformist* is the first book to offer 22 simple steps to successful non-conforming. If the entire country practices this code until it becomes innate, the United States will be the first totally unique and original society. And I'll be rich.

.....

Follow these steps,
and you can be
a bona fide
non-conformist ooooo

INTEGRATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

Watch any documentary made on animals and write about their behavior, making hypotheses based on your observations. Write three paragraphs in about 120 words.

SPEAKING AND LISTENING

COMPREHENSION AND COLLABORATION

Think of a modern Thoreau who wants to be away from civilization. He does not want to live like a caveman but still wishes to detach from materialism.

In mini groups, create an inventory of items that you feel Thoreau would need on a daily basis. For instance, while he may not require an iPhone Pro Max, he might need an ipad or a laptop for his job as a writer.

PRESENTATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

Present the inventory list that your group has discussed about. Justify the physical and electronic items that you have included or emitted from the list.

WRITING

TEXT TYPES AND PURPOSES

Listen to a talk on society's attitudes towards introverts.

Susan Cain: The Power of Introverts
https://www.ted.com/talks/susan_cain_the_power_of_introverts

Write a synthesis essay, outlining how being an introvert does not necessarily equate to being socially awkward.

Note: How to write a good synthetic essay.
https://www.masterclass.com/articles/synthesis-essay-guide

PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION OF WRITING

You essay should include:

- An introductory paragraph addressing the topic and your thesis statement.
- Body of two to three paragraphs, with supporting and opposing arguments.
- Concluding paragraph which serves as a reiteration of your points.

RESEARCH TO BUILD AND PRESENT KNOWLEDGE

Include in-text citations and a bibliography in the appropriate MLA style.

LANGUAGE

CONVENTIONS OF STANDARD ENGLISH

KNOWLEDGE OF LANGUAGE

Proverbs

A proverb is a short sentence which gives advice or tells us something about life. It is a condensed quote that embodies imagery, fact or experience.

Examples:

- *One good turn deserves another.*
- *Don't bite the hand that feeds you.*
- *I hope for the best but prepare for the worst.*
- *The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.*
- *All that glitters is not gold.*
- *Beggars can't be choosers.*
- *Better safe than sorry.*
- *When in Rome, do as the Romans do.*

ASSIGNMENT

Complete the following proverbs.

1. Fortune favors the _____.
   (a) bold (b) rich (c) poor (d) friendly

2. The squeaky _____ gets the grease.
   (a) squirrel (b) wheel (c) machine (d) screwdriver

3. A bad workman always blames his _____.
   (a) co-workers (b) time (c) tools (d) fortune

4. _____ can't be choosers.
   (a) Poor (b) Elite (c) Elderly (d) Beggars

5. Cowards die many times before their _____.
   (a) birth (b) death (c) feat (d) chances

6. Cross the _____ where it is shallowest.
   (a) river (b) stream (c) pond (d) sea

7. Cut your coat according to your _____.
   (a) cloth (b) linen (c) court (d) need

8. Don't count your _____ before they hatch.
   (a) ducks (b) chickens (c) eggs (d) dumplings

9. Don't have too many irons in the _____.
   (a) fire (b) building (c) stock (d) backyard

10. Don't make a _____ out of a molehill.
    (a) mule (b) mountain (c) scene (d) fountain

11 Don't put all your eggs in one _____.

(a) plate (b) oven (c) basket (d) egg case

12 Don't put the cart before the _____.

(a) horse (b) donkey (c) cow (d) dog

13 Fine feathers make fine _____.

(a) birds (b) peacocks (c) fans (d) weathers

14 Fools rush in where _____ fear to tread.

(a) devils (b) angels (c) ghosts (d) wise men

15 Half a loaf is better than _____.

(a) none (b) one (c) two (d) many

16 Let sleeping dogs _____.

(a) sleep (b) bark (c) whine (d) lie

17 _____ is the mother of invention.

(a) Creation (b) Necessity (c) Father (d) Husband

18 One _____ doesn't make a summer.

(a) swallow (b) sparrow (c) shower (d) spring

19 You can't _____ with the hare and hunt with the hounds.

(a) race (b) rent (c) run (d) read

20 When the going gets tough, the tough get _____.

(a) coming (b) going (c) carried (d) safer

UNIT 7

READING

Life On the Mississippi

– *Mark Twain*

IN THIS LESSON, WE WILL BE ABLE TO

- Read an excerpt to enhance our reading and comprehension skills.
- Research on the importance of rivers for the history and economy of the country.
- Analyze the excerpt in the time frame of events.
- Research and present on the main events of the 16th century.
- Learn the rules of contractions.
- Write a reflective essay.

Mark Twain, pseudonym of Samuel Langhorne Clemens (November 30, 1835 in Florida, Missouri – April 21, 1910 in Redding, Connecticut), was an American humorist, journalist, lecturer, and novelist who acquired international fame for his travel narratives, ***such as The Innocents Abroad*** *(1869),* ***Roughing It*** *(1872), and* ***Life on the Mississippi*** *(1883), and for his adventure stories of boyhood such as* ***The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*** *(1876) and its sequel,* ***Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*** *(1885), often called "Great American Novel". Mark Twain is often called the "greatest humorist the United States has produced" and "the father of American literature".*

Life on the Mississippi *(1883) can be described as a combination of Mark Twain's memoir of his days as a steamboat pilot on the Mississippi River before the American Civil War and a travel book, recounting his trip up the Mississippi River from New Orleans to Saint Paul many years after the war.* ***Life on the Mississippi*** *also tell the reader how Samuel Clemens chose his penname.*

Read Chapter I of *Life on the Mississippi* by Mark Twain.

Use Google Map. Find the cities that Mark Twain mentions in this chapter.

https://www.gutenberg.org/files/245/245-h/245-h.htm

Chapter I

The River and Its History

The Mississippi is well worth reading about. It is not a commonplace river, but on the contrary is in all ways remarkable. Considering the Missouri its main branch, it is the longest river in the world—four thousand three hundred miles. It seems safe to say that it is also the crookedest river in the world, since in one part of its journey it uses up one thousand three hundred miles to cover the same ground that the crow would fly over in six hundred and seventy-five. It discharges three times as much water as the St. Lawrence, twenty-five times as much as the Rhine, and three hundred and thirty-eight times as much as the Thames. No other river has so vast a drainage-basin: it draws its water supply from twenty-eight States and Territories; from Delaware, on the Atlantic seaboard, and from all the country between that and Idaho on the Pacific slope—a spread of forty-five degrees of longitude. The Mississippi receives and carries to the Gulf water from fifty-four subordinate rivers that are navigable by steamboats, and from some hundreds that are navigable by flats and keels. The area of its drainage-basin is as great as the combined areas of England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Austria, Italy, and Turkey; and almost all this wide region is fertile; the Mississippi valley, proper, is exceptionally so.

It is a remarkable river in this: that instead of widening toward its mouth, it grows narrower; grows narrower and deeper. From the junction of the Ohio to a point half way down to the sea, the width averages a mile in high water: thence to the sea the width steadily diminishes, until, at the 'Passes,' above the mouth, it is but little over half a mile. At the junction of the Ohio the Mississippi's depth is eighty-seven feet; the depth increases gradually, reaching one hundred and twenty-nine just above the mouth.

The difference in rise and fall is also remarkable—not in the upper, but in the lower river. The rise is tolerably uniform down to Natchez (three hundred and sixty miles above the mouth)—about fifty feet. But at Bayou La Fourche the river rises only twenty-four feet; at New Orleans only fifteen, and just above the mouth only two and one half.

An article in the New Orleans 'Times-Democrat,' based upon reports of able engineers, states that the river annually empties four hundred and six million tons of mud into the Gulf of Mexico—which brings to mind Captain Marryat's rude name for the Mississippi—'the Great Sewer.' This mud, solidified, would make a mass a mile square and two hundred and forty-one feet high.

The mud deposit gradually extends the land—but only gradually; it has extended it not quite a third of a mile in the two hundred years which have elapsed since the river took its place in history. The belief of the scientific people is, that the mouth used to be at Baton Rouge, where the hills cease, and that the two hundred miles of land between there and the Gulf was built by the river. This gives us the age of that piece of country, without any trouble at all—one hundred and twenty thousand years. Yet it is much the youthfullest batch of country that lies around there anywhere.

The Mississippi is remarkable in still another way—its disposition to make prodigious jumps by cutting through narrow necks of land, and thus straightening and shortening itself. More than once it has shortened itself thirty miles at a single jump! These cut-offs have had curious effects: they have thrown several river towns out into the rural districts, and built up sand bars and forests in front of them. The town of Delta used to be three miles below Vicksburg: a recent cutoff has radically changed the position, and Delta is now *two miles above* Vicksburg.

Both of these river towns have been retired to the country by that cut-off. A cut-off plays havoc with boundary lines and jurisdictions: for instance, a man is living in the State of Mississippi to-day, a cut-off occurs to-night, and to-morrow the man finds himself and his land over on the other side of the river, within the boundaries and subject to the laws of the State of Louisiana! Such a thing, happening in the upper river in the old times, could have transferred a slave from Missouri to Illinois and made a free man of him.

The Mississippi does not alter its locality by cut-offs alone: it is always changing its habitat *bodily*—is always moving bodily *sidewise*. At Hard Times, La., the river is two miles west of the region it used to occupy. As a result, the original site of that settlement is not now in Louisiana at all, but on the other side of the river, in the State of Mississippi. *Nearly the whole of that one thousand three hundred miles of old Mississippi river which la salle floated down in his canoes, two hundred years ago, is good solid dry ground now*. The river lies to the right of it, in places, and to the left of it in other places.

[…]

But enough of these examples of the mighty stream's eccentricities for the present—I will give a few more of them further along in the book.

Let us drop the Mississippi's physical history, and say a word about its historical history—so to speak. We can glance briefly at its slumbrous first epoch in a couple of short chapters; at its second and wider-awake epoch in a couple more; at its flushest and widest-awake epoch in a good many succeeding chapters; and then talk about its comparatively tranquil present epoch in what shall be left of the book.

The world and the books are so accustomed to use, and over-use, the word 'new' in connection with our country, that we early get and permanently retain the impression that there is nothing old about it. We do of course know that there are several comparatively old dates in American history, but the mere figures convey to our minds no just idea, no distinct realization, of the stretch of time which they represent. To say that De Soto, the first white man who ever saw the Mississippi River, saw it in 1542, is a remark which states a fact without interpreting it: it is something like giving the dimensions of a sunset by astronomical measurements, and cataloguing the colors by their scientific names;—as a result, you get the bald fact of the sunset, but you don't see the sunset. It would have been better to paint a picture of it.

The date 1542, standing by itself, means little or nothing to us; but when one groups a few neighboring historical dates and facts around it, he adds perspective and color, and then realizes that this is one of the American dates which is quite respectable for age.

For instance, when the Mississippi was first seen by a white man, less than a quarter of a century had elapsed since Francis I.'s defeat at Pavia; the death of Raphael; the death of Bayard, *Sans Peur Et Sans Reproche*; the driving out of the Knights-Hospitallers from Rhodes by the Turks; and the placarding of the Ninety-Five Propositions, —the act which began the Reformation. When De Soto took his glimpse of the river, Ignatius Loyola was an obscure name; the order of the Jesuits was not yet a year old; Michael Angelo's paint was not yet dry on the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel; Mary Queen of Scots was not yet born, but would be before the year closed. Catherine de Medici was a child; Elizabeth of England was not yet in her teens; Calvin, Benvenuto Cellini, and the Emperor Charles V. were at the top of their fame, and each was manufacturing history after his own peculiar fashion; Margaret of Navarre was writing the 'Heptameron'.

[…]

In fact, all around, religion was in a peculiarly blooming condition: the Council of Trent was being called; the Spanish Inquisition was roasting, and racking, and burning, with a free hand; elsewhere on the continent the nations were being persuaded to holy living by the sword and fire; in England, Henry VIII had suppressed the monasteries, burnt Fisher and another bishop or two, and was getting his English reformation and his harem effectively started. When De Soto stood on the banks of the Mississippi, it was still two years before Luther's death; eleven years before the burning of Servetus; thirty years before the St. Bartholomew slaughter; Rabelais was not yet published; 'Don Quixote' was not yet written; Shakespeare was not yet born; a hundred long years must still elapse before Englishmen would hear the name of Oliver Cromwell.

Unquestionably the discovery of the Mississippi is a datable fact which considerably mellows and modifies the shiny newness of our country and gives her a most respectable outside-aspect of rustiness and antiquity.

De Soto merely glimpsed the river, then died and was buried in it by his priests and soldiers. One would expect the priests and the soldiers to multiply the river's dimensions by ten—the Spanish custom of the day—and thus move other adventurers to go at once and explore it. On the contrary, their narratives when they reached home, did not excite that amount of curiosity. The Mississippi was left unvisited by whites during a term of years which seems incredible in our energetic days. One may 'sense' the interval to his mind, after a fashion, by dividing it up in

this way: After De Soto glimpsed the river, a fraction short of a quarter of a century elapsed, and then Shakespeare was born; lived a trifle more than half a century, then died; and when he had been in his grave considerably more than half a century, the second white man saw the Mississippi. In our day we don't allow a hundred and thirty years to elapse between glimpses of a marvel. If somebody should discover a creek in the county next to the one that the North Pole is in, Europe and America would start fifteen costly expeditions thither: one to explore the creek, and the other fourteen to hunt for each other.

For more than a hundred and fifty years there had been white settlements on our Atlantic coasts. These people were in intimate communication with the Indians: in the south the Spaniards were robbing, slaughtering, enslaving and converting them; higher up, the English were trading beads and blankets to them for a consideration, and throwing in civilization , 'for lagniappe;' and in Canada the French were schooling them in a rudimentary way, missionarying among them, and drawing whole populations of them at a time to Quebec, and later to Montreal, to buy furs of them. Necessarily, then, these various clusters of whites must have heard of the great river of the far west; and indeed, they did hear of it vaguely,—so vaguely and indefinitely, that its course, proportions, and locality were hardly even guessable. The mere mysteriousness of the matter ought to have fired curiosity and compelled exploration; but this did not occur. Apparently nobody happened to want such a river, nobody needed it, nobody was curious about it; so, for a century and a half the Mississippi remained out of the market and undisturbed. When De Soto found it, he was not hunting for a river, and had no present occasion for one; consequently he did not value it or even take any particular notice of it.

But at last La Salle the Frenchman conceived the idea of seeking out that river and exploring it. It always happens that when a man seizes upon a neglected and important idea, people inflamed with the same notion crop up all around. It happened so in this instance.

Naturally the question suggests itself, "Why did these people want the river now when nobody had wanted it in the five preceding generations?" Apparently, it was because at this late day they thought they had discovered a way to make it useful; for it had come to be believed that the Mississippi emptied into the Gulf of California, and therefore afforded a short cut from Canada to China. Previously the supposition had been that it emptied into the Atlantic, or Sea of Virginia.

Scan the QR book for the audio book.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KaLnmgKvWnM

KEY IDEAS AND DETAILS

Answer the following questions.

1 According to Mark Twain, the Mississippi _____.

(a) is the longest river in the world

(b) along with the Missouri is the longest river in the world

(c) is four thousand three hundred square miles

2 According to Mark Twain, the Mississippi is the crookedest river in the world, _____.

(a) since in one part of its journey it uses up one thousand three hundred miles to cover the same ground that the crow would fly over in six hundred and seventy-five

(b) since in one part of its journey it uses up four thousand miles to cover the same ground that the crow would fly over in six hundred and seventy-five

(c) since in one part of its journey it tends to do wild jumps

3 As per Chapter I, the Mississippi is a remarkable river because _____.

(a) it grows narrower; grows narrower and deeper toward its mouth

(b) it grows wider and deeper toward its mouth

(c) it is rather muddy and fertile

4 The Mississippi can shorten its way by _____.

(a) cutting through the island

(b) jumping over the places

(c) flooding the neighborhoods

5 When the Mississippi was first discovered by the Europeans, _____.

(a) Mary Queen of Scots was not yet born

(b) Mary Queen of Scots was a child

(c) Shakespeare has started his career

6 According to Chapter I, who was "schooling the native Americans?"

(a) the Spaniards in the South

(b) the French in the North

(c) the British in the Atlantic

7 According to Chapter I, who was "robbing, slaughtering, enslaving the native Americans?"

(a) the Spaniards in the South

(b) the French in the North

(c) the British in the Atlantic

CRAFT AND STRUCTURE

Study the main event of the 16th century in the word history.
Highlight the events mentioned by Mark Train in Chapter I.

1500 – 1600

Historical Events

1501 Books printed before 1501 are called incunabula. Michelangelo finishes David. Moors persecuted in Spain. Aldus cuts first Italics face; lowercase only.

1503 Leonardo da Vinci paints Mona Lisa.

1504 Raphael paints Marriage of the Virgin.

1506 Christopher Columbus dies. St. Peter's Basilica in Rome rebuilt under Bramante.

1507 New World named America after Amerigo Vespucci.

1508 Henie of Nuremberg invents pocket watch. Birth of architect Palladio.

1509 First slaves brought to America by the Spanish.

1511 Erasmus writes The Praise of Folly.

1512 Michelangelo finishes painting Sistine Chapel. Ponce de Leon discovers Florida.

1513 Balboa discovers Pacific Ocean. Machiavelli writes The Prince.

1514 Durer creates Melancholia.

1516 Thomas More writes Utopia.

1517 Martin Luther protests Papal corruption, the sale of indulgences. Posts his ninety–five theses on church door at Wittenberg. Beginning of Reformation.

1517 Cortes discovers Mexico.

1519 Magellan begins circumnavigation of globe.

1519 Charles V crowned Holy Roman Emperor.

1521 Spanish conquest of Aztecs.

1523 Europeans expelled from China. First German translation of the Bible.

1527 Charles V's troops sack Rome.

1530 Portugal establishes colonies in Brazil. Violin maker Andrea Amati born.

1533 Ivan the Terrible crowned in Moscow.

1534 Henry VIII heads English Church. Order of Jesuits established. First book printed in Western Hemisphere, in Mexico.

1535 Jacques Cartier discovers St. Lawrence River.
1537 First Bible printed in English by Miles Coverdale.
1539 Christophe Plantin establishes his printing workshop in Antwerp.
1541 De Soto discovers Mississippi River.
1545 Council of Trent established to reform Catholic Church. Counter–Reformation begins.
1546 Cellini creates masterpiece, Perseus, and writes autobiography.
1550 Vasari writes Lives of the Artists. 1555 American tobacco introduced into Spain.
1558 Elizabeth I ascends throne of England.
1559 Roman Catholic Church starts its Index of Prohibition.
1560 Scottish parliament adopts Calvinism. Geneva Bible first to number verses.
1564 Shakespeare born. Michelangelo dies.
1565 Tobacco introduced into England. First manufacture of pencils in England.
Death of Suleiman the Magnificent.
1568 Mercator gives name to new map form.
1575 London population approximately 180,000.
1577 Francis Drake begins voyage around world. El Greco settles in Toledo.
1580 Montaigne publishes Essays.
1582 Gregorian calendar adopted in Catholic nations.
1584 Sir Walter Raleigh discovers Virginia.
1586 Kabuki theater established in Japan.
1588 Spanish Armada defeated by English.
1589 Henri IV becomes king of France.
1594 Shakespeare writes Romeo and Juliet.
1598 Edict of Nantes grants French freedom of worship.

Literature

Pietro Aretino (1492–1556)
Ludovico Ariosto (1474–1533)
Sir Francis Bacon (1561–1626)
Baldassare Castiglione (1478–1529)
John Donne (1572–1631)
Joachim Du Bellay (1522–1560)
Desiderius Erasmus (1466–1536)
Ben Jonson (1572–1637)
Niccolo Machiavelli (1469–1527)
Christopher Marlowe (1564–1593)
Michel de Montaigne (1533–1592)
Margaret of Navarre (1492–1549)
Thomas More (1478–1535)

François Rabelais (ca.1490–1553)
Pierre de Ronsard (1524–1585)
William Shakespeare (1564–1616)
Sir Philip Sidney (1554–1586)
Edmund Spenser (1552–1599)
Torquato Tasso (1544–1595)
Georgio Vasari (1511–1574)
Thomas Wyatt (1503–1542)

Music

William Byrd (1543–1623)
John Dowland (1562–1626)
Giovannj Gabrieli (ca.1554–1612)
Carlo Gesualdo (ca.1560–1613)
Orlando di Lasso (ca.1532–1594)
Claudio Monteverdi (ca.1567–1643)
Thomas Morley (ca.1557–ca.1603)
Giovanni da Palestrina (ca.1525–1594)
Thomas Tallis (ca. 1510–1585)

Fine Arts

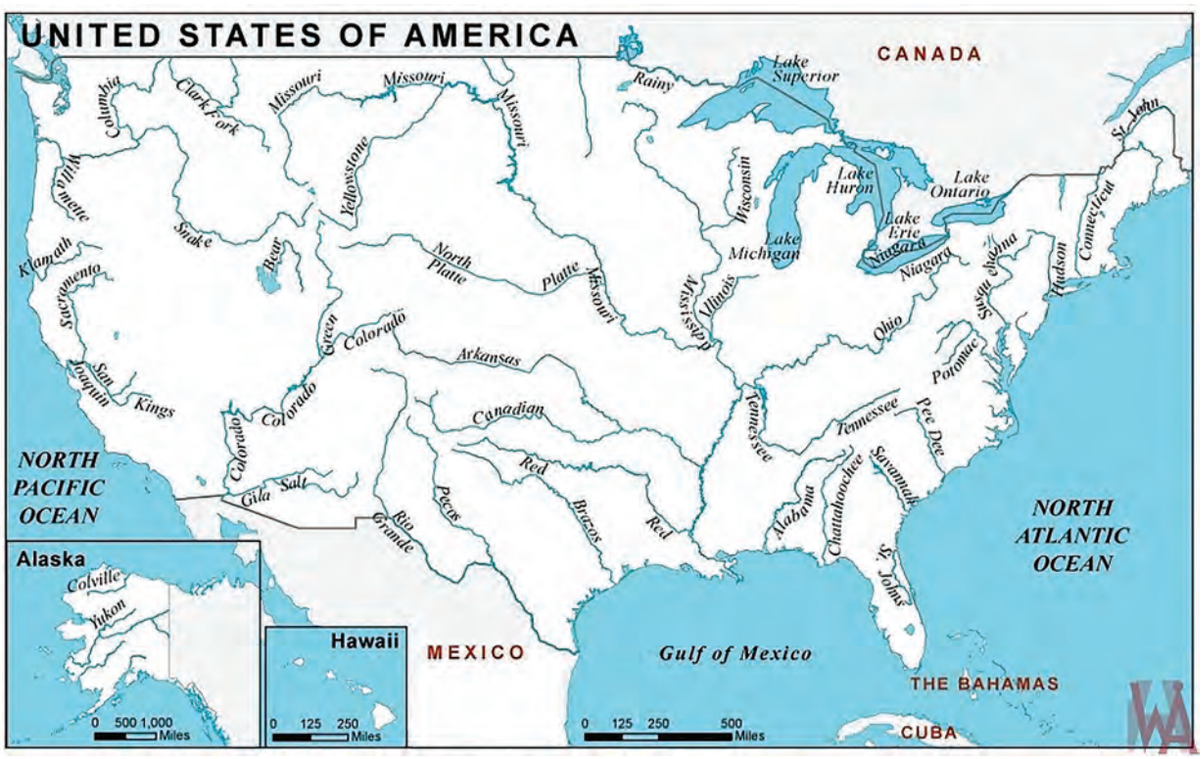
Albrecht Altdorfer (1480–1538)
Pieter Bruegel the Elder (1525–1569)
Bronzino (Agnolo di Cosimo di Mariano) (1503–1572)
Vittore Carpaccio (ca.1450–1522)
Benvenuto Cellini (1500–1571)
Jean Clouet (ca. 1485–1540)
Frangois Clouet (ca.1510–ca.1572)
Correggio (Antonio Allegri) (ca.1494–1534)
Lucas Cranach, the Younger (1472–1553)
Albrecht Durer (1471–1528)
Giorgione (ca. 1478–1510)
El Greco (ca. 1541–1614)
Mathias Grunewald (ca.1470–1528)
Giulio Romano (ca. 1492–1546)
Hans Holbein the Younger (1497–1543
Leonardo da Vinci (1452–1519)
Michelangelo Buonarroti (1475–1564)
Andrea Palladio (1508–1580)

Parmigiano (Francesco Mazzola) (1503–1540)
Jacopo da Pontormo (1494–1556)
Francesco Primaticcio (1504–1570)
Raphael Santi (1483–1520)
Giovanni Battista Rosso (1495–1540)
Tintoretto (Jacopo Robusti) (1518–1594)
Titian (ca. 1490–1576)
Paolo Veronese (1528–1588)

INTEGRATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

Work in mini groups. Study the rivers in the USA. Each group should select one river. Do research on the following information:

- physical characteristics of the river,
- the role of the river in the history of the region,
- the importance of the river for the economy of the region,
- interesting facts about the river.



SPEAKING AND LISTENING

COMPREHENSION AND COLLABORATION

Reshuffle the groups, share the findings of your research.

PRESENTATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

Discuss the importance of waterbodies in the history of mankind.

WRITING

TEXT TYPES AND PURPOSES

Chinua Achebe said , ***"Until the lions have their own historians, the history of the hunt will always glorify the hunter."*** Do you agree with this quote? Write a reflective essay on the colonization of the New World.

PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION OF WRITING

Edit your work for accuracy. You may present your work in a digital format.

RESEARCH TO BUILD AND PRESENT KNOWLEDGE

Research on similar themes online and ensure that in-text citations and bibliography adhere to the appropriate MLA style.

CONVENTIONS OF STANDARD ENGLISH

KNOWLEDGE OF LANGUAGE

Contractions

We use contractions to shorten a written or a spoken form of a word, syllable, or word group. For example, we may say "I'm" instead of "I am".

Common Rule: Contractions are made by inserting an apostrophe (') in place of word(s).

- We do not use contractions in formal writing such as business letters or essays. However, it is very common in spoken English, friendly letters or e-mails.
  - *She's been here before. (She **has** been here before.)*
  - *What's that noise? (What **is** that noise?)*
  - *We're studying. (We **are** studying.)*

  Structure: pronoun / noun + (auxiliary) verb
  - *I'm happy.*
  - *I'll see you tomorrow.*
  - *Jack's coming with us.*
- We use contractions not only with nouns and pronouns but also with question word(s), "there" and "here".
  - *There's a cat on the sofa.*
  - *Who's she standing over there with?*
  - *Everybody's ready.*
  - *What's the matter?*
- In some cases, contractions may have more than one meaning. Do pay attention to the rest of the sentence.
  - *They'd come if you invite them. (They **would** come …)*
  - *They'd left before you called. (They **had** left …)*
- Some people confuse "who's" with "whose" as they are both pronounced the same way.
  - *Who's coming tomorrow? (Who **is** coming tomorrow?)*
  - *Whose car is that? NOT ~~Who's car is that?~~*

List of some common contractions:

Short Form	Full Form	Sentence
here's	here is	Here's my car.
there'll	there will	There'll be many people here tomorrow.
there's	there is	There's a dictionary on the table.
that's	that is	That's my book.
that'll	that will	That'll be great.
how's	how is?	How's your brother?
what'll	what will?	What'll you do tomorrow after lunch?
what's	what is?	What's the matter?
when's	when is?	When's your birthday?
where's	where is?	Where's my lucky pen?
who's	who is?	Who's your English teacher?
who'd	who would?	Who'd like ice cream?
who'll	who will?	Who'll be responsible for this?

Informal Contractions

Informal contractions are short forms of other words that people use when speaking casually. Although such forms of contractions are a taboo in formal English, they are wildly used in informal English, internet chats and instant messaging.

Below are most common forms of informal contractions. Do NOT use them in a written exam or any other form of formal communication.

- **ain't** = am not / are not / is not
  - ➢ *I ain't sure.*
  - ➢ *You ain't my boss.*
- **ain't** = has not / have not
  - ➢ *I ain't done it.*
  - ➢ *She ain't finished yet.*
- **Y'all** = you all
  - ➢ *Y'all good people.*

Nota bene. Writing in nonstandard dialect is acceptable only in narrative or dialog in informal contexts, or specific texts that should reflect the peculiarity of regional speech:

'fraid= afraid

'nother =another

comin' = coming

t'other= together

Contractions: Negative

We can use two forms of contractions with the negative verb "to be".

