
بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

(In the Name of Allah, the Most Merciful, the Most Compassionate.)

ENGLISH

12



**PUNJAB EDUCATION, CURRICULUM,
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Journey to Taif

Sayyid Abul Hasan Ali Hasani Nadwi



Learning Outcomes:

By the end of this unit, the students will be able to:

- listen to texts and critically analyse the situations/events.
- read with correct pronunciation, appropriate pitch and voice variation suitable for fictional and nonfictional texts.
- ask and answer higher-order questions to guide/assess reading (e.g., Why is the author saying this right now? Why did the author choose this word? How is this different from what I read somewhere else? What would have happened if...? What would I/you do if...?)
- comprehend and use contemporary idioms and proverbs in different texts and in their speech.
- produce clear and coherent writing in which the development, organization, and style are appropriate to the task, purpose, and audience (Topics may be chosen from the list of themes, sub-themes and text types).



Pre-reading:

- Why are patience and forgiveness important in response to unfair treatment?
- What do you know about the journey of Taif, and why is it considered an important event in the life of Hazrat Muhammad (ﷺ) (حَافِظَةُ الْيَمِينِ الْهُدَايَا عَلَيْهِ وَسَلَّمَ)؟

1 This Journey has a unique place not only in Islamic history but in the history of mankind as a whole. Not before had mankind observed such **magnanimity** of character on the one hand and delinquency and degeneration of a society on the other. It highlights the spiritual strength and power of endurance of Hazrat Muhammad (ﷺ) (حَافِظَةُ الْيَمِينِ الْهُدَايَا عَلَيْهِ وَسَلَّمَ) in the face of extreme suffering.

2 Hazrat Muhammad (ﷺ) (حَافِظَةُ الْيَمِينِ الْهُدَايَا عَلَيْهِ وَسَلَّمَ) undertook this journey in the year 619-620 CE, during the 10th year of his (ﷺ) (حَافِظَةُ الْيَمِينِ الْهُدَايَا عَلَيْهِ وَسَلَّمَ) *nabuwat* (prophethood) i.e. about three years before his (ﷺ) (حَافِظَةُ الْيَمِينِ الْهُدَايَا عَلَيْهِ وَسَلَّمَ) great Migration. Those were the most crucial and critical years of his (ﷺ) (حَافِظَةُ الْيَمِينِ الْهُدَايَا عَلَيْهِ وَسَلَّمَ) life because both of his (ﷺ) (حَافِظَةُ الْيَمِينِ الْهُدَايَا عَلَيْهِ وَسَلَّمَ) well-wishers, Hazrat Abu Talib, and Hazrat Khadija-tul-Kubra (رضي الله تعالى عنها), had left for their heavenly homes. There was no **brutality** which the Quraysh of Makkah had not perpetrated on him and his (ﷺ) (حَافِظَةُ الْيَمِينِ الْهُدَايَا عَلَيْهِ وَسَلَّمَ) *suhabah* (رضي الله تعالى عنهم). They had to face severe boycott, blockade and economic sanctions imposed by the Quraysh. Life in Makkah became almost impossible. He



(ﷺ) was highly in need of spiritual peace, consolation and moral support to deliver his (ﷺ) message of *Tawheed* [Oneness of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى)].

3 These were the conditions in which Hazrat Muhammad (ﷺ) along with his (ﷺ) adopted son, Hazrat Zayd bin Haritha (رضي الله تعالى عنه), set out on foot, towards Taif in the burning heat of the sun.

