

THIRD SEMESTER
PART II – ENGLISH (PAPER III)

Course code: 732E

UNIT- I - SHORT STORIES

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Paper name: English For Enrichment – III

Sub Code: 732E

Unit : I Short story (1)

TWO OLD MEN

Beginning with his first story, written from the battlefield during the Crimean War, Leo Tolstoy became one of Russia's greatest literary figures. The success of his two major novels, *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*, distinguished him as an international figure; his readership extended throughout Russia to Western Europe and the United States. In 19th century Russia, Leo Tolstoy was often mentioned in the same breath as Fyodor Dostoyevsky.

During the final decades of his life, Tolstoy became intensely involved in a search for spiritual meaning and significance. His later writings, often in the form of short stories and pamphlets, dealt explicitly with religious and moralistic themes. They are an important part of Russia's rich cultural heritage, and we will examine one of them here: a short story titled "The Two Old Men."

The Tale

The two old men were named Efim and Elisha. They were friends for many years. Efim was a pious man, a man who lived a godly life and was a very responsible citizen of his community. He was relatively wealthy, but fiscally cautious, and felt a great responsibility for his family, his children and his grandchildren. Elisha, a former carpenter and now a keeper of bees, was a kind man, cheerful and a little less concerned about the problems of drinking and taking snuff. He drank sometimes and took some snuff, but he was a peaceful man who all his neighbors enjoyed.

Efim and Elisha had long ago promised each other that one day they would travel on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem to worship God, but this holy journey had been postponed many times because of the necessities of life. Finally, after much debate about when this pilgrimage should take place, the two friends at last agreed to make their journey to the Holy Land. Each prepared for the trip in his own way. Efim had great concern for leaving thorough instructions with his wife and children about how to manage his estate when he was gone, while Elisha was much more casual about all these details. While Efim left detailed orders for his loved ones, Elisha told his family to "see what to do and how to do it as the needs arise."

After five weeks of walking, the men came to an area of Russia where the harvest had failed and the local peasant families were struggling to survive. During the first month of their journey, Efim and Elisha had often been fed and housed by local residents at no expense; now the crop shortage meant that food was no longer as a free gift. As they

traveled through this area of poverty, the two men agreed to separate and meet up at a later point. Efim wanted to press on with the pilgrimage, but Elisha decided to slow the pace of his journey.

Two Different Paths

Efim's persistence eventually took him to the Holy Land, where he visited all the sacred sites and contributed generously to the coffers in each location, as any pious pilgrim would do. He was a good man, a committed Christian, a man who wanted to live a responsible life. He cared about his family, worked hard, and was serious about his faith. Elisha never met up with Efim as they had planned, and though Efim thought he caught glimpses of Elisha at several of the sacred sites in Jerusalem, he could never find him in the crowds after the ceremonies were over.

Meanwhile, Elisha's decision to slow his journey resulted in a very different set of circumstances. Searching for water, he had entered a home where a poor peasant family was starving to death. He quickly realized their desperate plight and decided to help by offering them the bread that he carried with him. He prepared a meal, slowly nurtured them back to health, and eventually decided to invest his trip money in the purchase of agricultural tools and farm animals for the family so that they could get back up on their feet. By the time he felt confident that the family's health was restored and the parents and children were able to care for themselves and the animals, Elisha knew he had no choice but to go back home. His money was almost gone, and he guessed his partner had already arrived in Jerusalem.

Elisha never doubted what he had done. He was confident that his friend Efim had placed a candle at the shrines in his name. He knew that he would never fulfill his vow to see Jerusalem, but he was grateful that his vow "was made to a merciful Master and to one who pardons sinners." He did what was right and was completely at peace with his choice.

When Efim returned from his pilgrimage, he came looking for Elisha. The good friends warmly greeted each other and Elisha asked for a report from Efim about his trip. When Efim told Elisha that, on his return trip, he had stopped by the same peasants' home where Elisha had helped bring restoration, Elisha quickly replied, "God's business, neighbor, God's business!" and refused to talk about it any further. For Efim the message was clear: "the best way to keep one's vows to God and to do His will, is for each man while he lives to show love and do good to others."

Tolstoy's *Two Old Men* has been published in a pamphlet format by The Trinity Forum and is available for purchase, along with other Russian literary classics. For further information about these classic readings, contact The Trinity Forum at 703/764-1070.

Questions:

1. Who were the two old men?

2. How did Efim live?

3. How did Elisha live?

4. Why did they buy at a small village?

5. What did the old woman tell Elizha after eating the food?

III- SEMESTER
PART-II-ENGLISH
GATEWAY TO ENGLISH
COURSE CODE:732E
UNIT-I-SHORT STORIES

The Diamond Necklace

Guy-de-maupassanth

TEXT

The girl was one of those pretty and charming young creatures who sometimes are born, as if by a slip of fate, into a family of clerks. She had no dowry, no expectations, no way of being known, understood, loved, married by any rich and distinguished man; so she let herself be married to a little clerk of the Ministry of Public Instruction.

She dressed plainly because she could not dress well, but she was unhappy as if she had really fallen from a higher station; since with women there is neither caste nor rank, for beauty, grace and charm take the place of family and birth. Natural ingenuity, instinct for what is elegant, a supple mind are their sole hierarchy, and often make of women of the people the equals of the very greatest ladies.

Mathilde suffered ceaselessly, feeling herself born to enjoy all delicacies and all luxuries. She was distressed at the poverty of her dwelling, at the bareness of the walls, at the shabby chairs, the ugliness of the curtains. All those things, of which another woman of her rank would never even have been conscious, tortured her and made her angry. The sight of the little Breton peasant who did her humble housework

aroused in her despairing regrets and bewildering dreams. She thought of silent antechambers hung with Oriental tapestry, illumined by tall bronze candelabra, and of two great footmen in knee breeches who sleep in the big armchairs, made drowsy by the oppressive heat of the stove. She thought of long reception halls hung with ancient silk, of the dainty cabinets containing priceless curiosities and of the little coquettish perfumed reception rooms made for chatting at five o'clock with intimate friends, with men famous and sought after, whom all women envy and whose attention they all desire.

When she sat down to dinner, before the round table covered with a tablecloth in use three days, opposite her husband, who uncovered the soup tureen and declared with a delighted air, "Ah, the good soup! I don't know anything better than that," she thought of dainty dinners, of shining silverware, of tapestry that peopled the walls with ancient personages and with strange birds flying in the midst of a fairy forest; and she thought of delicious dishes served on marvellous plates and of the whispered gallantries to which you listen with a sphinxlike smile while you are eating the pink meat of a trout or the wings of a quail.

She had no gowns, no jewels, nothing. And she loved nothing but that. She felt made for that. She would have liked so much to please, to be envied, to be charming, to be sought after.

She had a friend, a former schoolmate at the convent, who was rich, and whom she did not like to go to see any more because she felt so sad when she came home.

But one evening her husband reached home with a triumphant air and holding a large envelope in his hand.

"There," said he, "there is something for you."

She tore the paper quickly and drew out a printed card which bore these words:

*The Minister of Public Instruction and Madame
Georges Ramponneau
request the honor of M. and Madame Loisel's
company at the palace of
the Ministry on Monday evening, January 18th.*

Instead of being delighted, as her husband had hoped, she threw the invitation on the table crossly, muttering:

“What do you wish me to do with that?”

“Why, my dear, I thought you would be glad. You never go out, and this is such a fine opportunity. I had great trouble to get it. Every one wants to go; it is very select, and they are not giving many invitations to clerks. The whole official world will be there.”

She looked at him with an irritated glance and said impatiently:

“And what do you wish me to put on my back?”

He had not thought of that. He stammered:

“Why, the gown you go to the theatre in. It looks very well to me.”

He stopped, distracted, seeing that his wife was weeping. Two great tears ran slowly from the corners of her eyes toward the corners of her mouth.

“What’s the matter? What’s the matter?” he answered.

By a violent effort she conquered her grief and replied in a calm voice, while she wiped her wet cheeks:

“Nothing. Only I have no gown, and, therefore, I can’t go to this ball. Give your card to some colleague whose wife is better equipped than I am.”

He was in despair. He resumed:

“Come, let us see, Mathilde. How much would it cost, a suitable gown, which you could use on other occasions—something very simple?”

She reflected several seconds, making her calculations and wondering also what sum she could ask without drawing on herself an immediate refusal and a frightened exclamation from the economical clerk.

Finally she replied hesitating:

“I don’t know exactly, but I think I could manage it with four hundred francs.”

He grew a little pale, because he was laying aside just that amount to buy a gun and treat himself to a little shooting next summer on the plain of Nanterre, with several friends who went to shoot larks there of a Sunday.

But he said:

“Very well. I will give you four hundred francs. And try to have a pretty gown.”

The day of the ball drew near and Madame Loisel seemed sad, uneasy, anxious. Her frock was ready, however. Her husband said to her one evening:

“What is the matter? Come, you have seemed very queer these last three days.”

And she answered:

“It annoys me not to have a single piece of jewelry, not a single ornament, nothing to put on. I shall look poverty-stricken. I would almost rather not go at all.”

“You might wear natural flowers,” said her husband. “They’re very stylish at this time of year. For ten francs you can get two or three magnificent roses.”

She was not convinced.

“No; there’s nothing more humiliating than to look poor among other women who are rich.”

“How stupid you are!” her husband cried. “Go look up your friend, Madame Forestier, and ask her to lend you some jewels. You’re intimate enough with her to do that.”