Short Form 1	Short Form 2
you aren't	you're not
he isn't	he's not
she isn't	she's not

Short Form 1	Short Form 2
it isn't	it's not
we aren't	we're not
they aren't	they're not

I am too tall to take this ride, ***aren't I****?*

Other negative contractions:

Short Form	Full Form
aren't	are not
can't	cannot
couldn't	could not
daren't	dare not
didn't	did not
doesn't	does not
don't	do not
hasn't	has not
haven't	have not
hadn't	had not
isn't	is not

Short Form	Full Form
mayn't	may not
mightn't	might not
mustn't	must not
needn't	need not
oughtn't	ought not
shan't	shall not
shouldn't	should not
wasn't	was not
weren't	were not
won't	will not
wouldn't	would not

ASSIGNMENT

Rewrite these sentences without contractions.

1. Here's your suitcase.
2. There'll be a surprise for you next week.
3. There's an amazing beach nearby.
4. That's my friend's car.
5. He isn't very interested in working with you.
6. Who's your new teacher?
7. She's been playing all day.
8. I am so late, I'd better go.
9. We're landing, you aren't allowed to use the lavatory now.
10. I can't believe I am 21.
11. I think that'd be great.
12. Jeremy's such a great writer.
13. I'm really excited about the wedding.
14. He's got some great skills.
15. I'll be outside, waiting for you.
16. Let's get to work.
17. We can go whenever you're ready.
18. There're some blueberries in the fridge.

UNIT 8

READING

The Garden Party

– *Katherine Mansfield*

IN THIS LESSON, WE WILL BE ABLE TO

- Read a story to enhance our reading and comprehension skills.
- Write a conclusion to a story.
- Role-play a narrative.
- Learn how to transform sentences.

The Garden Party *is a short story by Katherine Mansfield, first published as the title story in* ***The Garden Party, and Other Stories*** **(1922)**. *It centers around Laura Sheridan's reaction to the accidental death of a workman. She suggests her family canceling their lavish garden party as a form of respect. However, no one listens to her and the festivities continue. After the party, her mother asks Laura to bring a basket of leftover food to the bereaved family. Upon the visit, Laura is disturbed on witnessing the family's grief and begins to ponder the significance of life and death.*

And after all the weather was ideal. They could not have had a more perfect day for a garden-party if they had ordered it. Windless, warm, the sky without a cloud. Only the blue was veiled with a haze of light gold, as it is sometimes in early summer. The gardener had been up since dawn, mowing the lawns and sweeping them, until the grass and the dark flat rosettes where the daisy plants had been seemed to shine. As for the roses, you could not help feeling they understood that roses are the only flowers that impress people at garden parties; the only flowers that everybody is certain of knowing. Hundreds, yes, literally hundreds, had come out in a single night; the green bushes bowed down as though they had been visited by archangels.

Breakfast was not yet over before the men came to put up the marquee. "Where do you want the marquee put, mother?" "My dear child, it's no use asking me. I'm determined to leave everything to you children this year. Forget I am your mother. Treat me as an honored guest."

But Meg could not possibly go and supervise the men. She had washed her hair before breakfast, and she sat drinking her coffee in a green turban, with a dark wet curl stamped on each cheek. Jose, the butterfly, always came down in a silk petticoat and a kimono jacket. "You'll have to go, Laura; you're the artistic one." Away Laura flew, still holding her piece of bread-and-butter. It's so delicious to have an excuse for eating out of doors, and besides, she loved having to arrange things; she always felt she could do it so much better than anybody else.

Four men in their shirt-sleeves stood grouped together on the garden path. They carried staves covered with rolls of canvas, and they had big tool-bags slung on their backs. They looked impressive. Laura wished now that she had not got the bread-and-butter, but there was nowhere to put it, and she couldn't possibly throw it away. She blushed and tried to look severe and even a little bit short-sighted as she came up to them. "Good morning," she said, copying her mother's voice. But that sounded so fearfully affected that she was ashamed, and stammered like a little girl, "Oh – er – have you come – is it about the marquee?" "That's right, miss," said the tallest of the men, a lanky, freckled fellow, and he shifted his tool-bag, knocked back his straw hat and smiled down at her. "That's about it." His smile was so easy, so friendly that Laura recovered. What nice eyes he had, small, but such a dark blue! And now she looked at the others, they were smiling too. "Cheer up, we won't bite," their smile seemed to say. How very nice workmen were! And what a beautiful morning! She mustn't mention the morning; she must be business-like. The marquee. "Well, what about the lily-lawn? Would that do?" And she pointed to the lily-lawn with the hand that didn't hold the bread-and-butter.

They turned, they stared in the direction. A little fat chap thrust out his under-lip, and the tall fellow frowned. "I don't fancy it," said he. "Not conspicuous enough. You see, with a thing like a marquee," and he turned to Laura in his easy way, "you want to put it somewhere where it'll give you a bang slap in the eye, if you follow me." Laura's upbringing made her wonder for a moment whether it was quite respectful of a workman to talk to her of bangs slap in the eye. But she did quite follow him. "A corner of the tennis-court," she suggested. "But the band's going to be in one corner." "H'm, going to have a band, are you?" said another of the workmen. He was pale. He had a haggard look as his dark eyes scanned the tennis-court. What was he thinking? "Only a very small band," said Laura gently. Perhaps he wouldn't mind so much if the band was quite small. But the tall fellow interrupted. "Look here, miss, that's the place. Against those trees. Over there. That'll do fine."

Against the karakas. Then the karaka-trees would be hidden. And they were so lovely, with their broad, gleaming leaves, and their clusters of yellow fruit. They were like trees you imagined growing on a desert island, proud, solitary, lifting their leaves and fruits to the sun in a kind of silent splendour. Must they be hidden by a marquee? They must. Already the men had shouldered their staves and were making for the place. Only the tall fellow was left. He bent down, pinched a sprig of lavender, put his thumb and forefinger to his nose and snuffed up the smell. When Laura saw that gesture she forgot all about the karakas in her wonder at him caring for things like that – caring for the smell of lavender. How many men that she knew would have done such a thing? Oh, how extraordinarily nice workmen were, she thought. Why couldn't she have workmen for her friends rather than the silly boys she danced with and who came to Sunday night supper? She would get on much better with men like these.

It's all the fault, she decided, as the tall fellow drew something on the back of an envelope, something that was to be looped up or left to hang, of these absurd class distinctions. Well, for her part, she didn't feel them. Not a bit, not an atom ... And now there came the chock-chock of wooden hammers. Someone whistled. Someone sang out, "Are you right there, matey?" "Matey!" The friendliness of it, the – the – Just to prove how happy she was, just to show the tall fellow how at home she felt, and how she despised stupid conventions, Laura took a big bite of her bread-and-butter as she stared at the little drawing. She felt just like a work-girl.

"Laura, Laura, where are you? Telephone, Laura!" a voice cried from the house. "Coming!" Away she skimmed, over the lawn, up the path, up the steps, across the veranda, and into the porch. In the hall her father and Laurie were brushing their hats ready to go to the office. "I say, Laura," said Laurie very fast, "you might just give a squish at my coat before this afternoon. See if it wants pressing." "I will," said she. Suddenly she couldn't stop herself. She ran at Laurie and gave him a small, quick squeeze. "Oh, I do love parties, don't you?" gasped Laura. "Rather," said Laurie's warm, boyish voice, and he squeezed his sister too, and gave her a gentle push. "Dash off to the telephone, old girl." The telephone. "Yes, yes; oh yes. Kitty? Good morning, dear. Come to lunch? Do, dear. Delighted of course. It will only be a very scratch meal – just the sandwich crusts and broken meringue-shells and what's left over. Yes, isn't it a perfect morning? You're white? Oh, I certainly should. One moment – hold the line. Mother's calling." And Laura sat back. "What, mother? Can't hear."

Mrs. Sheridan's voice floated down the stairs. "Tell her to wear that sweet hat she had on last Sunday." "Mother says you're to wear that sweet hat you had on last Sunday. Good. One o'clock. Bye-bye." Laura put back the receiver, flung her arms

over her head, took a deep breath, stretched and let them fall. "Huh," she sighed, and the moment after the sigh she sat up quickly. She was still, listening. All the doors in the house seemed to be open. The house was alive with soft, quick steps and running voices. The green baize door that led to the kitchen regions swung open and shut with a muffled thud. And now there came a long, chuckling absurd sound. It was the heavy piano being moved on its stiff castors. But the air! If you stopped to notice, was the air always like this? Little faint winds were playing chase, in at the tops of the windows, out at the doors. And there were two tiny spots of sun, one on the inkpot, one on a silver photograph frame, playing too. Darling little spots. Especially the one on the inkpot lid. It was quite warm. A warm little silver star. She could have kissed it.

The front door bell pealed, and there sounded the rustle of Sadie's print skirt on the stairs. A man's voice murmured; Sadie answered, careless, "I'm sure I don't know. Wait. I'll ask Mrs. Sheridan." "What is it, Sadie?" Laura came into the hall."It's the florist, Miss Laura." It was, indeed. There, just inside the door, stood a wide, shallow tray full of pots of pink lilies. No other kind. Nothing but lilies – canna lilies, big pink flowers, wide open, radiant, almost frighteningly alive on bright crimson stems. "O-oh, Sadie!" said Laura, and the sound was like a little moan. She crouched down as if to warm herself at that blaze of lilies; she felt they were in her fingers and on her lips, "It's some mistake," she said faintly. "Nobody ever ordered so many. Sadie, go and find mother." But at that moment Mrs. Sheridan joined them. "It's quite right," she said calmly. "Yes, I ordered them. Aren't they lovely?" She pressed Laura's arm. "I was passing the shop yesterday, and I saw them in the window. And I suddenly thought for once in my life I shall have enough canna lilies. The garden party will be a good excuse." "But I thought you said you didn't mean to interfere," said Laura. Sadie had gone. The florist's man was still outside at his van. She put her arm round her mother's neck and gently, very gently, she bit her mother's ear.

"My darling child, you wouldn't like a logical mother, would you? Don't do that. Here's the man."He carried more lilies still, another whole tray. "Bank them up, just inside the door, on both sides of the porch, please," said Mrs. Sheridan. "Don't you agree, Laura? "Oh, I do, mother."

In the drawing-room Meg, Jose and good little Hans had at last succeeded in moving the piano. "Now, if we put this chesterfield against the wall and move everything out of the room except the chairs, don't you think?" "Quite." "Hans, move these tables into the smoking-room, and bring a sweeper to take these marks off the carpet and – one moment, Hans -" Jose loved giving orders to the servants, and they loved obeying her. She always made them feel they were taking part in some drama. "Tell mother and Miss Laura to come here at once." "Very good, Miss Jose."

She turned to Meg. "I want to hear what the piano sounds like, just in case I'm asked to sing this afternoon. Let's try over 'This life is Weary.' Pom! Ta-ta-ta Tee-ta! The piano burst out so passionately that Jose's face changed. She clasped her hands. She looked mournfully and enigmatically at her mother and Laura as they came in.

"This Life is Wee-ary, A Tear – a Sigh. A Love that Chan-ges, This Life is Wee-ary, A Tear- a Sigh. A Love that Chan-ges, and then ... Good-bye!" But at the word "Good-bye," and although the piano sounded more desperate than ever, her face broke into a brilliant, dreadfully unsympathetic smile. "Aren't I in good voice, mummy?" she beamed. "This Life is Wee-ary, Hope comes to Die. A Dream – a Wa-kening." But now Sadie interrupted them. "What is it, Sadie?" "If you please, m'm, cook says have you got the flags for the sandwiches?" "The flags for the sandwiches, Sadie?" echoed Mrs. Sheridan dreamily. And the children knew by her face that she hadn't got them. "Let me see." And she said to Sadie firmly, "Tell cook I'll let her have them in ten minutes." Sadie went.

"Now, Laura," said her mother quickly, "come with me into the smoking-room. I've got the names somewhere on the back of an envelope. You'll have to write them out for me. Meg, go upstairs this minute and take that wet thing off your head. Jose, run and finish dressing this instant. Do you hear me, children, or shall I have to tell your father when he comes home to-night? And – and, Jose, pacify cook if you do go into the kitchen, will you? I'm terrified of her this morning." The envelope was found at last behind the dining-room clock, though how it had got there Mrs. Sheridan could not imagine. "One of you children must have stolen it out of my bag, because I remember vividly – cream cheese and lemon-curd. Have you done that?" "Yes." "Egg and ..." Mrs. Sheridan held the envelope away from her. "It looks like mice. It can't be mice, can it?" "Olive, pet," said Laura, looking over her shoulder. "Yes, of course, olive. What a horrible combination it sounds. Egg and olive." They were finished at last, and Laura took them off to the kitchen. She found Jose there pacifying the cook, who did not look at all terrifying. "I have never seen such exquisite sandwiches," said Jose's rapturous voice. "How many kinds did you say there were, cook? Fifteen?" "Fifteen, Miss Jose." "Well, cook, I congratulate you." Cook swept up crusts with the long sandwich knife, and smiled broadly.

"Godber's has come," announced Sadie, issuing out of the pantry. She had seen the man pass the window. That meant the cream puffs had come. Godber's were famous for their cream puffs. Nobody ever thought of making them at home. "Bring them in and put them on the table, my girl," ordered cook. Sadie brought them in and went back to the door. Of course Laura and Jose were far too grown-up to really care about such things. All the same, they couldn't help agreeing that the puffs looked very attractive. Very. Cook began arranging them, shaking off the

extra icing sugar. "Don't they carry one back to all one's parties?" said Laura. "I suppose they do," said practical Jose, who never liked to be carried back. "They look beautifully light and feathery, I must say." "Have one each, my dears," said cook in her comfortable voice. "Yer ma won't know." Oh, impossible. Fancy cream puffs so soon after breakfast. The very idea made one shudder. All the same, two minutes later Jose and Laura were licking their fingers with that absorbed inward look that only comes from whipped cream. "Let's go into the garden, out by the back way," suggested Laura. "I want to see how the men are getting on with the marquee. They're such awfully nice men." But the back door was blocked by cook, Sadie, Godber's man and Hans.

Something had happened. "Tuk-tuk-tuk," clucked cook like an agitated hen. Sadie had her hand clapped to her cheek as though she had toothache. Hans's face was screwed up in the effort to understand. Only Godber's man seemed to be enjoying himself; it was his story. "What's the matter? What's happened?"

"There's been a horrible accident," said Cook. "A man killed." "A man killed! Where? How? When?" But Godber's man wasn't going to have his story snatched from under his very nose. "Know those little cottages just below here, miss?" Know them? Of course, she knew them. "Well, there's a young chap living there, name of Scott, a carter. His horse shied at a traction-engine, corner of Hawke Street this morning, and he was thrown out on the back of his head. Killed." "Dead!" Laura stared at Godber's man. "Dead when they picked him up," said Godber's man with relish. "They were taking the body home as I come up here." And he said to the cook, "He's left a wife and five little ones." "Jose, come here." Laura caught hold of her sister's sleeve and dragged her through the kitchen to the other side of the green baize door. There she paused and leaned against it. "Jose!" she said, horrified, "however are we going to stop everything?" "Stop everything, Laura!" cried Jose in astonishment. "What do you mean?" "Stop the garden party, of course." Why did Jose pretend? But Jose was still more amazed. "Stop the garden-party? My dear Laura, don't be so absurd. Of course we can't do anything of the kind. Nobody expects us to. Don't be so extravagant." "But we can't possibly have a garden party with a man dead just outside the front gate."

That really was extravagant, for the little cottages were in a lane to themselves at the very bottom of a steep rise that led up to the house. A broad road ran between. True, they were far too near. They were the greatest possible eyesore, and they had no right to be in that neighborhood at all. They were little mean dwellings painted a chocolate brown. In the garden patches there was nothing but cabbage stalks, sick hens and tomato cans. The very smoke coming out of their chimneys was poverty-

stricken. Little rags and shreds of smoke, so unlike the great silvery plumes that uncurled from the Sheridans' chimneys. Washerwomen lived in the lane and sweeps and a cobbler, and a man whose house-front was studded all over with minute bird-cages.

Children swarmed. When the Sheridans were little they were forbidden to set foot there because of the revolting language and of what they might catch. But since they were grown up, Laura and Laurie on their prowls sometimes walked through. It was disgusting and sordid. They came out with a shudder. But still one must go everywhere; one must see everything. So through they went.

"And just think of what the band would sound like to that poor woman," said Laura. "Oh, Laura!" Jose began to be seriously annoyed. "If you're going to stop a band playing every time someone has an accident, you'll lead a very strenuous life. I'm every bit as sorry about it as you. I feel just as sympathetic." Her eyes hardened. She looked at her sister just as she used to when they were little and fighting together. "You won't bring a drunken workman back to life by being sentimental," she said softly. "Drunk! Who said he was drunk?" Laura turned furiously on Jose. She said, just as they had used to say on those occasions, "I'm going straight up to tell mother." "Do, dear," cooed Jose. "Mother, can I come into your room?" Laura turned the big glass door-knob. "Of course, child. Why, what's the matter? What's given you such a color?" And Mrs. Sheridan turned round from her dressing-table. She was trying on a new hat. "Mother, a man's been killed," began Laura. "Not in the garden?" interrupted her mother. "No, no!"

"Oh, what a fright you gave me!" Mrs. Sheridan sighed with relief, and took off the big hat and held it on her knees.

"But listen, mother," said Laura. Breathless, half-choking, she told the dreadful story. "Of course, we can't have our party, can we?" she pleaded. "The band and everybody arriving. They'd hear us, mother; they're nearly neighbors!" To Laura's astonishment her mother behaved just like Jose; it was harder to bear because she seemed amused. She refused to take Laura seriously. "But, my dear child, use your common sense. It's only by accident we've heard of it. If someone had died there normally – and I can't understand how they keep alive in those poky little holes – we should still be having our party, shouldn't we?" Laura had to say "yes" to that, but she felt it was all wrong. She sat down on her mother's sofa and pinched the cushion frill. "Mother, isn't it terribly heartless of us?" she asked. "Darling!" Mrs. Sheridan got up and came over to her, carrying the hat. Before Laura could stop her she had popped it on. "My child!" said her mother, "the hat is yours. It's made for you. It's much too young for me. I have never seen you look such a picture.

Look at yourself!" And she held up her hand-mirror. "But, mother," Laura began again. She couldn't look at herself; she turned aside. This time Mrs. Sheridan lost patience just as Jose had done."You are being very absurd, Laura," she said coldly. "People like that don't expect sacrifices from us. And it's not very sympathetic to spoil everybody's enjoyment as you're doing now."

"I don't understand," said Laura, and she walked quickly out of the room into her own bedroom. There, quite by chance, the first thing she saw was this charming girl in the mirror, in her black hat trimmed with gold daisies, and a long black velvet ribbon. Never had she imagined she could look like that. Is mother right? She thought. And now she hoped her mother was right. Am I being extravagant? Perhaps it was extravagant. Just for a moment she had another glimpse of that poor woman and those little children, and the body being carried into the house. But it all seemed blurred, unreal, like a picture in the newspaper. I'll remember it again after the party's over, she decided. And somehow that seemed quite the best plan.

Lunch was over by half-past one. By half-past two they were all ready for the fray. The green-coated band had arrived and was established in a corner of the tennis-court. "My dear!" trilled Kitty Maitland, "aren't they too like frogs for words? You ought to have arranged them round the pond with the conductor in the middle on a leaf." Laurie arrived and hailed them on his way to dress. At the sight of him Laura remembered the accident again. She wanted to tell him. If Laurie agreed with the others, then it was bound to be all right. And she followed him into the hall. "Laurie!" "Hallo!" He was half-way upstairs, but when he turned round and saw Laura he suddenly puffed out his cheeks and goggled his eyes at her. "My word, Laura! You do look stunning," said Laurie. "What an absolutely topping hat!" Laura said faintly "Is it?" and smiled up at Laurie, and didn't tell him after all.

Soon after that, people began coming in streams. The band struck up; the hired waiters ran from the house to the marquee. Wherever you looked there were couples strolling, bending to the flowers, greeting, and moving on over the lawn. They were like bright birds that had alighted in the Sheridans' garden for this one afternoon, on their way to – where? Ah, what happiness it is to be with people who all are happy, to press hands, press cheeks, smile into eyes. "Darling Laura, how well you look!" "What a becoming hat, child!" "Laura, you look quite Spanish. I've never seen you look so striking."

And Laura, glowing, answered softly, "Have you had tea? Won't you have an ice? The passion-fruit ices really are rather special." She ran to her father and begged him. "Daddy darling, can't the band have something to drink?" And the perfect afternoon slowly ripened, slowly faded, slowly its petals closed. "Never a more delightful garden-party." "The greatest success." "Quite the most."

Laura helped her mother with the good-byes. They stood side by side in the porch till it was all over. "All over, all over, thank heaven," said Mrs. Sheridan. "Round up the others, Laura. Let's go and have some fresh coffee. I'm exhausted. Yes, it's been very successful. But oh, these parties, these parties! Why will you children insist on giving parties?" And they all of them sat down in the deserted marquee. "Have a sandwich, daddy dear. I wrote the flag." "Thanks." Mr. Sheridan took a bite and the sandwich was gone. He took another. "I suppose you didn't hear of a beastly accident that happened today?" he said. "My dear," said Mrs. Sheridan, holding up her hand, "we did."

"It nearly ruined the party. Laura insisted we should put it off." "Oh, mother!" Laura didn't want to be teased about it. "It was a horrible affair all the same," said Mr. Sheridan. "The chap was married too. Lived just below in the lane, and leaves a wife and half a dozen kiddies, so they say."An awkward little silence fell. Mrs. Sheridan fidgeted with her cup. Really, it was very tactless of father. Suddenly she looked up. There on the table were all those sandwiches, cakes, puffs, all uneaten, all going to be wasted. She had one of her brilliant ideas. "I know," she said. "Let's make up a basket. Let's send that poor creature some of this perfectly good food. At any rate, it will be the greatest treat for the children. Don't you agree? And she's sure to have neighbors calling in and so on. What a point to have it already prepared. Laura!" She jumped up. "Get me the big basket out of the stairs cupboard." "But, mother, do you really think it's a good idea?" said Laura. Again, how curious, she seemed to be different from them all. To take scraps from their party. Would the poor woman really like that? "Of course! What's the matter with you today? An hour or two ago you were insisting on us being sympathetic, and now …"Oh well! Laura ran for the basket. It was filled, it was heaped by her mother. "Take it yourself, darling," said she. "Run down just as you are. No, wait, take the arum lilies too. People of that class are so impressed by arum lilies." "The stems will ruin her lace frock," said practical Jose. So they would. Just in time. "Only the basket, then. And, Laura!" her mother followed her out of the marquee, "don't on any account …" "What mother?" No, better not put such ideas into the child's head! "Nothing! Run along."

It was just growing dusky as Laura shut their garden gates. A big dog ran by like a shadow. The road gleamed white, and down below in the hollow the little

cottages were in deep shade. How quiet it seemed after the afternoon. Here she was going down the hill to somewhere where a man lay dead, and she couldn't realize it. Why couldn't she? She stopped a minute. And it seemed to her that kisses, voices, tinkling spoons, laughter, and the smell of crushed grass were somehow inside her. She had no room for anything else. How strange! She looked up at the pale sky, and all she thought was, "Yes, it was the most successful party." Now the broad road was crossed. The lane began, smoky and dark. Women in shawls and men's tweed caps hurried by. Men hung over the palings; the children played in the doorways. A low hum came from the mean little cottages. In some of them there was a flicker of light, and a shadow, crab-like, moved across the window. Laura bent her head and hurried on. She wished now she had put on a coat. How her frock shone! And the big hat with the velvet streamer – if only it was another hat! Were the people looking at her? They must be. It was a mistake to have come; she knew all along it was a mistake. Should she go back even now?

No, too late. This was the house. It must be. A dark knot of people stood outside. Beside the gate an old, old woman with a crutch sat in a chair, watching. She had her feet on a newspaper. The voices stopped as Laura drew near. The group parted. It was as though she was expected, as though they had known she was coming here. Laura was terribly nervous. Tossing the velvet ribbon over her shoulder, she said to a woman standing by, "Is this Mrs. Scott's house?" and the woman, smiling queerly, said, "It is, my lass." Oh, to be away from this! She actually said, "Help me, God," as she walked up the tiny path and knocked. To be away from those staring eyes, or to be covered up in anything, one of those women's shawls even. I'll just leave the basket and go, she decided. I shan't even wait for it to be emptied.

Then the door opened. A little woman in black showed in the gloom. Laura said, "Are you Mrs. Scott?" But to her horror the woman answered, "Walk in please, miss," and she was shut in the passage. "No," said Laura, "I don't want to come in. I only want to leave this basket. Mother sent …" The little woman in the gloomy passage seemed not to have heard her. "Step this way, please, miss," she said in an oily voice, and Laura followed her. She found herself in a wretched little low kitchen, lighted by a smoky lamp. There was a woman sitting before the fire. "Em," said the little creature who had let her in. "Em! It's a young lady." She turned to Laura. She said meaningly, "I'm 'er sister, miss. You'll excuse 'er, won't you?" "Oh, but of course!" said Laura. "Please, please don't disturb her. I – I only want to leave …"

But at that moment the woman at the fire turned round. Her face, puffed up, red, with swollen eyes and swollen lips, looked terrible. She seemed as though she couldn't understand why Laura was there. What did it mean? Why was this stranger

standing in the kitchen with a basket? What was it all about? And the poor face puckered up again. "All right, my dear," said the other. "I'll thank the young lady." And again she began, "You'll excuse her, miss, I'm sure," and her face, swollen too, tried an oily smile. Laura only wanted to get out, to get away. She was back in the passage. The door opened. She walked straight through into the bedroom, where the dead man was lying. "You'd like a look at him, wouldn't you?" said Em's sister, and she brushed past Laura over to the bed. "Don't be afraid, my lass," – and now her voice sounded fond and sly, and fondly she drew down the sheet – "He looks a picture. There's nothing to show. Come along, my dear." Laura came.

There lay a young man, fast asleep – sleeping so soundly, so deeply, that he was far, far away from them both. Oh, so remote, so peaceful. He was dreaming. Never wake him up again. His head was sunk in the pillow, his eyes were closed; they were blind under the closed eyelids. He was given up to his dream. What did garden parties and baskets and lace frocks matter to him? He was far from all those things. He was wonderful, beautiful. While they were laughing and while the band was playing, this marvel had come to the lane. Happy ... happy ... All is well, said that sleeping face. This is just as it should be. I am content. But all the same you had to cry, and she couldn't go out of the room without saying something to him. Laura gave a loud childish sob. "Forgive my hat," she said. And this time she didn't wait for Em's sister. She found her way out of the door, down the path, past all those dark people. At the corner of the lane she met Laurie. He stepped out of the shadow. "Is that you, Laura?" "Yes." "Mother was getting anxious. Was it all right?" "Yes, quite. Oh, Laurie!" She took his arm, she pressed up against him. "I say, you're not crying, are you?" asked her brother. Laura shook her head. She was.

Laurie put his arm round her shoulder. "Don't cry," he said in his warm, loving voice. "Was it awful?" "No," sobbed Laura. "It was simply marvelous. But Laurie …" She stopped, she looked at her brother. "Isn't life," she stammered, "isn't life …" But what life was she couldn't explain. No matter. He quite understood. "Isn't it, darling?" said Laurie.

Scan here for the audio book.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yPE2FIjH544

KEY IDEAS AND DETAILS

Answer the following questions.

1. What message does the story convey?
2. How does the narrator establish social class in the story?
3. What does the hat symbolize?
4. Why did Laura want to call off the party?
5. How would you describe Laura's character?
6. What is Laura's internal conflict?
7. What role did Laurie play in Laura's life?
8. Describe the setting of the story.
9. What is the main theme of the story?

CRAFT AND STRUCTURE

1. What narrative style is used in the story?
2. What literary techniques did the author employ?
3. Briefly describe the following characters: Laura, Laurie, Mrs. Sheridan, Jose and Mrs. Scott.
4. Why did Laura say "forgive my hat" as she viewed the coffin?
5. What do the canna lilies symbolize?

INTEGRATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

The story ends abruptly, with Laura's feelings of ambivalence towards life. Create an alternate conclusion to the story; one that is more concrete and resolute.

SPEAKING AND LISTENING

COMPREHENSION AND COLLABORATION

The Garden Party was written in 1922, the period between the two world wars.