4 He (ﷺ) reached Taif after visiting and preaching *Tawheed* to different tribes residing between Makkah and Taif. He (ﷺ) walked on foot all the way. The tribe of *Banu Thaqeef* **resided** in Taif. The greenery and the cold climate of Taif, which were rare in Arabia, had made them very proud. 'Abdylayl, Mas'ud, and Habeeb, the chiefs of the city, were brothers. Hazrat Muhammad (ﷺ) met them first and delivered them the message of Islam. One of them said curtly, "I will shave my beard in front of Ka'ba if you were appointed a messenger by Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى)." The other blurted out, "Didn't God find anyone better than you, who do not have even a humble animal to ride, to take as His messenger? If He had to appoint a messenger, He should have selected a ruler or a chief." The third one added, "I don't want to talk to you, because if you are a messenger of God, as you claim, it is dangerous to reject your message. But in case you are telling a lie, it doesn't **benefit** me to talk to a liar." Hazrat Muhammad (ﷺ) told them at the end, "Now I only want you to keep your views to yourselves so that others are not misguided."

5 Hazrat Muhammad (ﷺ) then started preaching his faith to the people. These three chiefs, then, **instigated** their slaves and street children to chase him. When he (ﷺ) started delivering a sermon, they pelted him with stones, causing him severe injuries; blood trickled down to his (ﷺ) shoes and clotted there, making it difficult for him to take out his (ﷺ) shoes for ablution (*Wudu*).

6 During that journey once the mischief-mongers called his (ﷺ) names, clapped, and shouted at him so much that he (ﷺ) was forced to take refuge inside the boundary of an orchard. That place belonged to 'Otba and Shayba, sons of Rabi'a. Seeing his (ﷺ) **miserable** condition, they took pity on him and sent some grapes on a plate through their slave, Addaas. Addaas put the plate in front of Hazrat Muhammad (ﷺ). He (ﷺ) said Bismillah [In the name of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى)] and began to eat. Addaas was surprised at the words he heard and commented: "People here do not use these words", whereupon Hazrat Muhammad (ﷺ) inquired him about his **native** country and religion. Addaas replied that he was a Christian and was originally from Naynawa. Hearing the name of the city, our beloved



Rasool (ﷺ) eagerly asked, "Are you from the city of the pious person Hazrat Yunus bin Matta (عليه السلام)?" Addaas asked in surprise, "How do you know about Hazrat Yunus bin Matta (عليه السلام)?" Hazrat Muhammad (ﷺ) replied, "He (عليه السلام) is my brother. He (عليه السلام) was a Rasool and I am a Rasool, too." Hearing it, Addaas leaned toward him in **eagerness** and kissed his (ﷺ) head, hands, and feet. 'Otba and Shayba, who were watching them from a distance, commented: "See, it seems that we have lost this slave." When Addaas returned to them, they **scolded** him, "Stupid! What happened to you that you started kissing that person's hands, feet, and head?" Addaas told them, "Masters! Today nobody is better than him on the face of the earth. He (ﷺ) told me something that only a Rasool could know." They **rebuked** Addaas and warned him not to forsake his religion which was, as they told him, better than the new religion."

7 Once when Hazrat Muhammad (ﷺ) was preaching in Taif, he (ﷺ) received so **serious** injuries that he (ﷺ) fell unconscious. Hazrat Zayd bin Haritha (رضي الله تعالى عنه), his (ﷺ) adopted son, carried him on his back out of the city where he (رضي الله تعالى عنه) sprinkled water on his (ﷺ) face till he (ﷺ) regained his (ﷺ) consciousness. Although not a single person accepted Islam in Taif in spite of so much of suffering, his (ﷺ) heart remained charged with faith in Allah's (ﷻ) **grandeur** and His (ﷻ) love. He (ﷺ) supplicated to his (ﷻ) Lord in the following words:

*"O Allah (ﷻ)! I complain to You of the **feebleness** of my strength, of the littleness of my resource, and of my indignity. You are the most Merciful of all showing mercy. You are the protector of the **oppressed** and the helpless, and indeed You are my protector too. Whom do you entrust me to? To a stern stranger? Or to an enemy whom you have given control over my affairs? If thus Your wrath may spare me, I mind not how I am placed, except that Your grant of well-being would be immense to me. I seek refuge in the **effulgence** of Your Divine Being that dispels all darkness and sets right everything Here and, in the Hereafter, so that I may never incur Your wrath or earn Your displeasure. I shall plead with you till You be pleased. And I receive only from Your power to do good and stay away from evil."*

