

# SPECTRUM – III

## An Anthology of Prose, Poetry, Fiction and Language Exercises

III Semester BA, BSc, B.Com, BBA,  
BHM & BCA  
Additional English Text

*Editors*

**Dr. Geetha Bhasker**  
**Dr. K. S. Vaishali**



**Prasaranga**  
**BANGALORE UNIVERSITY**  
*Jnanabharathi, Bengaluru – 560 056*

**SPECTRUM–III:** Additional English Text for III Semester  
B.A./B.Sc./B.Com./B.B.A./B.H.M./B.C.A under the  
Degree Course, prepared by the Members of the Text  
Book Committee, Bangalore University, Bengaluru;  
Published by Prasaranga, Bangalore University, Bengaluru.  
Pp : +xi

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First Edition 2019

Published by :  
**Dr. B. Gangadhar**  
Director  
Prasaranga and Printing Press  
Bangalore University  
Bengaluru - 560 056

Price : ₹

Printed at : University Printing Press, Bangalore University, B'lore -56  
-BUP- -May 2019

## Foreword

Spectrum-III is the Additional English text that is prescribed for the Third Semester undergraduate students, with the revised syllabus. I have gone through the new text which comprises two sections, Literature and Grammar. The selections in Prose, Fiction and Poetry are interesting and relevant to the present times and I am sure that the text will be well- received by the students and teachers.

I congratulate the members of the textbook committee for their efforts in bringing out the text and preparing the exercises that go along with them. I thank the Director and the Assistant Director of Prasaranga and Printing Press of their personnel for bringing out the text book neatly and on time.

I hope the text will motivate the teachers and the students to make the best use of it and develop literary sensibility as well as linguistic skills.

**Dr. Venugopal. K. R.**  
*Vice-Chancellor*

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## Publisher’s Note

The Additional English Text Book **SPECTRUM – III** for Third Semester Degree courses coming under the Faculty of Arts, Science, Commerce and Management has a diverse collection of short stories, essays, and poems etc., which are linked to various themes of social and cultural relevance. Specific texts have been selected to cultivate reading and writing habits in the student learner and also to develop their critical and creative thinking. These texts are capable of enhancing not only the linguistic competence and literary sensibilities among the students but also instilling in them the right human values.

I thank the members of the BOS, chairperson and members of the Text Book Committee and the Chief Editor who have made commendable efforts in creating such a textbook.

I thank the Hon’ble Vice Chancellor for his guidance and practical support in bringing out this book.

I am extremely thankful to the Registrar Bangalore University for extending his wholehearted co-operation and support.

I also thank the staff of Prasaranga and Printing Press for the support in bringing out the book so neatly within the stipulated time..

**Dr. B. Gangadhar**  
Director, Prasaranga and Printing Press

### ??? Heading ???

**Spectrum-III** is the Additional English text that is prescribed for the Third Semester undergraduate students, with the revised syllabus. I have gone through the new text which comprises two sections, Literature and Grammar. The selections in Prose, Fiction and Poetry are interesting and relevant to the present times and I am sure that the text will be well- received by the students and teachers.

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I would like to thank the Director of Prasaranga for getting the text printed on time.

Dr. Geetha Bhasker  
Professor, Chairperson Department of English  
Bangalore University Bangalore, Karnataka

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Members of the Text Book committee of the Additional English Text '**Spectrum III**' would like to thank the following for their support and cooperation in publishing this Text Book:

- Dr. Geetha Bhasker,  
Chairperson, Board of Studies and Head,  
Department of English for her support  
and Guidance.
- The Director, Prasaranga, Bangalore  
University.

## General Introduction

‘**SPECTRUM – III**’, an Anthology of Prose, Poetry, Fiction and Grammar is the revised new text for III-Semester Additional English under graduate students of Bangalore University. The Text is divided into two sections: Literature and Grammar. The Literature Component has essays, Short Stories and Poems by well-known writers, known for their sterling use of language which is unique, with relevant themes. The Grammar exercises are designed to cultivate the language and creative talents of the students. Teachers may supplement the Grammar exercises with more examples and make learning more enjoyable and meaningful.

## Preface

I consider it a unique privilege to present the **Additional English** for III Semester courses coming under the Faculty of Arts, Science, Commerce and Management courses of Bangalore University. In the contemporary Indian context, English has emerged as a sine que non for social and cultural empowerment. It is also an indisputable fact that from a pragmatic point of view, English serves as a window to the world. The legacy of the English language has left an indelible imprint on the Indian psyche. Therefore, the importance of English Text Books to sharpen the creative and communicative skills of the students at the undergraduate level can never be over-emphasized.

The Text Book Committee members have assiduously put together an invaluable compendium of intellectually stimulating literary selections, showcasing an admirable range of issues that espouse progressive, secular, democratic, ecological, anti-racist, feminist, differently abled and other egalitarian ideologies. I congratulate them for this laudatory initiative. The content of these teaching materials has indeed been perspicaciously selected and designed by the Text Book Committee. Another noteworthy inclusion in the curriculum is an innovative component on film analysis/review and advertisements. Furthermore, the components on grammar and usage and the entailing exercises which are intended to strengthen the linguistic skills of the students and sharpen their proficiency have been conceptualized in a productive and efficacious manner.

I am grateful to our Vice – Chancellor, Dr. Venugopal K.R. for his encouraging and meaningful foreword to the Text Books. I also like to acknowledge my gratitude to Dr. B. Gangadhar, the Director of Prasaranga and his staff for printing the Text Books.

**Dr. K. S. Vaishali**  
*Editor & Chairperson, Department of English*  
*Bangalore University*

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## The Doll's House

- Katherine Mansfield

### A note on the author



Katherine Mansfield Beauchamp was born on 14 October, 1888 at Wellington, New Zealand, in a small wooden house on Tinakori Road in Thordon. Katherine Mansfield is New Zealand's most famous author. She was a writer of short stories poetry, letters, Journals and reviews, and changed the way the short story was written in the English Language. She was a rebel and a modernist who lived her short life of 34 years to the full. She found the confines of colonial Edwardian life stifling and sought inspiration for a new way of living in the writings of Oscar Wilde and other decadents. Her life panned a time when gender roles for women underwent a radical change.

In 1911, Kathrine Mansfield's first published collection of short stories *In a German Pension* was received with success. Reviews spoke of 'acute insight' and unquenchable humour'. She then contributed to the avant-garde publication *Rhythm*, with her partner and husband-to-be, literary critic John Middleton Murray. *The Woman at the Store* was her first story published in this magazine.

### Theme

This Story, *The Doll's House* is a striking short story. In this story Mansfield portrays the trivial activities of men. She reveals the cruelty of grownup people in the society.

She shows the innocence of small children and cruelty of the society that draws a line between the rich and the poor, higher and lower status of people.

There are five child characters in this story. They are the Burnell daughters and Kelvey daughters. Besides this, there are grownups like Aunt Beryl, Mrs. Kelvey, the school teacher and so on. The story reveals that small children are innocent but they are poisoned by the grownups and turn cruel gradually.

### The Doll's House

WHEN dear old Mrs. Hay went back to town after staying with the Burnells she sent the children a doll's house. It was so big that the carter and Pat carried it into the courtyard, and there it stayed, propped up on two wooden boxes beside the feed-room door. No harm could come to it; it was summer. And perhaps the smell of paint would have gone off by the time it had to be taken in. For, really, the smell of paint coming from that doll's house ('Sweet of old Mrs. Hay, of course; sweetest and generous!')—but the smell of paint was quite enough to make anyone seriously ill, in Aunt Beryl's opinion. Even before the sacking was taken off. And when it was...

There stood the Doll's house, a dark, oily, spinach green, picked out with bright yellow. Its two solid little chimneys, glued on to the roof, were painted red and white, and the door, gleaming with yellow varnish, was like a little slab of toffee. Four windows, real windows, were divided into panes by a broad streak of green. There was actually a tiny porch, too, painted yellow, with big lumps of congealed paint hanging along the edge.

But perfect, perfect little house! Who could possibly mind the smell. It was part of the joy, part of the newness.

“Open it quickly, someone!”

The hook at the side was stuck fast. Pat prized it open with his penknife, and the whole house front swung back, and—there you were, gazing at one and the same moment into the drawing-room and dining-room, the kitchen and two bedrooms. That is the way for a house to open! Why don't all houses open like that? How much more exciting than peering through the slit of a door into a mean little hall with a hat stand and two umbrellas! That is—isn't it?—what you long to know about a house when you put your hand on the knocker. Perhaps it is the way God opens houses at the dead of night when He is taking a quiet turn with an angel...

“O-oh!” The Burnell children sounded as though they were in despair. It was too marvellous; it was too much for them. They had never seen anything like it in their lives. All the rooms were papered. There were pictures on the walls, painted on the paper, with gold frames complete. Red carpet covered all the floors except the kitchen; red plush chairs in the drawing-room, green in the dining-room; tables, beds with real bedclothes, a cradle, a stove, a dresser with tiny plates and one big jug. But what Kezia liked more than anything, what she liked frightfully, was the lamp. It stood in the middle of the dining-room table, an exquisite little amber lamp with a white globe. It was even filled all ready for lighting, though, of course, you couldn't light it. But there was something inside that looked like oil and moved when you shook it.

The father and mother dolls, who sprawled very stiff as though they had fainted in the drawing-room, and their two little children asleep upstairs, were really too big for the doll's house. They didn't look as though they belonged. But the lamp was perfect. It seemed to smile at Kezia, to say, "I live here." The lamp was real.

The Burnell children could hardly walk to school fast enough the next morning. They burned to tell everybody, to describe, to—well—to boast about their doll's house before the school-bell rang.

“I'm to tell,” said Isabel, " because I'm the eldest. And you two can join in after. But I'm to tell first.”

There was nothing to answer. Isabel was bossy, but she was always right, and Lottie and Kezia knew too well the powers that went with being eldest. They brushed through the thick buttercups at the road edge and said nothing.

"And I'm to choose who's to come and see it first. Mother said I might.”

For it had been arranged that while the doll's house stood in the courtyard they might ask the girls at school, two at a time, to come and look. Not to stay to tea, of course, or to come traipsing through the house. But just to stand quietly in the courtyard while Isabel pointed out the beauties, and Lottie and Kezia looked pleased...

But hurry as they might, by the time they had reached the tarred palings of the boys' playground the bell had begun to jangle. They only just had time to whip off their hats and fall into line before the roll was called. Never mind. Isabel tried to make up for it by looking very important and

mysterious and by whispering behind her hand to the girls near her, " Got something to tell you at playtime."

Playtime came and Isabel was surrounded. The girls of her class nearly fought to put their arms round her, to walk away with her, to beam flatteringly, to be her special friend. She held quite a court under the huge pine trees at the side of the playground. Nudging, giggling together, the little girls pressed up close. And the only two who stayed outside the ring were the two who were always outside, the little Kelveys. They knew better than to come anywhere near the Burnells.

For the fact was, the school the Burnell children went to was not at all the kind of place their parents would have chosen if there had been any choice. But there was none. It was the only school for miles. And the consequence was all the children of the neighbourhood, the Judge's little girls, the doctor's daughters, the store-keeper's children, the milkman's, were forced to mix together. Not to speak of there being an equal number of rude, rough little boys as well. But the line had to be drawn somewhere. It was drawn at the Kelveys. Many of the children, including the Burnells, were not allowed even to speak to them. They walked past the Kelveys with their heads in the air, and as they set the fashion in all matters of behaviour, the Kelveys were shunned by everybody. Even the teacher had a special voice for them and a special smile for the other children when Lil Kelvey came up to her desk with a bunch of dreadfully common-looking flowers.

They were the daughters of a spry, hardworking little washerwoman, who went about from house to house by the

day. This was awful enough. But where was Mr. Kelley ? Nobody knew for certain. But everybody said he was in prison. So they were the daughters of a washerwoman and a gaolbird. Very nice company for other people's children! And they looked it. Why Mrs. Kelvey made them so conspicuous was hard to understand. The truth was they were dressed in " bits " given to her by the people for whom she worked. Lil, for instance, who was a stout, plain child, with big freckles, came to school in a dress made from a green art-serge table-cloth of the Burnells', with red plush sleeves from the Logans' curtains. Her hat, perched on top of her high forehead, was a grown-up woman's hat, once the property of Miss Lecky, the postmistress. It was turned up at the back and trimmed with a large scarlet quill. What a little guy she looked! It was impossible not to laugh. And her little sister, our Else, wore a long white dress, rather like a nightgown, and a pair of little boy's boots. But whatever our Else wore she would have looked strange. She was a tiny wishbone of a child, with cropped hair and enormous solemn eyes—a little white owl. Nobody had ever seen her smile; she scarcely ever spoke. She went through life holding on to Lil, with a piece of Lil's skirt screwed up in her hand. Where Lil went, our Else followed. In the playground, on the road going to and from school, there was Lil marching in front and our Else holding on behind. Only when she wanted anything, or when she was out of breath, our Else gave Lil a tug, a twitch, and Lil stopped and turned round. The Kelveys never failed to understand each other.

Now they hovered at the edge; you couldn't stop them listening. When the little girls turned round and sneered,

Lil, as usual, gave her silly, shamefaced smile, but our Else only looked.

And Isabel's voice, so very proud, went on telling. The carpet made a great sensation, but so did the beds with real bedclothes, and the stove with an oven door.

When she finished Kezia broke in. "You've forgotten the lamp, Isabel."

"Oh, yes," said Isabel, " and there's a teeny little lamp, all made of yellow glass, with a white globe that stands on the dining-room table. You couldn't tell it from a real one."

"The lamp's best of all," cried Kezia. She thought Isabel wasn't making half enough of the little lamp. But nobody paid any attention. Isabel was choosing the two who were to come back with them that afternoon and see it. She chose Emmie Cole and Lena Logan. But when the others knew they were all to have a chance, they couldn't be nice enough to Isabel. One by one they put their arms round Isabel's waist and walked her off. They had something to whisper to her, a secret. " Isabel's my friend."

Only the little Kelveys moved away forgotten; there was nothing more for them to hear.

Days passed, and as more children saw the doll's house, the fame of it spread. It became the one subject, the rage. The one question was, " Have you seen Burnells' doll's house? Oh, ain't it lovely! " " Haven't you seen it? Oh, I say! "

Even the dinner hour was given up to talking about it. The little girls sat under the pines eating their thick mutton sandwiches and big slabs of johnny cake spread with butter.

While always, as near as they could get, sat the Kelveys, our Else holding on to Lil, listening too, while they chewed their jam sandwiches out of a newspaper soaked with large red blobs. " Mother," said Kezia, " can't I ask the Kelveys just once? "

"Certainly not, Kezia."

"But why not? "

"Run away, Keziah; you know quite well why not."

At last everybody had seen it except them. On that day the subject rather flagged. It was the dinner hour. The children stood together under the pine trees, and suddenly, as they looked at the Kelveys eating out of their paper, always by themselves, always listening, they wanted to be horrid to them. Emmie Cole started the whisper.

"Lil Kelvey's going to be a servant when she grows up."

"O-oh, how awful! " said Isabel Burnell, and she made eyes at Emmie.

Emmie swallowed in a very meaning way and nodded to Isabel as she'd seen her mother do on those occasions.

"It's true—it's true—it's true," she said.

Then Lena Logan's little eyes snapped. "Shall I ask her?" she whispered.

"Bet you don't," said Jessie May.

"Pooh, I'm not frightened," said Lena. Suddenly she gave a little squeal and danced in front of the other girls. "Watch! Watch me! Watch me now! " said Lena. And sliding,

gliding, dragging one foot, giggling behind her hand, Lena went over to the Kelveys.