Throughout the story, Laura's responses are portrayed as childish, though some maturity is reflected in her character at times. She is aware of the limitations that her class conscious family places on her and is willing to try new and varied experiences, though she is not equipped to handle situations in a steadfast manner. The story takes us to a time when Laura was concerned that throwing a lavish party would seem insensitive on her family's part as her neighbors are mourning. This demonstrates her empathy for others.

In mini groups, imagine yourselves as an affluent, middle class family in contemporary times. Role-play a narrative where the family has to organize an important function / event. What conflicts / issues might possibly arise?

PRESENTATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

Language used in the dialog has to be appropriate to the social status of the family portrayed.

WRITING

TEXT TYPES AND PURPOSES

The Garden Party, though widely-acclaimed, has received some critique for its ambivalent ending.

The encounter between Laura and her brother suggests a deeper philosophy on life beyond extravagance and luxury.

Write about your views on life beyond material wealth and comfort. Do you agree that fame and fortune are negated by death?

PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION OF WRITING

Edit your work for accuracy. You may submit either a print or digital version of your essay.

RESEARCH TO BUILD AND PRESENT KNOWLEDGE

Research on your topic and present your views critically. In-text citations and bibliography should adhere to the prescribed MLA style.

LANGUAGE

CONVENTIONS OF STANDARD ENGLISH

KNOWLEDGE OF LANGUAGE

Transformation of Sentences

Transformation of sentences refers to changing or converting the words or form of a sentence while retaining its meaning.

Example:

She always greets her neighbors.

➢ *Her neighbors are always greeted by her.*

EXERCISE

Transform the following sentences with reference to the prompts.

1. Toby can buy a flat if he gets a job.

   Unless _____

2. There are only a few apples left on the tree.

   There are hardly _____

3. It is most likely that he will pass this year.

   _____

   Rewrite using "likelihood".

4. Only a rich man like Mr. Bean can live such a luxurious life.

   None _____

5. He's the funniest man I've ever met.

   I've _____

6. Tarmac and cement were used to build the road to the bridge.

   They _____

7. As Emera did not know what to do, she kept silent.

   Not _____

8 She works diligently.

How _____

9 She did not realize that her lies would have such a terrible consequence.

Little did she know _____

10 She entered the room. Her son ran to her.

She had hardly _____

11 "Hurrah! We've won the match!" shouted the boys.

_____

Rewrite in indirect speech.

12 As my father grows older, his handwriting becomes shakier.

The _____

13 The plants were young but sturdy.

Although the plants _____

14 The teacher will complain to the Principal if we don't stop him.

We must prevent _____

15 It is most probable that Jack will fail this year.

_____

Rewrite using "probability".

16 Ali said to his sister, "Please don't tell mother I broke the vase."

Ali begged _____

17 No sooner did Tia arrive at school than the bell rang.

As soon as _____

18 She knew what would happen but she did it anyway.

She did it _____

19 How sweetly the moonlight sleeps on the bank!

The moonlight _____

20 Who can question Lincoln's integrity?

By whom _____

ASSIGNMENT

Transform the following sentences.

1. No other boys in the class are as tall as Sammy.

2. Famous players like Adam and Austin took part in the match.

3. Jumping over the fence to get to the yard is dangerous.

4. Now that Leon has gone, things are not the same.

5. He tried his best to finish the project on time.

6. You will be thirsty. You must hydrate.

7. He won the game, so I congratulated him.

8. I was not sure it was her.

9. Jackie is a skillful fighter, but she has a bodyguard as well.

10. Wordsworth was a great poet and writer.

UNIT 9

READING

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

– *Robert Frost*

IN THIS LESSON, WE WILL BE ABLE TO

- Read a poem to enhance our reading and comprehension skills.
- Identify twist and humor in poetry.
- Analyze literary devices.
- Create word blends.
- Write a biographical poem.

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening *is a poem written by Robert Frost, in 1922. On reading the poem, we understand the thoughts that are going through the mind of a lone traveler who also happens to be the narrator of the poem. He pauses at night during his travel to watch the snow falling in the woods. He ends it by reminding himself that, despite the beautiful view, he needs to move on.*

Whose woods these are I think I know.

His house is in the village though;

He will not see me stopping here

To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer

To stop without a farmhouse near

Between the woods and frozen lake

The darkest evening of the year.

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

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

Listen to the poem here.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ONizLigCCDU

KEY IDEAS AND DETAILS

Answer the following questions.

1 Why did the poet stop while riding on horseback?

(a) to say hello to the owner of the woods
(b) to find food for the horse
(c) to go skating on the frozen lake
(d) to admire the snow

2 What is the setting of this poem?

(a) in the woods on a bright, snowy afternoon
(b) near the woods on a dark, snowy evening
(c) in a village on a dark, snowy evening
(d) by a frozen lake on a bright, snowy afternoon

3 The season described in the poem is _____.

(a) summer
(b) end of winter
(c) beginning of spring
(d) middle of winter

4 The poet was riding on a _____.

(a) donkey
(b) horse
(c) mule
(d) carriage

5 The woods were filled up with _____.

(a) ice
(b) snow
(c) hail
(d) rain

6 It was the _____ evening of the year.

(a) coldest
(b) most beautiful
(c) darkest
(d) warmest

7 The horse shakes its harness bell as if to ask if it was a _____.

(a) mistake
(b) problem
(c) question
(d) danger

8 The poet couldn't stop to enjoy the beauty of the scene because _____.

(a) he was rushing to another destination
(b) he had many promises to keep
(c) he had a long distance to travel
(d) the horse did not allow him to

9 What distracts the poet from the beauty of the woods?

(a) the freezing, harsh wind
(b) the cold, snowy weather
(c) the darkness of the evening
(d) the poet's obligation

10 What is the main theme of this poem?

(a) indulgence versus practicality
(b) indulgence versus tardiness
(c) the ability of nature to make a person feel tired and sleepy
(d) the perils of staying too long in a foreign land

11 Why did the poet repeat the line "and miles to go before I sleep"?

(a) to make the woods seem even more attractive and lovely

(b) to lament his long journey

(c) to create emphasis

(d) to indicate his lack of sleep

12 What is the effect of the word "but" in the second line?

(a) It makes it seem like the poet dislikes the woods and wants to leave.

(b) It makes it seem like the poet is able to keep promises while staying in the woods.

(c) It makes it seem like the poet has many secrets to keep.

(d) It makes it seem like the poet has to choose between keeping promises and staying on in the woods.

13 Which of the following has the same meaning as "creek"?

(a) village

(b) creek

(c) brook

(d) woods

14 Where was the poet heading to for the night?

(a) home

(b) a farmhouse

(c) the village

(d) the road

CRAFT AND STRUCTURE

1 What sounds did the poet hear in the woods?

2 What effect does silence have on the poet?

3 What does the line "to ask if there is some mistake" mean?

4 What promises are the poet referring to?

5 Explain the significance of "sleep" in the poem.

6 What do the last two lines symbolize?

7 Name two literary devices used in the poem.

INTEGRATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

Write a poem about nature, using the same literary devices as Robert Frost uses in *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*. While writing your poem, remember that poetry can bring life to otherwise dry and lifeless facts. Be as original and creative as you can.

SPEAKING AND LISTENING

COMPREHENSION AND COLLABORATION

In mini groups, research and present on any of the following:

- a poem dealing with the ocean and marine life,
- a poem that teaches a mathematical concept,
- a poem that discusses abandoned animals,
- a poem that is quirky and sarcastic about life.

PRESENTATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

Recite your chosen poem in class and facilitate a discussion on it with your classmates.

WRITING

TEXT TYPES AND PURPOSES

Write a biographical poem which encapsulates the essence of what makes a person's life memorable and meaningful.

PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION OF WRITING

Edit your work for accuracy. You may choose to present it in digital form with visual enhancements.

RESEARCH TO BUILD AND PRESENT KNOWLEDGE

Research on your written task and present it creatively.

LANGUAGE

CONVENTIONS OF STANDARD ENGLISH

KNOWLEDGE OF LANGUAGE

Blended Words

Blended words or word blends are formed by combining two separate words with different meanings to form a new one. These words are often created to describe a new invention or phenomenon that combines the definitions or traits of two existing things.

There are different ways of creating word blends.

BLENDED WORDS CAN BE FORMED

- By combining portions of two other words to make a new one.
  These word fragments are called morphemes, the smallest units of meaning in a language. The word "camcorder", for example, combines parts of "camera" and "recorder".
- By joining a full word with a portion of another word (called a splinter).
  For example, the word "motorcade" combines "motor" plus a portion of "cavalcade".
- By overlapping or combining phonemes, which are parts of two words that sound alike. One example of an overlapping word blend is "Spanglish", which is an informal mix of spoken English and Spanish.
- Through the omission of phonemes. Geographers sometimes refer to "Eurasia", the landmass that combines Europe and Asia. This blend is formed by taking the first syllable of "Europe" and adding it to the word "Asia".

Some examples of word blends and their roots

Blended word	Root word 1	Root word 2
agitprop	agitation	propaganda
bash	bat	mash
biopic	biography	picture
breathalyzer	breath	analyzer
clash	clap	crash

Blended word	Root word 1	Root word 2
docudrama	documentary	drama
electrocute	electricity	execute
emoticon	emotion	icon
fanzine	fan	magazine
frenemy	friend	enemy
Globish	global	English
infotainment	information	entertainment
moped	motor	pedal
pulsar	pulse	quasar
sitcom	situation	comedy
sportscast	sports	broadcast
staycation	stay	vacation
telegenic	television	photogenic
workaholic	work	alcoholic

Some more blended words

Words	Blended words
advertisement and editorial	advertorial
alphabetic and numeric	alphanumeric
botulism and toxin	botox
binary and digit	bit
biology and electronic	bionic

Words	Blended words
Britain and exit	Brexit
breakfast and lunch	brunch
chuckle and snort	chortle
camera and recorder	camcorder
chocolate and alcoholic	chocoholic
cinema and complex	cineplex
documentary and drama	docudrama
dumb and confound	dumbfound
education and entertainment	edutainment
electronic and mail	email
fantastic and fabulous	fantabulous
foreign and exchange	forex
glamorous and camping	glamping
glamour and Ritz	glitz
huge and monstrous	humongous
internal and communication	intercom
international and network	internet
lithe and slimy	slithy
malicious and software	malware
melody and drama	melodrama

Words	Blended words
motor and hotel	motel
marionette and puppet	muppet
mock and cocktail	mocktail
modulator and demodulator	modem
news and broadcast	newscast
parachute and troop	paratrooper
picture and element	pixel
pulsating and star	pulsar
situation and comedy	sitcom
sensitive and index	sensex
squirm and wiggle	squiggle
transfer and resistor	transistor
video and blog	vlog
vital and amine	vitamin
web and seminar	webinar
web and log	blog

ASSIGNMENT

Complete the table.

Root words	Blended words
information + system	
	Bollywood
volcanic + ash	vash
breakfast + lunch	
stagnation + inflation	
	fountainpen
	handycam
kilo + gram	
pop + corn	
motor + cycle	
medical + care	
motor + hotel	
	bash
	telegenic
	travelog
news + broadcaster	
	lectorial
	electrocute
situation + comedy	

UNIT 10

READING

The Cherry Orchard

– *Anton Chekhov*

IN THIS LESSON, WE WILL BE ABLE TO

- Read a play to enhance our reading and comprehension skills.
- Write a summary.
- Perform characterization in a futuristic setting.
- Learn about question tags.
- Write a short story on social upheaval.

Anton Chekhov was a famous Russian writer, well known for his short stories and plays. By mimicking reality, Anton Chekhov created a paradigmatic form for writing fiction and produced a representational art through his stories. The revelations in Chekhov's fictional characters transport the reader into familiar lives. Chekhov's characters deal with daily routine, tragedies, and grudge in both realistic and ridiculous ways, creating unique humor. **The Cherry Orchard** was the last play that was produced by the Moscow Art Theater, just before his death in 1904. The play revolves around an aristocratic Russian landowner who returns to her family estate (which includes a large and well-known cherry orchard) just before it is auctioned to pay the mortgage. The play is in four acts. The extract here is Act 1 of the play.

CHARACTERS

LUBOV ANDREYEVNA RANEVSKY (Mme. RANEVSKY), a landowner
ANYA, her daughter, aged seventeen
VARYA (BARBARA), her adopted daughter, aged twenty-seven
LEONID ANDREYEVITCH GAEV, Mme. Ranevsky's brother
ERMOLAI ALEXEYEVITCH LOPAKHIN, a merchant
PETER SERGEYEVITCH TROFIMOV, a student
BORIS BORISOVITCH SIMEONOV-PISCHIN, a landowner
CHARLOTTA IVANOVNA, a governess
SIMEON PANTELEYEVITCH EPIKHODOV, a clerk
DUNYASHA (AVDOTYA FEDOROVNA), a maidservant
FIERS, an old footman, aged eighty-seven
YASHA, a young footman

[The action takes place on Mme. RANEVSKY'S estate.]

ACT ONE

[A room which is still called the nursery. One of the doors leads into ANYA'S room. It is close on sunrise. It is May. The cherry-trees are in flower but it is chilly in the garden. There is an early frost. The windows of the room are shut. DUNYASHA comes in with a candle, and LOPAKHIN with a book in his hand.]

LOPAKHIN. The train's arrived, thank God. What's the time?

DUNYASHA. It will soon be two. [*Blows out candle*] It is light already.

LOPAKHIN. How much was the train late? Two hours at least. [*Yawns and stretches himself*] I have made a rotten mess of it! I came here on purpose to meet them at the station, and then overslept myself ... in my chair. It's a pity. I wish you'd wakened me.

DUNYASHA. I thought you'd gone away. [*Listening*] I think I hear them coming.

LOPAKHIN. [*Listens*] No ... They've got to collect their luggage and so on. [*Pause*] Lubov Andreyevna has been living abroad for five years; I don't know what she'll be like now ... She's a good sort – an easy, simple person. I remember when I was a boy of fifteen, my father, who is dead – he used to keep a shop in the village here – hit me on the face with his fist, and my nose bled ... [...] Lubov Andreyevna, as I remember her now, was still young, and very thin, and she took me to the washstand here in this very room, the nursery. She said, "Don't cry, little man, it'll be all right in time for your wedding." [*Pause*] "Little man" ... My father was a peasant, it's true, but here I am in a white waistcoat and yellow shoes ... a pearl out of an oyster. I'm rich now, with lots of money, but just think about it and examine me, and you'll find I'm still a peasant down to the marrow of my bones. [*Turns over the pages of his book*] Here I've been reading this book, but I understood nothing. I read and fell asleep. [*Pause*]

DUNYASHA. The dogs didn't sleep all night; they know that they're coming.

LOPAKHIN. What's up with you, Dunyasha ... ?

DUNYASHA. My hands are shaking. I shall faint.

LOPAKHIN. You're too sensitive, Dunyasha. You dress just like a lady, and you do your hair like one too. You oughtn't. You should know your place.

EPIKHODOV. [*Enters with a bouquet. He wears a short jacket and brilliantly polished boots which squeak audibly. He drops the bouquet as he enters, then picks it up*] The gardener sent these; says they're to go into the dining-room. [*Gives the bouquet to DUNYASHA]*

LOPAKHIN. And you'll bring me some kvass.

DUNYASHA. Very well. [*Exit]*

EPIKHODOV. There's a frost this morning – three degrees, and the cherry-trees are all in flower. I can't approve of our climate. [*Sighs*] I can't. Our climate is indisposed to favor us even this once. And, Ermolai Alexeyevitch, allow me to say to you, in addition, that I bought myself some boots two days ago, and I beg to assure you that they squeak in a perfectly unbearable manner. What shall I put on them?

LOPAKHIN. Go away. You bore me.

EPIKHODOV. Some misfortune happens to me every day. But I don't complain; I'm used to it, and I can smile. [*DUNYASHA comes in and brings LOPAKHIN some kvass*] I shall go. [*Knocks over a chair*] There ... [*Triumphantly*] There, you see, if I may use the word, what circumstances I am in, so to speak. It is even simply marvellous. [*Exit*]

DUNYASHA. I may confess to you, Ermolai Alexeyevitch that Epikhodov has proposed to me.

LOPAKHIN. Ah!

DUNYASHA. I don't know what to do about it. He's a nice young man, but every now and again, when he begins talking, you can't understand a word he's saying. I think I like him. He's madly in love with me. He's an unlucky man; every day something happens. We tease him about it. They call him "Two-and-twenty troubles."

LOPAKHIN. [*Listens*] There they come, I think.

DUNYASHA. They're coming! What's the matter with me? I'm cold all over.

LOPAKHIN. There they are, right enough. Let's go and meet them. Will she know me? We haven't seen each other for five years.

DUNYASHA. [*Excited*] I shall faint in a minute ... Oh, I'm fainting!

[*Two carriages are heard driving up to the house. LOPAKHIN and DUNYASHA quickly go out. The stage is empty. A noise begins in the next room. FIERS, leaning on a stick, walks quickly across the stage; he has just been to meet LUBOV ANDREYEVNA. He wears an old-fashioned livery and a tall hat. He is saying something to himself, but not a word of it can be made out. The noise behind the stage gets louder and louder. A voice is heard: "Let's go in there." Enter LUBOV ANDREYEVNA, ANYA, and CHARLOTTA IVANOVNA with a little dog on a chain, and all dressed in travelling clothes, VARYA in a long coat and with a kerchief on her head. GAEV, SIMEONOV-PISCHIN, LOPAKHIN, DUNYASHA with a parcel and an umbrella, and a servant with luggage – all cross the room.]*

ANYA. Let's come through here. Do you remember what this room is, mother?

LUBOV. [*Joyfully, through her tears*] The nursery!

VARYA. How cold it is! My hands are quite numb. [*To LUBOV ANDREYEVNA*] Your rooms, the white one and the violet one, are just as they used to be, mother.

LUBOV. My dear nursery, oh, you beautiful room ... I used to sleep here when I was a baby. [*Weeps*] And here I am like a little girl again. [*Kisses her brother, VARYA, then her brother again*] And Varya is just as she used to be, just like a nun. And I knew Dunyasha. [*Kisses her*]

GAEV. The train was two hours late. There now; how's that for punctuality?

CHARLOTTA. [*To PISCHIN*] My dog eats nuts too.

PISCHIN. [*Astonished*] To think of that, now!

All go out except ANYA and DUNYASHA.

DUNYASHA. We did have to wait for you!

Takes off ANYA'S cloak and hat.

ANYA. I didn't get any sleep for four nights on the journey ... I'm awfully cold.

DUNYASHA. You went away during Lent, when it was snowing and frosty, but now? Darling! [*Laughs and kisses her*] We did have to wait for you, my joy, my pet ... I must tell you at once, I can't bear to wait a minute.

ANYA. [*Tired*] Something else now ... ?

DUNYASHA. The clerk, Epikhodov, proposed to me after Easter.

ANYA. Always the same ... [*Puts her hair straight*] I've lost all my hairpins ... [*She is very tired, and even staggers as she walks.]*

DUNYASHA. I don't know what to think about it. He loves me, he loves me so much!

ANYA. [*Looks into her room; in a gentle voice*] My room, my windows, as if I'd never gone away. I'm at home! Tomorrow morning I'll get up and have a run in the garden ... Oh, if I could only get to sleep! I didn't sleep the whole journey, I was so bothered.

DUNYASHA. Peter Sergeyevitch came two days ago.

ANYA. [*Joyfully*] Peter!

DUNYASHA. He sleeps in the bath-house, he lives there. He said he was afraid he'd be in the way. [*Looks at her pocket-watch*] I ought to wake him, but Barbara Mihailovna told me not to. "Don't wake him," she said.

[*Enter VARYA, a bunch of keys on her belt.*]

VARYA. Dunyasha, some coffee, quick. Mother wants some.

DUNYASHA. This minute. [*Exit*]

VARYA. Well, you've come, glory be to God. Home again. *[Caressing her*] My darling is back again! My pretty one is back again!

ANYA. I did have an awful time, I tell you.

VARYA. I can just imagine it!

ANYA. I went away in Holy Week; it was very cold then. Charlotta talked the whole way and would go on performing her tricks. Why did you tie Charlotta on to me?

VARYA. You couldn't go alone, darling, at seventeen!

ANYA. We went to Paris; it's cold there and snowing. I talk French perfectly horribly. My mother lives on the fifth floor. I go to her, and find her there with various Frenchmen, women, an old abbé with a book, and everything in tobacco smoke and with no comfort at all. I suddenly became very sorry for mother – so sorry that I took her head in my arms and hugged her and wouldn't let her go. Then mother started hugging me and crying ...

VARYA. [*Weeping*] Don't say any more, don't say any more ...

ANYA. She's already sold her villa near Mentone; she's nothing left, nothing. And I haven't a copeck left either; we only just managed to get here. And mother won't understand! We had dinner at a station; she asked for all the expensive things, and tipped the waiters one ruble each. And Charlotta too. Yasha wants his share too – it's too bad. Mother's got a footman now, Yasha; we've brought him here.

VARYA. I saw the wretch.

ANYA. How's business? Has the interest been paid?

VARYA. Not much chance of that.

ANYA. Oh God, oh God ...

VARYA. The place will be sold in August.

ANYA. O God ...

LOPAKHIN. [*Looks in at the door and moos*] Moo! ... [*Exit*]

VARYA. [*Through her tears*] I'd like to ... [*Shakes her fist*]

ANYA. [*Embraces VARYA, softly*] Varya, has he proposed to you? [*VARYA shakes head*] But he loves you ... Why don't you make up your minds? Why do you keep on waiting?

VARYA. I think that it will all come to nothing. He's a busy man. I'm not his affair ... he pays no attention to me. Bless the man, I don't want to see him ... But everybody talks about our marriage, everybody congratulates me, and there's nothing in it at all, it's all like a dream. [*In another tone*] You've got a brooch like a bee.

ANYA. [*Sadly*] Mother bought it. [*Goes into her room, and talks lightly, like a child*] In Paris I went up in a balloon!

VARYA. My darling's come back, my pretty one's come back! [*DUNYASHA has already returned with the coffee-pot and is making the coffee, VARYA stands near the door*] I go about all day, looking after the house, and I think all the time, if only you could marry a rich man, then I'd be happy and would go away somewhere by myself, then to Kiev ... to Moscow, and so on, from one holy place to another. I'd tramp and tramp. That would be splendid!

ANYA. The birds are singing in the garden. What time is it now?

VARYA. It must be getting on for three. Time you went to sleep, darling. [*Goes into ANYA'S room*] Splendid!

[*Enter YASHA with a plaid shawl and a travelling bag*]

YASHA. [*Crossing the stage: Politely*] May I go this way?

DUNYASHA. I hardly knew you, Yasha. You have changed abroad.

YASHA. Hm ... and who are you?

DUNYASHA. When you went away I was only so high. [*Showing with her hand*] I'm Dunyasha, the daughter of Theodore Kozoyedov. You don't remember!

YASHA. Oh, you little cucumber!

[*Looks round and embraces her. She screams and drops a saucer. YASHA goes out quickly.*]

VARYA. [*In the doorway: In an angry voice*] What's that?

DUNYASHA. [*Through her tears*] I've broken a saucer.

VARYA. It may bring luck.

ANYA. [*Coming out of her room*] We must tell mother that Peter's here.

VARYA. I told them not to wake him.

ANYA. [*Thoughtfully*] Father died six years ago, and a month later my brother Grisha was drowned in the river – such a dear little boy of seven! Mother couldn't bear it; she went away, away, without looking round ... [*Shudders*] How I understand her; if only she knew! [*Pause*] And Peter Trofimov was Grisha's tutor, he might tell her ...

[*Enter FIERS in a short jacket and white waistcoat*]

FIERS. [*Goes to the coffee-pot, nervously*] The mistress is going to have some food here ... [*Puts on white gloves*] Is the coffee ready? [*To DUNYASHA, severely*] You! Where's the cream?

DUNYASHA. Oh, dear me ... ! [*Rapid exit*]

FIERS. [*Fussing round the coffee-pot*] Oh, you bungler ... [*Murmurs to himself*] Back from Paris ... the master went to Paris once ... in a carriage ... [*Laughs*]

VARYA. What are you talking about, Fiers?

FIERS. I beg your pardon? [*Joyfully*] The mistress is home again. I've lived to see her! Don't care if I die now ... [*Weeps with joy*]

[*Enter LUBOV ANDREYEVNA, GAEV, LOPAKHIN, and SIMEONOV-PISCHIN, the latter in a long jacket of thin cloth and loose trousers. GAEV, coming in, moves his arms and body about as if he is playing billiards.*]

LUBOV. Let me remember now. Red into the corner! Twice into the center!

GAEV. Right into the pocket! Once upon a time you and I used both to sleep in this room, and now I'm fifty-one; it does seem strange.

LOPAKHIN. Yes, time does go.

GAEV. Who does?

LOPAKHIN. I said that time does go.

GAEV. It smells of patchouli here.

ANYA. I'm going to bed. Goodnight, mother. [*Kisses her*]

LUBOV. My lovely little one. [*Kisses her hand*] Glad to be at home? I can't get over it.

ANYA. Goodnight, uncle.

GAEV. [*Kisses her face and hands*] God be with you. How you do resemble your mother! [*To his sister*] You were just like her at her age, Luba.

[*ANYA gives her hand to LOPAKHIN and PISCHIN and goes out, shutting the door behind her.]*

LUBOV. She's awfully tired.

PISCHIN. It's a very long journey.

VARYA. [*To LOPAKHIN and PISCHIN*] Well, sirs, it's getting on for three, quite time you went.

LUBOV. [*Laughs*] You're just the same as ever, Varya. [*Draws her close and kisses her*] I'll have some coffee now, then we'll all go. [*FIERS lays a cushion under her feet*] Thank you, dear. I'm used to coffee. I drink it day and night. Thank you, dear old man. [*Kisses FIERS*]

VARYA. I'll go and see if they've brought in all the luggage. [*Exit*]

LUBOV. Is it really I who am sitting here? [*Laughs*] I want to jump about and wave my arms. [*Covers her face with her hands]* But suppose I'm dreaming! God knows I love my own country, I love it deeply; I couldn't look out of the railway carriage, I cried so much. [*Through her tears*] Still, I must have my coffee. Thank you, Fiers. Thank you, dear old man. I'm so glad you're still with us.

FIERS. The day before yesterday.

GAEV. He doesn't hear well.

LOPAKHIN. I've got to go off to Kharkov by the five o'clock train. I'm awfully sorry! I should like to have a look at you, to gossip a little. You're as fine-looking as ever.

PISCHIN. [*Breathes heavily*] Even finer-looking ... dressed in Paris fashions ... confound it all.

LOPAKHIN. Your brother, Leonid Andreyevitch, says I'm a snob, a usurer, but that is absolutely nothing to me. Let him talk. Only I do wish you would believe in me as you once did, that your wonderful, touching eyes would look at me as they did before. Merciful God! My father was the serf of your grandfather and your own father, but you – you more than anybody else – did so much for me once upon a time that I've forgotten everything and love you as if you belonged to my family ... and even more.

LUBOV. I can't sit still, I'm not in a state to do it. [Jumps up and walks about in great excitement] I'll never survive this happiness ... You can laugh at me; I'm a silly woman ... My dear little cupboard. [*Kisses cupboard*] My little table.

GAEV. Nurse has died in your absence.

LUBOV. [*Sits and drinks coffee*] Yes, bless her soul. I heard by letter.

GAEV. And Anastasius has died too. Peter Kosoy has left me and now lives in town with the Commissioner of Police. [*Takes a box of sugar-candy out of his pocket and sucks a piece.*]

PISCHIN. My daughter, Dashenka, sends her love.

LOPAKHIN. I want to say something very pleasant, very delightful, to you. [*Looks at his watch*] I'm going away at once, I haven't much time ... but I'll tell you all about it in two or three words. As you already know, your cherry orchard is to be sold to pay your debts, and the sale is fixed for August 22; but you needn't be alarmed, dear madam, you may sleep in peace; there's a way out. Here's my plan. Please attend carefully! Your estate is only thirteen miles from the town, the railway runs by, and if the cherry orchard and the land by the river are broken up into building lots and are then leased off for villas you'll get at least twenty-five thousand rubles a year profit out of it.

GAEV. How utterly absurd!

LUBOV. I don't understand you at all, Ermolai Alexeyevitch.

LOPAKHIN. You will get twenty-five rubles a year for each dessiatin from the leaseholders at the very least, and if you advertise now I'm willing to bet that you won't have a vacant plot left by the autumn; they'll all go. In a word, you're saved. I congratulate you. Only, of course, you'll have to put things straight, and clean up ... For instance, you'll have to pull down all the old buildings, this house, which isn't any use to anybody now, and cut down the old cherry orchard. . .