8 His (ﷺ) miserable and pathetic condition shook both heaven and earth, Immortal and the mortals. Archangel Hazrat Jibreel (Gabriel) (عليه السلام), along with the Angel of the Mountains (*Malakal-Jibal*) appeared and sought his (ﷺ) permission to allow them to crush the town by overturning the mountains on it. But Hazrat

Muhammad (ﷺ), an embodiment of mercy and pity and a symbol of compassion and forbearance, preferred forgiveness to vengeance and assertively declared, "No, rather I hope that Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى) will bring forth from their descendants people who will worship Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى) alone without associating any partners."

9 The people of Taif, blinded by ignorance and **arrogance**, failed to realize that by rejecting the message of *Tawheed* and persecuting him, they were turning away from heavenly blessing and bliss; whereas, only a few years later, the people of Madinah embraced the same opportunity and attained success in both this world and the Hereafter by giving shelter to Hazrat Muhammad (ﷺ) and his (ﷺ) *suhabah* (رضى الله تعالى عنهم).

Theme

The theme of this unit is the unwavering faith, patience, and compassion of Hazrat Muhammad (ﷺ) in the face of extreme hardship and rejection. It highlights his (ﷺ) dedication to spread the message of *Tawheed* despite facing ridicule, insult, and physical harm. The journey to Taif reflects the struggles that often accompany truth and reform. Even when rejected by the chiefs and mistreated by the people, he (ﷺ) remained steadfast and hopeful. The incident with 'Addaas shows how sincerity and truth can touch hearts even in difficult circumstances. His (ﷺ) prayer demonstrates humility, deep reliance on Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى), and spiritual strength. Another important aspect is his (ﷺ) forgiveness, as he (ﷺ) chose not to curse the people of Taif despite their cruelty.

About the author

Sayyid Abul Hasan Ali Hasani Nadwi was a renowned Islamic scholar, thinker, and writer of the 20th century. He belonged to a respected scholarly family and received his early education at home before studying at the famous institution Darul Uloom Nadwatul Ulama. Nadwi dedicated his life to the revival of Islamic thought and worked for the intellectual and spiritual uplift of the Muslims worldwide. As a prolific author, he wrote many influential books including *Islam and the World* and *Saviours of Islamic Spirit*. Sayyid Nadwi passed away in 1999, leaving behind a lasting legacy as a reformer, educator, and global Islamic leader.



Glossary:

Words	Meanings
arrogance	overconfidence with disrespect toward others
befit	to be suitable or appropriate for

brutality	extreme cruelty or violence
eagerness	strong desire or excitement to do something
effulgence	great brightness; shining light
feebleness	weakness; lack of strength
grandeur	greatness; beauty and impressiveness
instigated	provoked
magnanimity	generosity and kindness
miserable	very unhappy or uncomfortable
native	a person associated with a place by birth
oppressed	treated cruelly or unfairly
rebuked	spoke to someone angrily
resided	lived in a place
scolded	angrily criticized someone
serious	thoughtful, important



Reading and Critical Thinking

A. Answer the following questions:

1. Why did Hazrat Muhammad (ﷺ) travel to Taif?
2. How did the chiefs of Taif respond to the message of Islam?
3. What did Hazrat Muhammad (ﷺ) ask to the chiefs at the end of his meeting with them?
4. How did the people of Taif treat Hazrat Muhammad (ﷺ) when he (ﷺ) preached the public?
5. Who was Addaas, and what was his response to his meeting with Hazrat Muhammad (ﷺ)?
6. What happened to Hazrat Muhammad (ﷺ) when he (ﷺ) was severely injured during his (ﷺ) preaching?
7. What does the supplication (*dua*) of Hazrat Muhammad (ﷺ) reveal about his (ﷺ) character and faith?
8. Why did Hazrat Muhammad (ﷺ) refuse to curse the people of Taif despite their cruel behaviour?