She uttered a cry of joy:

“True! I never thought of it.”

The next day she went to her friend and told her of her distress.

Madame Forestier went to a wardrobe with a mirror, took out a large jewel box, brought it back, opened it and said to Madame Loisel:

“Choose, my dear.”

She saw first some bracelets, then a pearl necklace, then a Venetian gold cross set with precious stones, of admirable workmanship. She tried on the ornaments before the mirror, hesitated and could not make up her mind to part with them, to give them back. She kept asking:

“Haven’t you any more?”

“Why, yes. Look further; I don’t know what you like.”

Suddenly she discovered, in a black satin box, a superb diamond necklace, and her heart throbbed with an immoderate desire. Her hands trembled as she took it. She fastened it round her throat, outside her high-necked waist, and was lost in ecstasy at her reflection in the mirror.

Then she asked, hesitating, filled with anxious doubt:

“Will you lend me this, only this?”

“Why, yes, certainly.”

She threw her arms round her friend’s neck, kissed her passionately, then fled with her treasure.

The night of the ball arrived. Madame Loisel was a great success. She was prettier than any other woman present, elegant, graceful, smiling and wild with joy. All the men looked at her, asked her name, sought to be introduced. All the attaches of the Cabinet wished to waltz with her. She was remarked by the minister himself.

She danced with rapture, with passion, intoxicated by pleasure, forgetting all in the triumph of her beauty, in the glory of her success, in a sort of cloud of happiness comprised of all this homage, admiration, these awakened desires and of that sense of triumph which is so sweet to woman's heart.

She left the ball about four o'clock in the morning. Her husband had been sleeping since midnight in a little deserted anteroom with three other gentlemen whose wives were enjoying the ball.

He threw over her shoulders the wraps he had brought, the modest wraps of common life, the poverty of which contrasted with the elegance of the ball dress. She felt this and wished to escape so as not to be remarked by the other women, who were enveloping themselves in costly furs.

Loisel held her back, saying: "Wait a bit. You will catch cold outside. I will call a cab."

But she did not listen to him and rapidly descended the stairs. When they reached the street they could not find a carriage and began to look for one, shouting after the cabmen passing at a distance.

They went toward the Seine in despair, shivering with cold. At last they found on the quay one of those ancient night cabs which, as though they were ashamed to show their shabbiness during the day, are never seen round Paris until after dark.

It took them to their dwelling in the Rue des Martyrs, and sadly they mounted the stairs to their flat. All was ended for

her. As to him, he reflected that he must be at the ministry at ten o'clock that morning.

She removed her wraps before the glass so as to see herself once more in all her glory. But suddenly she uttered a cry. She no longer had the necklace around her neck!

"What is the matter with you?" demanded her husband, already half undressed.

She turned distractedly toward him.

"I have—I have—I've lost Madame Forestier's necklace," she cried.

He stood up, bewildered.

"What!—how? Impossible!"

They looked among the folds of her skirt, of her cloak, in her pockets, everywhere, but did not find it.

"You're sure you had it on when you left the ball?" he asked.

"Yes, I felt it in the vestibule of the minister's house."

"But if you had lost it in the street we should have heard it fall. It must be in the cab."

"Yes, probably. Did you take his number?"

"No. And you—didn't you notice it?"

"No."

They looked, thunderstruck, at each other. At last Loisel put on his clothes.

"I shall go back on foot," said he, "over the whole route, to see whether I can find it."

He went out. She sat waiting on a chair in her ball dress, without strength to go to bed, overwhelmed, without any fire, without a thought.

Her husband returned about seven o'clock. He had found nothing.

He went to police headquarters, to the newspaper offices to offer a reward; he went to the cab companies—everywhere, in fact, whither he was urged by the least spark of hope.

She waited all day, in the same condition of mad fear before this terrible calamity.

Loisel returned at night with a hollow, pale face. He had discovered nothing.

“You must write to your friend,” said he, “that you have broken the clasp of her necklace and that you are having it mended. That will give us time to turn round.”

She wrote at his dictation.

At the end of a week they had lost all hope. Loisel, who had aged five years, declared:

“We must consider how to replace that ornament.”

The next day they took the box that had contained it and went to the jeweler whose name was found within. He consulted his books.

“It was not I, madame, who sold that necklace; I must simply have furnished the case.”

Then they went from jeweler to jeweler, searching for a necklace like the other, trying to recall it, both sick with chagrin and grief.

They found, in a shop at the Palais Royal, a string of diamonds that seemed to them exactly like the one they had lost. It was worth forty thousand francs. They could have it for thirty-six.

So they begged the jeweler not to sell it for three days yet. And they made a bargain that he should buy it back for thirty-four thousand francs, in case they should find the lost necklace before the end of February.

Loisel possessed eighteen thousand francs which his father had left him. He would borrow the rest.

He did borrow, asking a thousand francs of one, five hundred of another, five louis here, three louis there. He gave notes, took up ruinous obligations, dealt with usurers and all the race of lenders. He compromised all the rest of his life, risked signing a note without even knowing whether he could meet it; and, frightened by the trouble yet to come, by the black misery that was about to fall upon him, by the prospect of all the physical privations and moral tortures that he was to suffer, he went to get the new necklace, laying upon the jeweler's counter thirty-six thousand francs.

When Madame Loisel took back the necklace Madame Forestier said to her with a chilly manner:

“You should have returned it sooner; I might have needed it.”

She did not open the case, as her friend had so much feared. If she had detected the substitution, what would she have thought, what would she have said? Would she not have taken Madame Loisel for a thief?

Thereafter Madame Loisel knew the horrible existence of the needy. She bore her part, however, with sudden heroism. That dreadful debt must be paid. She would pay it. They dismissed their servant; they changed their lodgings; they rented a garret under the roof.

She came to know what heavy housework meant and the odious cares of the kitchen. She washed the dishes, using her dainty fingers and rosy nails on greasy pots and pans. She washed the soiled linen, the shirts and the dishcloths, which she dried upon a line; she carried the slops down to the street every morning and carried up the water, stopping for breath at every landing. And dressed like a woman of the people, she

went to the fruiterer, the grocer, the butcher, a basket on her arm, bargaining, meeting with impertinence, defending her miserable money, sou by sou.

Every month they had to meet some notes, renew others, obtain more time.

Her husband worked evenings, making up a tradesman's accounts, and late at night he often copied manuscript for five sous a page.

This life lasted ten years.

At the end of ten years they had paid everything, everything, with the rates of usury and the accumulations of the compound interest.

Madame Loisel looked old now. She had become the woman of impoverished households—strong and hard and rough. With frowsy hair, skirts askew and red hands, she talked loud while washing the floor with great swishes of water. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she sat down near the window and she thought of that gay evening of long ago, of that ball where she had been so beautiful and so admired.

What would have happened if she had not lost that necklace? Who knows? who knows? How strange and changeable is life! How small a thing is needed to make or ruin us!

But one Sunday, having gone to take a walk in the Champs Elysees to refresh herself after the labors of the week, she suddenly perceived a woman who was leading a child. It was Madame Forestier, still young, still beautiful, still charming.

Madame Loisel felt moved. Should she speak to her? Yes, certainly. And now that she had paid, she would tell her all about it. Why not?

She went up.

“Good-day, Jeanne.”

The other, astonished to be familiarly addressed by this plain good-wife, did not recognize her at all and stammered:

“But—madame!—I do not know—You must have mistaken.”

“No. I am Mathilde Loisel.”

Her friend uttered a cry.

“Oh, my poor Mathilde! How you are changed!”

“Yes, I have had a pretty hard life, since I last saw you, and great poverty—and that because of you!”

“Of me! How so?”

“Do you remember that diamond necklace you lent me to wear at the ministerial ball?”

“Yes. Well?”

“Well, I lost it.”

“What do you mean? You brought it back.”

“I brought you back another exactly like it. And it has taken us ten years to pay for it. You can understand that it was not easy for us, for us who had nothing. At last it is ended, and I am very glad.”

Madame Forestier had stopped.

“You say that you bought a necklace of diamonds to replace mine?”

“Yes. You never noticed it, then! They were very similar.”

And she smiled with a joy that was at once proud and ingenuous.

Madame Forestier, deeply moved, took her hands.

“Oh, my poor Mathilde! Why, my necklace was paste! It was worth at most only five hundred francs!”

QUESTIONS:

- 1.What type of woman is Madame Mathilde Loisel?
- 2.What efforts are made by the Loisels to repay the loan?
- 3.Write a note on the surprise ending of the story ‘The Diamond Necklace’?

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE – GUY DE MAUPASSANT



ABOUT THE AUTHOR GUY DE MAUPASSANT



- **Name : Henri –Rene-Albert Guy de Maupassant**
- **Date of birth : August – 5 ,1850**
- **Place : Normandy , France**
- **Father : Gustave de Maupassant**
- **Mother: Laure le Poittevin**
- **He started schooling at the age of 13**
- **Finished at Rouen Boarding School**
- **Studied Law at the university of Paris**
- **Wored at a Clerk in the Education Ministry**
- **Resigned in 1880 and began a Literary Career**
- **He died july 6 1893 ,Paris, France**

➤ **HIS WORKS**

- **He established himself as a prominent writer of short stories and novels.**
- **First story –Boule de suif “(Ball of Fat”) in 1880**
- **Authored 300 short stories, 6 novels, 3 travel books.**
- **In 1881 ,1st volume of short stories called Le Maison Tellier.**
- **“Madame Fifi”, “La Parure”-1884 (The necklace),and “La Ficelle”- (The piece of string).**

CHARACTERS

- ❖ Madame Mathilde Loisel —**Selfish, dissatisfied , un happy , jealous.**
- ❖ Monsieur Loisel —**Practical , Hardworking , loyal , clerk.**
- ❖ Madame Jeanne Forestier —**Kind ,Wealthy ,Trusting .**
- ❖ Cabinet Officials
- ❖ Jeweler

PLACE

- ❖ Paris, France.