LUBOV. Cut it down? My dear man, you must excuse me, but you don't understand anything at all. If there's anything interesting or remarkable in the whole province, it's this cherry orchard of ours.

LOPAKHIN. The only remarkable thing about the orchard is that it's very large. It only bears fruit every other year, and even then you don't know what to do with them; nobody buys any.

GAEV. This orchard is mentioned in the "Encyclopaedic Dictionary."

LOPAKHIN. [*Looks at his watch*] If we can't think of anything and don't make up our minds to anything, then on August 22, both the cherry orchard and the whole estate will be up for auction. Make up your mind! I swear there's no other way out, I'll swear it again.

FIERS. In the old days, forty or fifty years back, they dried the cherries, soaked them and pickled them, and made jam of them, and it used to happen that ...

GAEV. Be quiet, Fiers.

FIERS. And then we'd send the dried cherries off in carts to Moscow and Kharkov. And money! And the dried cherries were soft, juicy, sweet, and nicely scented ... They knew the way ...

LUBOV. What was the way?

FIERS. They've forgotten. Nobody remembers.

PISCHIN. [*To LUBOV ANDREYEVNA*] What about Paris? Eh? Did you eat frogs?

LUBOV. I ate crocodiles.

PISCHIN. To think of that, now.

LOPAKHIN. Up to now in the villages there were only the gentry and the laborers, and now the people who live in villas have arrived. All towns now, even small ones, are surrounded by villas. And it's safe to say that in twenty years' time the villa resident will be all over the place. At present he sits on his balcony and drinks tea, but it may well come to pass that he'll begin to cultivate his patch of land, and then your cherry orchard will be happy, rich, splendid ...

GAEV. [*Angry*] What rot!

[*Enter VARYA and YASHA*]

VARYA. There are two telegrams for you, little mother. [*Picks out a key and noisily unlocks an antique cupboard*] Here they are.

LUBOV. They're from Paris ... [*Tears them up without reading them*] I've done with Paris.

GAEV. And do you know, Luba, how old this case is? A week ago I took out the bottom drawer; I looked and saw figures burnt out in it. That case was made exactly a hundred years ago. What do you think of that? What? We could celebrate its jubilee. It hasn't a soul of its own, but still, say what you will, it's a fine bookcase.

PISCHIN. [*Astonished*] A hundred years ... Think of that!

GAEV. Yes ... it's a real thing. [*Handling it*] My dear and honored case! I congratulate you on your existence, which has already for more than a hundred years been directed towards the bright ideals of good and justice; your silent call to productive labor has not grown less in the hundred years [*Weeping*] during which you have upheld virtue and faith in a better future to the generations of our race, educating us up to ideals of goodness and to the knowledge of a common consciousness. [*Pause*]

LOPAKHIN. Yes ...

LUBOV. You're just the same as ever, Leon.

GAEV. [*A little confused*] Off the white on the right, into the corner pocket. Red ball goes into the middle pocket!

LOPAKHIN. [*Looks at his watch*] It's time I went.

YASHA. [*Giving LUBOV ANDREYEVNA her medicine*] Will you take your pills now?

PISCHIN. You oughtn't to take medicines, dear madam; they do you neither harm nor good ... Give them here, dear madam. [*Takes the pills, turns them out into the palm of his hand, blows on them, puts them into his mouth, and drinks some kvass*] There!

LUBOV. [*Frightened*] You're off your head!

PISCHIN. I've taken all the pills.

LOPAKHIN. Gormandizer! [*All laugh*]

FIERS. They were here in Easter week and ate half a pailful of cucumbers ... [*Mumbles*]

LUBOV. What's he driving at?

VARYA. He's been mumbling away for three years. We're used to that.

YASHA. Senile decay.

[*CHARLOTTA IVANOVNA crosses the stage, dressed in white: she is very thin and tightly laced; has a lorgnette at her waist.]*

LOPAKHIN. Excuse me, Charlotta Ivanovna, I haven't said "How do you do" to you yet. [*Tries to kiss her hand]*

CHARLOTTA. [*Takes her hand away*] If you let people kiss your hand, then they'll want your elbow, then your shoulder, and then ...

LOPAKHIN. My luck's out to-day! [*All laugh*] Show us a trick, Charlotta Ivanovna!

LUBOV ANDREYEVNA. Charlotta, do us a trick.

CHARLOTTA. It's not necessary. I want to go to bed. [*Exit*]

LOPAKHIN. We shall see each other in three weeks. [*Kisses LUBOV ANDREYEVNA'S hand*] Now, good-bye. It's time to go. [*To GAEV*] See you again. [*Kisses PISCHIN*] Au revoir. [*Gives his hand to VARYA, then to FIERS and to YASHA*] I don't want to go away. [*To LUBOV ANDREYEVNA*]. If you think about the villas and make up your mind, then just let me know, and I'll raise a loan of 50,000 rubles at once. Think about it seriously.

VARYA. [*Angrily*] Do go, now!

LOPAKHIN. I'm going, I'm going ... [*Exit*]

GAEV. Snob. Still, I beg pardon ... Varya's going to marry him, he's Varya's young man.

VARYA. Don't talk too much, uncle.

LUBOV. Why not, Varya? I should be very glad. He's a good man.

PISCHIN. To speak the honest truth ... he's a worthy man ... And my Dashenka ... also says that ... she says lots of things. [*Snores, but wakes up again at once*] But still, dear madam, if you could lend me ... 240 rubles ... to pay the interest on my mortgage to-morrow ...

VARYA. [*Frightened*] We haven't got it, we haven't got it!

LUBOV. It's quite true. I've nothing at all.

PISCHIN. I'll find it all right [*Laughs*] I never lose hope. I used to think, "Everything's lost now. I'm a dead man," when, lo and behold, a railway was built over my land ... and they paid me for it. And something else will happen to-day or to-morrow. Dashenka may win 20,000 rubles ... she's got a lottery ticket.

LUBOV. The coffee's all gone, we can go to bed.

FIERS. [*Brushing GAEV'S trousers; in an insistent tone*] You've put on the wrong trousers again. What am I to do with you?

VARYA. [*Quietly*] Anya's asleep. [*Opens window quietly*] The sun has risen already; it isn't cold. Look, little mother: what lovely trees! And the air! The starlings are singing!

GAEV. [*Opens the other window*] The whole garden's white. You haven't forgotten, Luba ? There's that long avenue going straight, straight, like a stretched strap; it shines on moonlight nights. Do you remember? You haven't forgotten?

LUBOV. [*Looks out into the garden*] Oh, my childhood, days of my innocence! In this nursery I used to sleep; I used to look out from here into the orchard. Happiness used to wake with me every morning, and then it was just as it is now; nothing has changed. [*Laughs from joy*] It's all, all white! Oh, my orchard! After the dark autumns and the cold winters, you're young again, full of happiness, the angels of heaven haven't left you ... If only I could take my heavy burden off my breast and shoulders, if I could forget my past!

GAEV. Yes, and they'll sell this orchard to pay off debts. How strange it seems!

LUBOV. Look, there's my dead mother going in the orchard ... dressed in white! [*Laughs from joy*] That's she.

GAEV. Where?

VARYA. God bless you, little mother.

LUBOV. There's nobody there; I thought I saw somebody. On the right, at the turning by the summer-house, a white little tree bent down, looking just like a woman. [*Enter TROFIMOV in a worn student uniform and spectacles*] What a marvelous garden! White masses of flowers, the blue sky ...

TROFIMOV. Lubov Andreyevna! [*She looks round at him*] I only want to show myself, and I'll go away. [*Kisses her hand warmly*] I was told to wait till the morning, but I didn't have the patience.

[*LUBOV ANDREYEVNA looks surprised.]*

VARYA. [*Crying*] It's Peter Trofimov.

TROFIMOV. Peter Trofimov, once the tutor of your Grisha ... Have I changed so much?

[*LUBOV ANDREYEVNA embraces him and cries softly.]*

GAEV. [*Confused*] That's enough, that's enough, Luba.

VARYA. [*Weeps*] But I told you, Peter, to wait till tomorrow.

LUBOV. My Grisha ... my boy ... Grisha ... my son.

VARYA. What are we to do, little mother? It's the will of God.

TROFIMOV. [*Softly, through his tears*] It's all right, it's all right.

LUBOV. [*Still weeping*] My boy's dead; he was drowned. Why? Why, my friend? [*Softly*] Anya's asleep in there. I am speaking so loudly, making such a noise ... Well, Peter? What's made you look so bad? Why have you grown so old?

TROFIMOV. In the train an old woman called me a decayed gentleman.

LUBOV. You were quite a boy then, a nice little student, and now your hair is not at all thick and you wear spectacles. Are you really still a student? [*Goes to the door]*

TROFIMOV. I suppose I shall always be a student.

LUBOV. [*Kisses her brother, then VARYA*] Well, let's go to bed ... And you've grown older, Leonid.

PISCHIN. [*Follows her*] Yes, we've got to go to bed ... Oh, my gout! I'll stay the night here. If only, Lubov Andreyevna, my dear, you could get me 240 rubles tomorrow morning...

GAEV. Still the same story.

PISCHIN. Two hundred and forty rubles ... to pay the interest on the mortgage.

LUBOV. I haven't any money, dear man.

PISCHIN. I'll give it back ... it's a small sum. . .

LUBOV. Well, then, Leonid will give it to you ... Let him have it, Leonid.

GAEV. By all means; hold out your hand.

LUBOV. Why not? He wants it; he'll give it back.

[*LUBOV ANDREYEVNA, TROFIMOV, PISCHIN, and FIERS go out. GAEV, VARYA, and YASHA remain.]*

GAEV. My sister hasn't lost the habit of throwing money about. [*To YASHA*] Standoff, do; you smell of poultry.

YASHA. [*Grins*] You are just the same as ever, Leonid Andreyevitch.

GAEV. Really? [*To VARYA*] What's he saying?

VARYA. [*To YASHA*] Your mother's come from the village; she's been sitting in the servants' room since yesterday, and wants to see you ...

YASHA. Bless the woman!

VARYA. Shameless man.

YASHA. A lot of use there is in her coming. She might have come tomorrow just as well. [*Exit*]

VARYA. Mother hasn't altered a scrap, she's just as she always was. She'd give away everything, if the idea only entered her head.

GAEV. Yes ... [*Pause*] If there's any illness for which people offer many remedies, you may be sure that particular illness is incurable, I think. I work my brains to their hardest. I've several remedies, very many, and that really means I've none at all. It would be nice to inherit a fortune from somebody, it would be nice to marry our Anya to a rich man, it would be nice to go to Yaroslav and try my luck with my aunt the Countess. My aunt is very, very rich.

VARYA. [*Weeps*] If only God helped us.

GAEV. Don't cry. My aunt's very rich, but she doesn't like us. My sister, in the first place, married an advocate, not a noble ... [*ANYA appears in the doorway*] She not only married a man who was not a noble, but she behaved herself in a way which cannot be described as proper. She's nice and kind and charming, and I'm very fond of her, but say what you will in her favor and you still have to admit that she's wicked; you can feel it in her slightest movements.

VARYA. [*Whispers*] Anya's in the doorway.

GAEV. Really? [*Pause*] It's curious, something's got into my right eye ... I can't see properly out of it. And on Thursday, when I was at the District Court ...

Enter ANYA.

VARYA. Why aren't you in bed, Anya?

ANYA. Can't sleep. It's no good.

GAEV. My darling! [*Kisses ANYA'S face and hands*] My child ... [*Crying*] You're not my niece, you're my angel, and you're my all ... Believe in me, believe. . .

ANYA. I do believe in you, uncle. Everybody loves you and respects you ... but, uncle dear, you ought to say nothing, no more than that. What were you saying just now about my mother, your own sister? Why did you say those things?

GAEV. Yes, yes. [*Covers his face with her hand*] Yes, really, it was awful. Save me, my God! And only just now I made a speech before a bookcase ... it's so silly! And only when I'd finished I knew how silly it was.

VARYA. Yes, uncle dear, you really ought to say less. Keep quiet, that's all.

ANYA. You'd be so much happier in yourself if you only kept quiet.

GAEV. All right, I'll be quiet. [*Kisses their hands*] I'll be quiet. But let's talk business. On Thursday I was in the District Court, and a lot of us met there together, and we began to talk of this, that, and the other, and now I think I can arrange a loan to pay the interest into the bank.

VARYA. If only God would help us!

GAEV. I'll go on Tuesday. I'll talk with them about it again. [*To VARYA*] Don't howl. [*To ANYA*] Your mother will have a talk to Lopakhin; he, of course, won't refuse ... And when you've rested you'll go to Yaroslav to the Countess, your grandmother. So you see, we'll have three irons in the fire, and we'll be safe. We'll pay up the interest. I'm certain. [*Puts some sugar-candy into his mouth*] I swear on my honor, on anything you will, that the estate will not be sold! [*Excitedly*] I swear on my happiness! Here's my hand. You may call me a dishonorable wretch if I let it go to auction! I swear by all I am!

ANYA. [*She is calm again and happy*] How good and clever you are, uncle. [*Embraces him*] I'm happy now! I'm happy! All's well!

Enter FIERS.

FIERS. [*Reproachfully*] Leonid Andreyevitch, don't you fear God? When are you going to bed?

GAEV. Soon, soon. You go away, Fiers. I'll undress myself. Well, children, bye-bye ... ! I'll give you the details to-morrow, but let's go to bed now. [*Kisses ANYA and VARYA*] I'm a man of the eighties ... People don't praise those years much, but I can still say that I've suffered for my beliefs. The peasants don't love me for nothing, I assure you. We've got to learn to know the peasants! We ought to learn how ...

ANYA. You're doing it again, uncle!

VARYA. Be quiet, uncle!

FIERS. [*Angrily*] Leonid Andreyevitch!

GAEV. I'm coming, I'm coming ... Go to bed now. Off two cushions into the middle! I turn over a new leaf. . .

[*Exit. FIERS goes out after him.*]

ANYA. I'm quieter now. I don't want to go to Yaroslav, I don't like grandmother; but I'm calm now; thanks to uncle. [*Sits down*]

VARYA. It's time to go to sleep. I'll go. There's been an unpleasantness here while you were away. In the old servants' part of the house, as you know, only the old people live – little old Efim and Polya and Evstigney, and Karp as well. They started letting some tramps or other spend the night there – I said nothing. Then I heard that they were saying that I had ordered them to be fed on peas and nothing else; from meanness, you see ... And it was all Evstigney's doing ... Very well, I thought, if that's what the matter is, just you wait. So I call Evstigney ... [*Yawns*] He comes. "What's this," I say, "Evstigney, you old fool ... [*Looks at ANYA*] Anya dear! [*Pause*] She's dropped off ... [*Takes ANYA'S arm*] Let's go to bye-bye ... Come along! ... *[Leads her*] My darling's gone to sleep! Come on ... [*They go. In the distance, the other side of the orchard, a shepherd plays his pipe. TROFIMOV crosses the stage and stops on seeing VARYA and ANYA*] Sh! She's asleep, asleep. Come on, dear.

ANYA. [*Quietly, half-asleep*] I'm so tired ... all the bells ... uncle, dear! Mother and uncle!

VARYA. Come on, dear, come on! [*They go into ANYA'S room.]*

TROFIMOV. [*Moved*] My sun! My spring!

[*Curtain*]

Scan here for the audio book.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jkYknltIlQ4

KEY IDEAS AND DETAILS

Answer the following questions.

1 What happened to Grisha?

(a) He died of tuberculosis.
(b) He drowned in a nearby river.
(c) He ran off to join the circus.
(d) He moved to Pittsburgh.

2 Why would Trofimov bring back bad memories for Mrs. Ranevsky?

(a) He was her son Grisha's former tutor.
(b) He was her daughter's former tutor.
(c) He killed Ranevsky's son in a duel.
(d) He killed Ranevsky's husband in a duel.

3 How is Varya related to Mrs. Ranevsky?

(a) She is her niece by marriage.
(b) She is her step-daughter.
(c) She is her sister-in-law.
(d) She is her adopted daughter .

4 What does Lopakhin suggest Ranevsky do with the cherry orchard?

(a) Burn it down and convert it to farmland.
(b) Sell it to Deriganov.
(c) Cut it down and build cottages on the land.
(d) Find the secret recipe that Fiers is always talking about and become cherry-jam millionaires.

5 Who did Mrs. Ranevsky think she saw when she was looking out at the orchard through her window?

(a) her mother
(b) a tramp
(c) her father
(d) boris Simeonov-Pischik

6 Mrs. Ranevsky views the orchard as a symbol of _____.

(a) Russia
(b) her childhood
(c) her brother
(d) her husband

7 Who did everyone expect Lopakhin to propose to?

(a) Varya
(b) Mrs. Ranevsky
(c) Anya
(d) Dashenka

8 Why did Dunyasha consider Yasha to be lucky?

(a) He was in love.
(b) He was wealthy.
(c) He has traveled abroad.
(d) He has traveled with Mrs. Ranevsky.

9 Who is asking for 240 rubles ?

(a) Varya (b) Gaev (c) Pischin (d) Mother

10 Who has a pet dog?

(a) Lubov Andreyevna
(b) Anya
(c) Gaev
(d) Charlotta Ivanovna

11 What is Yephikodov's nickname?

(a) Two-and-twenty troubles
(b) Tom Thumb
(c) The Idiot
(d) Wilbur

12 What does Fiers represent in the play?

(a) hope (b) the past (c) senility (d) the fear of death

13 Where does Varya plan to go after she leaves the estate?

(a) to her aunt's (b) to Yaroslavl (c) to France (d) to the Ragulins'

14 Where did Mrs. Ranevsky arrive from with her entourage?

(a) Moscow (b) Paris (c) New York (d) Prague

15 What is to be auctioned on the 22nd of August?

(a) the estate
(b) Mrs. Ranevsky's jewelry
(c) the flat in Paris
(d) the carriage

16 For Mrs. Ranevsky, what negative consequence is associated with Lopakhin's suggestion that she lease out cottages in the family estate?

(a) having to borrow money
(b) associating with inferiors
(c) a loss of peace
(d) the destruction of the cherry orchard

17 What self-destructive behavior does Mrs. Ranevsky engage in compulsively?

(a) gossiping (b) lying (c) splurging (d) pranking

18 Where did Yermolay Lopakhin spend his childhood?

(a) St. Petersburg
(b) Ranevsky's estate
(c) a Prussian farm
(d) the museum

19 What is Varya's occupation?

(a) governess (b) school teacher (c) stable keeper (d) estate manager

20 How is Anya related to Mrs. Ranevsky?

(a) biological daughter
(b) adopted daughter
(c) cousin
(d) best friend

21 What memory does Mrs. Ranevsky associate with the estate?

(a) her mother's illness
(b) her best friend's disappearance
(c) her son's death
(d) her husband's business failure

While watching the whole play, answer the following questions.

To watch the play, scan the QR.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DLCwEyZI_5c

22 What, according to Trofimov, is the main problem with Russian intellectuals?

(a) They read too many books.
(b) They are not "Russian" enough.
(c) They come up with ideas but never act on them.
(d) They are all as ugly as he is.

23 Who walks by, playing the guitar, just before the "sound of a breaking string" is heard for the first time?

(a) Yasha (b) Charlotta (c) Gayev (d) Yephikodov

24 When, according to Fiers, was the "sound of a snapping string" last heard?

(a) the year before
(b) when he was a small child
(c) just before the serfs were freed
(d) the day before

25 Charlotta's many talents include _____.

(a) fire-eating and juggling
(b) ventriloquism and sleight-of-hand
(c) ballet-dancing and sharp-shooting
(d) singing and dancing

26 What is the emotional attachment that prevents Lopakhin from completely putting the past behind him?

(a) to Fiers
(b) to Varya
(c) to Ranevsky
(d) to the cherry orchard

27 What does the cherry orchard symbolize for Trofimov?

(a) his troubled childhood
(b) his idyllic childhood
(c) Russia's bright future
(d) Russia's oppressive past

CRAFT AND STRUCTURE

1. What does the orchard symbolize for the characters in the play?
2. What is the central theme of the play?
3. What are the major symbols used in the play?

INTEGRATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

Write a summary of Act 1 of *The Cherry Orchard* by Anton Chekhov in about 500 words. Adhere to the sequence and the plot in your summary.

SPEAKING AND LISTENING

COMPREHENSION AND COLLABORATION

In mini groups, discuss what the future might have in store for each of the characters in the play.

- Mrs. Ranevsky
- Gayev
- Lopakhin
- Varya
- Anya
- Dunyasha
- Yepikhodov
- Yasha
- Charlotta
- Trofimov
- Simeonov-Pischin

PRESENTATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

Each group may present on a chosen character. Be as imaginative and creative as you can. You need not make reference to the other Acts in the play.

WRITING

TEXT TYPES AND PURPOSES

Write a short story based on the theme of "social upheaval".

PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION OF WRITING

Edit your work for accuracy. You may present it in print or digital form.

RESEARCH TO BUILD AND PRESENT KNOWLEDGE

Research on social upheavals around the world. Consider the socio-economic and political repercussions and weave them into your storyline. Factual information should be cited and a bibliography incorporated in the prescribed MLA style.

LANGUAGE

CONVENTIONS OF STANDARD ENGLISH

KNOWLEDGE OF LANGUAGE

Question Tags

Sometimes, people complete what they are saying with a short question. Why do they do this? Because they want to know if the person they are speaking to agrees with them.

A **Question Tag** is the shortest form of a question using the verb plus pronoun.

Rules for Question Tags

- A positive statement uses a negative tag.
  - Negative tag: *It is raining, isn't it?*

    The main part of the sentence is positive, but the question tag is negative.
- A negative statement uses a positive tag.
  - Positive tag: *It is not raining, is it?*

    The main part of the sentence is negative, but the question tag is positive.
- Statement with Auxiliaries:
  - *David is older than you, isn't he?*
  - *It is dark, isn't it?*
  - *He and I can go by bus, can't we?*
  - *Sally can't dance, can she?*
  - *Tigers are dangerous, aren't they?*
  - *Sarah and Reeta will come, won't they?*

If the main part of the sentence has ***I am*** in it, use ***aren't*** I in the question tag.

If the main part of the sentence has ***I am not*** in it, use ***am I*** in the question tag.

- *I am your best teacher, aren't I?*
- *I am not your best teacher, am I?*
- *I am taller than you, aren't I?*
- *I am not taller than you, am I?*

- Statement without Auxiliaries:
  - *She sings beautifully, doesn't she?*
  - *Rivers flow towards the sea, don't they?*
  - *The sun shines hot in summer, doesn't it?*
  - *Kabil broke the world record, didn't he?*
- Statement using Auxiliaries: ***has / have / had***
  - *The bell has rung, hasn't it?*
  - *The flowers have drooped, haven't they?*

  Statement Using the Main Verb: ***has / have / had – use do / does / did***
  - *A lion has sharp claws, doesn't it?*
  - *Indians have great respect for traditions, don't they?*
- Statements with Negative Words – Positive Tag:
  Using ***no***, ***none***, ***never***, ***not***, ***neither-nor***
  - *Rosy is not going to come today, is she?*
  - *The cuckoo has no care for its eggs, does it?*
  - *My father never smokes, does he?*
  - *Neither John nor David has any bad habits, do they?*

  Using ***little***, ***few***, ***scarcely***, ***hardly***, ***rarely***
  - *David shows little care in his studies, does he?*
  - *Antony scarcely listens in class, does he?*
  - *Few planets can be seen, can they?*
  - *They rarely lose their points, do they?*
- Statements with "a little" / "a few" – Positive. Therefore they use negative tag.
  - *A little sugar is added to sauces, isn't it?*
  - *I have a few chocolates to share, haven't I?*

- "Only" – Both Positive and Negative Tags:
  - *Only children are allowed to play in the park, are / aren't they?*
  - *She did only one mistake, did / didn't she?*
- "Let's" – "shall we":
  - Let*'s go home, shall we?*
  - *Let's get together for a party, shall we?*
- Simple Requests – "will you":
  - *Pass me the pen, will you?*
  - *Get me a ticket, will you?*
- Urgent Requests – "won't you":
  - *Send the e-mail, immediately, won't you?*
  - *Pass on the message soon, won't you?*
- Impatient Remarks – "can't you":
  - *Keep quiet, can't you?*
  - *Listen to me, can't you?*
- Statements with "each", "every', "someone", "somebody", "anyone", "anybody", "none", "nobody" – plural pronoun "they"
  - *Everybody cheered, didn't they?*
  - *Somebody can do it, can't they?*

Common mistakes with question Tags

- Using "have" / "has" in Present Simple tags.
  - *You have 2 brothers, haven't you? – wrong*
  - *You have 2 brothers, don't you? – correct*
  - *She has a cat, hasn't she? – wrong*
  - *She has a cat, doesn't she? – correct*
- Using "had" in Past Simple tags.
  - *She had no friends there, had she? – wrong*
  - *She had no friends there, did she ? – correct*
- Using colloquial "ain't" in formal English.
  - *I am coming with you, ain't I?*

ASSIGNMENT – Question Tags

Answer the following questions.

1 This tree can't bear fruit,

(a) can't it? (b) can it? (c) will it?

2 She was feeling cold,

(a) wasn't she? (b) was she? (b) doesn't she?

3 She is singing,

(a) isn't she? (b) is she? (c) doesn't she?

4 I am working,

(a) am I? (b) isn't I? (c) aren't I?

5 The plumber fixes pipes,

(a) does he? (b) didn't he? (c) doesn't he?

6 Mr. Sam heads the meeting,

(a) doesn't he? (b) does he? (c) will not he?

7 The Johnsons have 3 sons,

(a) doesn't he? (b) don't they? (c) do they?

8 Daniel has a motor cycle,

(a) hasn't he? (b) don't him? (c) doesn't he?

9 Germany has won the match,

(a) has it? (b) hasn't it? (c) doesn't it?

10 Rosy hasn't answered my call,

(a) has she? (b) hasn't she? (c) does she?

11 Sarah has chicken pox,

(a) hasn't she? (b) has she? (c) doesn't she?

12 They had a meeting last week,

(a) haven't they? (b) hadn't they? (c) didn't they?

13 She has a problem to solve,

(a) haven't she? (b) doesn't she? (c) hasn't she?

14 I found nobody at the door,

(a) don't I? (b) didn't I? (c) did I?

15 Neither Sally nor Betty is helpful,

(a) is she? (b) are they? (c) aren't they?

16 Children do not hate sweets,

(a) do they? (b) don't they? (c) will not they?

17 No child below four is allowed,

(a) isn't he? (b) are they? (c) isn't they?

18 Not one apple has a sweet taste,

(a) doesn't it? (b) do I? (c) does it?

19 David never gets up early,

(a) is he? (b) does he? (c) doesn't he?

20 The tourists rarely come here,

(a) do they? (b) don't they? (c) did they?

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https://agendaweb.org/grammar/question-tags-3

UNIT 11

READING

The Curious Case of Ben Button

– F. Scott Fitzgerald

IN THIS LESSON, WE WILL BE ABLE TO

- Read a story to enhance our reading and comprehension skills.
- Do a character analysis.
- Learn to use adjectives and adverbs appropriately.
- Write a reflective essay.

The Curious Case of Ben Button *is a short story, first published in 1922. A man is born old and ages backwards in the course of his life. Fitzgerald felt that it was one of the funniest stories he had ever written. He got the inspiration from a remark made by Mark Twain: "It is a pity that the best part of life comes at the beginning, and the worst part at the end." This story, just as the other stories written by Fitzgerald, has his typical touch: lush, evocative prose and haunting, poignant story lines.*

Age dictates not just the physical condition, but also the personality and the character traits of a person. In this story, age plays a vital role. The protagonist, Ben Button is born with the body, mind and taste of an old man. As he grows, he gets younger, and his body becomes more active, and so do his social interests and passion for life.

Note how F. Scott Fitzgerald uses articles and tenses. Discuss what the author implies in each case.

Part I

As long ago as 1860 it was the proper thing to be born at home. At present, so I am told, the luminaries of medicine have decreed that the first cries of the young shall be uttered upon the anaesthetic air of a hospital, preferably a fashionable one. So young Mr. and Mrs. Roger Button were fifty years ahead of style when they decided, one day in the summer of 1860 that their first baby should be born in a hospital. Whether this anachronism had any bearing upon the astonishing history I am about to set down will never be known.

I shall tell you what occurred, and let you judge for yourself.