Lil looked up from her dinner. She wrapped the rest quickly away. Our Else stopped chewing. What was coming now?

"Is it true you're going to be a servant when you grow up, Lil Kelvey?" shrilled Lena.

Dead silence. But instead of answering, Lil only gave her silly, shamefaced smile. She didn't seem to mind the question at all. What a sell for Lena! The girls began to titter.

Lena couldn't stand that. She put her hands on her hips; she shot forward. "Yah, yer father's in prison!" she hissed, spitefully.

This was such a marvellous thing to have said that the little girls rushed away in a body, deeply, deeply excited, wild with joy. Someone found a long rope, and they began skipping. And never did they skip so high, run in and out so fast, or do such daring things as on that morning.

In the afternoon Pat called for the Burnell children with the buggy and they drove home. There were visitors. Isabel and Lottie, who liked visitors, went upstairs to change their pinafores. But Kezia thieved out at the back. Nobody was about; she began to swing on the big white gates of the courtyard. Presently, looking along the road, she saw two little dots. They grew bigger, they were coming towards her. Now she could see that one was in front and one close behind. Now she could see that they were the Kelveys. Kezia stopped swinging. She slipped off the gate as if she was going to run away. Then she hesitated. The Kelveys

came nearer, and beside them walked their shadows, very long, stretching right across the road with their heads in the buttercups. Kezia clambered back on the gate; she had made up her mind; she swung out.

"Hullo," she said to the passing Kelveys.

They were so astounded that they stopped. Lil gave her silly smile. Our Else stared.

"You can come and see our doll's house if you want to," said Kezia, and she dragged one toe on the ground. But at that Lil turned red and shook her head quickly.

"Why not?" asked Kezia.

Lil gasped, then she said, "Your ma told our ma you wasn't to speak to us."

"Oh, well," said Kezia. She didn't know what to reply. "It doesn't matter. You can come and see our doll's house all the same. Come on. Nobody's looking."

But Lil shook her head still harder.

"Don't you want to?" asked Kezia.

Suddenly there was a twitch, a tug at Lil's skirt. She turned round. Our Else was looking at her with big, imploring eyes; she was frowning; she wanted to go. For a moment Lil looked at our Else very doubtfully. But then our Else twitched her skirt again. She started forward. Kezia led the way. Like two little stray cats they followed across the courtyard to where the doll's house stood.

"There it is," said Kezia.

There was a pause. Lil breathed loudly, almost snorted; our Else was still as stone.

"I'll open it for you," said Kezia kindly. She undid the hook and they looked inside.

"There's the drawing-room and the dining-room, and that's the——"

"Kezia ! "

Oh, what a start they gave!

"Kezia!"

It was Aunt Beryl's voice. They turned round. At the back door stood Aunt Beryl, staring as if she couldn't believe what she saw.

"How dare you ask the little Kelveys into the courtyard?" said her cold, furious voice. " You know as well as I do, you're not allowed to talk to them. Run away, children, run away at once. And don't come back again," said Aunt Beryl. And she stepped into the yard and shooed them out as if they were chickens.

"Off you go immediately!" she called, cold and proud.

They did not need telling twice. Burning with shame, shrinking together, Lil huddling along like her mother, our Else dazed, somehow they crossed the big courtyard and squeezed through the white gate.

"Wicked, disobedient little girl!" said Aunt Beryl bitterly to Kezia, and she slammed the doll's house to.

The afternoon had been awful. A letter had come from Willie Brent, a terrifying, threatening letter, saying if she did not meet him that evening in Pulman's Bush, he'd come to the front door and ask the reason why! But now that she had frightened those little rats of Kelveys and given Kezia a good scolding, her heart felt lighter. That ghastly pressure was gone. She went back to the house humming.

When the Kelveys were well out of sight of Burnells', they sat down to rest on a big red drainpipe by the side of the road. Lil's cheeks were still burning; she took off the hat with the quill and held it on her knee. Dreamily they looked over the hay paddocks, past the creek, to the group of wattles where Logan's cows stood waiting to be milked. What were their thoughts? Presently our Else nudged up close to her sister. But now she had forgotten the cross lady. She put out a finger and stroked her sister's quill; she smiled her rare smile.

"I seen the little lamp," she said, softly.

Then both were silent once more.

### **Glossary**

Courtyard	: an enclosure adjacent to a building
Congeaed	: to change from a soft or fluid state to a rigid or solid state, as by cooling or freezing.
Gazing	: to look steadily and intently, as with great curiosity, interest, pleasure or wonder.
Nudging	: to push lightly or gently, especially with the elbow, to get someone's attention, prod someone into action, etc.,

Conspicuous : easily seen or noticed; readily visible or observable.

Hover : to hang fluttering or suspended in the air.

Astound : to overwhelm with amazement; astonish gently; shock with wonder or surprise

Clamber : to climb, using both feet and hands; climb with effort or difficulty.

**I. Answer the following in two or three sentences each:**

1. Who is the protagonist of the story?
2. Who are the Kelvey sisters?
3. What is Aunt Beryl's secret?
4. Why did the girls complain of the house?
5. What are Else's clothes compared to?
6. What is the the doll's house compared to?
7. What is the best part of the house to Kezia?
8. Why does Isabel warn her sisters?
9. How many Children were given permission to enter the doll's house?
10. Why were the Kevley sisters excluded and disliked in school?

**II. Answer the following in a paragraph each:**

1. Give a description of Lil' dress.
2. Why does Mrs Burnels refuse to give entry to the Kelveys?
3. Who are the jailbirds in the story? Why are they called so?
4. What is the writer's attitude towards the townspeople?
5. Write a note on author's opinion about the Kelvey's.

**III. Answer the following in a page or two:**

1. How does the author Katherine Mansfield show the innocence of small children and cruelty of the Society in the story?
2. The Grownups in the society are responsible for creating differences in Society. Discuss.
3. Comment on the title of the story.
4. The writer criticises the elite society in the story? Discuss.
5. Do children all over the world face a situation similar to that depicted in the story? Elucidate.

## A Work of Art

-Anton Chekhov

### A note on the author



Anton Chekhov (1860-1904) is a Russian playwright and master of the modern short story. He is a literary artist of laconic precision who probed below the surface of life, laying bare the secret motives of his characters. Chekhov's best plays and short stories lack complex plots and neat solutions. Concentrating on apparent trivialities, they create a special kind of atmosphere, sometimes termed haunting or lyrical. Chekhov described the Russian life of his time using a deceptively simple technique devoid of obtrusive literary devices, and he is regarded as the outstanding representative of the late 19<sup>th</sup>-century Russian realist school.

### Theme

The story deals with perceptions of people on something in the society. In this story 'the candelabra' is perceived differently by different people. For example, the perception of Sasha on the candelabra is entirely different from that of the perceptions held by the other characters in the story. Many themes like gratitude, perception, paralysis of mind and morality can be traced in the story. The same thing Candelabra is viewed in different ways by two different kinds of people viz., Sasha, his mother and other characters in the story. The story makes readers ponder over why

people in society think alike unlike the inexperienced young man.

### A Work of Art

SASHA SMIRNOV, the only son of his mother, holding under his arm, something wrapped up in No. 223 of the Financial News, assumed a sentimental expression, and went into Dr. Koshelkov's consulting-room.

"Ah, dear lad!" was how the doctor greeted him. "Well! How are we feeling? What good news has you for me?"

Sasha blinked, laid his hand on his heart and said in an agitated voice: "Mamma sends her greetings to you, Ivan Nikolaevitch, and told me to thank you. I am the only son of my mother and you have saved my life, you have brought me through a dangerous illness and we do not know how to thank you."

"Nonsense, lad!" said the doctor, highly delighted. "I only did what anyone else would have done in my place."

"I am the only son of my mother. We are poor people and cannot of course repay you, and we are quite ashamed, doctor, although, however, mamma and I, the only son of my mother, earnestly beg you to accept in token of our gratitude . . . this object, which is an object of great value, an antique bronze. A rare work of art."

"You shouldn't!" said the doctor, frowning. "What's this for!"

"No, please do not refuse," Sasha went on muttering as he unpacked the parcel. "You will wound mamma and me by refusing. . . . It's a fine thing . . . an antique bronze. It was

left us by my deceased father and we have kept it as a precious souvenir. My father used to buy antique bronzes and sell them to connoisseurs Mamma and I keep on the business now."

Sasha undid the object and put it solemnly on the table. It was a not very tall candelabrum of old bronze and artistic workmanship. It consisted of a group: on the pedestal stood two female figures in the costume of Eve and in attitudes for the description of which I have neither the courage nor the fitting temperament. The figures were smiling coquettishly and altogether looked as though, had it not been for the necessity of supporting the candlestick, they would have skipped off the pedestal and have indulged in an orgy such as is improper for the reader even to imagine.

Looking at the present, the doctor slowly scratched behind his ear, cleared his throat and blew his nose irresolutely.

"Yes, it certainly is a fine thing," he muttered, "but . . . how shall I express it? It's . . . h'm it's not quite for family reading. It's not simply décolleté but beyond anything, dash it all."

"How do you mean?"

"The serpent-tempter himself could not have invented anything worse Why, to put such a phantasmagoria on the table would be defiling the whole flat."

"What a strange way of looking at art, doctor!" said Sasha, offended. "Why, it is an artistic thing, look at it! There is so much beauty and elegance that it fills one's soul with a feeling of reverence and brings a lump into one's throat! When one sees anything so beautiful one forgets everything

earthly, only look, how much movement, what an atmosphere, what expression!"

"I understand all that very well, my dear boy," the doctor interposed, "but you know I am a family man, my children run in here, ladies come in."

"Of course if you look at it from the point of view of the crowd," said Sasha, "then this exquisitely artistic work may appear in a certain light. But, doctor, rise superior to the crowd, especially as you will wound mamma and me by refusing it. I am the only son of my mother, you have saved my life. We are giving you the thing most precious to us and . . . and I only regret that I have not the pair to present to you"

"Thank you, my dear fellow, I am very grateful Give my respects to your mother but really consider, my children run in here, ladies come. However, let it remain! I see there's no arguing with you."

"And there is nothing to argue about," said Sasha, relieved. "Put the candlestick here, by this vase. What a pity we have not the pair to it! It is a pity! Well, good-bye, doctor."

After Sasha's departure the doctor looked for a long time at the candelabra, scratched behind his ear and meditated.

"It's a superb thing, there's no denying it," he thought, "and it would be a pity to throw it away. . . . But it's impossible for me to keep it. . . . H'm! Here's a problem! To whom can I make a present of it, or to what charity can I give it?"

After long meditation he thought of his good friend, the lawyer Uhov, to whom he was indebted for the management of legal business.

"Excellent," the doctor decided, "it would be awkward for him as a friend to take money from me, and it will be very suitable for me to present him with this. I will take him the devilish thing! Luckily he is a bachelor and easy-going."

Without further procrastination the doctor put on his hat and coat, took the candelabra and went off to Uhov's.

"How are you, friend!" he said, finding the lawyer at home. "I've come to see you to thank you for your efforts. You won't take money so you must at least accept this thing here. . . . See, my dear fellow. The thing is magnificent!"

On seeing the bronze the lawyer was moved to indescribable delight.

"What a specimen!" he chuckled. "Ah, deuce, take it, to think of them imagining such a thing, the devils! Exquisite! Ravishing! Where did you get hold of such a delightful thing?"

After pouring out his ecstasies the lawyer looked timidly towards the door and said: "Only you must carry off your present, my boy. . . . I can't take it. "

"Why?" cried the doctor, disconcerted.

"Why . . . because my mother is here at times, my clients besides I should be ashamed for my servants to see it."

"Nonsense! Nonsense! Don't you dare to refuse!" said the doctor, gesticulating. "It's piggish of you! It's a work of art! . . . What movement. What expression! I won't even talk of it!

You will offend me!"

"If one could plaster it over or stick on fig-leaves"

But the doctor gesticulated more violently than before, and dashing out of the flat went home, glad that he had succeeded in getting the present off his hands.

When he had gone away the lawyer examined the candelabra, fingered it all over, and then, like the doctor, racked his brains over the question what to do with the present.

"It's a fine thing," he mused, "and it would be a pity to throw it away and improper to keep it. The very best thing would be to make a present of it to someone I know what!

I'll take it this evening to Shashkin, the comedian. The rascal is fond of such things, and by the way it is his benefit tonight."

No sooner said than done. In the evening the candelabra, carefully wrapped up, was duly carried to Shashkin's. The whole evening the comic actor's dressing-room was besieged by men coming to admire the present; the dressing-room was filled with the hum of enthusiasm and laughter like the neighing of horses. If one of the actresses approached the door and asked: "May I come in?" the comedian's husky voice was heard at once: "No, no, my dear, I am not dressed!"

After the performance the comedian shrugged his shoulders, flung up his hands and said: "Well what am I to do with the horrid thing? Why, I live in a private flat! Actresses come and see me! It's not a photograph that you can put in a drawer!"

"You had better sell it, sir," the hairdresser who was disrobing the actor advised him. "There's an old woman living about here who buys antique bronzes. Go and enquire for Madame Smirnov everyone knows her."

The actor followed his advice Two days later the doctor was sitting in his consulting-room, and with his finger to his brow was meditating on the acids of the bile. All at once the door opened and Sasha Smirnov flew into the room. He was smiling, beaming, and his whole figure was radiant with happiness. In his hands he held something wrapped up in newspaper.

"Doctor!" he began breathlessly, "imagine my delight! Happily, for you we have succeeded in picking up the pair to your candelabra! Mamma is so happy I am the only son of my mother, you saved my life."

And Sasha, all of a tremor with gratitude, set the candelabra before the doctor. The doctor opened his mouth, tried to say something, but said nothing: he could not speak.

### Glossary

- Earnestly(adverb): with sincere and intense conviction, seriously
- Antique : a collectible object such as a piece of furniture or work of art that has a high value, because of its age and quality.
- Souvenir : a thing that is kept as reminder of a place or event.
- Connoisseur : an expert Judge in matters of Art.
- Candelabra : (plural) a large branched candle stick or holder for several candles or lamps.

- Coquettishly : (adverb) behaving in such a way as to suggest a playful sexual attraction to someone.
- Orgy : a wild party characterised by excessive drinking and indiscriminate sexual activity.
- Irresolutely : (adjective) showing or feeling hesitancy, uncertain.
- DE collet : 1. A dress cut low at neckline  
2. Wearing a garment that I low-cut or strapless.
- Serpent-tempter: a literary or dialect word for snake- Old Testament; a manifestation of Satan as a guileful tempter, a sly, deceitful or unscrupulous person.
- Defiling : (gerund of defile) damaging the purity or appearance of; mar or spoil.
- Elegance : the quality of being graceful and stylish in appearance or manner.
- Reverence : deep respect for someone or something.
- Exquisitely : (adverb) in an extremely beautiful and delicate manner.

## Comprehension

### I Answer the following in two or three sentences each:

1. Why did Sasha give the candelabra to the doctor?
2. What is Sasha's perception of the candelabra?
3. How does the doctor perceive the candelabra?
4. What is the suggestion given by the hair dresser to Shashkin?
5. Why did Shasha again give the second candelabra to the doctor?

### II Answer the following in a paragraph each:

1. Explain briefly the theme of the story 'a Work of Art'.
2. Why didn't the four characters keep the candelabra with them in the story?
3. Write briefly, your views on Sasha Smirnov and Dr. Koshelov
4. How did Uhov and Shashkin react to the candelabra?