B. Choose the correct option.

1. Why did Hazrat Muhammad (ﷺ) go to Taif?

- a. to trade b. to visit relatives c. to preach d. to fight

2. Who accompanied Hazrat Muhammad (ﷺ) on this journey?

- a. Hazrat Abu Bakr (رضي الله تعالى عنه) b. Hazrat Umar (رضي الله تعالى عنه)
c. Hazrat Zayd bin Haritha (رضي الله تعالى عنه) d. Hazrat Ali (رضي الله تعالى عنه)

3. Which tribe lived in Taif?

- a. Banu Hashim b. Banu Quraysh c. Banu Thaqeef d. Banu Aws

4. What made the people of Taif proud?

- a. their wealth b. their cool climate c. their army d. their trade

5. How did the chiefs of Taif respond to the message?

- a. They accepted Islam immediately. b. They listened respectfully.
c. They ridiculed and rejected him (ﷺ). d. They asked for time to think.

6. What did the chiefs do after rejecting the message?

- a. They ignored him (ﷺ). b. They helped him (ﷺ).
c. They ordered people to throw stones at him (ﷺ).
d. They sent him (ﷺ) away politely.

7. Who sent grapes to Hazrat Muhammad (ﷺ)?

- a. the chiefs of Taif b. a group of villagers
c. Otba and Shayba d. Hazrat Zayd (رضي الله تعالى عنه)

8. Who was Addaas?

- a. a chief of Taif b. a slave who served grapes
c. a soldier d. a traveler

Reading Correct Pronunciation, Appropriate Pitch and Voice Variation: This skill involves reading means reading aloud clearly and fluently with correct pronunciation, while adjusting your pitch and using voice variation. Pitch can be high or low and voice conveys emotion, pace, and emphasis to match the meaning, mood, and type of text.

Example: Reading a dialogue between characters in a story, you use different tones to show how each character feels: excited, scared, or angry. *e.g., in a dramatic moment: "Stop! Don't go in there!" (Use a loud, urgent tone)*

C. Why is it important to change your tone and voice when reading different types of texts?

D. What can happen if a reader uses a flat or incorrect tone reading a story or a report aloud?



Vocabulary and Grammar

Use of Idioms and Proverbs in Different Texts: The use of idioms and proverbs in different texts refers to incorporating common expressions i.e. idioms and proverbs to convey ideas more vividly and effectively. Idioms have meanings different from the literal meanings of the words, while proverbs express general truths or advice based on experience.

Examples: "Aslam decided to face the music after making a mistake." Here "to face the music" means to accept the consequences. A proverb like "Actions speak louder than words" may be used to emphasize that what people do is more effective than what they say.

E. What is the difference between an idiom and a proverb? Give one example of each.

F. How do idioms and proverbs make a text more interesting or meaningful?



Oral Communication Skills

Critical Analysis: To critically analyse situations or events in a text means to listen attentively, understand the details, and evaluate the causes, consequences, motivations, and perspectives involved. It involves not just understanding *what* happened, but also *why* it happened and *what it means* in a broader context.

A. Why do you think Hazrat Muhammad (ﷺ) chose to forgive the people of Taif?



Writing Skills

Produce clear and coherent writing means expressing ideas in a logical, organized, and easy-to-understand way. The writing should have a clear purpose, well-structured sentences, and smooth connections between ideas so that the reader can follow the message without confusion.

Example:

Clear and coherent: "The school organized a tree-planting campaign. Students planted fifty trees in the playground, and they promised to take care of them."

Unclear and incoherent: "Trees school playground many students care planted campaign."