The Roger Buttons held an enviable position, both social and financial, in antebellum Baltimore. They were related to the This Family and the That Family, which, as every Southerner knew, entitled them to membership in that enormous peerage which largely populated the Confederacy. This was their first experience with the charming old custom of having babies – Mr. Button was naturally nervous. He hoped it would be a boy so that he could be sent to Yale College in Connecticut, at which institution Mr. Button himself had been known for four years by the somewhat obvious nickname of "Cuff."

On the September morning consecrated to the enormous event, he arose nervously at six o'clock, dressed himself, adjusted an impeccable stock, and hurried forth through the streets of Baltimore to the hospital, to determine whether the darkness of the night had borne in new life upon its bosom.

When he was approximately a hundred yards from the Maryland Private Hospital for Ladies and Gentlemen, he saw Doctor Keene, the family physician, descending the front steps, rubbing his hands together with a washing movement, as all doctors are required to do by the unwritten ethics of their profession.

Mr. Roger Button, the president of Roger Button & Co., Wholesale Hardware, began to run toward Doctor Keene with much less dignity than was expected from a Southern gentleman of that picturesque period. "Doctor Keene!" he called. "Oh, Doctor Keene!" The doctor heard him, faced around, and stood waiting, a curious expression settling on his harsh, medicinal face as Mr. Button drew near.

"What happened?" demanded Mr. Button, as he came up in a gasping rush. "What was it? How is she? A boy? Who is it? What …"

"Talk sense!" said Doctor Keene sharply. He appeared somewhat irritated.

"Is the child born?" begged Mr. Button.

Doctor Keene frowned. "Why, yes, I suppose so – after a fashion." Again he threw a curious glance at Mr. Button.

"Is my wife all right?"

"Yes."

"Is it a boy or a girl?"

"Here now!" cried Doctor Keene in a perfect passion of irritation, "I'll ask you to go and see for yourself. Outrageous!" He snapped the last word out in almost one syllable, then he turned away muttering: "Do you imagine a case like this will help my professional reputation? One more would ruin me – ruin anybody." "What's the matter?" demanded Mr. Button appalled. "Triplets?"

"No, not triplets!" answered the doctor cuttingly. "What's more, you can go and see for yourself. And get another doctor. I brought you into the world, young man, and I've been physician to your family for forty years, but I'm through with you! I don't want to see you or any of your relatives ever again! Goodbye!"

Then he turned sharply, and without another word climbed into his phaeton, which was waiting at the curb stone, and drove severely away.

Mr. Button stood there upon the sidewalk, stupefied and trembling from head to foot. What horrible mishap had occurred? He had suddenly lost all desire to go into the Maryland Private Hospital for Ladies and Gentlemen – it was with the greatest difficulty that, a moment later, he forced himself to mount the steps and enter the front door.

A nurse was sitting behind a desk in the opaque gloom of the hall. Swallowing his shame, Mr. Button approached her. "Good morning," she remarked, looking up at him pleasantly.

"Good morning. I … I am Mr. Button."

At this a look of utter terror spread itself over girl's face. She rose to her feet and seemed about to fly from the hall, restraining herself only with the most apparent difficulty.

"I want to see my child," said Mr. Button.

The nurse gave a little scream. "Oh, of course!" she cried hysterically. "Upstairs. Right upstairs. Go up!"

She pointed the direction, and Mr. Button, bathed in cool perspiration, turned falteringly, and began to mount to the second floor. In the upper hall he addressed another nurse who approached him, basin in hand. "I'm Mr. Button," he managed to articulate. "I want to see my …"

Clank! The basin clattered to the floor and rolled in the direction of the stairs. Clank! Clank! It began a methodical descent as if sharing in the general terror which this gentleman provoked.

"I want to see my child!" Mr. Button almost shrieked. He was on the verge of collapse.

Clank! The basin reached the first floor. The nurse regained control of herself, and threw Mr. Button a look of hearty contempt.

"All right, Mr. Button," she agreed in a hushed voice. "Very well! But if you knew what a state it's put us all in this morning! It's perfectly outrageous! The hospital will never have a ghost of a reputation after …"

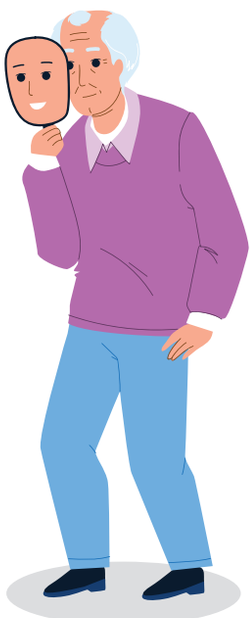
"Hurry!" he cried hoarsely. "I can't stand this!"

"Come this way, then, Mr. Button."

He dragged himself after her. At the end of a long hall they reached a room from which proceeded a variety of howls – indeed, a room which, in later parlance, would have been known as the "crying-room." They entered.

"Well," gasped Mr. Button, "which is mine?"

"There!" said the nurse.



Mr. Button's eyes followed her pointing finger, and this is what he saw. Wrapped in a voluminous white blanket, and partly crammed into one of the cribs, there sat an old man apparently about seventy years of age. His sparse hair was almost white, and from his chin dripped a long smoke-colored beard, which waved absurdly back and forth, fanned by the breeze coming in at the window. He looked up at Mr. Button with dim, faded eyes in which lurked a puzzled question.

"Am I mad?" thundered Mr. Button, his terror resolving into rage. "Is this some ghastly hospital joke?"

"It doesn't seem like a joke to us," replied the nurse severely. "And I don't know whether you're mad or not, but that is most certainly your child."

The cool perspiration redoubled on Mr. Button's forehead. He closed his eyes, and then, opening them, looked again. There was no mistake – he was gazing at a man of threescore and ten – a baby of threescore and ten, a baby whose feet hung over the sides of the crib in which it was reposing.

The old man looked placidly from one to the other for a moment, and then suddenly spoke in a cracked and ancient voice. "Are you my father?" he demanded.

Mr. Button and the nurse started violently.

"Because if you are," went on the old man querulously, "I wish you'd get me out of this place – or, at least, get them to put a comfortable rocker in here."

"Where did you come from? Who are you?" burst out Mr. Button frantically. "I can't tell you exactly who I am," replied the querulous whine, "because I've only been born a few hours, but my last name is certainly Button."

"You lie! You're an impostor!"

The old man turned wearily to the nurse. "Nice way to welcome a newborn child," he complained in a weak voice. "Tell him he's wrong, why don't you?"

"You're wrong. Mr. Button," said the nurse severely. "This is your child, and you'll have to make the best of it. We're going to ask you to take him home with you as soon as possible – sometime today."

"Home?" repeated Mr. Button incredulously.

"Yes, we can't have him here. We really can't, you know?"

"I'm right glad of it," whined the old man. "This is a fine place to keep a youngster of quiet tastes. With all this yelling and howling, I haven't been able to get a wink of sleep. I asked for something to eat" – here his voice rose to a shrill note of protest – "and they brought me a bottle of milk!"

Mr. Button, sank down upon a chair near his son and concealed his face in his hands. "My heavens!" he murmured, in an ecstasy of horror. "What will people say? What must I do?"

"You'll have to take him home," insisted the nurse, "immediately!"

A grotesque picture formed itself with dreadful clarity before the eyes of the tortured man – a picture of himself walking through the crowded streets of the city with this appalling apparition stalking by his side.

"I can't. I can't," he moaned.

People would stop to speak to him, and what was he going to say? He would have to introduce this, this septuagenarian: "This is my son, born early this morning." And then the old man would gather his blanket around him and they would plod on, past the bustling stores, the slave market – for a dark instant Mr. Button wished passionately that his son was black – past the luxurious houses of the residential district, past the home for the aged …

"Come! Pull yourself together," commanded the nurse.

"See here," the old man announced suddenly, "if you think I'm going to walk home in this blanket, you're entirely mistaken."

"Babies always have blankets."

With a malicious crackle the old man held up a small white swaddling garment. "Look!" he quavered. "This is what they had ready for me."

"Babies always wear those," said the nurse primly.

"Well," said the old man, "this baby's not going to wear anything in about two minutes. This blanket itches. They might at least have given me a sheet."

"Keep it on! Keep it on!" said Mr. Button hurriedly. He turned to the nurse. "What'll I do?"

"Go down town and buy your son some clothes."

Mr. Button's son's voice followed him down into the hall: "And a cane, father. I want to have a cane."

Mr. Button banged the outer door savagely …

Part II

"Good morning," Mr. Button said nervously, to the clerk in the Chesapeake Dry Goods Company. "I want to buy some clothes for my child."

"How old is your child, sir?"

"About six hours," answered Mr. Button, without due consideration.

"Babies' supply department in the rear."

"Why, I don't think … I'm not sure that's what I want. It's … he's an unusually large-size child. Exceptionally … ah large."

"They have the largest child's sizes."

"Where is the boys' department?" inquired Mr. Button, shifting his ground desperately. He felt that the clerk must surely scent his shameful secret.

"Right here."

"Well …" He hesitated. The notion of dressing his son in men's clothes was repugnant to him. If, say, he could only find a very large boy's suit, he might cut off that long and awful beard, dye the white hair brown, and thus manage to conceal the worst, and to retain something of his own self-respect, not to mention his position in Baltimore society.

But a frantic inspection of the boys' department revealed no suits to fit the newborn Button. He blamed the store, of course, in such cases it is the thing to blame the store.

"How old did you say that boy of yours was?" demanded the clerk curiously.

"He's … sixteen."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I thought you said six hours. You'll find the youths' department in the next aisle."

Mr. Button turned miserably away. Then he stopped, brightened, and pointed his finger toward a dressed dummy in the window display. "There!" he exclaimed. "I'll take that suit, out there on the dummy."

The clerk stared. "Why," he protested, "that's not a child's suit. At least it is, but it's for fancy dress. You could wear it yourself!"

"Wrap it up," insisted his customer nervously. "That's what I want."

The astonished clerk obeyed.

Back at the hospital, Mr. Button entered the nursery and almost threw the package at his son. "Here's your clothes," he snapped out.

The old man untied the package and viewed the contents with a quizzical eye.

"They look sort of funny to me," he complained, "I don't want to be made a monkey of …"

"You've made a monkey of me!" retorted Mr. Button fiercely. "Never you mind how funny you look. Put them on … or I'll … or I'll spank you." He swallowed uneasily at the penultimate word, feeling nevertheless that it was the proper thing to say.

"All right, father" – this with a grotesque simulation of filial respect – "you've lived longer; you know best. Just as you say."

As before, the sound of the word "father" caused Mr. Button to start violently.

"And hurry."

"I'm hurrying, father."

When his son was dressed, Mr. Button regarded him with depression. The costume consisted of dotted socks, pink pants, and a belted blouse with a wide white collar. Over the latter waved the long whitish beard, drooping almost to the waist. The effect was not good.

"Wait!"

Mr. Button seized a hospital shears and with three quick snaps amputated a large section of the beard. But even with this improvement the ensemble fell far short of perfection. The remaining brush of scraggly hair, the watery eyes, the ancient teeth, seemed oddly out of tone with the gaiety of the costume. Mr. Button, however, was obdurate. He held out his hand. "Come along!" he said sternly.

His son took the hand trustingly. "What are you going to call me, dad?" he quavered as they walked from the nursery, "just 'baby' for a while? Till you think of a better name?"

Mr. Button grunted. "I don't know," he answered harshly. "I think we'll call you Methuselah."

Part III

Even after the new addition to the Button family had had his hair cut short and then dyed to a sparse unnatural black, had had his face shaved so close that it glistened, and had been attired in small-boy clothes made to order by a flabbergasted tailor, it was impossible for Button to ignore the fact that his son was a poor excuse for a first family baby. Despite his aged stoop, Ben Button, for it was by this name they called him instead of by the appropriate but invidious Methuselah, was five feet eight inches tall. His clothes did not conceal this, nor did the clipping and dyeing of his eyebrows disguise the fact that the eyes under, were faded and watery and tired. In fact, the baby-nurse who had been engaged in advance left the house after one look, in a state of considerable indignation.

But Mr. Button persisted in his unwavering purpose. Ben was a baby, and a baby he should remain. At first he declared that if Ben didn't like warm milk he could go without food altogether, but he was finally prevailed upon to allow his son bread and butter, and even oatmeal by way of a compromise. One day he brought home a rattle and, giving it to Ben, insisted in no uncertain terms that he should "play with it," whereupon the old man took it with – a weary expression and could be heard jingling it obediently at intervals throughout the day.

There can be no doubt, though, that the rattle bored him, and that he found other and more soothing amusements when he was left alone. For instance, Mr. Button discovered one day that during the preceding week he had smoked more cigars than ever before – a phenomenon, which was explained a few days later when, entering the nursery unexpectedly, he found the room full of faint blue haze

and Ben, with a guilty expression on his face, trying to conceal the butt of a dark Havana. This, of course, called for a severe spanking, but Mr. Button found that he could not bring himself to administer it. He merely warned his son that he would "stunt his growth."

Nevertheless he persisted in his attitude. He brought home lead soldiers, he brought toy trains, he brought large pleasant animals made of cotton, and, to perfect the illusion which he was creating – for himself at least – he passionately demanded of the clerk in the toy-store whether "the paint would come oft the pink duck if the baby put it in his mouth." But, despite all his father's efforts, Ben refused to be interested. He would steal down the back stairs and return to the nursery with a volume of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, over which he would pore through an afternoon, while his cotton cows and his Noah's ark were left neglected on the floor. Against such a stubbornness, Mr. Button's efforts were of little avail.

The sensation created in Baltimore was, at first, prodigious. What the mishap would have cost the Buttons and their kinsfolk socially cannot be determined, for the outbreak of the Civil War drew the city's attention to other things. A few people who were unfailingly polite racked their brains for compliments to give to the parents and finally hit upon the ingenious device of declaring that the baby resembled his grandfather, a fact which, due to the standard state of decay common to all men of seventy, could not be denied. Mr. and Mrs. Roger Button were not pleased, and Ben's grandfather was furiously insulted.

Ben, once he left the hospital, took life as he found it. Several small boys were brought to see him, and he spent a stiff-jointed afternoon trying to work up an interest in tops and marbles – he even managed, quite accidentally, to break a kitchen window with a stone from a sling shot, a feat which secretly delighted his father.

Thereafter, Ben contrived to break something every day, but he did these things only because they were expected of him, and because he was by nature obliging.

When his grandfather's initial antagonism wore off, Ben and that gentleman took enormous pleasure in one another's company. They would sit for hours, these two, so far apart in age and experience, and, like old cronies, discuss with tireless monotony the slow events of the day. Ben felt more at ease in his grandfather's presence than in his parents' – they seemed always somewhat in awe of him and, despite the dictatorial authority they exercised over him, frequently addressed him as "Mr."

He was as puzzled as anyone else at the apparently advanced age of his mind and body at birth. He read up on it in the medical journal, but found that no such case had been previously recorded. At his father's urging he made an honest attempt to play with other boys, and frequently he joined in the milder games – football shook him up too much, and he feared that in case of a fracture his ancient bones would refuse to knit.

When he was five he was sent to kindergarten, where he initiated into the art of pasting green paper on orange paper, of weaving colored maps and manufacturing eternal cardboard necklaces. He was inclined to drowse off to sleep in the middle of these tasks, a habit which both irritated and frightened his young teacher. To his relief she complained to his parents, and he was removed from the school. The Roger Buttons told their friends that they felt he was too young.

By the time he was twelve years old his parents had grown used to him. Indeed, so strong is the force of custom that they no longer felt that he was different from any other child, except when some curious anomaly reminded them of the fact. But one day a few weeks after his twelfth birthday, while looking in the mirror, Ben made, or thought he made, an astonishing discovery. Did his eyes deceive him, or had his hair turned in the dozen years of his life from white to iron-gray under its concealing dye? Was the network of wrinkles on his face becoming less pronounced? Was his skin healthier and firmer, with even a touch of ruddy winter color? He could not tell. He knew that he no longer stooped, and that his physical condition had improved since the early days of his life.

"Can it be …?" he thought to himself, or, rather, scarcely dared to think.

He went to his father. "I am grown," he announced determinedly. "I want to put on long trousers."

His father hesitated. "Well," he said finally, "I don't know. Fourteen is the age for putting on long trousers and you are only twelve."

"But you'll have to admit," protested Ben, "that I'm big for my age."

His father looked at him with illusory speculation. "Oh, I'm not so sure of that," he said. "I was as big as you when I was twelve."

This was not true – it was all part of Roger Button's silent agreement with himself to believe in his son's normality.

Finally a compromise was reached. Ben was to continue to dye his hair. He was to make a better attempt to play with boys of his own age. He was not to wear his spectacles or carry a cane in the street. In return for these concessions he was allowed his first suit of long trousers.

Part IV

Of the life of Ben Button between his twelfth and twenty-first year I intend to say little. Suffice to record that they were years of normal ungrowth. When Ben was eighteen he was as healthy as a man of fifty; he had more hair and it was of a dark gray; his step was firm, his voice had lost its cracked quaver and descended to a healthy baritone. So his father sent him up to Connecticut to take examinations for entrance to Yale College. Ben passed his examination and became a member of the freshman class.

On the third day, following his matriculation, he received a notification from Mr. Hart, the college registrar, to call at his office and arrange his schedule. Ben, glancing in the mirror, decided that his hair needed a new application of its brown dye, but an anxious inspection of his bureau drawer disclosed that the dye bottle was not there. Then he remembered – he had emptied it the day before and thrown it away.

He was in a dilemma. He was due at the registrar's in five minutes. There seemed to be no help for it – he must go as he was. He did. "Good morning," said the registrar politely. "You've come to inquire about your son."

"Why, as a matter of fact, my name's Button …" began Ben, but Mr. Hart cut him off. "I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Button. I'm expecting your son here any minute."

"That's me!" burst out Ben. "I'm a freshman."

"What!"

"I'm a freshman."

"Surely you're joking."

"Not at all."

The registrar frowned and glanced at a card before him. "Why, I have Mr. Ben Button's age down here as eighteen." "That's my age," asserted Ben, flushing slightly.

The registrar eyed him wearily. "Now surely, Mr. Button, you don't expect me to believe that."

Ben smiled wearily. "I am eighteen," he repeated.

The registrar pointed sternly to the door. "Get out," he said. "Get out of college and get out of town. You are a dangerous lunatic."

"I am eighteen."

Mr. Hart opened the door. "The idea!" he shouted. "A man of your age trying to enter here as a freshman. Eighteen years old, are you? Well, I'll give you eighteen minutes to get out of town."

Ben Button walked with dignity from the room, and half a dozen undergraduates, who were waiting in the hall, followed him curiously with their eyes. When he had gone a little way he turned around, faced the infuriated registrar, who was still standing in the door-way, and repeated in a firm voice: "I am eighteen years old."

To a chorus of titters which went up from the group of undergraduates, Ben walked away. But he was not fated to escape so easily. On his melancholy walk to the railroad station he found that he was being followed by a group, then by a swarm, and finally by a dense mass of undergraduates. The word had gone around that a lunatic had passed the entrance examinations for Yale and attempted to palm himself off as a youth of eighteen. A fever of excitement permeated the college. Men ran hatless out of classes, the football team abandoned its practice and joined the mob, professors' wives with bonnets awry and bustles out of position, ran shouting after the procession, from which proceeded a continual succession of remarks aimed at the tender sensibilities of Ben Button.

"He must be the wandering beggar!"

"He ought to go to prep school at his age!"

"Look at the infant prodigy!"

"He thought this was the old men's home."

"Go up to Harvard!"

Ben increased his gait, and soon he was running. He would show them! He would go to Harvard, and then they would regret these ill-considered taunts!

Safely on board the train for Baltimore, he put his head from the window. "You'll regret this!" he shouted.

"Ha-ha!" the undergraduates laughed. "Ha-ha-ha!" It was the biggest mistake that Yale College had ever made …

Part V

In 1880, Ben Button was twenty years old, and he signalized his birthday by going to work for his father in Roger Button & Co., Wholesale Hardware. It was in that same year that he began "going out socially" – that is, his father insisted on taking him to several fashionable dances. Roger Button was now fifty, and he and his son were more and more companionable, in fact, since Ben had ceased to dye his hair (which was still grayish) they appeared about the same age, and could have passed for brothers.

One night in August they got into the phaeton attired in their full-dress suits and drove out to a dance at the Shevlins' country house, situated just outside of Baltimore. It was a gorgeous evening. A full moon drenched the road to the lusterless color of platinum, and late-blooming harvest flowers breathed into the motionless air aromas that were like low, half-heard laughter. The open country, carpeted for rods around with bright wheat, was translucent as in the day. It was almost impossible not to be affected by the sheer beauty of the sky; almost.

"There's a great future in the dry-goods business," Roger Button was saying. He was not a spiritual man – his aesthetic sense was rudimentary.

"Old fellows like me can't learn new tricks," he observed profoundly. "It's you youngsters with energy and vitality that have the great future before you."

Far up the road the lights of the Shevlins' country house drifted into view, and presently there was a sighing sound that crept persistently toward them – it might have been the fine plaint of violins or the rustle of the silver wheat under the moon.

They pulled up behind a handsome brougham whose passengers were disembarking at the door. A lady got out, then an elderly gentleman, then another young lady, beautiful as sin. Ben started; an almost chemical change seemed to dissolve and recompose the very elements of his body. A rigor passed over him, blood rose into his cheeks, his forehead, and there was a steady thumping in his ears. It was first love.

The girl was slender and frail, with hair that was ashen under the moon and honey-colored under the sputtering gas-lamps of the porch. Over her shoulders was thrown a Spanish mantilla of softest yellow, butterflied in black; her feet were glittering buttons at the hem of her bustled dress.

Roger Button leaned over to his son. "That," he said, "is young Hildegarde Moncrief, the daughter of General Moncrief." Ben nodded coldly. "Pretty little thing," he said indifferently. But when the Negro boy had led the buggy away, he added: "Dad, you might introduce me to her."

They approached a group, of which Miss Moncrief was the center. Reared in the old tradition, she curtsied low before Ben. Yes, he might have a dance. He thanked her and walked away; staggered away.

The interval, until the time for his turn should arrive, dragged itself out interminably. He stood close to the wall, silent, inscrutable, watching with murderous eyes the young bloods of Baltimore as they eddied around Hildegarde Moncrief, passionate admiration in their faces. How obnoxious they seemed to Ben; how intolerably rosy! Their curling brown whiskers aroused in him a feeling equivalent to indigestion.

But when his own time came, and he drifted with her out upon the changing floor to the music of the latest waltz from Paris, his jealousies and anxieties melted from him like a mantle of snow. Blind with enchantment, he felt that life was just beginning.

"You and your brother got here just as we did, didn't you?" asked Hildegarde, looking up at him with eyes that were like bright blue enamel.

Ben hesitated. If she took him for his father's brother, would it be best to enlighten her? He remembered his experience at Yale, so he decided against it. It would be rude to contradict a lady; it would be criminal to mar this exquisite occasion with the grotesque story of his origin. Later, perhaps. So he nodded, smiled, listened, was happy.

"I like men of your age," Hildegarde told him. "Young boys are so idiotic. They tell me how much they drink at college, and how much money they lose playing cards. Men of your age know how to appreciate women."

Ben felt himself on the verge of a proposal; with an effort he choked back the impulse. "You're just the romantic age," she continued, "fifty. Twenty-five is too worldly-wise; thirty is apt to be pale from overwork; forty is the age of long stories that take a whole cigar to tell; sixty is … oh, sixty is too near seventy; but fifty is the mellow age. I love fifty."

Fifty seemed to Ben a glorious age. He longed passionately to be fifty.

"I've always said," went on Hildegarde, "that I'd rather marry a man of fifty and be taken care of than marry a man of thirty and take care of him."

For Ben, the rest of the evening was bathed in a honey-colored mist. Hildegarde gave him two more dances, and they discovered that they were marvelously in accord on all the questions of the day. She was to go driving with him on the following Sunday, and then they would discuss all these questions further.

Going home in the phaeton just before the crack of dawn, when the first bees were humming and the fading moon glimmered in the cool dew, Ben knew vaguely that his father was discussing wholesale hardware.

"… And what do you think should merit our biggest attention after hammers and nails?" the elder Button was saying.

"Love," replied Ben absentmindedly.

"Lugs?" exclaimed Roger Button, "Why, I've just covered the question of lugs."

Ben regarded him with dazed eyes just as the eastern sky was suddenly cracked with light, and an oriole yawned piercingly in the quickening trees …

Part VI

When, six months later, the engagement of Miss Hildegarde Moncrief to Mr. Ben Button was made known (I say "made known," for General Moncrief declared he would rather fall upon his sword than announce it), the excitement in Baltimore society reached a feverish pitch. The almost forgotten story of Ben's birth was remembered and sent out upon the winds of scandal in picaresque and incredible forms. It was said that Ben was really the father of Roger Button, that he was his brother who had been in prison for forty years, that he was John Wilkes Booth in disguise – and, finally, that he had two small conical horns sprouting from his head.

The Sunday supplements of the New York papers played up the case with fascinating sketches which showed the head of Ben Button attached to a fish, to a snake, and, finally, to a body of solid brass. He became known, journalistically, as the Mystery Man of Maryland. But the true story, as is usually the case, had a very small circulation.

However, everyone agreed with General Moncrief that it was "criminal" for a lovely girl who could have married any beau in Baltimore to throw herself into the arms of a man who was assuredly fifty. In vain Mr. Roger Button published his son's birth certificate in large type in the Baltimore Blaze. No one believed it. You had only to look at Ben and see.

On the part of the two people most concerned there was no wavering. So many of the stories about her fiancé were false that Hildegarde refused stubbornly to believe even the true one. In vain General Moncrief pointed out to her the high mortality among men of fifty – or, at least, among men who looked fifty; in vain he told her of the instability of the wholesale hardware business. Hildegarde had chosen to marry for mellowness, and marry she did …

Part VII

In one particular, at least, the friends of Hildegarde Moncrief were mistaken. The wholesale hardware business prospered amazingly. In the fifteen years between Ben Button's marriage in 1880 and his father's retirement in 1895, the family fortune was doubled and this was due largely to the younger member of the firm.

Needless to say, Baltimore eventually received the couple to its bosom. Even old General Moncrief became reconciled to his son-in-law when Ben gave him the money to bring out his *History of the Civil War* in twenty volumes, which had been refused by nine prominent publishers.

In Ben himself fifteen years had wrought many changes. It seemed to him that the blood flowed with new vigor through his veins. It began to be a pleasure to rise in the morning, to walk with an active step along the busy, sunny street, to work untiringly with his shipments of hammers and his cargoes of nails. It was in 1890 that he executed his famous business coup: he brought up the suggestion that all nails used in nailing up the boxes in which nails are shipped are the property of the shippee, a proposal which became a statute, was approved by Chief Justice Fossile, and saved Roger Button and Company, Wholesale Hardware, more than six hundred nails every year.

In addition, Ben discovered that he was becoming more and more attracted by the gay side of life. It was typical of his growing enthusiasm for pleasure that he was the first man in the city of Baltimore to own and run an automobile. Meeting him on the street, his contemporaries would stare enviously at the picture he made of health and vitality.

"He seems to grow younger every year," they would remark. And if old Roger Button, now sixty-five years old, had failed at first to give a proper welcome to his son he atoned at last by bestowing on him what amounted to adulation.

And here we come to an unpleasant subject which it will be well to pass over as quickly as possible. There was only one thing that worried Ben Button; his wife had ceased to attract him.

At that time Hildegarde was a woman of thirty-five, with a son, Roscoe, fourteen years old. In the early days of their marriage Ben had worshippd her. But, as the years passed, her honey-colored hair became an unexciting brown, the blue enamel of her eyes assumed the aspect of cheap crockery – moreover, and, most of all, she had become too settled in her ways, too placid, too content, too anemic in her excitements, and too sober in her taste. As a bride it had been she who had "dragged" Ben to dances and dinners; now conditions were reversed. She went out socially with him, but without enthusiasm, devoured already by that eternal inertia which comes to live with each of us one day and stays with us to the end.

Ben's discontent waxed stronger. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War in 1898, his home had for him so little charm that he decided to join the army. With his business influence he obtained a commission as captain, and proved so adaptable to the work that he was made a major, and finally a lieutenant-colonel just in time to participate in the celebrated charge up San Juan Hill. He was slightly wounded, and received a medal.

Ben had become so attached to the activity and excitement of array life that he regretted to give it up, but his business required attention, so he resigned his commission and came home. He was met at the station by a brass band and escorted to his house.