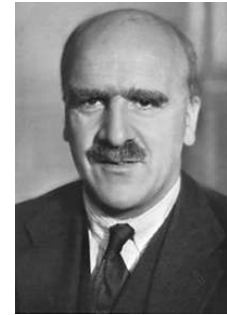
### III Answer the following in a page or two:

1. Bring out the humour in the story 'A Work of Art'.
2. Compare and contrast Shasha and Dr. Koshelov.
3. How is Shasha different from Uhov, Dr. Koshelov and Shashkin?
4. How is the theme of gratitude brought out in the story?
5. Trace the journey of the candelabra in the course of the story.

## What I require from Life

-J.B.S Haldane

### A note on the author



**John Burdon Sanderson Haldane**, a British scientist who was born in England on 5<sup>th</sup> November 1892. After his education at the University of Oxford, he served during World War I and began a prolific and varied career as a geneticist, biochemist, Professor and writer. Haldane has made innovative contributions to the field of statistics and biostatistics.

### Theme

The essay *What I require from life* is taken from a selection of essays with the same title compiled by Krishna R Dronam Raju in the year 2009, which speaks about the futility of World War I and fascism that has taken away many lives and also about the basic requirements of every human being that starts from work and ends with death.

### What I require from Life

What I require from life I have got to accept the universe as it is. I must not require the impossible, and I shall do harm rather than good if I try to imagine perfect beings in a perfect world. But given the world as it is, I can say what I may reasonably hope both for myself and for others.

I was born in a peaceful age, and in my youth I looked forward to a life of peace. Since 1914 I have been living in a heroic age, and I see no prospect of surviving into another

epoch of peace and quiet. So I must try to make the best of the time in which I live. What do I ask for myself? I assume that I have food, water, clothes, and shelter.

First work, and a decent wage for my work. Aristotle defined happiness, not as a sum of pleasures, but as unimpeded activity. I want work which is hard but interesting, work of which I can see the fruits. I am exceptionally lucky because I can choose my own work to a large extent. If I want a respite from science I can go and be a war correspondent, or write children's stories, or make political speeches.

So I enjoy a good deal of my second requirement, freedom, in fact vastly more than most people. But I want still more, particularly more freedom of speech. I should like to say and write what I think about Lord Blank's newspapers, Mr Dash's pills, and Sir John Asterisk's beer, all of which are poisonous. The law of libel prevents me from doing so.

I require health. I don't mind an occasional toothache or headache, or even an acute illness every seven years or so. But I want to be fit for work and enjoyment in the intervals, and to die when I can work no longer.

I require friendship. Particularly I require the friendship of my colleagues and comrades in scientific and political work. I want the society of equals who will criticize me, and whom I can criticize. I cannot be friends with a person whose orders I have to obey without criticism before or after, or with one who has to obey my orders in a similar way. And I find friendship with people much richer or poorer than myself very difficult.

These four things are general human needs. For myself I also demand adventure. Life without danger would be like beef without mustard. But since my life is useful it would be wrong to risk it for the mere sake of risk, as by mountaineering or motor racing. As a physiologist I can try experiments on myself, and I can also participate in wars and revolutions of which I approve. By the way, love of adventure does not mean love of thrills. I spent six weeks in Madrid during the recent siege. The only thrill that I got there was from reading Rimbaud's poetry. The satisfaction of adventure is something much more solid than a thrill.

There are other things which I desire, but do not demand. I like to have a room of my own with some books, good tobacco, a motor-car, and a daily bath. I should like to have a garden, a bathing-pool, a beach, or a river within easy reach. But I have not, and I bear up quite happily. I am an exceptionally lucky person because I get a good deal of what I want, and can work actively for the rest. But most of my fellows do not enjoy what I regard as essential requirements. And I cannot be completely happy while they are unhappy.

I want to see every healthy man and woman on the planet at work. But, everywhere outside the Soviet Union, there is unemployment, though unemployment is very little in Sweden. I am a socialist because unemployment, at least during times of depression, is an essential feature of capitalism. I want the workers to see the fruit of their own work not in profits for others, but in their own and their friends' well-being. My main personal complaint is that my work is not applied. I discover new biological facts, but no use is made of them, because although the community

would benefit, no individuals would make profits from their application.

I want to see the workers controlling their conditions of work as I control my own to a considerable extent. Most work is dull; much of it is unhealthy and exhausting. This need not be the case, and I believe will not be after a few generations of democracy in industry. How pleasant work can be is shown by a simple fact. When we have time and money to spare, two of our favourite occupations are hunting and gardening, the work of our Palaeolithic and Neolithic ancestors respectively. I am a socialist because I want industry to be controlled by the workers. Freedom should begin in the workshop.

I want to see every man and woman as healthy as possible. This implies food, housing, and medical attendance of the quantity and quality which human biology demands and modern technique can supply.

I want to see the end of class subjection and sex subjection. Only so will the equality which is the condition for fraternity be achieved. Since the main barriers between classes and the main reasons for the subjection of women are economic, I look to a revolution in the economic field for their end.

I am a socialist because I want to see my fellow men and women enjoying the advantages which I enjoy myself. I know that socialism will not confer all these advantages in an instant, but if I live to see capitalism overthrown and the workers in power through most of Europe I shall die happy.

Certain things are lacking in my list of requirements, notably peace and security. It is futile to require things which one is most unlikely to obtain. Fascism is a living reality, and fascism, as Hitler and Mussolini explicitly state and prove by their actions, implies war. War is spreading at present. I sincerely hope that it will not spread over the world, as it spread from 1914 to 1917; but I do not look forward to perfect peace till fascism is dead.

I fully realize that peace and security are rightful aims, and that my own desire for violent adventure is probably merely an adaptation to the age in which I live. I am a child of my age, and all the worse for being one. I therefore demand security rather than adventure for others.

I have said nothing about many things which I desire to see, such as a spread of education, and an increasing application of scientific methods in all branches of life. From what I have seen in Russia and in Spain I do not doubt that these and other good things would follow almost automatically if our class distinctions were abolished.

To sum up, for myself I require food, warmth, work, liberty, health, and friendship. For the society in which I live I require socialism.

Supplementary to my requirements of life are my requirements of death. Of all men whose deaths are recorded, I consider that Socrates' was the most enviable. He died for his convictions, when he could easily have survived by betraying them. He died at the age of about seventy, still in full possession of his faculties, but having completed all the work which he could reasonably hope to do. And he died laughing. His last words were a joke.

I do not require of death that I shall be as fortunate as Socrates. A death which fulfils all the three conditions of his is very rare. But if I can achieve even two of them I shall have done well, and though my friends may lament me, I trust that they will not pity me.

### Glossary

Epoch	: era, period
Aristotle	: ancient Greek Philosopher, father of Western Philosophy.
Socrates	: classical Greek Philosopher, one of the founders of Western Philosophy.
Depression	: refers to the Great Economic Depression (1930) and unemployment.
Palaeolithic	: early phase of Stone Age, lasting about 2.5 million years when primitive stone implements were used.
Neolithic	: later years of Stone Age where polished weapons were used.
Lord Blank, Mr. Dash, Sir John Asterisk	: imaginary names that represent corrupt society.
Fascism	: a movement or actual exercise of strong autocratic or dictatorial control.

### Comprehension

#### I Answer the following in one or two sentences.

1. What is Aristotle's definition of happiness?
2. What are the four general requirements of life?
3. Name the requirements that are lacking in the narrator's list. Why?

4. What does fascism imply according to Hitler and Mussolini?
5. Why is the author envious of Socrates' death?
6. How does socialism benefit everyone?

#### II Answer the following in a paragraph.

1. Give reasons why the narrator calls himself a socialist.
2. Explain the personal desires of the narrator.

#### III Answer the following in a page or two.

1. Briefly explain the requirements of life as suggested by the author.
2. ." Life without danger would be like beef without mustard." Elaborate.
3. Discuss *the significance of socialism* in the light of the essay.

## Non-Violence

- Aldous Huxley

### A note on the author



Aldous Huxley was born on July 26, 1894, in Surrey, England, into a distinguished scientific and literary family; his grandfather was the noted scientist and writer, T.H. Huxley. Following an eye illness at age 16 that resulted in near-blindness, Huxley abandoned hope of a career in medicine and turned instead to literature, attending Oxford University and graduating with honors. While at Oxford, he published two volumes of poetry. *Crome Yellow*, his first novel, was published in 1927 followed by *Antic Hay*, *Those Barren Leaves*, and *Point Counter Point*. His most famous novel, *Brave New World*, published in 1932, is a science fiction classic about a futuristic society controlled by technology. In all, Huxley produced 47 works during his long career, in 1947, Huxley moved with his family to southern California. During the 1950s, he experimented with mescaline and LSD. *Doors of Perception* and *Heaven and Hell*, both works of nonfiction, were based on his experiences while taking mescaline under supervision. In 1959, Aldous Huxley received the Award of Merit for the Novel from the American Academy of Arts and Letters. He died on November 22, 1963.

### Theme

In the essay "Non-Violence", Huxley makes it very clear that a peaceful future depends on what private individuals-

you, me, us- do on our own, or, better still, in groups. He believes that the only effective method for carrying out large-scale social reforms is non-violent methods. Violence produces the results of violence. The attempt to impose reforms by violent methods is doomed to failure.

### Non-violence

Pacifists believe- and their belief is based upon individual experience and a study of history, past and contemporary- that the most effective, the most equitable, the most economical way of meeting violence is to use non-violence.

If violence is answered by violence, the result is a physical struggle. Now, a physical struggle inevitably arouses hatred, fear, rage and resentment. In the heat of passion all scruples are thrown to the winds, all the habits of forbearance and humaneness acquired during years of civilized living are forgotten. Nothing matters any more except victory. And when at last victory comes to one or other of the parties, this final outcome of physical struggle bears no relation to the rights or wrongs of the case; nor, in most instances, does it provide any lasting settlement to the dispute at issue. (The cases in which victory does provide some kind of lasting settlement may be classified as follows: (1) Victory is final where the vanquished are completely or very nearly exterminated. In the case of war between two populous countries extermination is unlikely: one war tends therefore to beget another. (2) Victory may lead to an unquestioned settlement where the fighting forces involved are so small that the mass of the population is left unaffected by the struggle. To-day the entire population is liable to be affected by war. The relatively harmless wars

conducted according to an elaborate code of rules by a small warrior-caste are things of the past. (3) Victory may lead to permanent peace where the victors settle down among the vanquished as a ruling minority and are, in due course, absorbed by them. This does not apply to contemporary wars. (4) Finally, victory may be followed by an act of reparation on the part of the victors to be vanquished. This will disarm resentment and lead to a genuine settlement. It was the policy pursued by the English after the Boer War. Such a policy is essentially an application of the principles of non-violence. The longer and the more savage the conflict, the more difficult is it to make an act of reparation after victory. It was relatively easy to be just after the Boer War; it was psychologically all but impossible to be just in 1918. That is why the Pacifist insists that the principles of non-violence should be applied, wherever possible, before physical conflict has actually broken out.)

Non-violence does not mean doing nothing. It means making the enormous effort required to overcome evil with good. Non-violence does not rely on strong muscles and devilish armaments; it relies on moral courage, self-control and the knowledge, unswervingly acted upon, that there is in every human being, however brutal, however personally hostile, a fund of kindness, a love of justice, a respect for goodness and truth which can be reached by anyone who uses the right means. To use these means is often extraordinarily hard; but history shows that it can be done – and done not only by exceptional individuals, but by large groups of ordinary men and women and even by governments.

In the paragraphs which follow, a few instances are cited, illustrating the way in which non-violence has been used, first, by isolated individuals second, by groups and thirdly, by governments.

During the American Civil War, no consideration was shown to those who objected to war on religious grounds. After being cruelly tortured, Seth Loflin, a Quaker, was offered a gun. In spite of threats and abuse, he refused to take it; whereupon he was court-martialled, and condemned to be shot out of hand. In the presence of the firing squad Loflin, who was absolutely calm, asked time for prayers, saying, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” The soldiers were so much impressed that they lowered their guns and, braving the penalty for disobedience, refused to shoot on such a man.

Dr. Theodore Pennell went to India in 1892, as a medical missionary. His work lay among the wild tribes on the North-West Frontier. Dressed as a Pathan and sharing the Pathans’ mode of living, he travelled about the country unarmed and unafraid, giving his services to all who needed them. Hearing that a band of warriors had been ordered to take him alive or dead, Pennell made his way directly to the Mullah who had given the order. Astonished and deeply impressed by the doctor’s courage, the Mullah gave him food, listened to his account of what he was doing and, when night came, ordered that his bed should be placed between his own and that of his son, thus indicating that the stranger was under his protection.

It is in the east that we find the most striking examples of non-violence practiced by large groups. In South Africa and

later in India, Gandhi organized non-violent resistance to the Government. The South African experiment was remarkably successful. In India a number of very considerable successes were recorded, and it was shown that very large groups of men and women could be trained to respond to the most brutal treatment with a quiet courage and equanimity that profoundly impressed their opponents, the spectators in the immediate vicinity and, through press accounts, the public opinion of the whole civilized world. The difficulty of effectively training very large numbers in a very short time proved too great. In a number of cases, inadequately trained groups resorted to mass violence. Rather than see his movement degenerate into civil war. (In which, incidentally, the British, being better armed, would inevitably have won a complete victory) Gandhi called off his movement.

In 1919 a movement of non-violent resistance to Japanese imperialism broke out in Korea. In spite of the brutality of Japanese repression, the movement remained essentially pacifistic. Unfortunately for the Koreans their leaders were not sufficiently practical. The boycotting of Japanese goods, civil-disobedience, non-co-operation and refusal to pay taxes were not effectively organized on a large scale. These methods, which were used so effectively in India and again in China (where the shooting of unarmed students by the Shanghai police led in 1925, to a formidable boycott of British goods) were tried out too late in Korea. The movement was only partially successful. The Japanese repressed it with savage violence, but were compelled to make very considerable concessions. At the same time the psychological effect of the movement upon the Koreans

themselves was very great; as a people they recovered their self-respect and the revolt of 1919 was followed by a kind of renaissance of the best elements of Korean civilization.

Examples of non-violence acts by governments are seldom of a very heroic kind and the motives behind them are seldom unmixed. The tradition of politics is a thoroughly dishonourable one. The world sanctions a double system of morality—one system for private individuals, another for social groups. Men, who, in private life, are consistently honest, humane and considerate, believe that when they act as representatives of a group, they are justified in doing things which, as individuals, they know to be utterly disgraceful.

During their working hours, the highest-minded politicians will practice deception and give orders for the murder of their fellows. To get rid of this odious tradition that, in politics and to some degree also in business, it may be one's duty to do what one knows to be wrong is one of the urgent tasks to which all pacifists should apply themselves. Meanwhile the tradition still persists; and it is for this reason that application of the principles of no-violence and even of plain morality by governments is so rare. At best the application is incomplete. In many cases it follows on an unsuccessful attempt to solve some thorny problem by means of violence. Such was the case, for example, in South Africa, when, as has been mentioned above, Campbell-Bannerman gave the Boers self-government. The methods of violence had been tried, during the South African War, and found completely wanting. The war had solved no problems; it had merely created a number of new problems. Campbell Bannerman's courageous policy was

crowned by a measure of success which it would have been utterly impossible to achieve by means of violent repression.