A. What makes writing clear and easy for a reader to understand?



UNIT 2

The Last Lesson

Alphonse Daudet



Learning Outcomes:

By the end of this unit, the students will be able to:

- Demonstrate attentive listening skills in a class setting and taking turns to speak with standard pronunciation and intonation.
- Evaluate how authors use language, including figurative language, considering the impact on the reader. Discuss others' reading critically, taking account of their views. Express informed opinions, justify the viewpoint and make recommendations and develop an interest in a variety of texts.
- Analyse how an author's choices concerning how to structure specific parts of a text (e.g., the choice of where to begin or end a story, the choice to provide a comic or tragic resolution) contribute to its overall structure and meaning as well as its aesthetic impact.
- Identify and use adjectival, prepositional, and adverbial phrases in reading and writing tasks.
- Apply editing and proofreading skills to a wide range of texts and contexts.
- Apply the techniques of writing the first draft with sufficient details, proofreading and editing to suit the purpose and audience.



Pre-reading:

- Why is the mother tongue considered a vital part of a person's cultural identity?
- How does losing one's mother tongue affect an individual and a community's sense of belonging and pride?

1. I started for school very late that morning and was in great dread of a **scolding**, especially because M. Hamel had said that he would question us on participles, and I did not know the first word about them. For a moment I thought of running away and spending the day out of doors. It was so warm, so bright! The birds were chirping at the **edge** of the woods; and in the open field back of the saw-mill the Prussian soldiers were drilling. It was all much more tempting than the rule for participles, but I had the strength to resist, and hurried off to school.
2. When I passed the town hall there was a crowd in front of the bulletin-board. For the last two years all our bad news had come from there – the lost battles, the draft, the orders of the commanding officer – and I thought to myself,



without stopping:

"What can be the matter now?"

3. Then, as I hurried by as fast as I could go, the blacksmith, Wachter, who was there, with his **apprentice**, reading the bulletin, called after me:

"Don't go so fast, bub; you'll get to your school in plenty of time!"

4. I thought he was making fun of me, and reached M. Hamel's little garden all out of breath.

5. Usually, when school began, there was a great bustle, which could be heard out in the street, the opening and closing of desks, lessons repeated in unison, very loud, with our hands over our ears to understand better, and the teacher's great ruler rapping on the table. But now it was all so still! I had counted on the commotion to get to my desk without being seen; but, of course, that day everything had to be as quiet as Sunday morning. Through the window I saw my classmates, already in their places, and M. Hamel walking up and down with his terrible iron ruler under his arm. I had to open the door and go in before everybody. You can imagine how I **blushed** and how frightened I was.



While-reading

Why was the school unusually quiet when the narrator arrived late?

6. But nothing happened, M. Hamel saw me and said very kindly:
"Go to your place quickly, little Franz. We were beginning without you."
7. I jumped over the bench and sat down at my desk. Not till then, when I had got a little over my fright, did I see that our teacher had on his beautiful green coat, his frilled shirt, and the little black silk cap, all **embroidered**, that he never wore except on inspection and prize days. Besides, the whole school seemed so strange and solemn. But the thing that surprised me most was to see, on the back benches that were always empty, the village people sitting quietly like ourselves; old Hauser, with his three-cornered hat, the former mayor, the former postmaster, and several others besides. Everybody looked sad; and Hauser had brought an old primer, thumbed at the edges, and he held it open on his knees with his great spectacles lying across the pages.
8. While I was wondering about it all, M. Hamel mounted his chair, and, in the same grave and **gentle** tone which he had used to me, said:
"My children, this is the last lesson I shall give you. The order has come from Berlin to teach only German in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. The new master comes tomorrow. This is your last French lesson. I want you to be very attentive."
9. What a thunder-clap these words were to me!
10. Oh, the wretches; that was what they had put up at the town-hall!