THEMES

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY

- **The theme of the necklace is about honesty and telling the truth. Here the author is trying to stress the importance of telling the truth.**

LIVE WITHIN YOUR MEANS

- **It is also about the CONTENTMENT OF WHAT YOU HAVE.**
- **People should learn to be happy and thankful of what they have . If they want more , they should Work harder to achieve it.**

3. THE VERGER

- Somerset Maugham

Text

There had been a christening that afternoon at St. Peter's, Neville Square, and Albert Edward Foreman still wore his verger's gown. He kept his new one, its folds as full and stiff as though it were made not of alpaca but of perennial bronze, for funerals and weddings (St. Peter's, Neville Square, was a church much favoured by the fashionable for these ceremonies) and now he wore only his second-best. He wore it with complacency, for it was the dignified symbol of his office, and without it (when he took it off to go home) he had the disconcerting sensation of being somewhat insufficiently clad. He took pains with it; he pressed it and ironed it himself. During the sixteen years he had been verger of this church he had had a succession of such gowns, but he had never been able to throw them away when they were worn out and the complete series, neatly wrapped up in brown paper lay in the bottom drawers of the wardrobe in his bedroom.

The vergers busied himself quietly, replacing the painted wooden cover on the marble font, taking away a chair that had been brought for an infirm old lady, and waited for the vicar to have finished in the vestry so that he could tidy up in there and go home. Presently he saw him walk across the chancel, genuflect in front of the high altar, and come down the aisle; but he still wore his cassock.

What's he 'anging about for?' the vergers said to himself. 'Don't 'eknow I want my tea?'

The vicar had been but recently appointed, a red-faced energetic man in the early forties, and Albert Edward still regretted his predecessor, a clergyman of the old school who preached leisurely sermons in a silvery voice and dined out a great deal with his more aristocratic parishioners. He liked things in church to be just so, but he never fussed; he was not like this new man who wanted to have his finger in every pie. But Albert Edward was tolerant. St. Peter's was in a very good neighbourhood and the parishioners were a very nice class of people. The new vicar had come from the East End and he couldn't be expected to fall in all at once with the discreet ways of his fashionable congregation.

'All this 'ustle,' said Albert Edward. 'But give 'im time, he'll learn.'

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When the vicar had walked down the aisle so far that he could address the verger without raising his voice more than was becoming in a place of worship he stopped.

'Foreman, will you come into the vestry for a minute. I have something to say to you.'

'Very good, sir.'

The vicar waited for him to come up and they walked up the church together.

'A very nice christening, I thought, sir. Funny 'ow the baby stopped cryin' the moment you took him.'

'I've noticed they very often do,' said the vicar, with a little smile. 'After all I've had a good deal of practice with them.'

It was a source of subdued pride to him that he could nearly always quiet a whimpering infant by the manner in which he held it and he was not unconscious of the amused admiration with which mothers and nurses watched him settle the baby in the crook of his surpliced arm. The verger knew that it pleased him to be complimented on his talent.

The vicar preceded Albert Edward into the vestry. Albert Edward was a trifle surprised to find the two church wardens there. He had not seen them come in. They gave him pleasant nods.

'Good afternoon, my lord. Good afternoon, sir,' he said to one after the other.

They were elderly men, both of them, and they had been church wardens almost as long as Albert Edward had been vergers. They were sitting now at a handsome refectory table that the old vicar had brought many years before from Italy and the vicar sat down in the vacant chair between them. Albert Edward faced them, the table between him and them, and wondered with slight uneasiness what was the matter. He remembered still the occasion on which the organist had got into trouble and the bother they had all had to hush things up. In a church like St. Peter's, Neville Square, they couldn't afford a scandal. In the vicar's red face was a look of resolute benignity, but the others bore an expression that was slightly troubled.

'He's been naggin' them, he 'as', said the vergers to himself. 'He's jockeyed them into doin' something, but they don't 'alf like it. That's what it is, you mark my words.'

But his thoughts did not appear on Albert Edward's clean-cut and distinguished features. He stood in a respectful but not obsequious attitude. He had been in service before he was appointed to his ecclesiastical office, but only in very good houses, and his deportment was irreproachable. Starting as a

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page-boy in the household of a merchant-prince, he had risen by due degrees from the position of fourth to first footman, for a year he had been single-handed butler to a widowed peeress, and, till the vacancy occurred at St. Peter's, butler with two men under him in the house of a retired ambassador. He was tall, spare, grave, and dignified. He looked, if not like a duke, at least like an actor of the old school who specialized in dukes' parts. He had tact, firmness and self-assurance. His character was unimpeachable.

The vicar began briskly.

'Foreman, we've got something rather unpleasant to say to you. You've been here a great many years and I think his lordship and the general agree with me that you've fulfilled the duties of your office to the satisfaction of everybody concerned.'

The two churchwardens nodded.

'But a most extraordinary circumstance came to my knowledge the other day and I felt it my duty to impart it to the churchwardens. I discovered to my astonishment that you could neither read nor write.'

The verger's face betrayed no sign of embarrassment.

'The last vicar knew that, sir,' he replied. 'He said it didn't make no difference. He always said there was a great deal too much education in the world for 'is taste.'

'It's the most amazing thing I ever heard,' cried the general. 'Do you mean to say that you've been verger of this church for sixteen years and never learned to read or write?'

'I went into service when I was twelve, sir. The cook in the first place tried to teach me once, but I didn't seem to 'ave the knack for it, and then what with one thing and another I never seemed to 'ave the time. I've never really found the want of it. I think a lot of these young fellows waste a rare lot of time readin' when they might be doin' something useful.'

'But don't you want to know the news?' said the other churchwarden. 'Don't you ever want to write a letter?'

"No, me lord, I seem to manage very well without. And of late years now they've all these pictures in the papers. I get to know what's goin' on pretty well. Me wife's quite a scholar and if I want to write a letter she writes it for me. It's not as if I was a bettin' man".

The two churchwardens gave the vicar a troubled glance and then looked down at the tale.

'Well, Foreman, I've talked the matter over with these gentlemen and they quite agree with me that the situation is impossible. At a church like St. Peter's, Neville Square, we cannot have a vergier who can neither read nor write.'

Albert Edward's thin, sallow face reddened and he moved uneasily on his feet, but he made no reply.

'Understand me, Foreman, I have no complaint to make against you. You do your work quite satisfactorily; I have the highest opinion both of your character and of your capacity; but we haven't the right to take the risk of some accident that might happen owing to your lamentable ignorance. It's a matter of prudence as well as of principle.'

'But couldn't you learn, Foreman?' asked the general.

'No, sir, I'm afraid I couldn't, not now. You see, I'm not as young as I was and if I couldn't seem able to get the letters in me 'ead when I was a nipper I don't think there's much chance of it now'.

'We don't want to be harsh with you, Foreman,' said the vicar. 'But the churchwardens and I have quite made up our minds. We'll give you three months and if at the end of that time you cannot read and write I'm afraid you'll have to go.'

Albert Edward had never liked the new vicar. He'd said from the beginning that they'd made a mistake when they gave him St. Peter's. He wasn't the type of man they wanted with a classy congregation like that. And now he straightened himself a little. He knew his value and he wasn't going to allow himself to be put upon.

'I'm very sorry, sir, I'm afraid it's no good. I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks. I've lived a good many years without knowin' 'ow to read and write, and without wishin' to praise myself, self-praise is no recommendation, I don't mind sayin' I've done my duty in that state of life in which it 'as pleased a merciful providence to place me, and if I could learn now I don't know as I'd want to.'

'In that case, Foreman, I'm afraid you must go.'

'Yes, sir, I quite understand. I shall be 'appy to 'and in my resignation as soon as you've found somebody to take my place.'

But when Albert Edward with his usual politeness had closed the church door behind the vicar and the two churchwardens he could not sustain the air of unruffled dignity with which he had borne the blow inflicted upon him and his lips quivered. He walked slowly back to the vestry and hung

up on its proper peg his verger's gown. He sighed as he thought of all the grand funerals and smart weddings it had seen. He tidied everything up, put on his coat, and hat in hand walked down the aisle. He locked the church door behind him. He strolled across the square, but deep in his sad thoughts he did not take the street that led him home, where a nice strong cup of tea awaited him; he took the wrong turning. He walked slowly along. His heart was heavy. He did not know what he should do with himself. He did not fancy the notion of going back to domestic service; after being his own master for so many years, for the vicar and churchwardens could say what they liked, it was he that had run St. Peter's, Neville Square, he could scarcely demean himself by accepting a situation. He had saved a tidy sum, but not enough to live on without doing something, and life seemed to cost more every year. He had never thought to be troubled with such questions. The vergers of St. Peter's, like the Popes of Rome, were there for life. He had often thought of the pleasant reference the vicar would make in his sermon at evensong the first Sunday after his death to the long and faithful service, and the exemplary character of their late verger, Albert Edward Foreman. He sighed deeply. Albert Edward was a non-smoker and a total abstainer, but with a certain latitude; that is to say he liked a glass of beer with his dinner and when he was tired he enjoyed a cigarette. It occurred to him now that one would comfort him and since he did not carry them he looked about him for a shop where he

could buy a packet of Gold Flake. He did not at once see one and walked on a little. It was a long street, with all sorts of shops in it, but there was not a single one where you could buy cigarettes.