Something of the same sort happened in Ireland. After attempting, quite unsuccessfully, to compel the Irish to be loyal subjects to the Crown, the English suddenly reversed their policy and granted Home Rule. The result was, not indeed enthusiastic co-operation (after centuries of oppression, that would have been too much to expect) but at any rate peace. It did at least become possible for the English to get rid of the national disgrace of the Blacks-and-Tans.

In recent European history, the most complete examples of the application of non-violent principles by governments are supplied by Sweden and Norway. In 1814 the Treaty of Kiel provided that Norway should be handed over to the kingdom of Sweden. Bernadotte invaded the country; but after a fortnight, during which no serious conflict took place, opened negotiations. The union of the two countries was agreed upon, being achieved, in the words of the preamble to the Act of Union, "not by force of arms, but by free conviction." Ninety years later, in 1905, the Union was dissolved. By an overwhelming majority, the Norwegians decided to become independent. The Swedes accepted that decision. No violence was used on either side.

### Glossary

Pacifist : one who avoids violence.

Scruples : to hesitate to believe

American  
Civil war : from 1861 to 1865- war was fought between North and South States

Seth Loflin : who refused to fight during the civil war- he was tortured, and eventually died because of his refusal to kill another human being

Japanese  
imperialism : In Korea, Japan enslaved the country and led to the country's split into two countries with the ramification of that being felt until this day.

Campbell-  
Bannerman : leader of house of commons- opposed Boer war and advocated comprehensive social reforms and in doing so established himself as one of the most important figures on the progressive wing of the party

Black-and-Tans: officially the Royal Irish Constabulary Special Reserve, was a force of temporary constables recruited to assist the Royal Irish Constabulary during the Irish war of Independence

## Comprehension

### I. Answer the following questions in a sentence or two:

1. What do Pacifists believe and what is it based on?
2. Physical struggle arouses \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, and \_\_\_\_\_.
3. What is Non-Violence?
4. Why was Seth Loflin court martialled and condemned to be shot out of hand?
5. What did Seth Loflin pray for and how did the soldiers react later?
6. Who was Dr. Theodore Pennell? How did he dress himself, while travelling in India?
7. What is the double system of morality sanctioned by the world?

### II. Answer the following questions in a paragraph or a page:

1. How does victory lead to lasting settlement according to the writer?
2. What does non-Violence rely on according to Huxley?
3. What do you learn from the example of Seth Loflin in the essay?
4. What does the example of Dr. Theodore Pennell tell us?

5. Write a note on the example of practising non-violence by Indians.
6. How did the Koreans succeed and recover their self-respect in their revolt against the Japanese?
7. Why does the author say that application of the principles of non-violence by governments is rare?
8. How did Campbell-Bannerman's principle establish peace in South Africa?

### III. Answer the following questions in a page or two:

1. Bring out examples from the essay to show how the application of the principles of non-violence, lead to peace and amicable settlements.
2. Non-violence means making the enormous effort required to overcome evil with good. Explain this idea with reference to the essay "Non-violence".

## Everest: My Journey to the Top

*-Autobiography of Bachendri Pal*

### A note on the author



Bachendri Pal, (born May 24, 1954, Nakuri, India), Indian mountaineer who in 1984 became the first Indian woman to reach the summit of Mount Everest.

Pal was born into a rural working-class family in what is now Uttarakhand and was one of seven children. A gifted student, she encountered stiff opposition from her family and relatives when she decided to opt for a career as a professional mountaineer rather than as a schoolteacher. She soon found success in her chosen field, however. After summiting a number of smaller peaks, she was selected to join India's first mixed-gender team to attempt an expedition to Mount Everest. Beginning its ascent in early May 1984, her team almost met disaster when an avalanche buried its camp, and more than half the group was forced to abandon the ascent because of injury or fatigue. Pal and the remainder of the team pressed on, and she reached the summit on May 23, 1984.

Pal achieved immediate fame, and in 1985 she returned to Mount Everest to successfully lead an all-woman team to the summit. She led an all-woman rafting expedition down the Ganges River in 1994, covering over 1,500 miles (2,500 km). In 1997 she led an all-woman team on a successful

2,500-mile (4,000-km) transit of the Himalayas, beginning in Arunachal Pradesh and concluding at the Siachen Glacier. She was awarded the Padma Shri, India's fourth highest civilian award, in 1984.

## Everest: My Journey to the Top

### FAMILY ROOTS

My father's name is Kishan Singh Pal. He was born in 1901 in Bampa, a small mountain village which was part of the border district of Chamoli, in the Garhwal Himalaya. The village spread over both sides of the river, the gurgling, playful Dhauli Ganga.

My father is short and stocky. Like his father before him and most others of the area, my father was a small border tradesman. There were no roads in the region so he used mules, horses and even goats to carry his goods. He took atta, rice, barley, mishri (candy-sugar) from India to Tibet. In Tibet he would either sell or exchange Indian goods for wool, mineral salts, especially rock-salt, goats and sheep.

My father, however, was not very successful in business and at the age of 35 decided to move to new pastures. He left Bampa and made his new home in Nakuri, a small village of about 15 houses, perched on the right bank of the Bhagirathi Ganga, some 12 kilometres south of Uttarkashi. Kishan Singh married a Nakuri girl. Hansa Dei Negi.

Eighteen-year-old Hansa was half her husband's age but though they were different in many ways, they got on well. The sturdy, My father and mother at work short Kishan Singh was stern and quick-tempered while Hansa Dei was

soft-skinned, delicate and tall for a Garhwali girl. She spread sunshine around her and was tender hearted.

My parents raised a happy family. Five children in a row: girl, boy, girl, girl and boy, in that order. I was the third child.

Like all border villagers of the region, we had two homes — one at Nakuri, the other at Harsil. In winter, when Harsil was snowbound, we lived in Nakuri. For the six summer months we moved up to Harsil at a height of over 2,500 metres where there was good grazing for the goats, sheep and the cattle on the higher slopes. Along with the other families which had come from eastern Garhwal, we lived in a small village in the Harsil valley. But the village was washed away in a flash-flood in 1943, making us homeless for the summer months.

My father and the others who had been displaced tried to buy some land and build new houses in the valley but the local people put such obstructions in the way that we had to rent a house to live in during the summer. We passed through many difficulties, but Father would neither bribe nor cringe for a favour. He preferred to remain poor, and maintain his self-respect. Ultimately, we decided to stay at Nakuri all the year round.

My father stopped his business in raw wool and rearing animals and the family started producing finished goods, weaving carpets and waist-bands worn by the Garhwali women and knitting sweaters. Father also bought a small plot of land some distance away on which he grew food crops for the family.

Despite all our hard work there was never enough for the needs of the family.

### **THE PAL FAMILY**

The first child, a girl, was born in 1945 and named 'Kamaleshwari. She went to school when she was quite young but had to leave after Class VI. The family could not afford her further education. Kamla had to do her share of work at home and outdoors. She had to fetch firewood and fodder from the forest and carry water for the household. I know what being a girl in Garhwal means. I have done all the back-breaking work myself, but not as much as Kamla Didi did. We, too, learned to weave carpets. My sister was a very good weaver. I was not bad at it either. But I was restless and did not like indoor work.

Next to arrive in the family, six years after Kamaleshwari, was Bachan Singh. My brother was good at his studies but his real love was the mountains and climbing difficult routes. He was also an outstanding sportsman. After his graduation, he was recruited as an Inspector in the Border Security Force (BSF) and prevailed on the BSF authorities to send him to be trained in mountaineering at the Nehru Institute of Mountaineering (NIM) in Uttarkashi. He completed the basic and advance mountaineering courses with top grading.

I was born on 24 May, 1954. According to my parents, I was the noisiest of all their children. I cried a lot and the loudest. I kept my parents on their toes. There was never a dull moment in the family after I arrived.

The next child was Upama, three years after me. She studied up to Class IX. I teased my little sister a lot but Upama and I were good friends. Like my elder sister, Upama was a typical hill-village girl — well behaved, gentle and domesticated. I was the only rebel.

The youngest child of the family, Rajender Singh was born three years after Upama. Raju was strong and a good sportsman.

My elder brother was always urging Raju to take part in outdoor pursuits like mountaineering. This made me angry. “Why only Raju? Why can’t I also take mountaineering courses?” I would ask. For much as I loved my brothers, I resented the boys getting more attention and opportunities than us girls. I was determined not to take a back seat in the Pal family and to not only do what the boys did, but do it better.

## **CHILDHOOD**

Father was the centre of authority in the family. I knew it even as a child. I was an irrepressible chatterbox and always up to mischief. My pranks amused my stern father and I thought I could do no wrong in his eyes. Sometimes, however, I overplayed my hand.

One day my father was reciting the Ramayana. I tried various ways to attract his attention but he took no notice of me. Unused to being ignored, I continued to disturb him with my chatter and antics. He admonished me a few times, but to no avail. Ultimately, Father reached the end of his tether. Picking me up, he walked across the terrace and flung me down the slope. I would have tumbled right down

but luckily, I was able to grab the sturdy branch of a bush and cling to it for dear life. So shocked was I that I could not breathe and turned blue in the face.

There was complete pandemonium in the family. My normally gentle mother charged like an enraged tigress towards her husband and shot a mouthful of angry words at him. Father rushed to my rescue and picking me up, held me close to him.

Though I was now safe, I let out a blood-curdling scream. Father was already full of remorse. The piercing shriek upset him further. Everyone fondled and fussed over me. I thoroughly enjoyed this and purred with contentment.

Unlike my sisters who went out only when they had to, I loved going for walks in the forest or the mountains. I would insist on accompanying my father when he went out and threw a tantrum if he refused to take me with him.

One day when I was about four, my father took me to the fields nearly two kilometres away. The next day my parents set off alone. Though I begged to be taken and cried myself hoarse, they did not relent. My brother was asked to keep an eye on me. After some time I fell asleep and my brother went off to play. When I woke up I made straight for the fields where we had gone the previous day. I crossed a number of small water channels and kept going on and on, hoping to find my parents. When my feet could carry me no further, I sat down to wait for them and, after a while, I lay down and fell asleep.

There was panic when my parents returned in the evening.

I had been missing for some hours and no one knew where to look for me. They feared that I might have gone out and been swept away in one of the rivulets. Poor brother Bachan got a sound thrashing. Following his instinct, my father then took the track of the day before and saw my footprints on the rain-wetted path. He followed the trail and found me fast asleep nearly two kilometres from home. Instead of my parents showing any anger, I showed mine. They only laughed in relief.

When I was young, my elder brother Bachan was my hero. He was strong and confident. When we went on climbs or on walks I could not keep up with him so he avoided taking me with him. One day, he had to go into the hills to cut leaves for the cattle. He left me behind but I followed him quietly.

Bachan was busy lopping branches and did not see me as I approached. He had made a wide swipe with his sickle when he suddenly noticed me. He tried to hold back but it was too late. The point of the sickle nicked my skull.

I started bleeding profusely. I was in pain but I did not cry. In fact, I felt sorry for my brother. He looked worried and scared. He tried to wipe off the blood with leaves. When the bleeding did not stop, he crushed some medicinal plants and pressed them on the wound. The bleeding stopped and brother Bachan washed my face and the other blood-stains in a stream.

Before reaching home, Bachan made me promise that I would not tell anyone about my injury. He also asked me to avoid having a bath for some time.

I kept my word but after a few days my mother noticed how I was avoiding bathing and, catching hold of me, dragged me to the stream. While washing my head she saw the matted hair and when she washed it out the wound started bleeding again. My horrified mother tried her utmost to find out how I had hurt myself. But I was determined not to let my brother down. I kept a stony silence. Finally, my brother confessed. He told Mother how he had hurt me accidentally. Everyone was amazed by my self-control.

I was a great dreamer. I never thought anything was beyond my reach. If a magazine or a newspaper had a picture of the Prime Minister meeting young people, I would declare, "I will meet Indira Gandhi." When a car drove past on the road below our house I would say, "I will own a car when I grow up." But aeroplanes attracted me the most. Whenever I saw a plane or a helicopter, I said excitedly, "One day I will fly in an aeroplane."

The family was poor and could not even afford the bare essentials. My parents were sad that their child lived in a world of dreams which could never be fulfilled. But the younger members of the family enjoyed my seeming fantasies and egged me on. I did not need much encouragement. I would keep talking about cars, aeroplanes and the important people I would meet. When my brothers and sisters burst out laughing I would raise my voice, stand up and shout, "Wait. I'll show you."

### **SCHOOL DAYS**

I joined Dunda-Harsil Junior High School when I was just five-years-old. As the school's name indicated, it functioned from both Dunda and Harsil. In the winter,

Harsil was under a blanket of snow so the school moved to Dunda, five kilometres from my village, Nakuri. Come summer, and most of the lower village population, including the school, shifted lock, stock and barrel to Harsil. I enjoyed the long trek every six months.

Herding our cattle and cuddling new-born sheep and goat kids, we would pick flowers and berries and play hide-and-seek on the boulder-strewn mountain slopes. When tired, we rode a horse or mule. Being familiar with the camping sites on the way we ran ahead the last two or three kilometres to gather dead wood for cooking. I also loved living in tents. And then there was the excitement of going to school in a new place. This exposure to nature made me independent and fearless.

At the age of ten, I often explored the woods and the hill slopes alone. In spring I would sneak out to watch the flocks of migrating birds which had spent the winter in the plains. I also brought home from my wanderings the popular flower, the 'Brahma-Kamal' and armfuls of the scarlet blossoms of the Nakuri, my village rhododendron whose petals made a refreshing drink.

I was the most mischievous of my class. One incident I remember clearly concerned a young teacher who had a very fair, smooth complexion. All the girls, including myself, envied her and were curious to know the secret of her beauty. So, one day, I slipped out of her class with two trusted friends, and prying open the window, entered her room. We were peering into the many bottles and jars on the dressing-table when we heard footsteps outside. We hid hurriedly under the bed. The teacher came in with a long,

thin stick which she immediately thrust under the bed. We shrank back to the farthest corner. But then, one of my companions giggled. Punishment followed swiftly.

Being the ring-leader, I got the maximum number of strokes. The last one got away with half the amount because the stick broke.

There ended my search for beauty. Whenever I think of the incident and the subsequent punishment, I shudder at the thought of beauty-aids. I still don't use any make-up.

I liked going to school. I would get up early in the morning and help Kamla Didi or Mother prepare my pack-lunch and was always the first to reach the meeting-place of the group which walked to school.

I wanted to excel in every outdoor activity, particularly in the competitions with boys and would practise diligently before the annual sports for races such as the three-legged, sack or those involving threading a needle and balancing a pot of water on the head. Since I did fairly well in my studies, my parents encouraged my interest in games and were very proud when I came home with a prize.

One Sunday morning when the school was in session at Harsil, ten of us, girls and boys, decided to go up the mountain for a picnic. We reached the snow-line after 3.500 m. and were delighted with the feel of crunchy snow under our feet. We climbed higher and higher until one of the girls complained of hunger. Then finding an exposed outcrop of rock we settled down for lunch. Assuming we could drink from some hill stream or spring we had brought no water,

but at that height (nearly 4.000 m.) everything was under snow So we quenched our thirst In eating snow.

Our troubles really began on our homeward journey. It was late in the afternoon and the slope was no longer in the sun. The snow had hardened and was very slippery. The climb down was therefore, not only slow but also dangerous.

To add to our woes, several of the party had headaches and nausea. One boy threw up his lunch. We thought it was due to food poisoning or the contaminated snow we had sucked. There was also a common belief that this strange sickness was caused by the smell of certain flowers and leaves found at these heights.

I now know that these symptoms were due to a shortage of oxygen in the thin air which occurs at an altitude of about 3,000 m.