Part VIII

Hildegarde, waving a large silk flag, greeted him on the porch, and even as he kissed her he felt with a sinking of the heart that these three years had taken their toll. She was a woman of forty now, with a faint skirmish line of gray hairs in her head. The sight depressed him.

Up in his room he saw his reflection in the familiar mirror. He went closer and examined his own face with anxiety, comparing it after a moment with a photograph of himself in uniform taken just before the war.

"Good Lord!" he said aloud. The process was continuing. There was no doubt of it – he looked now like a man of thirty. Instead of being delighted, he was uneasy – he was growing younger. He had hitherto hoped that once he reached a bodily age equivalent to his age in years, the grotesque phenomenon which had marked his birth would cease to function. He shuddered. His destiny seemed to him awful, incredible.

When he came downstairs, Hildegarde was waiting for him. She appeared annoyed, and he wondered if she had at last discovered that there was something amiss. It was with an effort to relieve the tension between them that he broached the matter at dinner in what he considered a delicate way.

"Well," he remarked lightly, "everybody says I look younger than ever."

Hildegarde regarded him with scorn. She sniffed. "Do you think it's anything to boast about?"

"I'm not boasting," he asserted uncomfortably. She sniffed again. "The idea," she said, and after a moment: "I should think you'd have enough pride to stop it."

"How can I?" he demanded.

"I'm not going to argue with you," she retorted. "But there's a right way of doing things and a wrong way. If you've made up your mind to be different from everybody else, I don't suppose I can stop you, but I really don't think it's very considerate."

"But, Hildegarde, I can't help it."

"You can too. You're simply stubborn. You think you don't want to be like anyone else. You always have been that way, and you always will be. But just think how it would be if everyone else looked at things as you do. What would the world be like?"

As this was an inane and unanswerable argument, Ben made no reply, and from that time on a chasm began to widen between them. He wondered what possible fascination she had ever exercised over him.

To add to the breach, he found, as the new century gathered headway that his thirst for gaiety grew stronger. Never a party of any kind in the city of Baltimore but he was there, chatting with the most popular of the debutantes, and finding

their company charming, while his wife, a dowager of evil omen, sat among the chaperons, now in haughty disapproval, and now following him with solemn, puzzled, and reproachful eyes.

"Look!" people would remark. "What a pity! A young fellow that age, tied to a woman of forty-five. He must be twenty years younger than his wife." They had forgotten, as people inevitably forget, that back in 1880 their mammas and papas had also remarked about this same ill-matched pair.

Ben's growing unhappiness at home was compensated for by his many new interests. He took up golf and made a great success of it. He went in for dancing: in 1906 he was an expert at "The Boston", and in 1908 he was considered proficient at the "Maxine", while in 1909 his "Castle Walk" was the envy of every young man in town.

His social activities, of course, interfered to some extent with his business, but then he had worked hard at wholesale hardware for twenty-five years and felt that he could soon hand it on to his son, Roscoe, who had recently graduated from Harvard.

He and his son were, in fact, often mistaken for each other. This pleased Ben. He soon forgot the insidious fear which had come over him on his return from the Spanish-American War, and grew to take a naive pleasure in his appearance. There was only one fly in the delicious ointment – he hated to appear in public with his wife. Hildegarde was almost fifty, and the sight of her made him feel absurd …

Part IX

One September day in 1910, a few years after Roger Button & Co., Wholesale Hardware, had been handed over to young Roscoe Button, a man, apparently about twenty years old, entered himself as a freshman at Harvard University in Cambridge. He did not make the mistake of announcing that he would never see fifty again, nor did he mention the fact that his son had been graduated from the same institution ten years before.

He was admitted, and almost immediately attained a prominent position in the class, partly because he seemed a little older than the other freshmen, whose average age was about eighteen.

But his success was largely due to the fact that in the football game with Yale he played so brilliantly, with so much dash and with such a cold, remorseless anger that he scored seven touchdowns and fourteen field goals for Harvard, and caused one entire eleven of Yale men to be carried singly from the field, unconscious. He was the most celebrated man in college.

Strange to say, in his third or junior year he was scarcely able to "make" the team. The coaches said that he had lost weight, and it seemed to the more observant among them that he was not quite as tall as before. He made no touchdowns – indeed, he was retained on the team chiefly in hope that his enormous reputation would bring terror and disorganization to the Yale team.

In his senior year, he did not make the team at all. He had grown so slight and frail that one day he was taken by some sophomores for a freshman, an incident which humiliated him terribly. He became known as something of a prodigy – a senior who was surely no more than sixteen – and he was often shocked at the worldliness of some of his classmates. His studies seemed harder to him; he felt that they were too advanced. He had heard his classmates speak of St. Midas's, the famous preparatory school, at which so many of them had prepared for college, and he determined after his graduation to enter himself at St. Midas's, where the sheltered life among boys his own size would be more congenial to him.

Upon his graduation in 1914, he went home to Baltimore with his Harvard diploma in his pocket. Hildegarde was now residing in Italy, so Ben went to live with his son, Roscoe. But though he was welcomed in a general way, there was obviously no heartiness in Roscoe's feeling toward him. There was even perceptible a tendency on his son's part to think that Ben, as he moped about the house in adolescent moodiness, was somewhat in the way. Roscoe was married now and prominent in Baltimore life, and he wanted no scandal to creep out in connection with his family.

Ben, no longer *persona grata* with the debutantes and younger college set, found himself left much done, except for the companionship of three or four fifteen-year-old boys in the neighborhood. His idea of going to St. Midas's school recurred to him.

"Say," he said to Roscoe one day, "I've told you over and over that I want to go to prep school."

"Well, go, then," replied Roscoe shortly. The matter was distasteful to him, and he wished to avoid a discussion.

"I can't go alone," said Ben helplessly. "You'll have to take me up there."

"I haven't got time," declared Roscoe abruptly. His eyes narrowed and he looked uneasily at his father. "As a matter of fact," he added, "you'd better not go on with this business much longer. You better pull up short. You better … you better", he paused and his face crimsoned as he sought for words, "you better turn right around and start back the other way. This has gone too far to be a joke. It isn't funny any longer. You … you behave yourself!"

Ben looked at him, on the verge of tears.

"And another thing," continued Roscoe, "when visitors are in the house I want you to call me 'Uncle' – not 'Roscoe,' but 'Uncle,' do you understand? It looks absurd for a boy of fifteen to call me by my first name. Perhaps you'd better call me 'Uncle' all the time, so you'll get used to it."

With a harsh look at his father, Roscoe turned away …

Part X

At the termination of this interview, Ben wandered dismally upstairs and stared at himself in the mirror. He had not shaved for three months, but he could find nothing on his face but a faint white down with which it seemed unnecessary to meddle.

When he had first come home from Harvard, Roscoe had approached him with the proposition that he should wear eye-glasses and imitation whiskers glued to his cheeks, and it had seemed for a moment that the farce of his early years was to be repeated. But whiskers had itched and made him ashamed. He wept and Roscoe had reluctantly relented.

Ben opened a book of boys' stories, *The Boy Scouts in Bimini Bay*, and began to read. But he found himself thinking persistently about the war. America had joined the Allied cause during the preceding month, and Ben wanted to enlist, but, alas, sixteen was the minimum age, and he did not look that old. His true age, which was fifty-seven, would have disqualified him, anyway.

There was a knock at his door, and the butler appeared with a letter bearing a large official legend in the corner and addressed to Mr. Ben Button. Ben tore it open eagerly, and read the enclosure with delight. It informed him that many reserve officers who had served in the Spanish-American War were being called back into service with a higher rank, and it enclosed his commission as brigadier-general in the United States army with orders to report immediately.

Ben jumped to his feet fairly quivering with enthusiasm. This was what he had wanted. He seized his cap, and ten minutes later he had entered a large tailoring establishment on Charles Street, and asked in his uncertain treble to be measured for a uniform.

"Want to play soldier, sonny?" demanded a clerk casually.

Ben flushed. "Say! Never mind what I want!" he retorted angrily. "My name's Button and I live on Mt. Vernon Place, so you know I'm good for it."

"Well," admitted the clerk hesitantly, "if you're not, I guess your daddy is, all right."

Ben was measured, and a week later his uniform was completed. He had difficulty in obtaining the proper general's insignia because the dealer kept insisting to Ben that a nice V.W.C.A. badge would look just as well and be much more fun to play with.

Saying nothing to Roscoe, he left the house one night and proceeded by train to Camp Mosby, in South Carolina, where he was to command an infantry brigade. On a sultry April day, he approached the entrance to the camp, paid off the taxicab which had brought him from the station, and turned to the sentry on guard.

"Get someone to handle my luggage!" he said briskly.

The sentry eyed him reproachfully. "Say," he remarked, "where you goin' with the general's duds, sonny?"

Ben, veteran of the Spanish-American War, whirled upon him with fire in his eye, but with, alas, a changing treble voice.

"Come to attention!" he tried to thunder; he paused for breath, then suddenly he saw the sentry snap his heels together and bring his rifle to the present. Ben concealed a smile of gratification, but when he glanced around his smile faded. It was not he who had inspired obedience, but an imposing artillery colonel who was approaching on horseback.

"Colonel!" called Ben shrilly.

The colonel came up, drew rein, and looked coolly down at him with a twinkle in his eyes. "Whose little boy are you?" he demanded kindly.

"I'll soon show you whose little boy I am!" retorted Ben in a ferocious voice. "Get down off that horse!" The colonel roared with laughter.

"You want him, eh, general?"

"Here!" cried Ben desperately. "Read this." And he thrust his commission toward the colonel.

The colonel read it, his eyes popping from their sockets.

"Where'd you get this?" he demanded, slipping the document into his own pocket.

"I got it from the Government, as you'll soon find out!"

"You come along with me," said the colonel with a peculiar look. "We'll go up to headquarters and talk this over. Come along."

The colonel turned and began walking his horse in the direction of headquarters. There was nothing for Ben to do but follow with as much dignity as possible, meanwhile promising himself a stern revenge.

But this revenge did not materialize. Two days later, however, his son Roscoe materialized from Baltimore, hot and cross from a hasty trip, and escorted the weeping general, sans uniform, back to his home.

Part XI

In 1920, Roscoe Button's first child was born. During the attendant festivities, however, no one thought it "the thing" to mention, that the little grubby boy, apparently about ten years of age who played around the house with lead soldiers and a miniature circus, was the new baby's own grandfather.

No one disliked the little boy whose fresh, cheerful face was crossed with just a hint of sadness, but to Roscoe Button his presence was a source of torment. In the idiom of his generation, Roscoe did not consider the matter "efficient." It seemed to him that his father, in refusing to look sixty, had not behaved like a "red-blooded he-man" – this was Roscoe's favorite expression – but in a curious and perverse manner. Indeed, to think about the matter for as much as a half an hour drove him to the edge of insanity. Roscoe believed that "live wires" should keep young, but carrying it out on such a scale was …was … was inefficient. And there Roscoe rested.

Five years later, Roscoe's little boy had grown old enough to play childish games with little Ben under the supervision of the same nurse. Roscoe took them both to kindergarten on the same day, and Ben found that playing with little strips of colored paper, making mats and chains and curious and beautiful designs, was the most fascinating game in the world. Once he was bad and had to stand in the corner, then he cried, but for the most part there were gay hours in the cheerful room, with the sunlight coming in the windows and Miss Bailey's kind hand resting for a moment now and then in his tousled hair.

Roscoe's son moved up into the first grade after a year, but Ben stayed on in the kindergarten. He was very happy. Sometimes when other tots talked about what they would do when they grew up, a shadow would cross his little face as if in a dim, childish way he realized that those were things in which he was never to share.

The days flowed on in monotonous content. He went back a third year to the kindergarten, but he was too little now to understand what the bright shining strips of paper were for. He cried because the other boys were bigger than he, and he was afraid of them. The teacher talked to him, but though he tried to understand he could not understand at all.

He was taken from the kindergarten. His nurse, Nana, in her starched gingham dress, became the center of his tiny world. On bright days they walked in the park; Nana would point at a great gray monster and say "elephant," and Ben would say it after her, and when he was being undressed for bed that night he would say it over and over aloud to her: "Elyphant, elyphant, elyphant." Sometimes Nana let him jump on the bed, which was fun, because if you sat down exactly right it would bounce you up on your feet again, and if you said "Ah" for a long time while you jumped, you got a very pleasing broken vocal effect.

He loved to take a big cane from the hat-rack and go around hitting chairs and tables with it and saying: "Fight, fight, fight." When there were people there the old ladies would cluck at him, which interested him, and the young ladies would try to kiss him, which he submitted to with mild boredom. And when the long day was done at five o'clock, he would go upstairs with Nana and be fed on oatmeal and nice soft mushy foods with a spoon.

There were no troublesome memories in his childish sleep; no token came to him of his brave days at college, of the glittering years when he flustered the hearts of many girls. There were only the white, safe walls of his crib and Nana and a man who came to see him sometimes, and a great big orange ball that Nana pointed at just before his twilight bed hour and called "sun". When the sun went, his eyes were sleepy – there were no dreams, no dreams to haunt him.

The past; the wild charge at the head of his men up San Juan Hill; the first years of his marriage when he worked late into the summer dusk down in the busy city for young Hildegarde whom he loved; the days before that when he sat smoking far into the night in the gloomy old Button house on Monroe Street with his grandfather-all these had faded like unsubstantial dreams from his mind as though they had never been. He did not remember.

He did not remember clearly whether the milk was warm or cool at his last feeding or how the days passed – there was only his crib and Nana's familiar presence. And then he remembered nothing. When he was hungry he cried; that was all. Through the noons and nights he breathed and over him there were soft mumblings and murmurings that he scarcely heard, and faintly differentiated smells, and light and darkness.

Then it was all dark, and his white crib and the dim faces that moved above him, and the warm sweet aroma of the milk, faded out altogether from his mind.

Scan here for the audio book.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=r3tkX3ThuoI

KEY IDEAS AND DETAILS

Answer the following questions.

1. How does Ben's reverse aging ironically mirror the modern midlife crisis?
2. What is the moral of the story?
3. How does Fitzgerald utilize humor in the story?
4. What is the plot of the story?
5. How does Fitzgerald use Ben's condition to ridicule social norms?
6. What is the author's message?
7. What is the setting of the story?

CRAFT AND STRUCTURE

Answer the following questions.

1. Discuss how F. Scott Fitzgerald utilizes irony in the story. Give examples.
2. How does Fitzgerald use tone and style to create atypical and quirky, yet realistic world in his story?
3. What do the following symbolize in the story – suit; cigars; hair dye; the army; Harvard; the wholesale business; the Baltimore Society and Yale?
4. What is the effect of the first person narrative?

INTEGRATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

Do an analysis of the main characters in the story.

Character analysis is where you elaborate on the character's personality. Next, you determine the character's role in the story. When you provide insights into the character's personality, mention how the character interacts with other characters. What did the character do to help the plot? How did the character overcome any challenges or struggles? How did the character change or develop over the course of the story?

A good character analysis will include an introduction, background information, personality traits, character growth and conclusion.

SPEAKING AND LISTENING

COMPREHENSION AND COLLABORATION

In mini groups, discuss and present on one of the following topics:

- Are you a fan of fantasy stories or do you prefer more traditional forms of storytelling?
- Would you prefer to go to college or start to work after high school?
- Look up information on the internet about the 2008 movie *The Curious Case of Ben Button*.
  What are the similarities and differences that you can spot between the two?

PRESENTATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

Present what you've discussed in your groups and be prepared to field questions from your classmates.

WRITING

TEXT TYPES AND PURPOSES

Write a reflective essay on any one of the following topics.

- How does this story, written almost a century ago, reflect current societal attitudes toward aging?
- What takeaways were there from the Spanish-American War?

PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION OF WRITING

Edit your work for accuracy. You may submit it in either print or digital form for evaluation.

RESEARCH TO BUILD AND PRESENT KNOWLEDGE

Research on your topic and present it analytically. In-text citations and bibliography must adhere to the prescribed MLA format.

CONVENTIONS OF STANDARD ENGLISH

KNOWLEDGE OF LANGUAGE

Using "Good" or "Well"; "Bad" or "Badly"

Rules

- Always use *good* as an adjective. *Well* may be used as an adverb of manner telling how ably something is done or as an adjective meaning "in good health".
  - ➢ Rock-collecting is a *good* hobby for young children. (Adjective)
  - ➢ That suit looks *good* on you. (Adjective after a linking verb)
  - ➢ Cody performed his many duties *well*. (Adverb of manner)
  - ➢ Andrew does not appear *well* this morning. (Adjective meaning "in good health")
- Always use *bad* as an adjective. Therefore, *bad* is used after a linking verb. Use *badly* as an adverb. *Badly* almost always follows an action verb.
  - ➢ Eating lunch first was a *bad* idea. (Adjective)
  - ➢ The potatoes smelled *bad*. (Adjective following a linking verb)
  - ➢ I feel *bad* about forgetting his birthday. (Adjective following a linking verb)
  - ➢ The entire team played *badly* last night. (Adverb following an action verb)

ASSIGNMENT

Circle the correct option.

1. Joel felt (bad / badly) about calling his sister insensitive.
2. Michela slept (good / well) after a long day of driving.
3. With three members missing, the small group played (bad / badly).
4. The newspaper needed (bad / badly) to hire a proofreader.
5. Connor did (good / well) on his first day at work.
6. My first book is finally starting to look (good / well). I hope I will publish it by the end of the year.
7. Alyssa wanted (bad / badly) to visit the art museum.
8. After hiking uphill all day, my muscles ached (bad / badly).
9. She looked as if she were feeling (good / well).
10. Karl wanted (bad / badly) to find a new roommate.
11. Everyone else's generosity made Sam feel (bad / badly) about his own stinginess.
12. Judy missed the baby shower because she was not feeling (good / well).
13. You don't have to tell me that my hair looks (bad / badly) today.
14. So far, my day has gone (bad / badly).
15. My puppy's obedience training is going very (good / well).
16. The class went (good / well).
17. She did (good / well) on the advanced placement exam.
18. My mother still plays the piano (good / well).
19. Michael's new car runs (bad / badly) on humid days.
20. I know the melody to that song (good / well).

UNIT 12

READING

The Pleasure of Books – *William Lyon Phelps*

IN THIS LESSON, WE WILL BE ABLE TO

- Read a speech to enhance our reading and comprehension skills.
- Analyze quotes and their meanings.
- Deliver a mock radio broadcast.
- Write a synopsis.
- Learn about direct and indirect speech.
- Create an online portfolio.

William Lyon Phelps (1865-1943) was an English Professor at Yale University, who became known throughout the world as a leading literary scholar, educator, author, book critic and preacher. He was an engaging orator who gathered large audiences wherever he spoke. At the height of his popularity, between 800 and 1,000 people attended his summer services at Huron City.

In 1938, LIFE Magazine sent a reporter and photographer to Huron City to do a portrait of the man they considered to be "America's foremost promoter of the humanities." (LIFE - December 5, 1938 edition).

On April 6, 1933, he delivered this speech ***The Pleasure of Books*** *that was broadcasted on the radio and is considered to be his anti-holocaust statement as it was delivered in times when the Nazi regime in Germany was usurping the powers.*

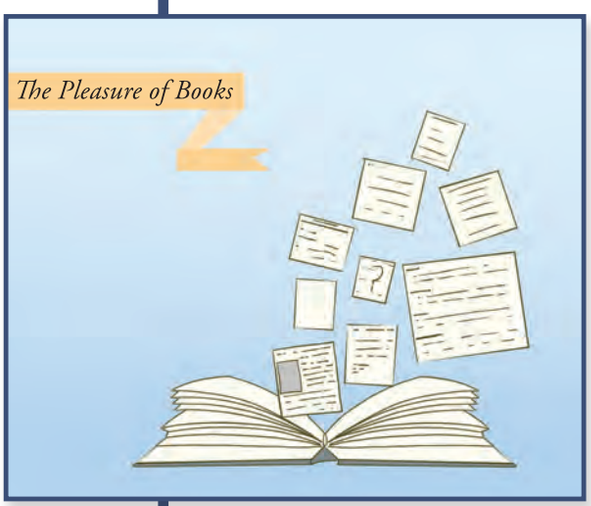
On April 6, 1933, the Nazi German Student Association's Main Office for Press and Propaganda proclaimed a nationwide "Action against the Un-German Spirit" to climax in a literary purge or "cleansing" (Säuberung) by fire. Local chapters were to supply the press with releases and commissioned articles, offer blacklists of "un-German" authors, sponsor well-known Nazi figures to speak at public gatherings, and negotiate for radio broadcast time.

In a symbolic act of ominous significance, on May 10, 1933, university students burned upwards of 25,000 volumes of "un-German" books, presaging an era of state censorship and control of culture.

The habit of reading is one of the greatest resources of mankind; and we enjoy reading books that belong to us much more than if they are borrowed. A borrowed book is like a guest in the house; it must be treated with punctiliousness, with a certain considerate formality. You must see that it sustains no damage; it must not suffer while under your roof. You cannot leave it carelessly, you cannot mark it, you cannot turn down the pages, you cannot use it familiarly. And then, some day, although this is seldom done, you really ought to return it.

But your own books belong to you; you treat them with that affectionate intimacy that annihilates formality. Books are for use, not for show; you should own no book that you are afraid to mark up, or afraid to place on the table, wide open and face down. A good reason for marking favorite passages in books is that this practice enables you to remember more easily the significant sayings, to refer to them quickly, and then in later years, it is like visiting a forest where you once blazed a trail. You have the pleasure of going over the old ground, and recalling both the intellectual scenery and your own earlier self.

Everyone should begin collecting a private library in youth; the instinct of private property, which is fundamental in human beings, can here be cultivated with every advantage and no evils. One should have one's own bookshelves, which should not have doors, glass windows, or keys; they should be free and accessible to the hand as well as to the eye.



The best of mural decorations is books; they are more varied in color and appearance than any wallpaper, they are more attractive in design, and they have the prime advantage of being separate personalities, so that if you sit alone in the room in the firelight, you are surrounded with intimate friends. The knowledge that they are there in plain view is both stimulating and refreshing. You do not have to read them all. Most of my indoor life is spent in a room containing six thousand books; and I have a stock answer to the invariable question that comes from strangers. "Have you read all of these books?"

"Some of them twice." This reply is both true and unexpected.

The happiest people in this world are those who have the most interesting thoughts.
— William Lyon Phelps

There are of course no friends like living, breathing, corporeal men and women; my devotion to reading has never made me a recluse. How could it? Books are of the people, by the people, for the people. Literature is the immortal part of history; it is the best and most enduring part of personality. But book-friends have this advantage over living friends; you can enjoy the most truly aristocratic society in the world whenever you want it. The great dead are beyond our physical reach, and the great living are usually almost as inaccessible; as for our personal friends and acquaintances, we cannot always see them. Perchance they are asleep, or away on a journey. But in a private library, you can at any moment converse with Socrates or Shakespeare or Carlyle

or Dumas or Dickens or Shaw or Barrie or Galsworthy. And there is no doubt that in these books you see these men at their best. They wrote for you. They "laid themselves out," they did their ultimate best to entertain you, to make a favorable impression. You are necessary to them as an audience is to an actor; only instead of seeing them masked, you look into their innermost heart of heart.

William Lyon Phelps – 1933

Listen to the speech here.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EH2_U8Ry9gM

KEY IDEAS AND DETAILS

Answer the following questions.

1 What was the purpose of this speech?

(a) to sell books
(b) to set up a public library
(c) to stress the importance and knowledge of books and to enjoy and appreciate reading
(d) to ban books

2 Who was the audience Phelps addressing in his speech?

(a) readers in general
(b) the leaders of Germany
(c) President Roosevelt
(d) his students

3 This speech was delivered just before _____.

(a) the Korean War
(b) the Civil War
(c) World War 1
(d) World War 2

4 What form of media was used for this speech?

(a) newspaper report
(b) radio broadcast
(c) televised broadcast
(d) internet podcast

5 What was the tone of the speech?

(a) harsh, demanding, demeaning, and degrading
(b) clever, witty, humorous
(c) motivational, influential, inspiring, and encouraging
(d) humiliating, dishonest, and loud

6 What led to the burning of books by the young German university students?

(a) the opening of a new library in town

(b) the start of a new ruling era

(c) the Nazis' ban on all "un-German" books

(d) the end of the academic term

7 What type of rhetorical device is used in the following excerpt?

"There are of course no friends like living, breathing, corporeal men and women; my devotion to reading has never made me a recluse. How could it? Books are of the people, by the people, for the people."

(a) repetition

(b) alliteration

(c) hypophora

(d) irony

8 What rhetorical strategy did Phelps omit from his speech?

(a) imagery

(b) hyperbole

(c) personification

(d) allusion

9 What is Phelps' main message?

(a) People should have the right to own and enjoy books.

(b) People are free to buy and sell books.

(c) The government should dictate the books that people can read.

(d) Books should not be burned or destroyed in order to preserve history.

10 *"This reply is both true and unexpected."*
This response is in relation to the question _____.

(a) "Have you read all of these books?"

(b) "Will you be joining the army?"

(c) "Are these books merely a mural decoration?"

(d) "Did you use the Internet?"

CRAFT AND STRUCTURE

Thinks of your favorite quote and share it with your partner. Who is it by and why has it made an impact on you?

INTEGRATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

Deliver a mock radio broadcast on one of the following topics.

- *The Pleasure of Writing*
- *The Pleasure of Gardening*
- *The Pleasure of Traveling*
- *The Pleasure of Showing Kindness*

Record your speech on your mobile phone and play it for your classmates in mini groups. Ensure that your speech:

- uses the appropriate tone,
- clearly conveys your message,
- is persuasive and captivating,
- avoids derogatory comments.

COMPREHENSION AND COLLABORATION

SPEAKING AND LISTENING

Watch the podcast *Why I read a book a day (and why you should too): the law of 33%* by Tai Lopez.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7bB_fVDlvhc

A **podcast** is a collection or a series of digital audio files that are made available for downloading or listening via the Internet. Each individual audio recording is known as a Podcast episode. It is hosted by an individual or individuals who lead(s) a conversation, share(s) stories, or report(s) news. The person who creates a podcast is known as a podcaster.

In mini groups, write a synopsis of the podcast you've watched.

A synopsis is a brief summary of a text which gives the readers an overview of the main points. The text could be an article of a journal, book, report, etc., but a synopsis could also be written for a talk, film or other forms of media presentations.

Your synopsis should include the title, word count, genre and fit in one page. It should be written in the present tense and in third person narrative.

PRESENTATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

Submit your work for evaluation by your teacher.

WRITING

TEXT TYPES AND PURPOSES

Create a writing portfolio.

Tips

- A writer's portfolio is never complete without a creative and catchy title.
- Titles are the first thing a prospective client reads, so you must grab their attention if you want them to read on.
- In addition to samples of your work, your portfolio should include a brief, informative (but not overly promotional) biography and any testimonials you may have from former clients regarding your writing skills.
- The goal of your writing portfolio is to showcase unique gifts and contributions that only you can bring, so it should harbor only high-quality writing work that you feel will advance your writing career.
- Keep your writing samples current and relevant at all times.

A few key characteristics that any writing portfolio should contain

- Your portfolio should include your strongest pieces and demonstrates the various genres, styles, and publication types you can manage. Make it clear what kind of writing is your specialty.
- You should keep your portfolio professional and present the content in a polished manner.
- Decide on a domain name and where you want to host your portfolio. A good rule of thumb is to use your name and add ".com."

What to include in an online writing portfolio

- Personal information. Online writing portfolios provide some information about who you are and your credentials, often as an author biography (bio).
- Most bios typically comprise the following components:
  - where you're originally from,
  - where you currently live,
  - academic writing credentials,
  - most notable publications,
  - awards and accolades,
  - themes or subjects you cover.
- You might feature your author bio as the homepage of your website, or you might place it on an "About" page. A photo of yourself might encourage people to connect with you.
- Contact information. You may create a contact form or provide an email address.

PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION OF WRITING

Edit your work for accuracy. You may include visual enhancements for your online portfolio.

RESEARCH TO BUILD AND PRESENT KNOWLEDGE

Refer to samples of other professional online portfolios. Keep your writing clear, succinct and persuasive.