'That's strange,' said Albert Edward.

To make sure he walked right up the street again. No, there was no doubt about it. He stopped and looked reflectively up and down.

'I can't be the only man as walks along this street and wants a fag,' he said. 'I shouldn't wonder but what a fellow might do very well with a little shop here. Tobacco and sweets, you know.'

He gave a sudden start.

'That's an idea,' he said. 'Strange' things come to you when you least expect it.'

He turned, walked home, and had his tea.

'You're very silent this afternoon, Albert', his wife remarked.

'I'm thinkin', he said.

He considered the matter from every point of view and next day he went along the street and by good luck found a

little shop to let that looked as though it would exactly suit him. Twenty-four hours later he had taken it, and when a month after that he left St. Peter's, Neville Square, forever, Albert Edward Foreman set up in business as a tobacconist and newsagent. His wife said it was a dreadful come-down after being vergar of St. Peter's, but he answered that you had to move with the times, the church wasn't what it was, and 'enceforward he was going to render unto Caesar what was Caesar's. Albert Edward did very well. He did so well that in a year or so it struck him that he might take a second shop and put a manager in. He looked for another long street that hadn't got a tobacconist in it and when he found it, and a shop to let, took it and stocked it. This was a success too. Then it occurred to him that if he could run two he could run half a dozen, so he began walking about London, and whenever he found a long street that had no tobacconist and a shop to let he took it. In the course of ten years he had acquired no less than ten shops and he was making money hand over fist. He went round to all of them himself every Monday, collected the week's takings, and took them to the bank.

One morning when he was there paying in a bundle of notes and a heavy bag of silver the cashier told him that the manager would like to see him. He was shown into an office and the manager shook hands with him.

Mr. Foreman, I wanted to have a talk to you about the money you've got on deposit with us. D'you know exactly how much it is?"

'Not within a pound or two, sir; but I've got a pretty rough idea.'

"Apart from what you paid in this morning it's little over thirty thousand pounds. That's a very large sum to have on deposit and I should have thought you'd do better to invest it.'

'I wouldn't want to take no risk, sir. I know it's safe in the bank.'

'You needn't have the least anxiety. We'll make you out a list of absolutely gilt-edged securities. They'll bring you in a better rate of interest than we can possibly afford to give you.'

A troubled look settled on Mr. Foreman's distinguished face. 'I've never 'ad anything to do with stocks and shares and I'd 'ave to leave it all in your 'ands,' he said.

The manager smiled. 'We'll do everything. All you'll have to do next time you come in is just to sign the transfers.'

'I could do that all right,' said Albert uncertainly. 'But 'ow should I know what I was signin'?"

'I suppose you can read,' said the manager a trifle sharply. Mr. Foreman gave him a disarming smile.

'Well, sir, that's just it. I can't. I know it sounds funny-like, but there it is. I can't read or write, only me name, an' I only learnt to do that when I went into business.'

The manager was so surprised that he jumped up from his chair.

'That's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard.'

'You see, it's like this, sir, I never 'ad the opportunity until it was too late and then some'ow I wouldn't. I got obstinate-like.'

The manager stared at him as though he were a prehistoric monster.

'And do you mean to say that you've built up this important business and amassed a fortune of thirty thousand pounds without being able to read or write? Good God, man, what would you be now if you had been able to?'

'I can tell you that, sir,' said Mr. Foreman a little smile on his still aristocratic features. 'I'd be verger of St. Peter's, Neville Square.'

3. THE VERGER- Somerset Maugham

SUMMARY

Albert Edward Foreman was the Verger of St. Peter's church, a popular church in Neville Square. He neither read nor writes but could perform all the duties of a verger with great dignity and ease, whether it was christening or weeding. The old Vicar retired, in his place a new Vicar was appointed. The new vicar was a fussy type. He found out that the verger was an illiterate man; he had been in service for sixteen years.

On a christening ceremony, the new vicar told him that church should have a verger who could be literate in order to avoid confusion because of innocence. In the presence of two warden of the church vicar was given three months time to learn and he ask verger to read and write within given time. But verger doesn't like that proposal he immediately decided to quit his job.

After left his job from the church, verger wandering in the street and he wanted to smoke to ease his heart from suffering. There was any Tobacco shop in that street. Finally he decided to be a tobacconist, his wife felt discomfort about his opinion. Foreman wants to work he never think any job as a least and any as a best. His aim to be work hard and try to prove his best in everything, not only as a verger but also as a tobacconist. The next day he found a shop in that street and started his new business, there he sold tobacco and news paper. Gradually, he established a chain of ten shops in London. He appointed managers for all shops and every Monday he went around and collected money from the managers.

After collected the money from all the shops, Foreman went to bank to deposited all the money, totally he had deposited 30,000 pounds in a bank. The bank manager asked him to invest the money in shares. He wanted to do everything for him and requested him to sign the papers. Verger told him that he could neither read nor write. The manager was wondering how he had managed to earn a lot of money without being able to read. The manager asked him what he could have done if he had been a literate man. Foreman told him with a smile that if I knew to read and write, he would have been the verger of St. Peter's church.

About the Author

William Somerset Maugham was born in the year 1874 and died in the year 1965.

He was a popular novelist, playwright and short story writer. He began his literary career as a novelist and then turned to drama. *LIZA of LAMBETH* was his first novel. *THE MOON and SIX PENCE*, *CAKES and ALE* and *THE RAZOR'S EDGE* are some of his best novels. Maugham was also a prolific writer of short stories. His stories are set in various places and are written with great professional skills.

III- SEMESTER
PART-II-ENGLISH
GATEWAY TO ENGLISH
COURSE CODE:732E

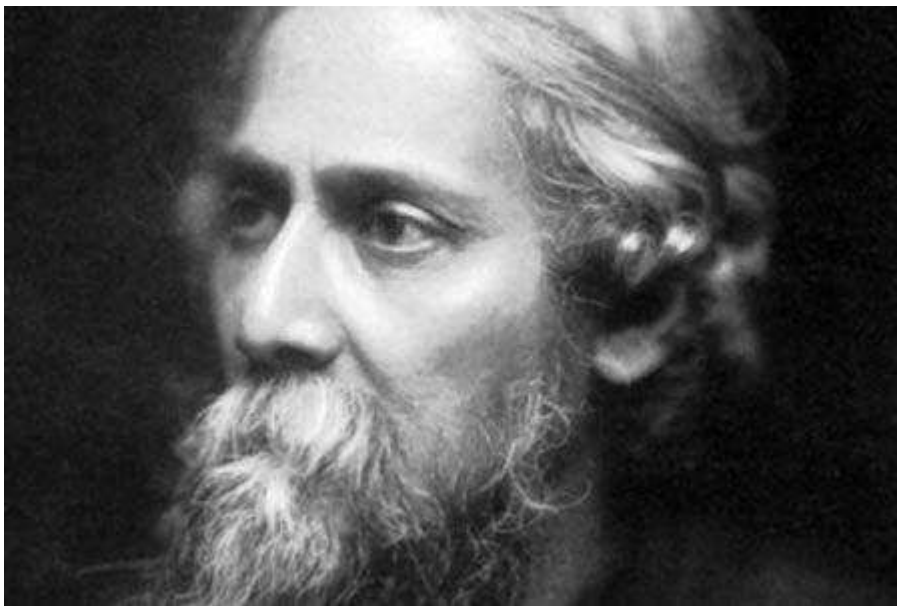
UNIT-I-SHORTSTORIES

POSTMASTER

-RABINDRANATH TAGORE

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

RABINDRANATH TAGORE



Rabindranath Tagore was a Bengali polymath who reshaped Bengali literature and music, as well as Indian art with Contextual Modernism in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Author of Gitanjali and its "profoundly sensitive, fresh and beautiful verse", he became the first non-European to win the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1913. Tagore's poetic songs were viewed as spiritual and mercurial;

however, his "elegant prose and magical poetry" remain largely unknown outside Bengal. A Pirali Brahmin from Calcutta with ancestral gentry roots in Jessore, Tagore wrote poetry as an eight-year-old. At the age of sixteen, he released his first substantial poems under the pseudonym Bhanusimha, which were seized upon by literary authorities as long-lost classics. By 1877 he graduated to his first short stories and dramas, published under his real name. As a humanist, universalist internationalist, and ardent anti-nationalist, he denounced the British Raj and advocated independence from Britain. As an exponent of the Bengal Renaissance, he advanced a vast canon that comprised paintings, sketches and doodles, hundreds of texts, and some two thousand songs; his legacy endures also in the institution he founded, Visva-Bharati University. Tagore modernised Bengali art by spurning rigid classical forms and resisting linguistic strictures. His novels, stories, songs, dance-dramas, and essays spoke to topics political and personal. *Gitanjali* (Song Offerings), *Gora* (Fair-Faced) and *Ghare-Baire* (The Home and the World) are his best-known works, and his verse, short stories, and novels were acclaimed—or panned—for their lyricism, colloquialism, naturalism, and unnatural contemplation. His compositions were chosen by two nations as national anthems: India's *Jana Gana Mana* and Bangladesh's *Amar Shonar Bangla*.