As darkness descended, we had to halt and make a partial overhead cover with branches. We had no food, no water and spent a cold miserable night, waiting for daybreak.

When we reached home the following morning, we received little sympathy — instead; we were rewarded with a beating. But this did not deter me. I had tasted the excitement of climbing the mountains and nothing could now hold me back.

## **EDUCATION**

I was nearly thirteen and had passed my Class VIII exam with good marks when my father said that he could no longer afford to send me to school and I should help at home. I had, however, set my heart on higher education, so

during the day I did my full share of work and more, and borrowing my friends' school-books, I studied on my own till late into the night. My keenness and determination impressed everyone and finally my mother and sister Kamla pleaded with Father and I was allowed to join Class IX. I knew we needed money for my education so I learnt to stitch and earned Rs.5 to 6 daily making salwar and kameez suits.

My earning while learning helped me to continue at school. I did well in my studies but even better in sports. I came first in most disciplines in which I participated and won many cups in field events like the shot-put, discus, javelin and sprinting.

But after I passed the high school examination, my father was firm about my not joining college. It was the same problem: the family didn't have enough money. Then my Principal intervened. She wrote saying that I had missed the first division by only three marks and as an "all-rounder", I had a bright future. Once again Father relented and I joined intermediate classes in physics, chemistry and biology, with an eye on doing my pre-medical.

Though I passed my intermediate science, I could not cope with the pre-medical examination and switched to arts. I took Sanskrit in my B.A. chiefly because of my love for the Himalaya. I knew that Kalidasa's Kumarsambhava and other Sanskrit literature were rich with references to these mountains, which are called "the measuring rod of the earth" by Kalidasa.

I was allowed to do my B.A. but the family's resistance to my further education continued. It made no difference to my resolve. Nothing and no one was going to deter me.

I also won prizes in rifle-shooting and first-aid in joint competitions for boys and girls. I remember one particular contest in which we were blindfolded and had to dismantle and reassemble a rifle, a sten gun and a Bren light machine-gun against time. I stood first. My class-teacher was very happy and taunting the boys, said that girls would now have to defend the country.

The boys should wear bangles and sit at home.

After my B.A, I faced no further obstructions to my education for by then Father wanted me to be the first girl in the village with an M.A. degree. I did my M.A. in Sanskrit from DAV College, Dehradun and then my B.Ed. from Garhwal University. Srinagar.

Higher education had been my first goal. I had, therefore, curbed my strong mountaineering urge. Now that I had an M.A.and B.Ed., I could realign my sights and put my heart and soul into mountaineering.

### **I LEARN TO BE A MOUNTAIN CLIMBER**

I was keen to join the NIM and become a good mountaineer\* despite my mother feeling that it was too risky for girls\* But I had not forgotten my father's sacrifices to give me a good education. It was my turn to do something for the family. I applied to a number of colleges for a teaching job but received offers only of temporary low-paid posts, and that too at primary level. I was not

prepared to devalue my hard earned academic qualifications and declined these.

Instead of sitting idle at home, I applied to the NIM to join their Basic Mountaineering Course but all the vacancies had been filled for the year. I gained admission the following year, however, and learnt the techniques of climbing on rock\* snow and ice and experienced the thrill of rappelling, that is, coming down a high vertical rock or ice- face in a matter of seconds with the help of a nylon rope. We were also taught camping methods and safe ways of crossing mountain rapids.

Major Prem Chand, the NIM's Vice- Principal was the training officer. He was known to be a strict instructor who demanded a very high standard of performance. I thought I had probably done well enough to get the silver ice axe and a certificate but in fact I had been awarded A' grading, and was declared the best student of the course. In his report the Vice-Principal even put me down as "Everest material". At that point of time I paid no attention to this.

When I heard that the Indian Mountaineering Foundation (IMF) was planning a mixed expedition to Everest in 1984 and that there was a search for women with talent and experience in mountaineering, I gave it no thought as I could claim neither at this stage. I was, therefore, surprised to receive a letter from the IMF telling me that I had been selected for a screening camp for the Everest expedition. I was asked to confirm that I would attend the camp.

How could they possibly consider me for Everest? I had done so little mountaineering. Everest was indeed a far cry.

Being doubtful of my calibre for such an important venture, I didn't reply to the IMF. I thought only of my next training course. In October 1982 I was given a vacancy on an advanced course.

During this we learnt more advanced climbing skills on rock, snow and ice. We were also given training in planning an expedition. As part of high altitude experience, I climbed Black Peak or Kala Nag (6,387 m.).

On this course, too, I got an 'A' grade and was recommended for participation in expeditions. My instructors were very encouraging and said that I had the makings of a good mountaineer. I should take every opportunity to improve my climbing skills. It was about this time that I received a reminder from the IMF about participating in the Everest screening camp. When my instructors learnt about my having ignored the IMF's earlier letter and about the reminder, they said, "Don't you realize that you are throwing away a golden opportunity, Bachendri?" At their urging, I, therefore, confirmed my acceptance.

After that I was a transformed person. If the IMF considered me a possible candidate for the Everest team, I could not let them down. I enthusiastically volunteered for all the domestic chores that involved climbing. To toughen myself, I would carry heavier and heavier loads of grass, fodder and firewood home. My choice of the daily routes changed. I would choose steeper and more difficult paths and deliberately went over boulders or climbed steep rock faces to acquire better balance and get over vertigo or fear

of heights. All my activities were aimed at making me a really competent climber.

I attended the Gangotri screening camp in the latter half of 1982. My instructors were very pleased with my performance and during this training I climbed Gangotri I (6,672 m.) and Rudugaira (5,819 m.). I gained confidence in my climbing ability.

Soon afterwards, I was informed that I was tipped for the final selection camp in September-October, 1983.

### **BHAGIRATHI SEVEN-SISTERS**

I was happy with the manner in which my mountaineering career was shaping but it did not solve my or my family's economic problems. Then, in February 1983, Brig. Gyan Singh, Director of the National Adventure Foundation (NAF) came to Uttarkashi to run an adventure course for teachers at the NIM and selected seven local, educated women, including me for scholarship.

I confided in this eminent but understanding senior mountaineer and told him that my parents were pressing me to get married to reduce the financial burden on the family. I asked him to find a way for those who were poor to earn a living, using our interest and skill in mountaineering.

Next morning Brig. Gyan Singh asked us to fill in the NAF's application forms to start the "Bhagirathi Seven-Sisters Adventure Club". Explaining, that this would be a unique organization of girls and women to help other girls find adventure, he promised that the scheme would take care of the monetary worries of trained girls and women.

Our morale rose sky-high, we got down to training in earnest.

Each of the "Seven-Sisters" earned a good report. Brig. Gyan Singh said that our performance was much better than that of the men. By the end of our stay the Brigadier had become like a father to us, and, at my suggestion, we began to address him as "Chhote Chacha".

When Chhote Chacha left Uttarkashi on 28 February, 1983 we were in tears. But he promised to return in three months to help us run our own adventure programmes. Meanwhile, we were asked to take local children rock-climbing. The prospect of running our own programme was very exciting. In preparation I used to walk and jog from Nakuri to the rock-climbing area in Tekhla, 18 kilometres each way. This practice greatly helped in toughening me up for the climbing challenges which lay ahead.

The Brigadier arrived as promised on 1st June. He brought 25 sets of camping and trekking equipment for us to run two adventure courses for girls. With the army's help he also arranged that a tent age camp be put up at Tekhla.

The first group from Jamshedpur had 13 girls. The second party from Meghalaya had 15 lively Khasi girls from Shillong.

The groups were made up to 20 for each course by taking local girls on scholarship. I was made director of the course and Vijaya Pant deputy-director. Jobs like quarter-master and medical assistant were allotted in turn to the other "Seven-Sisters". We were paid an honorarium for our work on the courses. The programme was varied. There were

three days of rock-climbing followed by a day for river crossing, besides camping, learning the use of mountaineering ropes, cooking, and safety in the wilderness. A forest ranger accompanied us and told us about the flora and wildlife of the region. Including two short and one long trek, we covered nearly 150 kms, and climbed up and down a height difference of nearly 2,500 to 3,000 m.

Our highest camp during the long trek was at picturesque Dodital at nearly 3,000 m. Here lush green deodars bordered a beautiful lake full of cold-water fish, including the lovely rainbow trout. We halted here for three nights. We also went to the top of the ridge to Bakriya-Khal at nearly 4,000 m. It was the first contact with snow for many of the girls and they were like playful kittens, rolling and sliding on the snow-field and tossing snow-balls at one another. Before returning to Dodital they were given some elementary lessons in snow craft, including glissading.

I conducted the first course with Vijaya's help under the supervision of Chhote Chacha. He guided us but left us to work out the details. His most memorable contribution, however, were his talks on a variety of mountain and climbing topics, replete with fascinating anecdotes. Whenever Chhote Chacha shouted, "Girls, here is another story," all of us crowded eagerly round him. When I told him how impressed I was with his method of teaching, he modestly said, "I learnt it from Tenzing."

Using the excuse of catching up with his paperwork, Chhote Chacha asked us to handle the second course entirely ourselves. I was rather nervous at first, but with

responsibility came confidence and everything went off well. When the children told Chhote Chacha what fun they had on their treks with “Bachendri Didi” I experienced a great sense of satisfaction and achievement.

Towards the middle of July 1983, Brig. Cyan Singh took the well-known mountaineer Chandra Prabha Aitwal (Chandra Didi to me), Vijaya Pant and me to Delhi. By this time Chandra Didi had been elected chairperson and I vice-chairperson of the “Bhagirathi Seven-Sisters Adventure Club”.

In the capital, Chhote Chacha had organized a television interview for us in the popular Ghar-Bahar programme. We were also interviewed by three national dailies. The write-ups with our photographs appeared the following morning, and when we were shopping in Janpath, we were stopped by several young people who asked, “Didn’t I see you on TV?” or “Are you the ladies whose pictures I saw in the newspaper?”

Our small club, the Bhagirathi Seven-Sisters Adventure Club, had already started making waves in the capital.

### **ENCOUNTERS WITH THE FAMOUS**

At the end of August 1983 I was invited to the first Himalayan Mountaineering and Tourism Meet in New Delhi. Over 200 delegates came, including many international figures in the field of mountaineering. Though I was awed by the presence of so many celebrities, I was also greatly inspired. Actually, my encounters with the famous were confined to the occasional return of a smile

when I physically bumped into one of them in the crowded convention hall of the Taj Palace hotel.

I could not however keep my eyes off two super stars: the legendary Sherpa Tenzing Norgay, who with Hillary was the first man to reach the top of Everest, and Japan’s petite Junko Tabei, the first woman to have stepped on the highest pinnacle on earth.

I had admired Tenzing since I was a schoolgirl but now that I was so near him I didn’t have the courage to introduce myself. Then the NIM doctor’s wife, Sherry, asked me to join them for a group photograph and I found myself standing next to Tenzing himself. Though I wanted to talk to the Everest hero I was too tongue-tied and a second later Tenzing was whisked away by some fans.

Almost immediately after the Meet I joined the final selection camp for the “Everest ’84” expedition held on Mana Mountain, beyond Badrinath. Initially I ran a fever and had to stay back at the Base Camp. I was worried that if I didn’t get well and complete the selection camp, I would not be considered for the Everest team. That would be the end of my cherished dream. Fortunately, I recovered quickly and completely and was able to catch up with the lost training schedule quite easily. During this camp the stress was on practice and not the peak. However, I was able to climb up to nearly 7,500 m. on Mana, my highest till then.

This camp was crucial for entry into the Everest team so everyone strove to do their best. All the others were experienced mountaineers, I was the only novice. However, I felt that I had acquitted myself well in technical climbing,

physical effort and in getting acclimatized to heights. Though I could not say where I would stand in the final merit list, I was confident about my prowess as a climber.

When the camp was closed, the participants were required to ferry loads to the road-head. The majority seemed full of strength and vitality and many rushed down with their loads. I moved carefully and kept a slow and steady pace. Major Prem Chand saw me and remarked, "That is the pace you will have to keep on Everest, Bachendri."

What could he mean? Could I dare hope I had made the grade?

### **THE TEAM**

Ours was to be India's fourth expedition to Everest. The first two in 1960 and 1962 had been turned back by bad weather within 200 and 130 m. of the summit. In the third, as many as nine climbers had scaled Everest.

Of the 170 or so people from all over the world, who had climbed Everest only four had been women. But India's young women had shown their mettle on many mountains. Three had climbed the "Killer" Nanda Devi (7,816 m.) in 1981. Thus the main aim of this expedition was to see at least one, and if possible, more Indian women on the Everest summit.

I was on tenterhooks awaiting the announcement of the Everest team. My family shared my tension and my brother Bachan, himself a mountaineer, specially came home to be with me. My chances of inclusion in the team were a subject of daily discussion. I pinned my hopes on my performance which had been generously lauded by my

instructors. Besides, Col. Prem Chand had not only dubbed me "Everest Material" in 1981, but more recently had hinted that I might be included in the Everest team.

According to the evening AIR news bulletin on 18 October, 1983, Col. D.K. Khullar had been selected to lead the Everest expedition and the team would be announced the following morning. I heard the news at Uttarkashi where I had been invited as a guest instructor on a girls Basic Mountaineering Course.

I hardly slept that night. Getting up well before sunrise I was at the newspaper vendor's several hours before the boy came with the packets of dailies. My heart in my mouth, I snatched a copy of the paper and opened it with trembling hands. My eyes raced impatiently across the list of the Everest team till finally they rested on the one name I was looking for — Bachendri Pal.

I later learnt that despite my being a newcomer to mountaineering my selection had been unanimous.

I ran straight to the sweetmeat shop and, after buying some ladoos, hopped into the first vehicle which was going towards my village. As I got out of the truck, on the road below my village, I looked up and saw Bachan waiting for me on the terrace. He ran down and met me halfway. I had already shouted the good news to him. When we met he hugged me and danced with excitement.

By then the entire family and many others had collected. Sweets were distributed. My mother shed tears of joy and my father kept, looking at me with pride, stroking my head lovingly.

Six other women had been selected. All were strong climbers and experienced mountaineers. Compared to them, I was a novice. Besides, Col. D.K. Khullar and Lieut. Col. Prem Chand, the team included 11 other men.

### **TRAINING FOR EVEREST**

Brig. Gyan Singh had been confident that Chandra Didi and I would be chosen for the “Everest '84” team and had prepared a pre-Everest self-training programme which we started as soon as the selection was announced. Briefly, the training entailed climbing nearly 600 m. every day with a load of 12 to 15 kilogrammes on our backs and jogging eight to ten kilometres.

To match the very hard physical work, we had to eat special protein-rich foods — plenty of milk, greens and, of course, sugar. Our daily intake had to consist of 3,500 to 4,000 calories.

People in Nakuri were amused to see me climb up from the bottom of the hill to the top of the ridge with a rucksack full of stones every morning. Someone remarked that I was perhaps trying to restore the height of the eroded hills. My father would join in the fun. “Bachendri has found no job to her liking after her big degrees.” he would explain. “She is now preparing herself to be a construction labourer.” He would chuckle and repeat this joke to anyone he met. My simple mother, on the other hand, shed worried tears to see her daughter lugging stones to the mountain top.

We reported to the IMF in New Delhi at the beginning of December 1983. For nearly five weeks, the seven female mountaineers were put through a gruelling training

programme. We spent hours in the gymnasium in toughening up our abdominal, dorsal and other climbing muscles. There was also plenty of bending and stretching with rhythmic breathing exercises. Prolonged swimming and jogging helped build up our stamina and improved lung functioning for the maximum use of oxygen under physiological stress.