CONVENTIONS OF STANDARD ENGLISH

LANGUAGE

KNOWLEDGE OF LANGUAGE

DIRECT–INDIRECT SPEECH

General rules for changing direct speech into indirect speech

- Omit all inverted commas or quotation marks. End the sentence with a full stop.
- If the verb inside the inverted commas / quotation marks is in the present tense, change it into the corresponding past tense. If it is in the simple past tense, change it into the past perfect tense.
  - ***Direct speech:*** *The girl said, "I like singing."*
  - ***Indirect speech:*** *The girl said that she liked singing.*
- When the verb inside the quotation marks expresses a universal truth, we do not change it into the past tense.
  - *He said, "Everyone has equal rights."*
  - *He said that everyone has equal rights.*
- Use pronouns appropriately.
  - ***Direct speech:*** *The boy told the girl, "I told you that we were not going on a holiday."*
  - ***Indirect speech:*** *The boy told the girl that he had told her that they were not going on a holiday.*
- When the reporting verb is in a present or future tense, we do not change the tense of the verb inside the quotation marks.
  - ***Direct speech:*** *She says, "I will come."*
  - ***Indirect speech:*** *She says that she will come.*

EXERCISE

Rewrite the sentences using indirect speech.

1. "What time does the next bus leave?" he said. "I need to get to the station."

2. "Don't go swimming in the lake," she said. "The water is filthy."

3. "Let's go shopping tomorrow," she said. "The sales have started."

4. "Stand up," the teacher said to the pupils. "The headmaster is coming."

5. "Please don't take my ring," she said to him. "It was a present."

6. "It's very late, Martin," his mother said. "Where have you been?"

7. "Shall I cook the dinner?" he said to her. "You look very tired."

8 “Please stop making that noise!” she said to him. “I can’t concentrate.”

9 “Yes, I dropped your vase,” she said. “I was cleaning the shelf.”

10 “Can I use the car, please?” she said. “I need to run some errands.”

11 “I’m sorry I’m late,” he said. “The car wouldn’t start.”

12 “Why are you teasing your sister?” she asked him. “You know it makes her unhappy.”

13 “Why won’t you come to the party?” he said to her. “Everyone would love to see you.”

14 “It was Rob who broke the window,” he said to her. “He was kicking the football.”

ASSIGNMENT

Rewrite the sentences using indirect speech.

1. Mother told me, “Put on your shoes.”
2. The teacher instructed me, “Open your notebook.”
3. Mary asked her uncle, “Please don’t be mad at me.”
4. The coach ordered Jack, “Get on your feet!”
5. The cashier asked Angela, “Hand over your receipt.”
6. Aidan told his mother, “Help me with my homework.”
7. The officer ordered us, “Do not park here.”
8. The ambulance driver told the pedestrians, “Move out of the way!”
9. Daniel said to his mother, “Wait for me.”
10. Pam reprimanded her husband, “Stop acting like a child.”

UNIT 13

READING

Pygmalion

– George Bernard Shaw

IN THIS LESSON, WE WILL BE ABLE TO

- Read a play to enhance our reading and comprehension skills.
- Do a comparison between text and film adaptation.
- Identify character traits.
- Rearrange jumbled sentences.
- Write an essay.

Pygmalion *is a play by George Bernard Shaw, named after the Greek mythological figure, "Pygmalion". Shaw said that the character of Professor Henry Higgins was inspired by several British professors of phonetics.* ***Pygmalion*** *was written in 1912 and became the crown jewel of Shaw's legacy.*

The entire play consists of five Acts. In Act 3, the readers witness the transformation of Liza, the Flower girl, into Eliza, the socialite. However, Shaw emphasizes that the correct pronunciation is not enough to pass a flower girl off as a duchess.

ACT III

It is Mrs. Higgins's stay-home day. Nobody has yet arrived. Her drawing-room, in a flat on Chelsea embankment, has three windows looking on the river; and the ceiling is not so lofty as it would be in an older house of the same pretension. The windows are open, giving access to a balcony with flowers in pots. If you stand with your face to the windows, you have the fireplace on your left and the door in the right-hand wall close to the corner nearest the windows.

Mrs. Higgins was brought up on Morris and Burne Jones; and her room, which is very unlike her son's room in Wimpole Street, is not crowded with furniture and little tables and knickknacks. In the middle of the room there is a big ottoman; and this, with the carpet, the Morris wall-papers, and the Morris chintz window curtains and brocade covers of the ottoman and its cushions, supply all the ornament, and are much too handsome to be hidden by odds and ends of useless things.

A few good oil-paintings from the exhibitions in the Grosvenor Gallery thirty years ago (the Burne Jones, not the Whistler side of them) are on the walls. The only landscape is a Cecil Lawson on the scale of a Rubens. There is a portrait of Mrs. Higgins as she was when she defied fashion in her youth in one of the beautiful Rossettian costumes which, when caricatured by people who did not understand, led to the absurdities of popular aestheticism in the eighteen-seventies.

In the corner diagonally opposite the door, Mrs. Higgins, now over sixty and long past taking the trouble to dress out of the fashion, sits writing at an elegantly simple writing-table with a bell button within reach of her hand. There is a Chippendale chair further back in the room between her and the window nearest her side. At the other side of the room, further forward, is an Elizabethan chair roughly carved in the taste of Inigo Jones. On the same side a piano in a decorated case. The corner between the fireplace and the window is occupied by a divan cushioned in Morris chintz.

It is between four and five in the afternoon.

The door is opened violently; and Higgins enters with his hat on.

MRS. HIGGINS [*dismayed*] Henry [*scolding him*]! What are you doing here today? It is my at-home day: you promised not to come. [*As he bends to kiss her, she takes his hat off, and presents it to him*].

HIGGINS. Oh bother! [*He throws the hat down on the table*].

MRS. HIGGINS. Go home at once.

HIGGINS [*kissing her*] I know, mother. I came on purpose.

MRS. HIGGINS. But you mustn't. I'm serious, Henry. You offend all my friends: they stop coming whenever they meet you.

HIGGINS. Nonsense! I know I have no small talk; but people don't mind. [*He sits on the settee*].

MRS. HIGGINS. Oh! Don't they? Small talk indeed! What about your large talk? Really, dear, you mustn't stay.

HIGGINS. I must. I've a job for you. A phonetic job.

MRS. HIGGINS. No use, dear. I'm sorry; but I can't get round your vowels; and though I like to get pretty postcards in your patent shorthand, I always have to read the copies in ordinary writing you so thoughtfully send me.

HIGGINS. Well, this isn't a phonetic job.

MRS. HIGGINS. You said it was.

HIGGINS. Not your part of it. I've picked up a girl.

MRS. HIGGINS. Does that mean that some girl has picked you up?

HIGGINS. Not at all. I don't mean a love affair.

MRS. HIGGINS. What a pity!

HIGGINS. Why?

MRS. HIGGINS. Well, you never fall in love with anyone under forty-five. When will you discover that there are some rather nice-looking young women about?

HIGGINS. Oh, I can't be bothered with young women. My idea of a loveable woman is something as like you as possible. I shall never get into the way of seriously liking young women: some habits lie too deep to be changed. [*Rising abruptly and walking about, jingling his money and his keys in his trouser pockets*] Besides, they're all idiots.

MRS. HIGGINS. Do you know what you would do if you really loved me, Henry?

HIGGINS. Oh bother! What? Marry, I suppose?

MRS. HIGGINS. No. Stop fidgeting and take your hands out of your pockets. [*With a gesture of despair, he obeys and sits down again*]. That's a good boy. Now tell me about the girl.

HIGGINS. She's coming to see you.

MRS. HIGGINS. I don't remember asking her.

HIGGINS. You didn't. I asked her. If you'd known her you wouldn't have asked her.

MRS. HIGGINS. Indeed! Why?

HIGGINS. Well, it's like this. She's a common flower girl. I picked her off the kerbstone.

MRS. HIGGINS. And invited her to my at-home!

HIGGINS [*rising and coming to her to coax her*] Oh, that'll be all right. I've taught her to speak properly; and she has strict orders as to her behavior. She's to keep to two subjects: the weather and everybody's health – Fine day and How do you do, you know – and not to let herself go on things in general. That will be safe.

MRS. HIGGINS. Safe! To talk about our health! About our insides! Perhaps about our outsides! How could you be so silly, Henry?

HIGGINS [*impatiently*] Well, she must talk about something. [*He controls himself and sits down again*]. Oh, she'll be all right: don't you fuss. Pickering is in it with me. I've a sort of bet on that I'll pass her off as a duchess in six months. I started on her some months ago; and she's getting on like a house on fire. I shall win my bet. She has a quick ear; and she's been easier to teach than my middle-class pupils because she's had to learn a complete new language. She talks English almost as you talk French.

MRS. HIGGINS. That's satisfactory, at all events.

HIGGINS. Well, it is and it isn't.

MRS. HIGGINS. What does that mean?

HIGGINS. You see, I've got her pronunciation all right; but you have to consider not only how a girl pronounces, but what she pronounces; and that's where …

They are interrupted by the parlor-maid, announcing guests.

THE PARLOR-MAID. Mrs. and Miss Eynsford Hill. [*She withdraws*].

HIGGINS. Oh Lord! [*He rises; snatches his hat from the table; and makes for the door; but before he reaches it his mother introduces him*].

Mrs. and Miss Eynsford Hill are the mother and daughter who sheltered from the rain in Covent Garden. The mother is well bred, quiet, and has the habitual anxiety of straitened means. The daughter has acquired a gay air of being very much at home in society: the bravado of genteel poverty.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [*to Mrs. Higgins*] How do you do? [*They shake hands*].

MISS EYNSFORD HILL. How d'you do? [*She shakes*].

MRS. HIGGINS [*introducing*] My son Henry.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. Your celebrated son! I have so longed to meet you, Professor Higgins.

HIGGINS [*glumly, making no movement in her direction*] Delighted. [*He backs against the piano and bows brusquely*].

MISS EYNSFORD HILL [*going to him with confident familiarity*] How do you do?

HIGGINS [*staring at her*] I've seen you before somewhere. I haven't the ghost of a notion where; but I've heard your voice. [*Drearily*] It doesn't matter. You'd better sit down.

MRS. HIGGINS. I'm sorry to say that my celebrated son has no manners. You mustn't mind him.

MISS EYNSFORD HILL [*gaily*] I don't. [*She sits in the Elizabethan chair*].

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [*a little bewildered*] Not at all. [*She sits on the ottoman between her daughter and Mrs. Higgins, who has turned her chair away from the writing-table*].

HIGGINS. Oh, have I been rude? I didn't mean to be. [*He goes to the central window, through which, with his back to the company, he contemplates the river and the flowers in Battersea Park on the opposite bank as if they were a frozen dessert*.]

The parlor-maid returns, ushering in Pickering.

THE PARLOR-MAID. Colonel Pickering [*She withdraws*].

PICKERING. How do you do, Mrs. Higgins?

MRS. HIGGINS. So glad you've come. Do you know Mrs. Eynsford Hill – Miss Eynsford Hill? [*Exchange of bows. The Colonel brings the Chippendale chair a little forward between Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Higgins, and sits down*].

PICKERING. Has Henry told you what we've come for?

HIGGINS [*over his shoulder*] We were interrupted!

MRS. HIGGINS. Oh Henry, Henry, really!

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [*half rising*] Are we in the way?

MRS. HIGGINS [*rising and making her sit down again*] No, no. You couldn't have come more fortunately: we want you to meet a friend of ours.

HIGGINS [*turning hopefully*] Yes, by George! We want two or three people. You'll do as well as anybody else.

The parlor-maid returns, ushering Freddy.

THE PARLOR-MAID. Mr. Eynsford Hill.

HIGGINS [*almost audibly, past endurance*] God of Heaven! Another of them.

FREDDY [*shaking hands with Mrs. Higgins*] Ahdedo?

MRS. HIGGINS. Very good of you to come. [*Introducing*] Colonel Pickering.

FREDDY [*bowing*] Ahdedo?

MRS. HIGGINS. I don't think you know my son, Professor Higgins.

FREDDY [*going to Higgins*] Ahdedo?

HIGGINS [*looking at him much as if he were a pickpocket*] I'll take my oath I've met you before somewhere. Where was it?

FREDDY. I don't think so.

HIGGINS [*resignedly*] It doesn't matter, anyhow. Sit down.

He shakes Freddy's hand, and almost slings him on the ottoman with his face to the windows; then comes round to the other side of it.

HIGGINS. Well, here we are, anyhow! [*He sits down on the ottoman next to Mrs. Eynsford Hill, to her left.*] And now, what the devil are we going to talk about until Eliza comes?

MRS. HIGGINS. Henry, you are the life and soul of the Royal Society's soirees; but really you're rather trying on more commonplace occasions.

HIGGINS. Am I? Very sorry. [*Beaming suddenly*] I suppose I am, you know. [*Uproariously*] Ha, ha!

MISS EYNSFORD HILL [*who considers Higgins quite eligible matrimonially*] I sympathize. I haven't any small talk. If people would only be frank and say what they really think!

HIGGINS [*relapsing into gloom*] Lord forbid!

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [*taking up her daughter's cue*] But why?

HIGGINS. What they think they ought to think is bad enough, Lord knows; but what they really think would break up the whole show. Do you suppose it would be really agreeable if I were to come out now with what I really think?

MISS EYNSFORD HILL [*gaily*] Is it so very cynical?

HIGGINS. Cynical! Who the dickens said it was cynical? I mean it wouldn't be decent.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [*seriously*] Oh! I'm sure you don't mean that, Mr. Higgins.

HIGGINS. You see, we're all savages, more or less. We're supposed to be civilized and cultured, to know all about poetry and philosophy and art and science, and so on; but how many of us know even the meanings of these names? [*To Miss Hill*] What do you know of poetry? [*To Mrs. Hill*] What do you know of science? [*Indicating Freddy*] What does he know of art or science or anything else? What the devil do you imagine I know of philosophy?

MRS. HIGGINS [*warningly*] Or of manners, Henry?

THE PARLOR-MAID [*opening the door*] Miss Doolittle. [*She withdraws*].

HIGGINS [*rising hastily and running to Mrs. Higgins*] Here she is, mother. [*He stands on tiptoe and makes signs over his mother's head to Eliza to indicate to her which lady is her hostess*].

Eliza, who is exquisitely dressed, produces an impression of such remarkable distinction and beauty as she enters that they all rise, quite flustered. Guided by Higgins's signals, she comes to Mrs. Higgins with studied grace.

LIZA [*speaking with pedantic correctness of pronunciation and great beauty of tone*] How do you do, Mrs. Higgins? [*She gasps slightly in making sure of the H in Higgins, but is quite successful*]. Mr. Higgins told me I might come.

MRS. HIGGINS [*cordially*] Quite right, I'm very glad indeed to see you.

PICKERING. How do you do, Miss Doolittle?

LIZA [*shaking hands with him*] Colonel Pickering, is it not?

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. I feel sure we have met before, Miss Doolittle. I remember your eyes.

LIZA. How do you do? [*She sits down on the ottoman gracefully in the place just left vacant by Higgins*].

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [*introducing*] My daughter Clara.

LIZA. How do you do?

CLARA [*impulsively*] How do you do? [*She sits down on the ottoman beside Eliza, devouring her with her eyes*].

FREDDY [*coming to their side of the ottoman*] I've certainly had the pleasure.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [*introducing*] My son Freddy.

LIZA. How do you do?

Freddy bows and sits down in the Elizabethan chair, infatuated.

HIGGINS [*suddenly*] By George, yes: it all comes back to me! [*They stare at him*]. Covent Garden! [*Lamentably*] What a surprising thing!

MRS. HIGGINS. Henry, please! [*He is about to sit on the edge of the table*]. Don't sit on my writing-table: you'll break it.

HIGGINS [*sulkily*] Sorry.

He goes to the divan, stumbling into the fender and over the fire-irons on his way; extricating himself with muttered imprecations; and finishing his disastrous journey by throwing himself so impatiently on the divan that he almost breaks it. Mrs. Higgins looks at him, but controls herself and says nothing. A long and painful pause ensues.

MRS. HIGGINS [*at last, conversationally*] Will it rain, do you think?

LIZA. The shallow depression in the west of these islands is likely to move slowly in an easterly direction. There are no indications of any great change in the barometrical situation.

FREDDY. Ha! Ha! How awfully funny!

LIZA. What is wrong with that, young man? I bet I got it right.

FREDDY. Killing!

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. I'm sure I hope it won't turn cold. There's so much influenza about. It runs right through our whole family regularly every spring.

LIZA [*darkly*] My aunt died of influenza: so they said.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [*clicks her tongue sympathetically*]!!!

LIZA [*in the same tragic tone*] But it's my belief they done the old woman in.

MRS. HIGGINS [*puzzled*] Done her in?

LIZA. Y-e-e-e-es, Lord love you! Why should she die of influenza? She come through diphtheria right enough the year before. I saw her with my own eyes. Fairly blue with it, she was. They all thought she was dead; but my father he kept ladling concoction down her throat till she came to so sudden that she bit the bowl off the spoon.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [*startled*] Dear me!

LIZA [*piling up the indictment*] What call would a woman with that strength in her have to die of influenza? What become of her new straw hat that should have come to me? Somebody pinched it; and what I say is, them as pinched it done her in.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. What does doing her in mean?

HIGGINS [*hastily*] Oh, that's the new small talk. To do a person in means to kill them.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [*to Eliza, horrified*] You surely don't believe that your aunt was killed?

LIZA. Do I not! Then she lived with would have killed her for a hat-pin, let alone a hat.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. But it can't have been right for your father to pour spirits down her throat like that. It might have killed her.

LIZA. Not her. Concoction was mother's milk to her. Besides, he'd poured so much down his own throat that he knew the good of it.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. Do you mean that he was compulsive?

LIZA. Drank! My word! Something chronic.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. How dreadful for you!

LIZA. Not a bit. It never did him no harm what I could see. But then he did not keep it up regular. [*Cheerfully*] On the burst, as you might say, from time to time. And always more agreeable when he had a drop in. When he was out of work, my mother used to give him fourpence and tell him to go out and not come back until he's cheerful and loving-like. [*Now quite at her ease*] You see, it's like this. If a man has a bit of a conscience, it always takes him when he's sober; and then it makes him

low-spirited. Something just takes that off and makes him happy. [*To Freddy, who is in convulsions of suppressed laughter*] Here! What are you sniggering at?

FREDDY. The new small talk. You do it so awfully well.

LIZA. If I was doing it proper, what was you laughing at? [*To Higgins*] Have I said anything I oughtn't?

MRS. HIGGINS [*interposing*] Not at all, Miss Doolittle.

LIZA. Well, that's a mercy, anyhow. [*Expansively*] What I always say is …

HIGGINS [*rising and looking at his watch*] Ahem!

LIZA [*looking round at him; taking the hint; and rising*] Well, I must go. [*They all rise. Freddy goes to the door*]. So pleased to have met you. Goodbye. [*She shakes hands with Mrs. Higgins*].

MRS. HIGGINS. Goodbye.

LIZA. Goodbye, Colonel Pickering.

PICKERING. Goodbye, Miss Doolittle. [*They shake hands*].

LIZA [*nodding to the others*] Goodbye, all.

FREDDY [*opening the door for her*] Are you walking across the Park, Miss Doolittle? If so …

LIZA. Walk! Not bloody likely. [*Sensation*]. I am going in a taxi. [*She goes out*].

Pickering gasps and sits down. Freddy goes out on the balcony to catch another glimpse of Eliza.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [*suffering from shock*] Well, I really can't get used to the new ways.

CLARA [*throwing herself discontentedly into the Elizabethan chair*]. Oh, it's all right, mamma, quite right. People will think we never go anywhere or see anybody if you are so old-fashioned.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. I daresay I am very old-fashioned; but I do hope you won't begin using that expression, Clara. I have got accustomed to hear you talking about men as rotters, and calling everything filthy and beastly; though I do think it horrible and unladylike. But this last is really too much. Don't you think so, Colonel Pickering?

PICKERING. Don't ask me. I've been away in India for several years; and manners have changed so much that I sometimes don't know whether I'm at a respectable dinner-table or in a ship's forecastle.

CLARA. It's all a matter of habit. There's no right or wrong in it. Nobody means anything by it. And it's so quaint, and gives such a smart emphasis to things that are not in themselves very witty. I find the new small talk delightful and quite innocent.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [*rising*] Well, after that, I think it's time for us to go.

Pickering and Higgins rise.

CLARA [*rising*] Oh yes: we have three at-homes to go to still. Goodbye, Mrs. Higgins. Goodbye, Colonel Pickering. Goodbye, Professor Higgins.

HIGGINS [*coming grimly at her from the divan, and accompanying her to the door*] Goodbye. Be sure you try on that small talk at the three at-homes. Don't be nervous about it. Pitch it in strong.

CLARA [*all smiles*] I will. Goodbye. Such nonsense, all this early Victorian prudery!

HIGGINS [*tempting her*] Such damned nonsense!

CLARA. Such bloody nonsense!

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [*convulsively*] Clara!

CLARA. Ha! Ha! [*She goes out radiant, conscious of being thoroughly up to date, and is heard descending the stairs in a stream of silvery laughter*].

FREDDY [*to the heavens at large*] Well, I ask you [*He gives it up, and comes to Mrs. Higgins*]. Goodbye.

MRS. HIGGINS [*shaking hands*] Goodbye. Would you like to meet Miss Doolittle again?

FREDDY [*eagerly*] Yes, I should, most awfully.

MRS. HIGGINS. Well, you know my days.

FREDDY. Yes. Thanks awfully. Goodbye. [*He goes out*].

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. Goodbye, Mr. Higgins.

HIGGINS. Goodbye. Goodbye.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [*to Pickering*] It's no use. I shall never be able to bring myself to use that word.

PICKERING. Don't. It's not compulsory, you know. You'll get on quite well without it.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. Only, Clara is so down on me if I am not positively reeking with the latest slang. Goodbye.

PICKERING. Goodbye [*They shake hands*].

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [*to Mrs. Higgins*] You mustn't mind Clara. [*Pickering, catching from her lowered tone that this is not meant for him to hear, discreetly joins Higgins at the window*]. We're so poor! And she gets so few parties, poor child! She doesn't quite know. [*Mrs. Higgins, seeing that her eyes are moist, takes her hand sympathetically and goes with her to the door*]. But the boy is nice. Don't you think so?

MRS. HIGGINS. Oh, quite nice. I shall always be delighted to see him.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. Thank you, dear. Goodbye. [*She goes out*].

HIGGINS [*eagerly*] Well? Is Eliza presentable [*he swoops on his mother and drags her to the ottoman, where she sits down in Eliza's place with her son on her left*]?

Pickering returns to his chair on her right.

MRS. HIGGINS. You silly boy, of course she's not presentable. She's a triumph of your art and of her dressmaker's; but if you suppose for a moment that she doesn't give herself away in every sentence she utters, you must be perfectly cracked about her.

PICKERING. But don't you think something might be done? I mean something to eliminate the sanguinary element from her conversation.

MRS. HIGGINS. Not as long as she is in Henry's hands.

HIGGINS [*aggrieved*] Do you mean that my language is improper?

MRS. HIGGINS. No, dearest: it would be quite proper – say on a canal barge; but it would not be proper for her at a garden party.

HIGGINS [*deeply injured*] Well I must say …

PICKERING [*interrupting him*] Come, Higgins: you must learn to know yourself. I haven't heard such language as yours since we used to review the volunteers in Hyde Park twenty years ago.

HIGGINS [*sulkily*] Oh, well, if you say so, I suppose I don't always talk like a bishop.

MRS. HIGGINS [*quieting Henry with a touch*] Colonel Pickering: will you tell me what the exact state of things in Wimpole Street is?

PICKERING [*cheerfully: as if this completely changed the subject*] Well, I have come to live there with Henry. We work together at my Indian Dialects; and we think it more convenient …

MRS. HIGGINS. Quite so. I know all about that: it's an excellent arrangement. But where does this girl live?

HIGGINS. With us, of course. Where would she live?

MRS. HIGGINS. But on what terms? Is she a servant? If not, what is she?

PICKERING [*slowly*] I think I know what you mean, Mrs. Higgins.

HIGGINS. Well, dash me if I do! I've had to work at the girl every day for months to get her to her present pitch. Besides, she's useful. She knows where my things are, and remembers my appointments and so forth.

MRS. HIGGINS. How does your housekeeper get on with her?

HIGGINS. Mrs. Pearce? Oh, she's jolly glad to get so much taken off her hands; for before Eliza came, she had to have to find things and remind me of my appointments. But she's got some silly bee in her bonnet about Eliza. She keeps saying "You don't think, sir", doesn't she, Pick?

PICKERING. Yes: that's the formula. "You don't think, sir." That's the end of every conversation about Eliza.

HIGGINS. As if I ever stop thinking about the girl and her confounded vowels and consonants. I'm worn out, thinking about her, and watching her lips and her teeth and her tongue, not to mention her soul, which is the quaintest of the lot.

MRS. HIGGINS. You certainly are a pretty pair of babies, playing with your live doll.

HIGGINS. Playing! The hardest job I ever tackled: make no mistake about that, mother. But you have no idea how frightfully interesting it is to take a human being and change her into a quite different human being by creating a new speech for her. It's filling up the deepest gulf that separates class from class and soul from soul.

PICKERING [*drawing his chair closer to Mrs. Higgins and bending over to her eagerly*] Yes, it's enormously interesting. I assure you, Mrs. Higgins, we take Eliza very seriously. Every week – every day almost – there is some new change. [*Closer again*] We keep records of every stage – dozens of gramophone disks and photographs …

HIGGINS [*assailing her at the other ear*] Yes, by George: it's the most absorbing experiment I ever tackled. She regularly fills our lives up; doesn't she, Pick?

PICKERING. We're always talking Eliza.

HIGGINS. Teaching Eliza.

PICKERING. Dressing Eliza.

MRS. HIGGINS. What!

HIGGINS. Inventing new Eliza.

[*Higgins and Pickering, speaking together*]

HIGGINS. You know, she has the most extraordinary quickness of ear.

PICKERING. I assure you, my dear Mrs. Higgins, that girl ...

HIGGINS. Just like a parrot. I've tried her with every ...

PICKERING. Is a genius. She can play the piano quite beautifully ...

HIGGINS. Possible sort of sound that a human being can make ...

PICKERING. We have taken her to classical concerts and to music ...

HIGGINS. Continental dialects, African dialects, Hottentot ...

PICKERING. Halls; and it's all the same to her: she plays everything ...

HIGGINS. Clicks, things it took me years to get hold of; and ...

PICKERING. She hears right off when she comes home, whether it's ...

HIGGINS. She picks them up like a shot, right away, as if she had ...

PICKERING. Beethoven and Brahms or Lehar and Lionel Morickton;

HIGGINS. Been at it all her life.

PICKERING. Though six months ago, she'd never as much as touched a piano.

MRS. HIGGINS [*putting her fingers in her ears, as they are by this time shouting one another down with an intolerable noise*] Sh – sh – sh – sh! [*They stop*].

PICKERING. I beg your pardon. [*He draws his chair back apologetically*].

HIGGINS. Sorry. When Pickering starts shouting nobody can get a word in edgeways.

MRS. HIGGINS. Be quiet, Henry. Colonel Pickering: don't you realize that when Eliza walked into Wimpole Street, something walked in with her?

PICKERING. Her father did. But Henry soon got rid of him.

MRS. HIGGINS. It would have been more to the point if her mother had. But as her mother didn't something else did.

PICKERING. But what?

MRS. HIGGINS [*unconsciously dating herself by the word*] A problem.

PICKERING. Oh, I see. The problem of how to pass her off as a lady.

HIGGINS. I'll solve that problem. I've half solved it already.

MRS. HIGGINS. No, you two infinitely stupid male creatures: the problem of what is to be done with her afterwards.

HIGGINS. I don't see anything in that. She can go her own way, with all the advantages I have given her.

MRS. HIGGINS. The advantages of that poor woman who was here just now! The manners and habits that disqualify a fine lady from earning her own living without giving her a fine lady's income! Is that what you mean?

PICKERING [*indulgently, being rather bored*] Oh, that will be all right, Mrs. Higgins. [*He rises to go*].

HIGGINS [*rising also*] We'll find her some light employment.

PICKERING. She's happy enough. Don't you worry about her. Goodbye. [*He shakes hands as if he were consoling a frightened child, and makes for the door*].

HIGGINS. Anyhow, there's no good bothering now. The thing's done. Goodbye, mother. [*He kisses her, and follows Pickering*].

PICKERING [*turning for a final consolation*] There are plenty of openings. We'll do what's right. Goodbye.

HIGGINS [*to Pickering as they go out together*] Let's take her to the Shakespeare exhibition at Earls Court.