SUMMARY

For his first job, the Postmaster is assigned to work in the village of Ulapur, a quiet backwater with an indigo factory. He feels sorely out of place in the village, feeling both too sophisticated as a Calcutta man amongst uneducated villagers, and needlessly arrogant to the very people who he might turn to, hoping for friendship. For lack of anything better to do, the Postmaster takes to writing poetry about his scenic surroundings, pontificating on rain-soaked leaves and the like as a way to express his deepest sorrows. Since he doesn't make much money, the Postmaster cooks for himself and enlists a young orphan girl named Ratan to help him with housework in exchange for some food. One night while Ratan is preparing his hookah, the Postmaster asks her to describe her family. This begins a relationship where the two share intimate details about their families, with the Postmaster divulging how much he misses his mother and sister back in Calcutta. The rapport develops to such an extent that Ratan starts to consider the Postmaster's family her own. One day while watching a bird in a tree, the Postmaster is taken by a desperate need for female companionship, for someone who he could share this sighting of a bird with. He calls Ratan into his office and informs her that he's going to teach her how to read. These lessons continue until the Postmaster falls ill and he grows unable and unwilling to continue. Ratan, regardless, practices what he has taught her. Fed up with the village and his illness, the Postmaster applies for a transfer and is denied. Nonetheless, he quits the job to return home, and tells Ratan as much. Ratan begs him to take her with him, but he smugly tells her

that's impossible. He promises her that the next Postmaster will take care of her, but that does nothing to comfort her. Upon leaving, he tries to give Ratan money, but she refuses. As the Postmaster is leaving, he is struck by a feeling that he should go back and take Ratan, but concludes that life is full of separations and endings, so what's the point? Ratan doesn't have the same view though, and holds out, in anguish, for the possibility that the Postmaster will return to take her to Calcutta.

QUESTIONS:

1. What sort of place was Ulapur?
2. Why does the postmaster feel like a fish out of water?
3. When does Ratan's love culminate?

III- SEMESTER
PART-II-ENGLISH
GATEWAY TO ENGLISH
COURSE CODE:732E

UNIT-II-ONE ACT PLAYS
RIDERS TO THE SEA
-J.M.SYNGE

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

John Millington Synge

April 16, 1871 – March 24, 1909

John Millington Synge was born on April 16th, 1871, in Rathfarnham, Ireland. Synge was a key figure in the Irish Literary Revival, contributing prose, poetry, and drama to the literary community. He was a founding member of the Abbey Theatre along with Lady Gregory and W.B. Yeats. Synge is best known for his play, *The Playboy of the Western World*, which caused riots in the streets of Dublin after its opening performance at the Theatre. Considered one of the foremost English-language dramatists, Synge was the most highly esteemed playwright at the turn of the twentieth century (Poetry Foundation). He developed Hodgkin's lymphoma during the end of his life and died shortly before his 38th birthday.

Born the last of five children, Synge and his siblings were raised by their deeply Protestant mother after their father died in 1872 (Poetry Foundation). He was a part of a well-off, upper class family and his mother was able to afford to send

all five children to private school. Synge attended school beginning at age ten for four years, but he soon developed health problems that prevented regular attendance. He spent most of his childhood outside, observing nature and watching birds, while his mother hired a tutor to teach him from home (Stair Na Heireann). In 1892, Synge earned his degree from Trinity College in Dublin in music. At this time in his life, J.M. Synge was an ambitious musician with a focus in violin, theory, and composition. It was also around this time that Synge began writing poetry. In 1893, Synge moved out of his mother's home and traveled to Germany to study music. He soon found he was too nervous to perform, and moved to Paris in 1894 to study language and literature instead. It was here that Synge met his good friend and mentor, W.B. Yeats, in 1896. Upon reading Synge's poetry, Yeats urged his friend to leave Paris in order to further develop his writing. The advice of his friend led Synge to travel back and forth to the Aran Islands for a number of years. During these travels, Synge was already living with the early effects of the lymphoma that ended his life (Britannica). His observations and impressions of life on the Aran Islands were recorded and later inspired one of Synge's most famous plays, *The Playboy of the Western World*. The play, with its unsentimental treatment of Irishmen's love for boasting and their tendency to promote ruffians and outcasts, caused riots in the streets of Dublin during its first run at the Abbey Theatre (Britannica). Notably, one of Synge's best works came as *Riders to the Sea*, a short, one act play written in 1904. Despite its length, *Riders to the Sea* was hailed as "almost perfect" by critics. Synge had captured the true plight of the rural Irish (Poetry Foundation). As the lymphoma grew, Synge continued to write. He was able to draft, but not complete, his final play *Deirdre of Sorrows* before the cancer took his life on March 24, 1909. The draft was given to Synge's good friends, W.B. Yeats and Lady Gregory, who performed the play as-is in Synge's memory (Poetry

Foundation). In the years to follow the success of the play, many critics came to reason if the *Deirdre of Sorrows* had been finished by Synge, it would have been his masterpiece (Poetry Foundation). John Millington Synge had grown as an artist throughout his lifetime – changing and shaping his writing abilities through hard-pressed observations. This lifetime of realistic, powerful writing is why J.M. Synge is considered one of the foremost English-language dramatists in the twentieth century.

Chronology:

- 1871- Born April 16th, 1871. in Rathfarnham, Dublin.
- 1872- His father, John Hatch Synge, dies of smallpox.
- 1893- His sonnet, “GlenCullen” is first published.
- 1897- Writes “Under Ether”; undergoes operation on neck in Dublin.
- 1900- Published “A Celtic Theatre” in *Freeman’s Journal*.
- 1902- Writes “In the Shadow of the Glen” and “Riders to the Sea”.
- 1903- “Riders to the Sea” is published in *Samhain*; first public performances of “In the Shadow of Glen”.
- 1904- First Dublin production of “Riders to the Sea”.
- 1907- First performances of “Playboy of the Western World” in Dublin; “The Tinker’s Wedding” is published by Maunsel.
- 1909- Suffers fatal illness, dies in the Elpis Nursing Home on March 24th.

Riders to the Sea Summary

The play, set on an island off the coast of Ireland, begins with Nora bringing in a small bundle with her and telling Cathleen that these may be the clothes of their brother Michael. The young priest told her a body of a drowned man was found at Donegal, and the body might be Michael's. The sisters are scared to open the bundle of clothes because they do not want their mother, Maurya, to know: Michael has been missing for a week and the family had already lost five men to the sea. They hide the bundle in the turf loft of the cottage.

Maurya is prepared for the funeral for Michael, with whiteboards for his coffin ready at the cottage. She enters the kitchen; she is a woman who is seen lamenting all the time and worrying that her sons will never come back from the sea. Maurya, Nora, and Cathleen discuss the last son, Bartley, who is also planning to go the sea to sell the family horses so they could get some money. Nora and Cathleen are convinced that Bartley should go to the fair at Galway to sell the animals, while Maurya is still hoping that the Priest will not allow him to go in such dangerous tides.

Bartley enters the cottage looking for a new piece of rope. Maurya tries to stop him, but he says he wants to make a halter for the horses; clearly Bartley plans to go to the sea. Maurya again tries to dissuade him by showing him the whiteboards for Michael. Paying no heed, Bartley changes his clothes, asks his sisters to take care of the sheep, and leaves without receiving any blessings from his mother. It is a tradition in Ireland that the son receives the blessings of his mother before going anywhere, but Maurya breaks this fashion.

Bartley leaves with a red mare and a grey pony tied behind. Cathleen then notices that he has not taken any food and tells Maurya to walk down to the well to give Bartley his food and the blessings. Maurya leaves using a stick that Michael brought, lamenting over how in her family, the old ones never leave anything behind for their heirs, despite that being the general custom.

Once Maurya is gone, the girls retrieve the bundle of clothes from the loft to check if they are Michael's. Nora realizes that the stockings are truly Michael's, because she recognizes her own stitching on them. They count the number of stitches and arrive at the conclusion that Michael was dead and buried.

The sisters hide the clothes again because they think that Maurya will be returning in a good mood since she got the chance to bless Bartley; however, Maurya comes back more distressed than ever. She tells her daughters that she

saw Michael on the grey pony; she could not bless Bartley due to the shock. To calm her down, Nora and Cathleen show Maurya the clothes and tell her that Michael has had a clean burial. Maurya's laments are interrupted when islanders bring the body of Bartley into the cottage and tell the women that the grey pony knocked Bartley into the sea, where he drowned.

Maurya gets on her knees near Bartley's body and sprinkles holy water on him. She finally resigns herself to her fate as she claims that she will finally sleep at night because she no longer has anyone to worry about: all the men of her family have died to the sea. The whiteboards that were supposed to be used for Michael's coffin will now be used to bury Bartley. Maurya prays that the souls of her husband, her husband's father, and four sons may rest in peace, and the curtains are drawn.

Questions:

- 1.What did the young priest give to Cathleen?
- 2.Why did Maurya want Bartley at home?
- 3.What feeling did Maurya have at the end?

Paper name: English For Enrichment – III

Sub Code: 732E

Unit : II One-act play (2)

THE RISING OF THE MOON

-Lady Gregory

About the author:

- Lady Gregory is an Irish playwright.
- Along with the fellow Irish playwrights W.B.Yeats and J.M.Synge she established the Abbey Theatre and staged many Irish plays there.