Then at the height of winter in January 1984, Lieut. Col. Prem Chand, an uncompromising trainer, took us women to Gulmarg, and for a month he made us climb up and down steep slopes covered with deep snow.

Brig. Gyan Singh was aware of my desire for economic independence so that I could pursue my love for mountaineering. Immediately after the “Seven-Sisters” programmes in June 1983, he contacted the Tata Iron and Steel Company (TISCO) in Jamshedpur and persuaded them to employ me for the promotion of adventure. My inclusion in the Everest team helped and I was made Sports Assistant. I was on the company’s pay-roll there- after and also received a substantial daily allowance for my participation in the Everest expedition.

I could now concentrate on the expedition and on reaching the top.

### **EVEREST— MY FIRST EXPEDITION**

The Everest expedition left Delhi for Kathmandu by plane on 7 March. A strong advance party had left much earlier to open the route through the treacherous icefall before we reached the Base Camp.

After a few days in Kathmandu, we moved to Ziri, four to five hours' drive away. Then we had a leisurely eight-day trek to Namche Bazar. Going against the grain of the mountain, we climbed up and down nearly a thousand metres every day, which toughened us up and helped in acclimatization to high altitudes. On the way we met the friendly, cheerful people of the region, particularly the Sherpas.

Namche Bazar is the most important township in Sherpa land. Most of our Sherpas came from here and the neighbouring villages. It was at Namche Bazar that I had my first view of Everest, popularly called Sagarmatha by the Nepalese. This name appealed to me.

Gazing at Everest I could see an enormous snow plume, a kind of banner which seemed to fly out of its summit. I was told that this phenomenon was due to the wind blowing at 150 km., or more per hour near the peak's upper reaches and driving the powder snow off the mountain. The snow-plume could be 10 km. or more long. Anyone attempting the peak had to face these storms on the south-east ridge, particularly in bad weather. This was to haunt me; yet, I was strangely fascinated by Everest and drawn to its tough challenge.

We hill people have always worshipped the mountains. My overpowering emotion at this awe-inspiring spectacle was therefore, devotional. I folded my hands and bowed my head to Sagarmatha.

After a day here we reached the famous Thyangboche monastery where the incarnate Lama blessed us and prayed for our success and safe return. Thyangboche was not only

beautiful but its height, was over 4,000 m., and was suitable for acclimatization training. We halted here for two days before moving to our main acclimatization training camp at Pheriche.

### **THE CHAOTIC KHUMBU ICEFALL**

When we reached Pheriche on 26 March, we got the shocking news of a Sherpa porter having been killed in an avalanche. An enormous snow-slide had swept down from Lhola, a depression on the steep ridge to the left of the expedition's route to the Khumbu icefall. Of a ferry party of 16 Sherpa porters, one had died and four had been injured.

Noticing the gloom, the news had cast on members of the expedition, our leader, Col. Khullar explained that on an expedition of the magnitude of Everest, danger, and sometimes death, had to be taken in one's stride. "We must not be unduly disturbed or deterred by one single mishap," he said.

The deputy leader, Prem Chand, who was leading the advance party, returned to Pheriche on 26 March. He briefed us on the nature of our first major hurdle, the Khumbu icefall. He said that his party had opened the route to Camp I (6,900 m.), just above the lip of the icefall, and that all major obstacles had been taken care of by bridging, fixed ropes and route-marking with Hags. But he reminded us that (the glacier was a river of ice and the icefall portion was on the move. The erratic shifting of the ice base might undo all the work done and we might have to reopen Icefall the route. My curiosity about these hazards was stronger than my fears but I concealed my feelings from the others.

Before we reached the Base Camp, we learnt of another death a kitchen attendant had died as a result of acclimatization failure. We were certainly not starting on a promising note.

We halted a night at Gorakhshep, from where I went for a small acclimatization climb to “Kala Pathar”. From there I had a clear view of Everest, the South Col, Lhotse and the icefall. It was an awe-inspiring sight. My feeling on viewing Saganmatha, a second time was again devotional. I folded my hands involuntarily and bowed my head.

I had seen the Everest summit twice earlier but from a distance. On reaching the Base Camp the next day I saw the rest of the Everest massif and its satellites. I stood transfixed, gazing at the much ruffled solid river of ice enclosed by the towering trio: Everest, Lhotse and Nuptse. We could see that the Khumbu glacier dived nearly 600 m. in less than a kilometre, flowing between the near vertical slopes of the western shoulder of Everest to our left and the near shoulder of Nuptse to our right. It was the sharp drop in altitude that caused the icefall. Its backdrop was the fort like turreted top of Lhotse, the fourth highest mountain in the world. Facing the strong westerlies, Lhotse could hold no snow near the top. Its rocky crown was therefore greyish black in colour.

The icefall itself was a chaotic cascade of ice blocks and leaning ice towers. We were told that the movement of the glacier caused frequent ice-quakes which triggered off the instant toppling of huge ice slabs and other features often balanced precariously at dangerous angles. The thought of a fissure opening up on a harmless surface and developing

into a gaping deep crevasse was very frightening. And even more terrifying was the knowledge that throughout our stay, the icefall would be the daily trudging ground of about a dozen climbers and ferry porters.

Camp 1 (6,000 m.) was just above the icefall. A couple of hours of climbing steadily nearly 500 m. over a crevasse-ridden high valley popularly called the Western cwm (pronounced coom), brought one to Camp II which was the advance base. Camp III (7,200 m.) was on the exposed Lhotse face and Camp IV at the South Col (7,900 m.) was the last firm base on a windy, cold, inhospitable saddle between Everest and Lhotse. The one-tent summit camp would have to be established at about 8,500 m on the dangerous south-east ridge leading to the summit.

I was desperately keen to get near the icefall. The same evening along with some others, I went up to the crampon-point where the icefall started. This was where the climbers strapped on their climbing boots, their crampons or the steel attachment with 10 to 12 spikes to avoid slipping on the ice or hard frozen snow.

The following day most of the newcomers ferried loads to a point halfway up the icefall. Dr Minoo Mehta showed us the makeshift bridges with aluminium ladders, logs and ropes, the fixed ropes on ice walls and steep traverses, as well as other evidence of our advance party's engineering handiwork.

The third day was earmarked for a practice climb by ferrying a load up the icefall to Camp I. Rita Gombu and I climbing together had a walkie-talkie and reported our step by step progress to the Base Camp. Col. Khullar was

very happy when I announced our arrival, for we were the only two to have reached Camp I.

After we had been told about the topography of the area, I noticed that the Bulgarian expedition had their Base Camp next to ours. They were climbing by the difficult western ridge route and were to return from the summit along our route. We learnt later that five Bulgarians reached the summit but paid a very heavy price. Their first summiter, Christo Prodanov, accomplished a solo oxygenless ascent, but perished somewhere quite high up on his descent.

Opening the route and stocking high camps was a slow, exacting operation. Working in small groups and sometimes in pairs, we fixed the route with ropes, and made foot-holds and hand-holds. Camps II and III were established in good time. Ang Doijee, Lopsang and Magan Bissa finally reached the South Col and set up Camp IV at 7.900 m. on 29 April. This was satisfactory progress.

When I was at the Base Camp in April, Tenzing visited us with his youngest daughter Deki and made a point of speaking to every expedition member and every Sherpa porter. When it was my turn, I introduced myself saying that I was an absolute beginner and that Everest was my first expedition. Tenzing laughed and told me that Everest was also his first expedition, but explained that he had to go seven times to Everest before he reached its summit. Then, putting his arm round my shoulder he said, "You look a strong mountain girl. You should reach the summit in your first attempt!" These words were to linger with me.

## **ASCENT PLAN BEGINS**

By 1 May the stage was set to launch the ascent plan. Out of 20 loads of oxygen and equipment planned for the South Col, 12 had already reached. A large ferry carrying the required loads was expected to accompany the first summit party.

Col. Khullar had decided on a major push by three summit teams, grouped for the climb to the Col in two parties which were to start from the Base Camp on 5 and 6 May. The first party, comprising Prem Chand, Rita, Phu Dorjee, Chandra Prabha and Sirdar Ang Doijee, reached the South Col on 7 May. On 8 May, Prem Chand, Rita and Ang Doijee were to form the first summit team. They would make the attempt to get to the summit and return to the South Col in the evening. The same day (8 May) the second summit team made up of Phu Doijee, Chandra Prabha and eight Sherpas was to establish the Summit Camp (V) at approximately 8.500 m. They were to stay the night there and attempt the peak the next morning and return to the South Col by the evening. The third summit team composed of ND Sherpa, Lopsang Tshering, Magan Bissa and I was to reach the South Col on 8 May and attempt the peak on the 9th. The success of this ambitious plan depended on a sufficient number of Sherpas being available to stock the South Col and summit camps.

But this was not to be. Against eight planned, only two Sherpas could go up with Phu Dorjee and Chandra Prabha. Prem Chand, therefore, decided on only one attempt by his party and gave his place to Phu Doijee for the summit attempt. Chandra Prabha returned with him to the South

CoL Phu Dorjee joined Rita and Ang Dorjee to spend the night at the Summit Camp.

The three started from the Summit Camp at 7 a.m. on 9 May. After only an hour's climb Ang Dorjee found that his feet were becoming very cold. Fearing frost bite, he decided to turn back. Rita who was with him was in two minds. Phu Dorjee, about 20 metres ahead, waited to see if she wanted to go up with him.

Unsure of the weather (an 80 kilometre per hour wind blew and there was a thin, cloudy haze) Rita too decided to return.

Phu Doijee's oxygen ran out when he was barely 200 m. short of his goal. But he possessed extraordinary stamina and determination. Dumping the equipment, he pressed on and was on the summit at 12.30 p.m. This extraordinary feat gave the expedition the peak and India its first oxygen less solo climb of Everest.

Our party made steady progress from Camp III to South Col on 8 May. I was climbing without oxygen because of a shortage of the gas. When I was still more than an hour from the South Col, I found it heavy going and slow, particularly because it was the steepest portion of the climb and a very cold wind had stirred up. Just then, I saw someone coming down along the Geneva Spur and wondered who could be going down from the South Col so late. It was ND Sherpa who had come down with an oxygen cylinder for me. I was very touched by this thoughtful gesture. With the oxygen, the climb was quite easy.

Meanwhile, the Bulgarian first pair who had climbed the summit by the west ridge route, were more than 24 hours late in completing the traverse by the South Col route. On his return from the summit, Phu Dorjee helped the exhausted summit pair. Later our leader cancelled our summit team's attempt on the 9th to divert ND and Lopsang to the rescue mission. The rest of us therefore returned to Camp II on 9 May.

### **THE FATEFUL NIGHT**

On the Buddha Purnima of 15—16 May, 1984, I was at Camp III, in a colourful nylon tent age camp perched on the ice-crusting steep slope of Lhotse. There were ten others in the camp. Lopsang Tshering shared my tent. ND Sherpa, and eight tough high-altitude Sherpa porters were in other tents. I was sleeping soundly when around 12.30 a.m. I was shaken awake by a hard object hitting me on the back of my head and simultaneously by a loud explosion. Then I felt a cold, extremely heavy mass creeping over my body and crushing me. I could hardly breathe.

What had happened? A tall serac (ice tower) on the Lhotse glacier directly above our camp had cracked, crashed down and developed into a massive avalanche. This enormous mass of ice blocks, crushed ice and frozen snow thundering down the near vertical slope at the speed of an express train, devastated our camp which was directly in its path. Practically everyone was hurt. It was a miracle no one was killed.

Lopsang was able to tear his way out of our tent with his Swiss knife and immediately began frantically to try and rescue me. Delay would have meant sure death. Heaving and

pushing away the large ice slabs, he dug out the hardened snow around me and succeeded in pulling me out of the ice grave.

No tent had been left standing except the kitchen shelter. Lopsang and I clambered there and found ND talking on the walkie-talkie with the leader at Camp II. ND said he had broken some ribs. One Sherpa had fractured his leg and there were quite a few other injuries. Groans of pain and cries for help were audible from all sides. But ND assured the leader at Camp II that all was not lost. The expedition still had a lot of fight in it.

By now most of us had gathered in or near the kitchen tent. From my first-aid pouch, I gave everyone pain-killer tablets and prepared hot drinks. Being useful helped disperse the cloud of gloom and depression that enveloped me.

The leader promised to send rescue parties without delay. KI, Jai and Bissa, hearing the conversation on their walkie-talkie at Camp I, set off immediately while it was still night. From Camp II too, a rescue team of four and the Camp TI cook moved into action.

Well before dawn we began to dig out our equipment I was terribly worried about the image of Goddess Durga which I had in my rucksack. Every morning and evening I took it out and drew inspiration and strength from it. So my first act on finding my rucksack was to thrust my hand into the side pocket, to my relief my fingers encountered the ice cold metallic image. I held the holy image tightly and placing it on my forehead, felt that I had everything I wanted. I had Shakti in my arms. The Shakti, which had saved my life a few hours earlier and the Shakti which I was now sure,

would lead me onwards and upwards. The experience of the night had drained all fear out of me.

The rescue teams arrived soon after and by 8 a.m. on 16 May we were nearly all at Camp II, The Sherpa with the fractured leg was brought down on an improvised stretcher. In our leader Khullar's words, "It was a remarkable feat of high altitude rescue work."

The bump at the back of my head had now begun to throb. I felt uncomfortable but kept it to myself, occasionally pressing the bump with my palm.

All nine male members had to be sent to the Base Camp because of injuries or shattered nerves. Then Col. Khullar turned to me and asked if I was frightened.

"Yes."

"Would you also like to go down?" "No," I replied without hesitation.

## **SUSPENSEFUL DRAMA**

K I Kumar, Jai Bahuguna, Magan Bissa and Dr Minoo Mehta were to form the next summit party. I was given the privilege of providing the crucial female element. Lhatoo, Pulzor and all available high altitude Sherpas were to be in the support role. Resources permitting, the support party would make their attempt after the first summit party. There was to be no woman in the second party.

To conserve oxygen for the final ascent, all the male members had to do without oxygen up to the South Col. However, when Bissa's feet became numb after he had climbed half way, he was advised to switch on his oxygen. I

was told to conserve my energy for the next day's final climb by inhaling oxygen at about two litres per minute. My noticeable fitness on reaching the South Col and on the day of the ascent proved that this decision was a wise one.

As soon as I reached the South Col Camp, I began to prepare for the final climb the next day. I collected food, cooking gas and some oxygen cylinders. When Bissa arrived at 1.30 p.m. he found me heating water for tea. KI, Jai and Minoo were still far behind. I was concerned because I had to climb to the summit with them the next day. They were slow because they were carrying heavy loads and climbing without oxygen.

Late in the afternoon I decided to go down to help my team mates and filling a thermos flask with juice and another with hot tea, I stepped out into the icy wind.

I met Minoo just as I was leaving the camp area. KI and Jai were still some way behind. I saw Jai just below the top of the Geneva Spur. He accepted the drinks gratefully but tried to dissuade me from going further. But I had to meet KI too. After climbing down a little further, I saw KI. He was flabbergasted when he saw me. "Why did you take such a risk, Bachendri?" he shouted. I told him firmly that I was a climber like the others. That was why I was on the expedition. I was physically fit so why should I not help my team mates? KI smiled and drank thirstily but refused to let me carry part of his kit.

A little later Lhatoo and Bissa came down from the South Col Camp to meet us and we returned to such safety and comfort as the South Col deservedly known as the "most inhospitable place on earth", could offer.