PICKERING. Yes, let's. Her remarks will be delicious.

HIGGINS. She'll mimic all the people for us when we get home.

PICKERING. Ripping. [*Both are heard laughing as they go downstairs*].

MRS. HIGGINS [*rises with an impatient bounce, and returns to her work at the writing-table. She sweeps a litter of disarranged papers out of her way; snatches a sheet of paper from her stationery case; and tries resolutely to write. At the third line she gives it up; flings down her pen; grips the table angrily and exclaims*] Oh, Men! Men!! Men!!!

Scan here to listen to Act III.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YC9zV9owysA

KEY IDEAS AND DETAILS

Answer the following questions.

1. In *Pygmalion*, how are Victorian ideals of feminism reflected in Mrs. Higgins?
2. What is Clara's perception of Eliza?
3. What qualities contribute to Eliza's change?
4. How does Shaw use dramatic irony to draw attention to the superficiality of class distinctions based on accents?

CRAFT AND STRUCTURE

Choose the correct meaning for each of the following words.

1. lofty
   (a) eminent
   (b) pastoral
   (c) resistant
   (d) eternal
2. brusquely
   (a) conversely
   (b) vehemently
   (c) bluntly
   (d) simultaneously
3. usher
   (a) to train
   (b) to alert
   (c) to pursue
   (d) to escort

4 prudery

(a) noble
(b) civilized
(c) moralism
(d) honorable

5 pedantic

(a) restrained
(b) pedestrian
(c) offensive
(d) scholarly

6 extricate

(a) format
(b) disentangle
(c) pamper
(d) embarrass

7 indictment

(a) indicator
(b) accusation
(c) prosecution
(d) dictator

8 sanguinary

(a) hoary
(b) heavy-handed
(c) bloodthirsty
(d) passionate

9 soiree

(a) a press conference
(b) a lavish party
(c) a marathon
(d) a western rodeo

10 cynical

(a) a person who keeps a regular daily routine
(b) a person who always tries to please his superiors
(c) a person who enthusiastically follows new trends
(d) a person who thinks all politicians are corrupt

INTEGRATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

Alan J. Lemer and Frederick Loewe adapted the musical film *My Fair Lady* from the play *Pygmalion* in 1964.

Since then, there have been numerous reviews comparing and contrasting the two versions. Do an online search to see what the main similarities and differences are.

SPEAKING AND LISTENING

COMPREHENSION AND COLLABORATION

In mini groups, discuss the following:

1. George Bernard Shaw wrote his play for an upper-class theater audience in England. What do you think he wanted them to learn from it?
2. What is one character trait of Eliza's that you would not like to emulate? Why?
3. Do you agree with the following adage: if you want to change your mentality, learn another language?

   Watch *How language shapes the way we think* by Lera Boroditsky. Compare the speaker's viewpoint to yours.

   https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RKK7wGAYP6k

PRESENTATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

In your groups, present on what you've discussed and be prepared to field questions from your teacher and classmates.

WRITING

TEXT TYPES AND PURPOSES

Is *Pygmalion's* portrayal of women applicable in today's context? Have the Victorian ideals of feminism evolved over time? State your point of view in an essay of approximately 300 words.

PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION OF WRITING

Edit your work for accuracy. You may submit either a print or digital version of your work for evaluation.

RESEARCH TO BUILD AND PRESENT KNOWLEDGE

All in-text citations and bibliography should adhere to the prescribed MLA style.

CONVENTIONS OF STANDARD ENGLISH

KNOWLEDGE OF LANGUAGE

ELF – English as a Lingua Franca

A Lingua Franca is a bridge language (or link language) systematically used as a mean of communication between groups of people who do not share a native language or dialect. The term English as a lingua franca (ELF) refers to the teaching, learning, and use of English as a common means of communication (or contact language) for speakers of different native languages.

It should be stated that ELF is not a new phenomenon as English "has served as a lingua franca in the past, and continues to do so nowadays, in many of the countries that were colonized by the British from the late sixteenth century on […], such as India and Singapore. […] What is new about ELF, however, is the extent of its reach." (Jenkins 2013)

However, an extensive use of English by the speakers of other languages leads to a phenomenon known as ***jumbled sentence***, i.e., sentences with reversed word order and / or missing prepositions and auxiliaries. Unscrambling jumbled sentences is a common occurrence in real-world communication in English as a lingua franca.

Want taxi you? – *Do you need a taxi?*

Me you meet work tomorrow? – *Will we meet at work tomorrow?*

It is also important to practice recognizing and rewording jumbled sentence to avoid memorizing the erroneous use of the phrases and collocations.

Examples:

(i) work and play / things / different / parents see / as two
Parents see work and play as two different things.

(ii) is a / of time / they / waste / think / that playing
They think that playing is a waste of time.

(iii) important / games / studies / are / as / as
Games are as important as studies.

(iv) a student / to both / proper / should / attention / pay
A student should pay proper attention to both.

ASSIGNMENT

Rearrange the following words / phrases to form meaningful sentences.

1 (a) beautiful / Masha / dog / is a / young.

(b) praised / she / be / to / likes.

(c) policemen / group / works / of / with a / she

2 (a) you / want / get / this / done / work / 9 a.m. / if / 2 p.m. / had / come / better / between / you / to

(b) even / if / better / decide / come / you / along / is / it / to

(c) look / as if / not sleep / you / all night / did / you

3 (a) do not / please / the roads / litter

(b) the sun / not play / outside / is shining / too / brightly / so better

(c) no / difference / makes / it / you / if / someone else / asked / to do it

4 (a) no laughing matter / it is / you / pushed / younger brother / your / into / a / of water / puddle / that

(b) what may / you / come / finish / homework / your / the party / before / will

(c) know / better / than / you / disrespect / to / elders / your

5 (a) rains / before / it / must / up / pick / the clothes / from the / clothesline / you

(b) you / must / always / be / so / formal?

(c) natural / to / scared / be / of / thunderstorm / it / is

6 (a) world / my / I / the / journey / started / save / ago / to / years / five

(b) I / be / always / to / environmentalist / wanted / an

(c) Steve Irwin / by / I / inspired / was

7 (a) hers / princess / the / took / father's / her / in / hand / youngest

(b) cried / amazement / looked / her / king / the / and / at / in

(c) begged / head / and / shook / princess / her / the / again

8 (a) nation / are / precious / property / of / children / every / most / the

(b) appreciation / day / deserves / theme / children's

(c) our / they / makers / policy / future / are

9 (a) trying / by / ever / fail / few

(b) shirk from / trying / do not

(c) yourself / avoid / and / all / negative thoughts / believe / in

10 (a) in the / are / tornadoes / country / more common / United States / than in / any / other

(b) United / the / States / more / receives / than / annually / tornadoes / 1,200

(c) tornadoes / occur / violent / often / more / in / in / United / the / other / States / than / any / country

11 (a) the / and / cup / seeds / my / them / garden / collect / I / from / plant / in

(b) birthdays / them / their / gift / friends / to / I / my / on

(c) my / plants / sad / I / if / harms / feel / someone / or / breaks

12 (a) told / to / my / had / mother / bicycle / me / out / my / not / go / on

(b) her / when / the / disturbed / sleeping / I / was / afternoon / she / in

(c) the / suddenly / I / ground / fell / and / on / slipped

UNIT 14

READING

Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town

(L'Envoi: The Train to Mariposa)

– Stephen Leacock

IN THIS LESSON, WE WILL BE ABLE TO

- Read a story to enhance our reading and comprehension skills.
- Analyze the use of humor in text.
- Learn to recognize abbreviations.
- Create a travel brochure.

Stephen Leacock is known as Canada's best-known author and is considered to be one of the most celebrated humorist of the early 20th century. Even in today's world, he has been acknowledged as the founder of Canadian humor. Of Leacock's more than 50 books, ***Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town*** *has been the most popular. It has short, interconnected stories about a small town in Canada.*

The excerpt below depicts an imaginary train ride from a busy city back to Mariposa. Unlike the rest of the book, there is very little humor in this closing narration. On the contrary to the rest of the book, the final story is written in a rather philosophic mood.

It leaves the city every day about five o'clock in the evening, the train for Mariposa. Strange that you did not know of it, though you come from the little town – or did, long years ago.

Odd that you never knew, in all these years, that the train was there every afternoon, puffing up steam in the city station, and that you might have boarded it any day and gone home. No, not "home," – of course you couldn't call it "home" now; "home" means that big red sandstone house of yours in the costlier part of the city. "Home" means, in a way, this Mausoleum Club where you sometimes talk with me of the times that you had as a boy in Mariposa.

But of course "home" would hardly be the word you would apply to the little town, unless perhaps, late at night, when you'd been sitting reading in a quiet corner somewhere such a book as the present one.

Naturally you don't know of the Mariposa train now. Years ago, when you first came to the city as a boy with your way to make, you knew of it well enough, only too well. The price of a ticket counted in those days, and though you knew of the train you couldn't take it, but sometimes from sheer homesickness you used to wander down to the station on a Friday afternoon after your work, and watch the Mariposa people getting on the train and wish that you could go.

Why, you knew that train at one time better, I suppose, than any other single thing in the city, and loved it too for the little town in the sunshine that it ran to.

Do you remember how when you first began to make money you used to plan that just as soon as you were rich, really rich, you'd go back home again to the little town and build a great big house with a fine verandah, no stint about it, the best that money could buy, planed lumber, every square foot of it, and a fine picket fence in front of it.

It was to be one of the grandest and finest houses that thought could conceive; much finer, in true reality, than that vast palace of sandstone with the porte cochere and the sweeping conservatories that you afterwards built in the costlier part of the city.

But if you have half-forgotten Mariposa, and long since lost the way to it, you are only like the greater part of the men here in this Mausoleum Club in the city. Would you believe it that practically every one of them came from Mariposa once upon a time, and that there isn't one of them that doesn't sometimes dream in the dull quiet of the long evening here in the club, that someday he will go back and see the place.

They all do. Only they're half ashamed to own it.

Ask your neighbor there at the next table whether the partridge that they sometimes serve to you here can be compared for a moment to the birds that he and you, or he and someone else, used to shoot as boys in the spruce thickets along the lake. Ask him if he ever tasted duck that could, for a moment, be compared to the black ducks in the rice marsh along the Ossawippi. And as for fish, and fishing, no, don't ask him about that, for if he ever starts telling you of the chub they used to catch below the mill dam and the green bass that used to lie in the water-shadow of the rocks beside the Indian's Island, not even the long dull evening in this club would be long enough for the telling of it.

But no wonder they don't know about the five o'clock train for Mariposa. Very few people know about it. Hundreds of them know that there is a train that goes out at five o'clock, but they mistake it. Ever so many of them think it's just a suburban train. Lots of people that take it every day think it's only the train to the golf grounds, but the joke is that after it passes out of the city and the suburbs and the golf grounds, it turns itself little by little into the Mariposa train, thundering and pounding towards the north with hemlock sparks pouring out into the darkness from the funnel of it.

Of course you can't tell it just at first. All those people that are crowding into it with golf clubs, and wearing knickerbockers and flat caps, would deceive anybody. That crowd of suburban people going home on commutation tickets and sometimes standing thick in the aisles, those are, of course, not Mariposa people. But look round a little bit and you'll find them easily enough. Here and there in the crowd those people with the clothes that are perfectly all right and yet look odd in some way, the women with the peculiar hats and the – what do you say? – last year's fashions? Ah yes, of course that must be it.

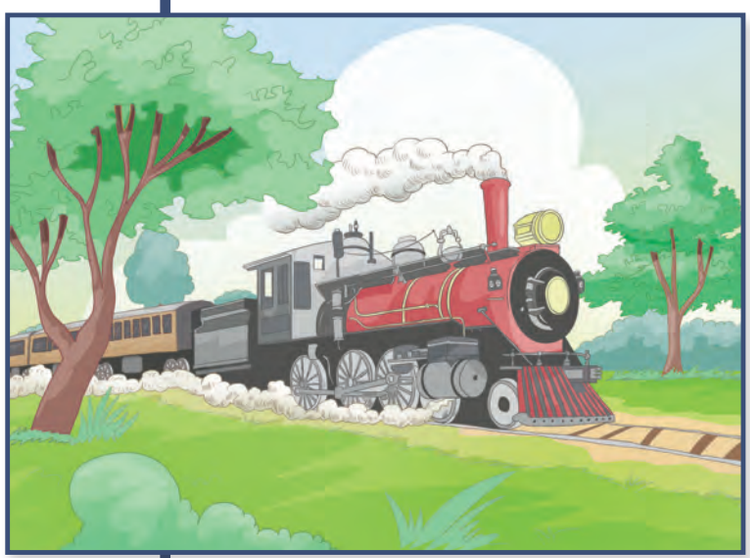
Anyway, those are the Mariposa people all right enough. That man with the two-dollar panama and the glaring spectacles is one of the greatest judges that ever adorned the bench of Missinaba County. That clerical gentleman with the wide black hat, who is explaining to the man with him the marvelous mechanism of the new air brake (one of the most conspicuous illustrations of the divine structure of the physical universe), surely you have seen him before. Mariposa people! Oh yes, there are any number of them on the train every day.

But of course you hardly recognize them while the train is still passing through the suburbs and the golf district and the outlying parts of the city area. But wait a little, and you will see that when the city is well behind you, bit by bit the train changes its character. The electric locomotive that took you through the city tunnels is off now and the old wood engine is hitched on in its place. I suppose, very probably, you haven't seen one of these wood engines since you were a boy forty years ago, the old engine with a wide top like a hat on its funnel, and with sparks enough to light up a suit for damages once in every mile.

Do you see, too, that the trim little cars that came out of the city on the electric suburban express are being discarded now at the way stations, one by one, and in their place is the old familiar car with the stuff cushions in red plush (how gorgeous it once seemed!) and with a box stove set up in one end of it? The stove is burning furiously at its sticks this autumn evening, for the air sets in chill as you get clear away from the city and are rising up to the higher ground of the country of the pines and the lakes.

Look from the window as you go. The city is far behind now and right and left of you there are trim farms with elms and maples near them and with tall windmills beside the barns that you can still see in the gathering dusk. There is a dull red light from the windows of the farmstead. It must be comfortable there after the roar and clatter of the city, and only think of the still quiet of it.

As you sit back half dreaming in the car, you keep wondering why it is that you never came up before in all these years. Ever so many times you planned that just as soon as the rush and strain of business eased up a little, you would take the train and go back to the little town to see what it was like now, and if things had changed much since your day. But each time when your holidays came, somehow you changed your mind and went down to Naragansett or Nagahuckett or Nagasomething, and left over the visit to Mariposa for another time.



It is almost night now. You can still see the trees and the fences and the farmsteads, but they are fading fast in the twilight. They have lengthened out the train by this time with a string of flat cars and freight cars between where we are sitting and the engine. But at every crossway we can hear the long muffled roar of the whistle, dying to a melancholy wail that echoes into the woods; the woods, I say, for the farms are thinning out and the track plunges here and there into great stretches of bush, tall tamarack and red scrub willow and with a tangled undergrowth of bush that has defied for two generations all attempts to clear it into the form of fields.

Why, look, that great space that seems to open out in the half-dark of the falling evening, why, surely yes, Lake Ossawippi, the big lake, as they used to call it, from which the river runs down to the smaller lake, Lake Wissanotti, where the town of Mariposa has lain waiting for you there for thirty years.

This is Lake Ossawippi surely enough. You would know it anywhere by the broad, still, black water with hardly a ripple, and with the grip of the coming frost already on it. Such a great sheet of blackness it looks as the train thunders along the side, swinging the curve of the embankment at a breakneck speed as it rounds the corner of the lake.

How fast the train goes this autumn night! You have traveled, I know you have; in the Empire State Express, and the New Limited and the Maritime Express that holds the record of six hundred whirling miles from Paris to Marseilles. But what are they to this, this mad career, this breakneck speed, this thundering roar of the Mariposa local driving hard to its home! Don't tell me that the speed is only twenty-five miles an hour. I don't care what it is. I tell you, and you can prove it for yourself if you will, that that train of mingled flat cars and coaches that goes tearing into the night, its engine whistle shrieking out its warning into the silent woods and echoing over the dull still lake, is the fastest train in the whole world.

Yes, and the best too, the most comfortable, the most reliable, the most luxurious and the speediest train that ever turned a wheel.

And the most genial, the most sociable too. See how the passengers all turn and talk to one another now as they get nearer and nearer to the little town. That dull reserve that seemed to hold the passengers in the electric suburban has clean vanished and gone. They are talking, listen, of the harvest, and the late election, and of how the local member is mentioned for the cabinet and all the old familiar topics of the sort. Already the conductor has changed his glazed hat for an ordinary round Christie and you can hear the passengers calling him and the brakemen "Bill" and "Sam" as if they were all one family.

What is it now – nine thirty? Ah, then we must be nearing the town, this big bush that we are passing through, you remember it surely as the great swamp just this side of the bridge over the Ossawippi? There is the bridge itself, and the long roar of the train as it rushes sounding over the trestle work that rises above the marsh. Hear the clatter as we pass the semaphores and switch lights! We must be close in now!

What? It feels nervous and strange to be coming here again after all these years? It must indeed. No, don't bother to look at the reflection of your face in the window-pane shadowed by the night outside. Nobody could tell you now after all these years. Your face has changed in these long years of money-getting in the city. Perhaps if you had come back now and again, just at odd times, it wouldn't have been so.

There, you hear it? The long whistle of the locomotive, one, two, three! You feel the sharp slackening of the train as it swings round the curve of the last embankment that brings it to the Mariposa station. See, too, as we round the curve, the row of the flashing lights, the bright windows of the depot.

How vivid and plain it all is. Just as it used to be thirty years ago. There is the string of the hotel buses, drawn up all ready for the train, and as the train rounds in and stops hissing and panting at the platform, you can hear above all other sounds the cry of the brakemen and the porters:

"MARIPOSA! MARIPOSA!"

And as we listen, the cry grows fainter and fainter in our ears and we are sitting here again in the leather chairs of the Mausoleum Club, talking of the little Town in the Sunshine that once we knew.

Scan here to listen to the story.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=V2nvhj2FYqU

KEY IDEAS AND DETAILS

Answer the following questions.

1. What does the narrator refer to as "home"?
2. How does the narrator differentiate the passengers from Mariposa from those who live in the city?
3. Why is the narrator nervous about returning to Mariposa?
4. L'Envoi ends the story by stating that we all have roots in "the little Town in the Sunshine that once we knew". Do you agree with his assertion? How are we similar to the people of Mariposa?

CRAFT AND STRUCTURE

Answer the following questions.

1. What is the tone and the mood expressed in the story?
2. What is the allusion in the story?
3. What is the setting and context of the story?
4. What is the narrative style?
5. How is irony embedded in the story?
6. What is the genre of this story?

INTEGRATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town is a well-known literary work. Set in Mariposa – a small town that is reminiscent of Orillia, Ontario, where Leacock lived for a little bit in his life – the story appeals to more than those who are familiar with Orillia. Not only is the town itself very generic in terms of structure and names of locations within it, in a way that many readers may identity with the setting, the characters are also all archetypes of human flaws. Though these characters embody many weaknesses and shortcomings, Leacock still portrays them humorously and exaggeratedly.

Write an article (200 words) about a fictitious town and its people. Portray your character as imaginatively and creatively as you can.

SPEAKING AND LISTENING

COMPREHENSION AND COLLABORATION

Without a witty and humorous narrative style, *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town* would simply be a collection of mundane, cultural snippets of Canadian life. Humor helps to transcend the uneventful and turn a piece of literature into something profound.

If you are an author that has been invited to speak to a group of students attending a journalism course, how would you address the use of humor in writing?

PRESENTATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

Deliver your address in class. Be sure to keep within a five-minute time frame.

WRITING

TEXT TYPES AND PURPOSES

Leacock's *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town* is a satirical novel about a town and the people that live in it. The people of Mariposa think of themselves as perfect but their inner flaws are gradually unveiled as the story unfolds.

This story is a reflection of people and their idiosyncrasies in their respective habitats.

Imagine that you work for a travel agency. Create a travel brochure to attract people to visit Mariposa or any other small town. Use illustrations and captions to make it appealing.

Your brochure should include information on:

- location and geography,
- historic sites and landmarks,
- recreation and outdoor activities,
- entertainment,
- climate and overall weather conditions,
- transportation,
- arts and culture,
- languages and local dialect,
- cuisine,
- additional information.

PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION OF WRITING

Edit your work for accuracy. You may consider producing it digitally, e.g. as a website page with visual and audio effects.

RESEARCH TO BUILD AND PRESENT KNOWLEDGE

Refer to travel brochures available on websites and social media.
Note: language becomes an important tool in marketing and branding travel packages. Here are more tips on writing a travel brochure:

1. have a road map in mind,
2. make sure it tracks,
3. write headlines that command attention,
4. avoid industry jargon,
5. use bold subheads to break up long copy blocks,
6. include bullet points,
7. write captions for your pictures,
8. turn features into benefits.

CONVENTIONS OF STANDARD ENGLISH

LANGUAGE

KNOWLEDGE OF LANGUAGE

Abbreviations

Abbreviation is the shortened form of a word or phrase. They are useful when you have limited writing space. You can also use them in place of long or cumbersome phrases to make your sentences easier to read. There are three main types of abbreviations in English – *Initialism*, *Acronym and Contraction*. These help in meeting strict word counts, avoiding the repetition of words, and making the text accessible for readers.

- *Jan – January*
- *Std. – standard*
- *PIN – Personal Identification Number*

An **acronym** is an abbreviation pronounced as a single word.

- *NATO, NASA, UNICEF, GIF*

An **initialism** resembles an acronym, but each letter is individually pronounced.

- *USA, UAE, UK, EU*

Contractions are shortened forms of the words.

- *Dr., Mr., Mrs., Jr., Ltd., Asst.*
- *Rev., Sen., Inc., Jan., Prof.*

It is important to remember that an article can be used only with initialisms, but not with acronyms.

- *Germany joined the NATO in 1955. – wrong*
  Germany joined NATO in 1955. – correct
- *Jane studied in USA. – wrong*
  Jane studied in the USA. – correct

ASSIGNMENT

Write the words for the following abbreviations.

Abbreviations	Word / Phrase
LOL	
OMG	
TTYS	
AFAIK	
IMHO	
IRL	
ISO	
J/K	
L8R	
POV	
RBTL	
RT	

Abbreviations	Word / Phrase
BTW	
CTN	
CYE	
EOD	
ETA	
FWIW	
FYI	
GG	
GJ	
GL	
Gr8	
GTG	
GMV	

Abbreviations	Word / Phrase
HTH	
OT	
PC	
Pls	
POS	
Ppl	
Txt	
w/e	
W8	

UNIT 15

READING

We Wear the Mask

– *Paul Laurence Dunbar*

IN THIS LESSON, WE WILL BE ABLE TO

- Read a poem to enhance our reading and comprehension skills.
- Identify literary devices in text.
- Discuss the issue of racism.
- Form antonyms with prefixes.
- Write an article.

The poem deals with racism, lying and deceit. It augments the discrimination and suffering endured by African Americans. It also deals with hypocrisy, deception, and the fact that African Americans often resign to social circumstances.

We wear the mask that grins and lies,
It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes,
This debt we pay to human guile;
With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,
And mouth with myriad subtleties.
Why should the world be over-wise,
In counting all our tears and sighs?
Nay, let them only see us, while
We wear the mask.

We smile, but, O great Lord, our cries
To thee from tortured souls arise.
We sing, but oh the clay is vile
Beneath our feet, and long the mile;
But let the world dream otherwise,
We wear the mask!

Listen to the poem here.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vbtbna6xClo

KEY IDEAS AND DETAILS

Answer the following questions.

1. What does the mask attempt to conceal in the context of the poem?
2. Why does the poet repeat the line "We wear the mask"?
3. How does the poet use imagery?
4. What is the message of the poem?
5. What is the tone of the poem?
6. Explain what is meant by "… the mask that grins and lies".

CRAFT AND STRUCTURE

Answer the following questions.

1. How is a mask used as a metaphor in the poem?
2. What words / phrases does Dunbar use to depict his misery?
3. Describe the use of irony in the poem.
4. What does "This debt we pay …" refer to?
5. What does "clay" refer to in the poem?

INTEGRATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

Paul Lawrence Dunbar was an African American poet who was born in the late 1800s and died at the age of 33 in 1906. He was born after the end of the Civil War and the emancipation of slaves.

Who do you think the poet referred to as "we" in the poem?

SPEAKING AND LISTENING

COMPREHENSION AND COLLABORATION

Have you ever concealed your true feelings about an issue?
Do you find it onerous to have to "wear a mask" in front of others?

PRESENTATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS

In mini groups, share your points of view with your classmates.

WRITING

TEXT TYPES AND PURPOSES

The poem does not specifically mention race but its message is applicable to any circumstance in which people are marginalized by a prejudiced and judgmental society.

Write an article discussing how we should advocate racial tolerance.

PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION OF WRITING

Edit your work for accuracy. You may submit either a print or digital version to your teacher for evaluation.

RESEARCH TO BUILD AND PRESENT KNOWLEDGE

Research the topic and present it with depth and analysis.

In-text citations and bibliography should be included in the prescribed MLA style.

LANGUAGE

CONVENTIONS OF STANDARD ENGLISH

KNOWLEDGE OF LANGUAGE

Antonyms

An antonym is a word that has an opposite meaning to another word. For example, the word "small" means to be of limited size, while "big" denotes something large. "Happy" is to feel glad while "sad" is to be sorrowful. Nouns, verbs, adjectives, and adverbs can all have antonyms, though not all do. Learning about antonyms can help improve your vocabulary and enhance your writing skills.

There are three main types of antonyms.

- **Complementary antonyms**

  Complementary antonyms are exact opposites that have no middle ground. For example, "off" is always the opposite of "on" – there's no other possibility.

  More examples of complementary antonyms:

  - *night – day*
  - *push – pull*
  - *pass – fail*
  - *dead – alive*
  - *exterior – interior*
  - *true – false*
  - *entrance – exit*

- **Relational antonyms**

  Relational antonyms denote relationships between opposites. One word can't exist without the other. For example, a "doctor" and a "patient" and a "prey" and a "predator".

  More examples of relational antonyms:

  - *above – below*
  - *servant – master*
  - *borrow – lend*
  - *give – receive*
  - *buy – sell*
  - *instructor – pupil*

- **Graded antonyms**

  Graded antonyms deal with levels of comparison, and they can be two words on a scale. Many are relative terms, which can be interpreted differently by different people. For example, "sad" and "happy" are relative antonyms because someone can be quite sad or quite happy, or mildly sad and mildly happy.

  More examples of graded antonyms:

  - *young – elderly*
  - *early – late*
  - *wise – foolish*
  - *warm – cool*
  - *happy – wistful*
  - *dark – pale*
  - *hard – easy*
  - *fast – slow*
  - *fat – slim*

Antonyms Created With Prefixes

Sometimes you don't need to search for another word entirely. It's possible to create an antonym simply by adding a prefix to the word; typically prefixes that mean "not" or "without."

- *Adding "dis":*
  - *agree – disagree*
  - *appear – disappear*
  - *belief – disbelief*
  - *honest – dishonest*
- *Adding "in":*
  - *tolerant – intolerant*
  - *decent – indecent*
  - *discreet – indiscreet*
  - *excusable – inexcusable*
- *Adding "mis":*
  - *behave – misbehave*
  - *interpret – misinterpret*
  - *lead – mislead*
  - *trust – mistrust*
- *Adding "un":*
  - *likely – unlikely*
  - *able – unable*
  - *fortunate – unfortunate*
  - *forgiving – unforgiving*
- *Adding "non":*
  - *entity – nonentity*
  - *conformist – nonconformist*
  - *payment – non-payment*
  - *sense – nonsense*

ASSIGNMENT

Select the correct antonym from the given list.

hardworking	small	pretty	young	bad
expensive	slow	restricted	rude	slim
dry	wispy	partial	tall	tidy
loud	clean	easy	weak	light
cold	thin	narrow	wicked	empty

Word	Antonym
cheap	
old	
lazy	
ugly	
big	
good	
fast	
fat	
thick	
kind	

Word	Antonym
wide	
short	
hot	
wet	
strong	
difficult	
full	
dirty	
quiet	
heavy	

Further Practice ...

AP Central-College Board customizes practice papers that boost confidence and preparation for assessments. These aim to familiarize learners with the required format and to provide enhanced coursework drills and practice.

Scan here to access the specimen AP Exams:

Notes

Notes