Summary of the play:

- Some policemen are engaged in putting up placards about the identity of the patriot who has escaped from prison.
- The patriot may come to the quay and be helped there by his friends to reach a safe place.
- A sergeant stands guard at the quay.
- A policeman says that the award of a hundred pounds to the man who helps in catching the patriot is too small an amount.
- A ragged man introduces himself to the sergeant as a ballad-singer and that his name is 'Jimmy Walsh'.
- The ballad-singer says that he has come to sell his ballads.
- He sings a ballad about a farmer's daughter who loved a Highland soldier but whose mother discouraged it.
- The sergeant does not like the song. The two start talking.
- The ragged man reads the notice and says that he knows the man mentioned in it.
- He says that he knows the patriot who has escaped from the prison but that he will not betray him.
- The two sit on a barrel and smoke. They are looking at the opposite sides.
- The sergeant pities himself. He says that the British Government do not take note of the hardships he undergoes.
- The sergeant begins to sympathize with the Irish rebels.

- The ballad-singer senses somebody coming up the river boat. The man is the prisoner's supporter.
- The ballad-singer sings a signal song, requesting his supporter not to come forward.
- The sergeant suspects the ballad-singer and pulls him. His wig comes off. He is discovered to be the escaped prisoner.
- At that time a policeman comes there.
- The sergeant hides the prisoner behind the barrel and tells the policeman that there is nobody else there.
- After the policeman goes away, the prisoner comes out of the hiding-place and says that he is looking forward to the time when the high will be topple and the low Irish will become rulers.
- The rising of the moon symbolizes the rise of patriotism.
- The sergeant joins hands with the patriot and rejects the reward of a hundred pounds. He decides not to arrest the patriot.

Questions:

1. What does the man who broke from the goal do?
2. What did the ragged man want to do?
3. What was the description of the man in the poster?

A KIND OF JUSTICE-Margaret Wood

Margaret Eleanor Atwood (born November 18, 1939) is a Canadian poet, novelist, literary critic, essayist, teacher, environmental activist, and inventor. Since 1961, she has published 18 books of poetry, 18 novels, 11 books of non-fiction, nine collections of short fiction, eight children's books, and two graphic novels, as well as a number of small press editions of both poetry and fiction. Atwood has won numerous awards and honors for her writing, including the Booker Prize (twice), Arthur C. Clarke Award, Governor General's Award, Franz Kafka Prize, Princess of Asturias Awards, and the National Book Critics and PEN Center USA Lifetime Achievement Awards. A number of her works have been adapted for film and television.

Atwood's works encompass a variety of themes including gender and identity, religion and myth, the power of language, climate change, and "power politics".[2] Many of her poems are inspired by myths and fairy tales which interested her from a very early age.[3] Atwood is a founder

of the Griffin Poetry Prize and Writers' Trust of Canada. She is also a Senior Fellow of Massey College, Toronto.

Atwood is also the inventor of the LongPen device and associated technologies that facilitate remote robotic writing of documents.

Short summary

The story of the one-act Play 'A kind of justice' by Margaret wood has a universal significance.set against a background of war the characters and place are not mentioned.An army with a captain,a lieutenant,a sergeant and twenty seven soldiers approach a village up-hill.A peasant girl with her child and grandmother is undeterred.She says she is going to kill all the thirty of them to avenge the death of her husband Malik by the Captain.Considering Malik to be a spy the Captain had Killed him.The Captain issues orders to the soldiers to ransack the village and bring all the food and livestock.The sergeant brings a pot with some bones in it and a bag of wine from the hut of the girl.The thirsty Captain orders for the distribution of wine to the entire army.The sick Lieutenant Who is against senseless killing refuses to drink.The Captain clears his doubt by giving the wine to the

girl and her grandmother first. The girl tips the wine has been poisoned by the girl the entire troop drinks it. Finally the Captain dies while calling for his sergeant to shoot the women. Sometime time back the Sergeant dies. To tell the girls story of revenge to the world the world the Lieutenant alone remains.

Questions:

- 1) Explain the Significance of the title: A Kind of justice'.***
- 2) How does the girl die?***
- 3) Is there poetic justice in the play?***

UNIT – III (ONE ACT PALYS)

2. THE REFUGEE

SUMMARY

The Refugee is about the exodus of refugees from Bangladesh (East Pakistan) to India after talks between Pakistan's dictator Yahya Khan and Mujibur Rahman failed. Shortly after March 25, 1971, when the initial massacre of intellectuals in the universities of East Bengal takes place. The first flight of a few thousand refugees occurs across the border into West Bengal.

The plot centers round Yassin, a young intellectual refugee from East Pakistan. He had escaped from the machine gun shoot and settled down in Sen Gupta's house at West Bengal. He asked Yassin to think Sen Gupta's family as his own family. Gupta's wife Sarala welcomes yassin wholeheartedly.

Sen Gupta knew Yassin's mother Rukaiya well in his earlier days at Comilla in East Bengal. He permits Yassin to use his study room. He introduced Yassin to his young children Ashok and Mita. Ashok always interested in Bangladesh liberation movement, Mita did social work with the youth center, she mainly interested in Refugee rehabilitation movement. Yassin felt loneliness and always trouble with psychological depression about his future. Gupta family invites Professor Mosin, who is in the town advisory council, to meet Yasin and he talked about the rehabilitation of refugee. But Yassin felt only about his personal sufferings he never mind the problems of other refugees from his own land. Mosin promise Yassin to arrange a job in university, thus make yassin happy and he felt little relaxation. Mita insist Yassin to involve in social activities especially she need Yassin's participation in refugee camp, thousands of refugees settled in rehabilitation center, which is very near to Sen Gupta's house. Prof. Mosin and Sen Gupta discuss about the problem of refugee their settlement lead to anti social activity and they get ready to stop their increasing count in west Bengal. Sent Gupta decided to spoke with the country elders to block the border to avoid serious issues, now Mita announces that cholera has broken out in the refugee camp. Ramul one of the refugee in the camp near Gupta's house accuses Yassin as selfish and he is doing nothing to help his fellow refuse. Mita wants Yassin to search his conscience. Finally Yassin get into Mita's view he aroused by his conscience, Yassin helped to a young woman in refugee camp by digging the grave for her dead mother.

Yassin ready to leave from Gupta's house, because of the dictates of his own conscience. Like Mita, he too seeks a 'Moral Purpose' in his life. While leaving Gupta's house Yassin mentioned a shocking commentary to Gupta that his mother Rukaiya who 'died of broken heart'. At last he decided to do the fight for his fellow people. He bids good bye to Mrs. Gupta and never knew that his decision is correct or wrong.

About the Author

Asif Currimbhoy born in Mumbai in 1928 is an Indian playwright. He laid a great foundation of modern Indian drama in 1950's. Most of his characters are societal underdogs, like the dwellers of Mumbai shanty towns or tortured, unwashed and untouchables. His plays are characterized by variety and versatility. His plays include 'GOA', 'THE MIRACLE SEED', 'THE DOL DRUMMERS', 'THE THORN ON THE CANVAS', 'THE CAPTIVES' etc

TENSES

A Tense is a form of a verb that is used to show the time of an action.

Tenses denotes the time of action. They show when the work is done.

TYPES OF TENSES:

There are three types of Tenses.

1.Present Tense

2.Past Tense

3.Future Tense

Each Tense is divided into four types

PRESENT TENSE

Simple present

Present continuous tense

Present perfect tense

Present perfect continuous tense

PAST TENSE

Simple past tense

Past continuous tense

Past perfect tense

Past perfect continuous

FUTURE TENSE

Simple future

Future continuous tense

Future perfect tense

Future perfect continuous tense

Tense	Simple	Continuous	Perfect	Perfect continuous
Present	S+V1, V1+s,es,ies	S+am/is/are+V1+ing	S+have/has+V3	S+have/has+been+V1+ing
Past	S+V2	S+was/were+V1+ing	S+had+V3	S+Had+ been+ V1+ ing
Future	S+Will/shall+V1	S+will/shall+be+V1+ing	S+will/shall+have+v3	S+will/shall+ have+been+ V1+ ing

SIMPLE PRESENT TENSE

It is used to denote scientific facts, universal truth and habitual action.

S+ V1 S+ V1+s, es, ies

Key words: (always, generally, usually, everyday, often)

Examples: 1.The Sun rises in the East.
2. Usually I get up at 5'O clock.
3. Water boils at 100⁰ C.

- 1 I go to school.
- 2 He goes to school.

PRESENT CONTINUOUS TENSE

It is used to express an action taking place at the time of speaking.

S+am/is/are+v1+ ing

Key words: (at present, at this moment, currently, still)

Examples: 1. I am learning English now

2. At present I am watching t TV.
3. They are travelling to Kerala.
4. The students are writing the exam.

PRESENT PERFECT TENSE

This tense expresses an action which started in the past and just finished.

S+have/has+v3

Key words: (just, just now, recently)

Example:

1. He has just completed his internal exam.
2. We have constructed a house in Madurai.
3. I have written a book on English grammar.
4. It has bitten on my right leg.

have	has
I We You they	He She it

PRESENT PERFECT CONTINUOUS

It is used to show an action that started in the past and still continue in the present.

S+ have/has+been+ v1+ ing

Keywords: (since, for, for a long time)

Example:

1. He has been working on the computer all the morning.
2. I have been living here since 1990.
3. They have been playing for two years.
4. It has been raining heavily since last night.

SIMPLE PAST TENSE

It is used to indicate an action completed in the past

S+ V2

Keywords: (yesterday, last night, two days ago, last month, last year, last week.)