## **I KEEP MY TRYST WITH EVEREST**

I got up at 4 in the morning, melted snow and brewed tea. After a light breakfast of a few biscuits and half a slab of chocolate I left my tent at around 5.30 a.m., And Doijee was standing outside. No one else was about.

Ang Dorjee was going to climb without oxygen. But because of this his feet would get very cold. He thus wanted to avoid long exposure at heights and a night at the Summit Camp. He had therefore to either get to the peak and back to the South Col the same day or abandon the attempt.

He was keen to start immediately and asked if I would like to go with him. Going to the top from the South Col and back in a day would be strenuous and tough and there was the risk of Ang Dorjee turning back if his feet got too cold. I, however, had full confidence in Ang Dorjee as well as in my stamina and climbing capability. Besides, no one else was ready to move at that time.

At 6.20 when Ang Doijee and I stepped out from the South Col, it was a perfect day. There was a gentle breeze but the cold was intense. I was, however, warm in my well insulated climbing gear. We climbed unroped. Ang Dorjee set a steady pace but I had no difficulty keeping up with him.

The steep frozen slopes were as hard and brittle as sheets of glass. We had to use the ice-axe and I had to kick really hard to get the front teeth of the crampons to bite into the frozen surface. I took every step very deliberately on the dangerous stretches.

In less than two hours we reached the Summit Camp. Ang Dorjee looked back and asked if I was tired. I replied, "No," to his surprise and delight. He told me that the earlier summit party had taken four hours to reach the Summit Camp and added that if we could keep our present pace, we would be on the summit by 1 p.m.

Lhatoo was following us and caught up with us when we rested below the South Summit. After drinking some tea we moved on. Lhatoo had brought a nylon rope so Ang Dorjee and I roped up while Lhatoo walked in the middle, holding the rope with one hand, more for balance than security.

Lhatoo noticed that I had been climbing with oxygen at about two and a half litres per minute against the normal four for these heights. After, he increased the oxygen flow on my regulator I found even the steeper stretches comparatively easy.

Beyond the South Summit the breeze increased. At that height the eddies of strong winds whipped up the powder snow, reducing visibility to nil. On many occasions, I had to get into a crouching position with my back to the onslaught of the icy wind saturated with fine particles of bone dry powder snow.

It was terrifying to stand erect on a knife-edge ridge, with a sheer drop on either side. I had to dig my ice-axe deep and secure myself by attaching the waist-strap to the ice-axe head. There was some tricky climbing between the South Summit and what is popularly known as Hillary's Step. Ang Doijee and Lhatoo were already over it. but I was still negotiating its vertical face when Ang Dorjee gesticulated towards the top. I was thrilled. The goal was near. With

renewed vigour I was on top of the step in seconds. The sun had made the snow soft and climbing was easier here than it had been earlier.

We trudged in the heavy powder snow for some time. Then the gradient started easing off noticeably. A few steps later I saw that after only a couple of metres there was no upward climb. The slope plunged steeply down.

My heart stood still. It dawned on me that success was within reach. And at 1.07 p.m. on 23 May, 1984, I stood on top of Everest, the first Indian woman to have done so.

### **HOMAGE TO SAGARMATHA**

There was hardly enough place for two to stand side by side on top of the Everest cone. Thousands of metres of near vertical drop on all sides made safety our foremost consideration and we first anchored ourselves securely by digging our ice-axes into the snow. That done, I sank on my knees, and putting my forehead on the snow, kissed Sagarmatha's crown.

Without getting up, I took out the image of Durga Ma and my Hanuman Chalisa from my rucksack. I wrapped these in a red cloth which I had brought and, after saying a short prayer, buried them in the snow. At this moment of joy my thoughts went to my father and mother.

As I rose, I folded my hands and bowed in respect to Ang Dorjee, my rope-leader, who had encouraged and led me to my goal. I also congratulated him for his second ascent of Everest without oxygen. He embraced me and whispered in my ear, "You climb good — very happy. Didi."

A little later Sonam Pulzor arrived and began taking photographs. By then Lhatoo had given the news of the "four atop Everest" to our leader. The walkie-talkie was then passed on to me.

Col. Khullar was delighted with our success. After congratulating me he said, "I would also like to congratulate your parents for your unique achievement." He added that the country was proud of me and that I would return to a world which would be quite different from the one I had left behind.

We summiteers embraced and thumped one another's backs. Nepalese, Indian and, for my sake, the NAF "Seven-Sisters" and TISCO flags were hoisted and photographed.

We spent 43 minutes on the summit. The towering giants Lhotse, Nuptse and Makalu were dwarfed by our mountain. I collected a few samples of stone from a bare patch near the peak.

We started our downhill journey at 1.55 p.m. I knew I would have to be especially careful during the return trip, for more accidents occurred on descending than when climbing up. But I was unaware of one fundamental hazard, I took off my snow goggles on the snowless and dark rocky patches assuming that snow blindness was only caused by the glare of the sun's rays reflected from the snow and, besides, the atmosphere was hazy. Snow blindness however, is due to strong ultraviolet rays at high altitudes and has nothing to do with the snow or the glare.

I paid a heavy price for my ignorance. Both my eyes were affected and I suffered intense pain. On our return to the

camp I had to take a sleeping- pill the only one I had during my stay on Everest.

Though Ang Dorjee moved fast, I found I was reasonably sure-footed in downhill climbing, even at the veteran Sherpa's pace. When we were still some distance from the South Col, to my astonishment, I saw Magan Bissa coming up. It was dangerous to be on the exposed south-east ridge in the evening when the temperature dropped sharply, besides the usual dangers of height and environment. Bissa's rucksack was filled with oxygen cylinders and thermos flasks. He congratulated us and gave us some hot drinks and juice.

Then he went up to help Lhatoo and Pulzor and gave them hot drinks. Pulzor had no oxygen mask so Bissa gave him his own. Lhatoo reached the South Col at 6 p.m. while Bissa brought Pulzor to safety on his rope at 7 p.m.

Ang Dorjee and I had arrived at the South Col at 5 p.m. Everyone complimented us for doing the South Col-Summit South Col trip in only 10 hours 40 minutes, including the halt at the top.

As I was entering my tent I overheard Major KI Kumar talking to Col. Khullar on the wireless. "Believe It or not Sir," he said excitedly. "Bachendri is already back, in just three hours. And, she looks as fresh as she was when she started climbing up this morning."

### **THE AGONY OF FAME**

The months following my return from Everest were bewildering. But the first week in Delhi was downright nerve-racking. I had a packed 18-hour or longer daily schedule. I

was presented to WIPs and there were press conferences, speeches, addresses and interviews.

I received the IMF's coveted gold medal for excellence in mountaineering and numerous honours and accolades which I cannot even remember. The Padma Shri and prestigious Arjuna Award were announced. The functions and fuss were undeniably gratifying to the ego but were extremely exacting on the nerves and body. I would have given anything for an uninterrupted 24- hour sleep.

I would not say that I didn't enjoy being the focus of attention and praise but my greatest desire was to be with my parents and sisters and brothers and meet the friends I had in my village, Nakuri.

I set off from Delhi on a sultry June day and arrived at Rishikesh after an eight-hour drive. As the car climbed up the hill road, it began to pour. Despite the lashing rain, men, women and children huddled by the wayside villages to welcome their daughter who had, according to them, brought glory to Garhwal, and to Bharat. They had also hastily put up welcome arches. I was running far behind schedule as I halted to receive their greetings and by the time I reached the district border a large crowd had been waiting for several hours to greet me. At 9 p.m. the motorcade reached my village. Despite the rain, the entire village seemed to have come out to welcome me. Beating drums, blowing conches and wind instruments and chanting mantras, talking and shouting they showered me with affection, each one wishing to garland me.

As I pushed my way through the jostling crowd, my eyes searched for two faces. Suddenly I saw them. My father and

mother were quietly standing outside a thatch hut. They looked utterly overwhelmed.

I ran to my mother and fell in her arms. Mother and daughter held each other and cried and cried. I looked over my mother's shoulder and saw the blurred figure of my father also crying and looking at me disbelievingly.

### **DREAMS COME TRUE**

"On 11<sup>th</sup> July, I presented TISCO's Chairman, Mr Mody, the TISCO flag which I had hoisted on the summit of Everest, Mr Mody announced my promotion to Manager, Adventure Programmes and said I was to head the Tata Youth Adventure Centre and be solely in charge of all adventure activities in Jamshedpur. Infact, Mr Mody's encouragement and help for adventure and sports has made it possible for many like myself to pursue their field of interest and excel in it.

It is given to very few to have their dreams come true. I have not only got everything I wanted but have been given far more than I could have wished for. Climbing was in my blood. In the three years before Everest, I had done more climbing than almost anyone I know. Then, of course, climbing Everest in 1984 on my first-ever expedition on this great peak. In 1986 I climbed Mont Blanc the highest mountain in Europe and also climbed in four Alpine countries with experts of the latest techniques and trends. I have given talks on mountaineering in several countries and am on a number of the Indian Government's policy-making committees on youth.

But I also love to be with children. Now, I am paid handsomely to teach young people adventure — camping, trekking, rock- climbing, river crossing, exposing them to the wilderness. I give particular attention to girls in my programmes, for I feel that in India we neglect them and discourage them from outdoor pursuits. The love of adventure and living dangerously is as necessary for girls as it is for boys for it makes for courage, boldness and initiative.

I have met many important people. The two v/ho have inspired me most, however, are Indira Gandhi and Sherpa Tenzing Norgay. When I met Mrs Gandhi after Everest, she said, “We want hundreds of Bachendris in the country," and urged me to reach out to rural girls.

I met Tenzing the last time in December 1985. He told me that Bachendri no longer belonged to herself. Now everybody had a claim on my attention, my time and on my smiles. He pointed out that climbing Everest and becoming famous had its rewards, but it also had its responsibilities.

Climbing Everest has fulfilled my deepest aspirations, and given me everything that I have. I can ask for no more.

### **Glossary**

- Sickle : a short-handled farming tool with a semi-circular blade, used for cutting corn, lopping, or trimming
- Rhododendron : widely cultivated shrubs and trees of the heath family with alternate leaves and showy flowers
- Glissading : a controlled slide down a snow slope

- Replete : abundantly full, especially with food
- Acclimatized : the process in which an individual organism adjusts to a change in its environment such as a change in altitude, temperature, humidity, photoperiod etc.,.
- Crevasse : a breach in a levee, a deep crevice or fissure, a gap
- Crampons : A framework of metal spikes strapped or clipped to the sole of a boot or shoe to prevent slipping when walking or climbing on ice and snow.
- Steep Traverses : to climb at an angle or in a zigzag course.  
b : to ski across rather than straight down a hill.
- Topography : a detailed map of the surface features of land. It includes the mountains, hills, creeks, and other bumps and lumps on a particular hunk of earth.
- Flabbergasted : to overwhelm with shock, surprise
- Eddies of Strong Winds : A whirlwind, a weather phenomenon in which a vortex of wind (a vertically oriented rotating column of air) forms due to instabilities and turbulence created by heating and flow (current) gradients
- Gesticulated : to make gestures especially when speaking or arguing gesticulating wildly.
- Vigour : physical or mental energy and enthusiasm
- Bewildering : confuses or befuddle, especially by being complicated or varied

**I Answer the following in one or two sentences**

1. Who were Bachendri Pal's parents?
2. What was Chote Chacha's contribution to the first course conducted by Bachendri Pal.
3. Bachendri Pal was elected the Vice Chairperson of \_\_\_\_\_
4. Where was her first Television Appearance?
5. When and where was the first Himalayan Mountaineering meet organised?
6. Selection camp for 'Everest 84' was at \_\_\_\_\_
7. Why was the camp at Mana Crucial?
8. What did Tensing say in praise of Bachendri Pal?
9. Who led the team to Everest? How many climbers were there in the team?
10. Who employed her?
11. When did she begin her actual expedition?
12. Whose blessing did the team take?
13. What was the shocking news they heard when they reached Pheriche?
14. What is Towering Trio?
15. Who reached Camp I first?
16. Who visited them at Base Camp?
17. How many summit teams were formed?

18. When did Bachendri Pal reach Camp III?
19. How long did they remain on the Summit?
20. How was Bachendri's life after she returned from her expedition?
21. Name the two people who have inspired her?

**II Answer the following in about a paragraph or a page**

1. Write a note on Bachendri Pal's parents.
2. What was the secret Bachendri Pal promised her brother, that she would never reveal? Did it remain a secret? Why?
3. Why didn't she use any cosmetics?
4. Write briefly about the trekking camp at Tekhla.
5. Write a note on how Bachendri Pal trained for her expedition?
6. What is a snow plume? How did the sight of it affect Bachendri Pal?
7. How did Bachendri Pal train for acclimatisation?
8. Describe the process of opening routes.
9. What hurdle did they face at camp III? How did they escape death?
10. What did Bachendri Pal do after she reached the Peak?
11. How did Col. Khuller react to her success?
12. What did she do when she went to TISCO's office? How was she rewarded by TISCO?

### III Answer the following in about a page or Two.

1. Write about the incidents that show how different Bachendri Pal was from her siblings.

Or

Write a note on her Child Hood.

2. Describe Bachendri Pal's journey through her school and College

Or

Narrate how Bachendri fought against all odds to continue her education.

3. After her education how did she train to be a mountaineer?
4. How did she prepare herself for the expedition?
5. Write about Bachendri Pal's expedition 'Everest 84'.
6. What was her reaction after her achievement? How was her life after 'Everest 84'?

## Unit I

### ESSAY WRITING

An essay is defined as a composition on a specific topic. An essay comprises three or more paragraphs where each paragraph is an expansion of one idea related to the topic.

Essay writing can also be explained as an attempt at self-expression. To be able to express one's ideas, feelings, personal opinions, give information, or convince others about one's point of view—all these form the subject matter of essay writing.

#### **Type of Essays**

Essays can be classified as:

#### **(A) DESCRIPTIVE ESSAYS**

A **descriptive essay** consists of the description of something or somebody. Writing a descriptive essay is like painting a word picture using specific and concrete details. A descriptive essay can be written on people, places, or objects.

#### **NARRATIVE ESSAYS**

A **narrative essay** tells us about events that happen. These events may be personal events, incidents, or experiences.

A narrative essay unfolds the events in a chronological order. Narrative essay starts at the beginning of a sequence of events and moves step by step towards the conclusion. Narrative essays are usually written in the first person.

## ARGUMENTATIVE ESSAYS

An **argumentative essay** attempts to convince the reader to agree with the writer's ideas, opinions, or attitude. When writing an argumentative essay, you must be clear about your opinion or the stand that you wish to take.

You can use a variety of techniques to construct an argument. You may give facts and/or examples, relate incidents, and present opposing views. An effective and convincing argument is the one that is supported by evidence. It is not sufficient to only present an opinion; it should have enough proof.

### (B) ANALYTICAL ESSAYS

An analytical essay is an attempt to study any topic by exploring and examining all its aspects and the relationship between these aspects.

In order to write an analytical essay, you can try answering the following questions about the topic you have chosen to write on.

1. What is the subject under discussion?
2. Why is that subject important?
3. What are the various aspects of that subject?
4. What is the importance of each of those aspects?
5. How are they related to each other?
6. How do they combine to leave an impact on the reader?

When writing an analytical essay, it is important to state the main idea of the composition in the beginning. Then the idea should be expanded with the support of information

and examples. Usually we write analytical essays in the present tense and in the first person.