Example:

1. I went to college yesterday.
2. I ate four dosas last night'
3. My father called me two days ago from Delhi.

PAST CONTINUOUS TENSE

The past continuous tense is used to denote an action going on at sometime in the past. The time of the action may or may not be mentioned.

S+ was/were+ v1+ ing

Key words: (all morning, all last night, for a long time, throughout the night).

Example:

1. I was watching TV all morning.
2. We were travelling by bus.
3. He was waiting for me from 2 to 4.
4. We were writing exam for a long time yesterday.

PAST PERFECT TENSE

The past perfect describes an action that happened before other past events.

S+ had+ V3

Key words: (when, after, before)

Example:

1. When I arrived the railway station, the train had left.
2. After I had discussed with HOD, I informed the students.
3. Before I woke up, my husband had made tea.

PAST PERFECT CONTINUOUS

The past continuous tense is used to describe an action that continued up to another point in the past.

S+had+been+V1+ing

Key words: (before, since, for)

Example:

1. Before I lost job, I had been working on some important project.
2. At the time, he had been writing a novel.
3. He had been running a business for a long time.

SIMPLE FUTURE TENSE

This simple future tense is used to talk about promises, offers and predictions. It expresses the future.

S+ will/ shall+ v1

Keywords: (tomorrow, next day, soon, shortly, today evening, in a few minutes)

Example:

1. I shall go to Madurai.
2. She will play the game well.

Promise: I will call you later.

Offer: we will give you a ride.

Prediction: I have a feeling that this singer will become very popular.

FUTURE CONTINUOUS TENSE

We use the future continuous tense to talk about action which will be in progress at a time in future.

S+ will/shall+ be+ v1+ing

Keywords: (by this time tomorrow, by this time next week, at this time tomorrow)

Examples:

1. I will be driving by this time tomorrow.
2. He will be getting ready to face the interview.
3. He will be watching football match tonight.

FUTURE PERFECT TENSE

It is used to talk about actions that will be completed by a certain future time.

S+will/shall+have+v3.

Keywords: (by the end of this year, by this time tomorrow, in two years time, in July next year, in another five months)

Example:

1. I will have reached Chennai by this time tomorrow.
2. We will have completed our degree in two years time.
3. By the end of this year, he will have got married.

FUTURE PERFECT CONTINUOUS

It is used for actions which will be in progress for long time in future.

S+will/shall+have+been+ V1+ing.

Keywords: (for, till, Until)

Examples:

1. I will have been learning for a competitive exam until I get a job.
 2. I will have been living in this area for the next five years.
 3. We will have been taking care of my parents till they live.
-

Paper name: English For Enrichment – III

Sub Code: 732E

Unit : IV Grammar (2)

ACTIVE VOICE AND PASSIVE VOICE

The subject does something. Similarly, a sentence is said to be in Passive voice when something is done to the subject

1.Ram killed RavanaActive voice

2.Ravanan was killed by Ram-Passive voice

Here the first sentence is said to be in active voice and the second sentence In Passive voice.

In the above sentence Ram is the 'Subject' and Ravana is the 'Object'. In the active voice sentence Ram i.e., the subject has killed the object Ravana. In the second sentence Ravana is the subject but he allowed himself to be killed by subject Ram. Here the subject is passive. Therefore, it is called passive voice.

1)Simple present

I watch movies every week-AV

Movies are watched by me every week-PV

2) Present continuous

I am watching a movie now-AV

A movie is being watched by me now-PV

3) Present perfect

I have watched a movie today-AV

A movie has been watched by me today-PV

4) Present perfect continuous

Normally ideas are not expressed in passive voice in this tense. Therefore it is better to avoid attempting a passive voice in any perfect continuous tense.

5) Simple past

I watched a movie yesterday-AV

A movie was watched by me yesterday-PV

6) Past continuous

I was watching a movie yesterday-AV

A movie was being watched by me yesterday-PV

7) Past perfect

I had watched a movie three years ago-AV

A movie had been watched by me yesterday-PV

8) Past perfect continuous

As we indicated earlier, ideal are normally not expressed in passive voice in this tense. Therefore it is better to avoid attempting a passive voice in any perfect continuous tense.

9) Simple future

I will watch a movie tomorrow-AV

A movie will be watched by me tomorrow-PV

10) Future continuous

I will be watching a movie by 6 pm tomorrow-AV

A movie will be being watched by me at this time tomorrow-PV

11) Future perfect

I will have watched a movie by 6 pm tomorrow-AV

A movie will have been watched by me by 6 pm tomorrow-PV

12) Future perfect continuous

Normally ideas are bot epressed in passive voice in this tense. Therefore it is better to avoid attempting a passive voice in any perfect continuous tense

DEGREES OF COMPARISON

To describe, quantify, modify or identify nouns/pronouns, adjectives are used or reused. Adjectives have their own degrees called degrees of adjectives or degrees of comparison that compare one thing/person to another.

Adjectives have three degrees of comparison –

- Positive degree of adjectives
- Comparative degree of adjectives
- Superlative degree of adjectives

examples:

Positive degree – The cat runs fast.

Comparative degree – The cat runs faster than dogs.

Superlative degree – The cat runs fastest of all animals

1. The **positive degree** of an adjective is the simplest form of that particular adjective.
2. **Comparative degree** of an adjective denotes a higher degree when compared to a positive degree. It is used to compare two persons or things.
 1. Adding **–er** to the positive form of the adjective.
 2. Adding the word **more** before the adjective.
3. The **superlative degree** of an adjective denotes the highest degree of the quality. Superlative degree is used to compare more than two persons or things.
 1. Adding **–est** to the Positive form of the adjective.
 2. Adding the word **most** before the adjective.

Rules to change Adjectives:

Rule: 1 → By adding 'er' and 'est'

Positive	Comparative	Superlative
Bright Rich Tall Fast	Brighter Richer Taller Faster	Brightest Richest Tallest Fastest

Rule: 2 → By adding 'r' and 'st' (Adjective ending in 'e')

Positive	Comparative	Superlative
Brave Large Simple Wise Fine	Braver Larger Simpler Wiser Finer	Bravest Largest Simplest Wisest Finest

Rule: 3 → (Adjective ending in 'e') By deleting the final 'y' and add 'ier' and 'iest'

Positive	Comparative	Superlative
Dry Easy Costly Heavy	Drier Easier Costlier Heavier	Driest Easiest Costliest Heaviest

Rule: 4 → (Adjective – single syllable → end with consonant- before letter vowel) → by doubling final consonant+ add 'er' & 'est'

Positive	Comparative	Superlative
Big	Bigger	Biggest

Fat Hot Thin	Fatter Hotter Thinner	Fattest Hottest Thinnest
---	--	---

Rule: 5 → (Adjective → More than 2 syllable) By adding ‘More’ & ‘Most’

Positive	Comparative	Superlative
Attractive Brilliant Active Cunning Beautiful	More Attractive More Brilliant More Active More Cunning More Beautiful	Most Attractive Most Brilliant Most Active Most Cunning Most Beautiful

Rule: 6 → (Adjective → Irregular Comparison)

Positive	Comparative	Superlative
Good / Well Bad / Evil / ill Much Many Old Little	Better Worse More More Older / Elder Less	Best Worst Most (quantity) Most (Number) Oldest / Eldest least

Types → (only 3 types in Degrees of Comparison)

Types	Positive	Comparative	Superlative
Type 1	(i) As..... as (ii) Not so.... as	(i) Not Than (ii) Than	-----

Type 2	Very few.... as...as	Than many other or Than most other	One of the
Type 3	No other ... so.....as	Than any other	The

Changing the degree of the **Adjective** :

Type 1:

1. Mohan is as **tall** as Suresh (positive)
Suresh is not **taller** than Mohan (comparative)
2. Apple is **costlier** than Mango (Comparative)
Mango is not so **costly** as apple. (positive)
3. Ram is not so **intelligent** as Ravi (Positive)
Ravi is more **intelligent** than Ram (Comparative)

Type 2

1. Very few Indian poets in India are as **great** as Tagore. (positive)
Tagore is **greater** than most other Indian poets. (Comparative)
Tagore is one of the **greatest** Indian poets. (Superlative)
2. Ashoka was **greater** than many other Emperors. (Comparative)
Very few Emperors were as **great** as Ashoka. (Positive)
Ashoka was one of the **greatest** Emperors. (Superlative)
3. Kannan is one of the **most popular** boys . (Superlative)
Kannan is **more popular** than many other boys (Comparative)
Very few boys are as **popular** as Kannan. (Positive)

Type 3

1. No other city in India is so **big** as Kolkata (Positive)
Kolkata is **bigger** than any other city in India (Comparative)
Kolkata is the **biggest** city in India (Superlative)

2. My Father is **richer** than any other man in the town (Comparative)
No other man in the town is so **rich** as my Father. (Positive)
My Father is the **richest** man in the town. (Superlative)

3. Bombay is the **busiest** of all the cities in India (Superlative)
Bombay is **busier** than any other city in India (Comparative)
No other city in India is so **busy** as Bombay (Positive)

III- SEMESTER
PART-II-ENGLISH
GATEWAY TO ENGLISH
COURSE CODE:732E
UNIT-V-AGENDA

What is an Agenda?

In its simplest form, an agenda sets out the list of items to be discussed at a meeting.

It should include:

- **The purpose of the meeting;** and
- **The order in which items are to be discussed,** so that the meeting achieves its purpose. This will later shape the minutes of the meeting.

.An agenda is a tool for attendees including, but not limited to, the chairperson and secretary. It serves several functions, before, during and after a meeting.

These functions include:

- **It helps potential attendees decide whether they need to attend.** By setting out what will be discussed, and for how long, it shows potential attendees whether they are crucial to the discussion and whether it is crucial to them. They can then make an informed decision about whether they attend or make their contribution in writing or via another attendee.
- **It helps invitees to prepare for the meeting.** Along with any papers, it allows them to understand what will be discussed and to think about the issues in advance. They can also prepare any facts or figures so that they have the necessary information to hand to make an effective contribution.

- **It provides a structure for the meeting.** It means that anyone diverting from the topic can be brought back to the matter in hand quickly and easily.
- **Similarly, it allows the chair to control the meeting.** A timed agenda is especially helpful for this, since the chair can move onto the next item when the time is up, asking attendees to continue the discussion elsewhere if necessary.
- **Finally, it gives a way in which the meeting's success can be judged.** Because the agenda includes the purpose, attendees can see whether the meeting has achieved its aim or not. This makes it clear whether future meetings are necessary on the same subject.

Example - Agenda Writing

- **Update after meeting with Hasta La Vista representatives**
 - **Meeting Information** – Update after meeting representatives of Hasta La Vista.
 - **Objective** – for the purpose of interior decoration of our office premises.
 - **Date**- 23rd April, 2015
 - **Location**- Meeting Room-1
 - **Time**- 4:30 PM
 - **Meeting Type**- Discussion
 - **Time of Arrival**- 6:00 PM
 - **Time of Adjournment**- 8:30 PM
 - **Attendees**- Mohtahsim M., Kiran K. Panigrahi, Gopal K Verma, Manisha Shejwal
 - **Preparation for Meeting:**
 - **Please Read** - Hasta La Vista Company Brochure, Quotation Document
 - **Please bring** - Competitor Company's quotation, hourly rates analysis
 - **Action Items:**
 - **Due Action:**

Updates from Hasta la Vista	Gopal K Verma	30 th April, 2015
Find Hasta la Vista's competitor	Manisha Shejwal	30 th April, 2015

• **New Action:**

Send email to their Head of Marketing	Manisha Shejwal	5 th May, 2015
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Paper name: English For Enrichment – III

Sub Code: 732E

Unit : V Composition (2)

MINUTES

Definition of minutes:

“Permanent, formal and detailed record of business transacted and resolutions adopted at a firm’s official meeting. Once written up or typed in a minute book and approved at the next meeting, the minutes are accepted as a true representation of the proceedings they record and can be used as prima facie evidence in legal matters”.

Example:

You are the secretary of the student work department, Y.M.C.A., Nagercoil. Write the minutes of the meeting convened to plan a Youth leadership Camp to the college students of Nagercoil in August 2020. Please note the meeting was held on June 20, 2020 at Main Hall, YMCA, Nagercoil.

Y.M.C.A.

Student Work Department

Nagercoil.

Minutes of the Executive committee meeting of the student Work Department of Y.M.C.A., Nagercoil, held on 20, June 2020 at Main Hall, YMCA, Nagercoil.

Members present

Mr.A.Joseph

Mr.M.Karthik

Mr.R.Sayeed

Mr.S.Kumar

Mr.T.Balu

Apologies

Mr.S.MAriyappan

Mr.B.Albert.

1.Confirmation of the minutes of the Previous meeting:

The Minutes of the Executive Committee meeting held on 10, April 2020 were presented. The minutes were taken as read and approved.

2.Monthly subscription

The Secretary drew the attention of the committee to the rising cost of maintenance and upkeep of the Association activities and the need for increase in the monthly subscription be raised to Rs.300/-. After a brief discussion the suggestion was accepted.

Resolution

Resolved to increase the monthly subscription to Rs.300/-

3.An appeal to conduct a Youth Leadership Camp:

Appeal was made by the Secretary to plan for conducting a youth leadership camp for the benefit of college students of Nagercoil in the month of August. After a discussion the suggestion was accepted.

Resolution

Resolved to plan for a Youth Leadership Camp for the college students of Nagercoil during the month of August.

4.Meeting on conducting the camp

Resolution Resolved to hold a meeting on executing the plan to conduct the Youth Leadership Camp on July 2, at 6.00 p.m at the YMCA Hall, Nagercoil.

5Any other business

With no other business of transaction, the meeting came to a close.

Nagercoil

Dated:R.Govindaraj

25th June 2020Chairperson

3. NOTICE

Drafting Notices and Circulars

Introduction

A notice is a very short piece of writing which is usually very formal in style. It is widely used by individuals and organizations to announce events and celebrations, births and deaths, occasions like inaugurations of sales, to issue public instructions, to make appeals and to extend invitations. Thus, notices are used in our life in many ways. So, it is essential for us to understand *utility, features and syntax* of a good notice.

Utility

Suppose you lost your watch in the college playground, you can put up a notice on the college notice board, making an appeal to return it to you. Teachers can put a notice here to inform about exam dates, change in syllabus, essay competition or educational tours etc.

You must have seen "public notice" in newspapers given by the government, lawyers or some company. These notices attract the public attention to some important issues. Notices are actually intended to be pasted, clipped or published at a place where many

interested persons visit to look for information. This place can be the notice board of a school, a college, the reception desk of an office, a bank, a court, or the websites of a govt. department or a company, or the notice column of a newspaper or any other place where people come frequently.

Features

A good notice should have the following features :

1. **BREVITY** : A notice should provide information in minimum number of words. About 40 to 50 words are enough. Sentences should be short. They must be to the point.
2. **COMPLETION** : A notice should provide complete information. If you are writing a notice about the Fine Arts Competitions, it should tell about participation criteria like date and time, venue, time limit, prizes etc.
3. **AUTHORITY** : A notice must include the name of the authority who is issuing the notice. It can be you (as in the case of the watch lost in the college playground), the teacher or the principal of the college, the manager of a bank, the secretary of some departments etc.
4. **CLARITY** : There should not be any ambiguity in the information. The message should be straight forward.

Thus brevity, completeness and clarity are the main ingredients of a good notice.

You are the City Police Commissioner. Put up a notice for the residents of the city for warning them against burglary.

NOTICE

Guard yourselves against thefts and burglaries.

Keep the doors always closed.

Do not entertain strangers into houses.

If you find anyone suspicious, call police.

Keep an eye on neighbour's houses.

See that all street lights are illuminated.

In case of Emergency, call 100.

Commissioner

UNIT V

TOPIC – 4 – DESCRIPTIVE WRITING

What is Descriptive Writing?

We can define descriptive writing as a type of writing that gives a clear and concise description of everything. It includes places, people, object or an event. The primary objective of descriptive writing is to provide a clear picture of the place, people or thing in reader's mind. The writer provides enough details to evoke the senses. A reader can feel all their senses working while reading any descriptive writing work.

Descriptive writing is used to draw vivid details in the reader's mind. The reader will use sensory details when he/she reads the text. He can feel the environment of the text through senses like seeing, hearing, smell, taste, and touch. This form of writing will help the readers to go into a world of the writer. You can find descriptive writing in almost all forms of writing styles. These styles include a journal, travel writing, biographies, poetry, diary writing, nature writing, memoirs, etc.

The purpose of descriptive writing

Being a student you want to understand and know the reason why one must use descriptive writing. For every student, the end purpose of writing a descriptive work is the same, which is to describe. You need to give a perfect description of the topic which you are describing. Your description should be so realistic that reader can feel it.

Let's see first the purposes of descriptive writing for students:

- It helps in writing paragraphs and essays in a detailed and structured manner. You will learn how to describe various small and large things. It helps you to maintain balance, and you get the idea what should you need to elaborate and what is not.
- Descriptive writing helps in holding the reader for your writing work. By this I mean your reader will stay attracted towards your text. It will keep your reader engaged in your work. An engaging work would be the best compliment for any writer. So if you want to see yourself as an excellent writer, enhance your skills of descriptive writing.
- Are you the one who lacks the vocabulary, or feel difficulty in writing because of a shortage of new words. It's time to practice descriptive writing. Why I am saying this because, it will help you in finding new words and enhances your vocabulary, when you get the task to write more and more, you will look out on the internet for various new words. This automatically enhances your knowledge regarding the new words.
- Descriptive writing is a great way if you want to clarify any topic or any subject. It describes everything. You will see that you have to describe minute details as well as other details in an elaborative manner. So more the description, better clarity it will make.
- With the help of descriptive writing, you will learn how to present sensory details. The presentation of sensory details will help in conveying the main idea. For those who are planning to be a novelist or a writer, descriptive writing is gold for them.

Descriptive Writing Techniques

Select a Right Topic

The first and most important thing is to choose the right topic. Before writing anything, choose topic aright. You should be able to write on your selected topic. You must be able to provide a precise description of your topic to the

reader. Your topic should have enough details to convince and involve the reader. Your topic should be able to make a picture in the reader's mind.

Use Descriptive Words

As it is descriptive writing, so words should also be descriptive. If your words are descriptive only then it will help you in a precise description. Use words which can provide sensory details more clearly.

Organize all the details in a Chronological Order

When you are writing a descriptive article, structure everything logically and in correct order. Your details should not be erratic. Otherwise, it will reduce the readability and reader will not stay connected.

Use Figurative Language

Whenever you are writing a descriptive essay or paragraphs, use figurative languages like simile and metaphors. For example, Her smile was like sunshine.

Figurative language will add feelings to your text and enhances the value of your work. A reader will also find your work as a masterpiece of writing. It will help in stimulating the interest of the readers.