### How to Write an Essay?

You have learnt so far that an essay is a collection of ideas that are presented logically and with clarity. When writing an essay, the following aspects must be kept in mind:

1. ideas or the subject matter
2. appropriate vocabulary and expression
3. organization of ideas
4. coherence
5. grammar
6. spellings and punctuation

### The Writing Process

Any writing process involves planning, drafting, and revising.

The following guidelines can be helpful for writing an essay.

1. *Choice of the topic:* You must choose a topic that interests you. The subject of your essay can also be a topic about which you want to express your ideas.
2. *Collection of ideas:* Write down everything you know about your topic. One way of generating ideas is by putting simple questions to yourself like— what, where, when, why or how.
3. *Organizing the ideas:* Now that you have all the material, prepare an outline of the essay by organizing these ideas. You must remember to put all the connected ideas together and discard the irrelevant

points. These points should now be arranged in a logical scheme.

4. *Writing the essay:* You have an outline ready before you. Now write the first draft: by developing the ideas and filling in details. It is good to have a topical sentence for each paragraph so that the reader may understand exactly what the paragraph is about.
5. *Revising the essay:* To revise means to look again. Revise your essay before writing the final draft. Check your essay to see if you have included all the material you wanted. You may rewrite unclear sentences or rearrange ideas in a different order. You must also check vocabulary, spellings, sentence structure, and tenses.
6. *Writing the final draft:* When you have corrected all your mistakes, write a neat final draft of your essay.

### Components of an Essay

An essay is essentially divided into three parts—the introduction, the body, and the conclusion.

1. The paragraph with which you begin your essay is the **introductory paragraph**. The introductory paragraph should capture the interest of the reader so that he feels encouraged to read further. You may begin your paragraph by telling an incident, giving information, or by expressing your interest in the subject.
2. The **body** of the essay comprises one or more paragraphs. Each paragraph should explain a separate idea related to the topic. The paragraphs should present your ideas and information using simple and idiomatic language.

3. The paragraph that comes at the end is the **conclusion** of your composition. The concluding paragraph should complete your essay. It should reinforce the main ideas stated in the beginning of the essay. A concluding paragraph often includes an effective sentence that can create an impact on the reader's mind.

### Read the following essays:

#### 1. **Should Teenagers Be Given Unrestricted Freedom? (Argumentative)**

An adolescent is on the threshold of adulthood. Shouldn't he or she then be allowed to probe the mysteries of the world all on his/her own?

It is true that the modern world offers various opportunities for all age groups in every field of knowledge. At the touch of a button you can get any good information you want. It is also possible to press a wrong button and get access to harmful knowledge! While strong willed persons would keep away from such evils, some may fall easy prey to them. For instance it is easy to access adult sites on the Internet. Initially, one may do it as a dare or due to pressure from friends. But soon all your attention may get diverted from your studies.

You will then regret it one day and wish that some elder had nipped this curiosity in the bud.

One should be inquisitive all right; that's the pathway to progress and advancement in life. But can't this inquisitiveness be directed to useful and beneficial pursuits? Why focus it only towards bad habits like drugs and violence? Can't it be tuned towards innovativeness or

obtaining greater insight into science, history, and so on? Here again some kind of parental control and guidance is a must. Guidance from parents is readily forthcoming and genuine and one needn't hunt for it in the library or the Internet.

Some teenagers may think, 'won't such intervention from my parents, albeit with good intentions, amount to restricting my freedom? Why should they decide with whom I should mix or which social party I ought to attend?'

Surely, parents know how far to permit you and where to stop. They know what is good and who is a good company for you. Yet, parents are not such spoilsports not to allow you to have your fun.

If that is so, why shouldn't girls also enjoy the same amount of unrestricted freedom as boys? They are granted only about half of the so-called 'controlled' freedom. Quite rightly so, for girls, being more vulnerable are more at risk of falling prey to unsocial elements.

To sum up, while a teenager's need to express his/her individuality and curiosity to know what is going on in the world should not be suppressed, some measure of parental supervisory control and guidance is indeed a must. Teenage children on their part should not insist on too much of freedom of action as it would not be in their long term interest.

## **2. Pollution, its Causes and Solution (Analytical)**

Rapid progress in science and technology, in the last century has revolutionized our lives. (Tremendous achievements have been made in the field of medicine,

engineering, and agriculture. But all this progress has come at a heavy price. We have indiscriminately used our natural resources and caused damage, to our environment, by adding to the pollution levels. The level of pollution is much higher in the cities where the number of vehicles and industries is far greater.

There are mainly three kinds of pollution—air, noise, and water—that affect the lives of people living in a city. The variety of vehicles on the road and their ever-increasing numbers is the chief cause of air pollution. The poisonous fumes emitted by the exhaust pipes of cars and buses constantly add to the level of carbon-dioxide in the air, thus, reducing its purity. It is this poisonous air, devoid of proper content of oxygen, that city dwellers breathe every day. No wonder then, complaints of breathing disorders are going up each day. Small children lose their immunity and fall prey to dreaded diseases like asthma and bronchitis. Another major factor that is contributing to air pollution is the location of factories and small industries within the city. The effluents from these factories are also belched out through their chimneys to mix freely with the air we breathe.

Noise pollution is also acquiring grave proportions in our cities. Noise pollution is mainly the result of lack of awareness among people! Thoughtless use of loudspeakers and horns and the blaring sound of music played inside homes, all increase noise pollution. Recent studies have revealed that high decibels of sounds can destroy the central nervous system of human beings. This may lead to diseases like high blood pressure, palpitation, and constant headaches.

The third kind of pollution is also the result of our carelessness and selfish attitude. We have, ourselves, contaminated the very sources of water that we use. The chemicals from the factories, the garbage from the cities, the dirt from homes are all dumped into the rivers that supply water for drinking and bathing. As a consequence, not only does the water become unfit for drinking for both man and animal, but it is no longer capable of supporting any underwater life. Thus, we are also the culprits responsible for destroying the fine ecological balance.

If we analyze the causes of all kinds of pollution mentioned above, we will find that we have no one to blame but ourselves for the degradation of our environment. Each individual can easily bring this situation under control with a little awareness and a little effort. Each one of us must pledge to preserve the environment. We can do it by adopting a two-pronged approach. We should take not only preventive steps but also proactive action. We should consciously keep pollution of our vehicles under control, not contaminate our rivers, and avoid making noise. On the other hand, we can add to the city's green cover by planting more and more trees. Only if these steps are taken immediately can we save ourselves from impending destruction.

### **PICTURE COMPOSITION**

Keeping in mind the general components of an essay, a given picture can be developed into a composition in any of the following ways:

1. Write a description or an account of what it suggests to you.
2. Weave a story around the subject of the picture.

3. You may take the picture as a starting block and write around it but there must be a clear connection between the picture and your composition.

### **Exercises**

#### **Write short essays on:**

1. Advertisements have done more harm than good.
2. Computers and their importance in school education.
3. An hour at an Air-port.
4. Life in an Indian town/city.
5. My neighbors / Parents / Friends.
6. A journey by bullock cart / train.

## Unit II

### Short Story Writing

A work of fiction and imagination usually written in easily understandable grammatical structure with a natural flow of language is a short story. It is meant to be read at a single sitting and therefore, it should be as direct and brief as possible. There should be central idea to the story, one main character and one or two supporting characters. Then, there should be a little description of the scene i.e., location, context, atmosphere. For the plot there should be a particular sequence of events and action and there must be a conflict and a surprise element in it. The next step would be a balance of introduction to the main character. There generally is a high level tension in the story faced by the main character. Finally, there is a solution to the story.

Creative, imaginative and effective short story writing in English is no doubt an artful task and that's why students are generally inquisitive to find answers to questions that usually arise in their minds, such as

- a. How to write a good and interesting short story plot?
- b. How to write a story plan?
- c. How to write a creative story and generally as tips on how to write a good short story?

Writing a good short story requires a lot of techniques and planning.

Step by step instructions on how to write a Short Story.

- Literature is generally based on illusion. Pleasure and Truth (IPT). One should arrive at the feelings one wants to ignite in the minds of the reader.
- The opening paragraph should be catchy enough to attract the reader's interest with something unusual and unexpected. Make sure that the story does not reflect too much of your own feelings, instead let the story bring out the feelings of the reader.
- Introduce lively and multi-faceted characters with qualities that agree with the plot.
- Unlike a novel a short story is narrated by one of the characters, and the author should decide which of his characters is going to do narration.
- The dialogues should be meaningful and should reflect the personality of the characters in the story.
- The plot, situation and the turning point of the story should be well planned and the conclusion should be distinct. Jane Burroway defines plot as "A plot is a series of events deliberately arranged so as to reveal their dramatic, thematic and emotional significance."
- Introduction of conflict and a tense atmosphere kindles interest in the story. Jane Burroway says "Conflict is the fundamental element of fiction because in literature only trouble is interesting. It takes the trouble to turn the great themes of life into a story: birth, love, work and death"
- Climax is to be fabricated. The main understands what hasn't been seen before, and realises what must be done, or finally decides to do it.
- A suitable conclusion brings out the realities of the society, and the main character either wins or loses depicting a real society.

## The format of story Writing

**Beginning:** Interesting phrases like “Adam was in a fix.”, “The day was departing”, “The breeze was caressing his face”, “Every morning I used to wait there but that day was different”

**Introduction of Characters:** A few dialogues can reveal the characters in an interesting way but remember to keep them limited otherwise the story will look like a one act play.

**Plot:** Description of happenings in their best order.

**Conclusion:** End of the story.

### Sample Story: 1

Outline 1

The moment Hari stepped down from the train- he was greeted at the platform by the people of this small town. They had gathered there with garlands and a band.....

### Return of the Hero

**Solution 1:** The moment Hari stepped down from the train he was greeted at the platform by the people of his small town. They had gathered there with garlands and a band, because a real patriot, retired army man regardless of his designation, family and his own life was back after one and half year.

It started long back that China attacked India and through a newspaper, Hari came to know that there was a great shortage of manpower in the Indian Army. At the very

moment, he determined to devote himself for the sake of the country by fulfilling the demand of manpower. Though the marriage function of his daughter was going on, he did not care as he was regardless of everything as against his country. As expected India won over China and by a collective effort of real heroes like Hari. India once more touched the horizon of success. People also understood that we owe our very existence in a free country, to the sacrifice and the devotion of people like Hari. In spite of rains, people had gathered in large numbers to greet the hero.

### Outline story 2

Write a story in about 150-200 words with the following beginning, and give suitable title to the story.

It had been over two hours waiting for the train. Ruhi was getting restless. Suddenly she \_\_\_\_\_

### Solution 2

#### A Childhood Saved

It had been over two hours waiting for the train. Ruhi was getting restless. Suddenly she noticed a child begging at the platform. He appeared to be a little, sweet boy who had a small bag on his shoulder. She notices a book in his bag. Ruhi was eager to know where the child lived. There was more than an hour left for her train to arrive. So, she got up and started following him. The boy moved out of the station and entered a slum nearby. He got into a house which appeared to be a very dirty and unhygienic place. There were other child beggars in the house who were in the age group of 6 – 12 years. They were thin and weak. They had money but nothing to eat. Just then a burly man

entered the house. The children became quiet. He asked them for the money that they had collected by begging. The poor children handed all the money they had to him. Ruhi understood that it was a racket of child beggars. She decided to inform the police. The police and an NGO 'Bachpan Bachao Andolon', soon reached the place. The man was perplexed on seeing the police. The police arrested him and the children were placed under the protection of the NGO. The children later would be sent to their homes. Ruhi felt relieved and was appreciated by everyone. She was later rewarded by the government for her brave act.

### Exercises

Read the outline given below carefully to get a clear idea of the plot of the story and compose a short story.

1. Varun and Kiran are best friends living in an apartment in metro city. They return from work and Varun is busy attending the call, Kiran enters the room, he runs in fear out of the room, gets hysteric -following the detection of the alien life inside the room, -the whole building crumbles, utter chaos, neighbors run in panic, order collapses. But Varun has different opinion about them, says aliens have more positive societal and psychological responsibilities, so he replies.....
2. Travelling is a way of life for Bhawna - it's her desire, wants to unwind, to relax, meet new people, visit new places, and self-discovery which is ultimate to Bhawna. She started her journey .....to learn about herself, decides her adventure and that day she was in a metro drinking coffee she found a group who were eager to

help plan her journey. So Bhawna talked to them about.....

3. Anjal had been staying in Zambia since 2012. His best friends along with Sujal came over to visit him. They were interested in adventure gaming. Anjal, Sujal and other friends decide to venture Bungee jumping so they wanted to experience the thrill of free-falling and the extreme oscillation. They decided to get trained. So one day Anjal tells that he is interested in Bungee jumping .....
4. On 13th August 2014- Alic Hall miraculously survived that day, it was a night without oxygen or proper equipment for breathing at a height of 28,000ft. He had lost a toe and the tips of the 8 fingers were affected by frost bites, but still he made it up the mountain. The next day he was shocked to see that he was all alone from the group of 7, Alic had a huge range of cutting edges, bouldering problems, winter storms and avalanches the last disaster and find his team....

## Question Paper Pattern

**Marks: 70**

- A. Essay Writing 10 marks  
B. Story Writing 10 marks
- A. Answer any 5 questions (out of Seven) 5 x 2 = 10  
B. Answer any 4 questions (out of Eight) 4 x 5 = 20  
C. Answer any 2 question (out of Three) 2 x 10 = 20

## III SEMESTER

**BA./B.Sc./B.Com./B.B.A./B.C.A/B.Sc. (FAD)**

**ADDITIONAL ENGLISH (CBCS)**

**MODEL QUESTION PAPER**

**Time: 3 hours**

**Max marks: 70**

Instructions:

- a. Answer all the questions.*  
*b. Write the question numbers correctly*

**I A) Use any one of the outlines given below to write a mystery story 10**

A headless corpse is found while the workers were digging site to lay foundation for a building. The local police chief, Harish Patil, has never had to deal with more than simple theft cases and missing animals. Patil's investigation into the murder brings out a tale of feudal lord and bonded labor.

OR

The crowned prince of Udaipur finds the royal seal missing. Only King and the Minister Satpal had access to it. Satpal is in his death bed and the King was out hunting= on his return he found royal seal missing- every place and every person was searched but nothing was found. – Who stole the Royal seal?

**B) Write an essay on any one of the topics given below: 10**

Elections in India

Or

Clean India, Healthy India

**II A. Answer any FIVE questions of the following:**

**(2 x 5 = 10)**

1. Who are Kelvey sisters in the story 'The Dolls House'?
2. What is the suggestion given by the hair dresser to Shashkin?
3. What is Aristotle's definition of happiness?
4. Why is the author envious of Socrates' death?
5. What is Non-Violence?
6. Who visited Bachendri Pal's team at the Base Camp?
7. How was Bachendri's life after she returned from her expedition?

**B. Answer any FOUR questions of the following:**

**(5 x 4 = 20)**

1. What is the writer's attitude towards the townspeople in 'The Doll's House'?
2. Explain briefly the theme of the story 'a Work of Art'.
3. How did Uhov and Shashkin react to the candelabra?
4. What according to Huxley is non-Violence?
5. Why didn't Bachendri Pal use any cosmetics?
6. Write briefly about the trekking camp of Bachendri Pal at Tekhla.

**C. Answer any TWO questions of the following:**

**(10 x 2 = 20)**

1. Trace the journey of the candelabra in the course of the story 'a Work of Art'.
2. Briefly explain the requirements of life as suggested by JBS Haldane.
3. Write about Bachendri Pal's expedition 'Everest 84'.
4. How did she prepare herself for the expedition?