-
11. My last French lesson! Why, I hardly knew how to write! I should never learn any more! I must stop there, then! Oh, how sorry I was for not learning my lessons, for seeking birds' eggs, or going sliding on the Saar! My books, that had seemed such a **nuisance** a while ago, so heavy to carry, my grammar, and my history of the saints, were old friends now that I couldn't give up. And M. Hamel, too; the idea that he was going away, that I should never see him again, made me forget all about his ruler and how cranky he was.
12. Poor man! It was in honor of this last lesson that he had put on his fine Sunday-clothes, and now I understood why the old men of the village were sitting there in the back of the room. It was because they were sorry, too, that they had not gone to school more. It was their way of thanking our master for his forty years of faithful service and of showing their respect for the country that was theirs no more.
13. While I was thinking of all this, I heard my name called. It was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to be able to say that **dreadful** rule for the participle all through, very loud and clear, and without one mistake? But I got mixed up on the first words and stood there, holding on to my desk, my heart beating, and not daring to look up. I heard M. Hamel say to me:
"I won't scold you, little Franz; you must feel bad enough. See how it is! Every day we have said to ourselves: 'Bah! I've plenty of time. I'll learn it tomorrow.' And now you see where we've come out. Ah, that's the great trouble with Alsace; she puts off learning till tomorrow. Now those fellows out there will have the right to say to you: 'How is it; you pretend to be Frenchmen, and yet you can neither speak nor write your own language?' But you are not the worst, poor little Franz. We've all a great deal to reproach ourselves with.
14. "Your parents were not **anxious** enough to have you learn. They preferred to put you to work on a farm or at the mills, so as to have a little more money. And I? I've been to blame also. Have I not often sent you to water my flowers instead of learning your lessons? And when I wanted to go fishing, did I not just give you a holiday?"
15. Then, from one thing to another, M. Hamel went on to talk of the French language, saying that it was the most beautiful language in the world – the clearest, the most **logical**; that we must guard it among us and never forget it, because when a people are enslaved, as long as they hold fast to their language it is as if they had the key to their prison. Then he opened a grammar and read us our lesson. I was amazed to see how well
- **While-reading**
Why did the narrator feel sorry during his last French lesson?
- **While-reading**
What did M. Hamel say about the importance of the French language?



I understood it. All he said seemed so easy, so easy! I think, too, that I had never listened so carefully, and that he had never explained everything with so much patience. It seemed almost as if the poor man wanted to give us all he knew before going away, and to put it all into our heads at one stroke.

16. After the grammar, we had a lesson in writing. That day M. Hamel had new copies for us, written in a beautiful round hand: France, Alsace, France, Alsace. They looked like little flags **floating** everywhere in the school-room, hung from the rod at the top of our desks. You ought to have seen how everyone set to work, and how quiet it was! The only sound was the scratching of the pens over the paper. Once some beetles flew in; but nobody paid any attention to them, not even the littlest ones, who worked right on tracing their fish-hooks, as if that was French, too. On the roof the pigeons cooed very low, and I thought to myself:

"Will they make them sing in German, even the pigeons?"

17. Whenever I looked up from my writing, I saw M. Hamel sitting **motionless** in his chair and gazing first at one thing, then at another, as if he wanted to fix in his mind just how everything looked in that little school-room. Fancy! For forty years he had been there in the same place, with his garden outside the window and his class in front of him, just like that. Only the desks and benches had been worn smooth; the walnut-trees in the garden were taller, and the hop-vine, that he had planted himself twined about the windows to the roof. How it must have broken his heart to leave it all, poor man; to hear his sister moving about in the room above, packing their trunks! For they must leave the country next day.
18. But he had the courage to hear every lesson to the very last. After the writing, we had a lesson in history, and then the babies chanted their ba, be, bi, bo, bu. Down there at the back of the room old Hauser had put on his spectacles and, holding his primer in both hands, spelled the letters with them. You could see that he, too, was crying; his voice **trembled** with **emotion**, and it was so funny to hear him that we all wanted to laugh and cry. Ah, how well I remember it, that last lesson!
19. All at once the church-clock struck twelve. Then the Angelus. At the same moment the trumpets of the Prussians, returning from drill, sounded under our windows. M. Hamel stood up, very pale, in his chair. I never saw him look so tall.
20. "My friends," said he, "I--I--" But something choked him. He could not go on.
21. Then he turned to the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and, bearing on with all his might, he wrote as large as he could:

"Vive La France!"

22. Then he stopped and leaned his head against the wall, and, without a word, he made a **gesture** to us with his hand; "School is dismissed--you may go."

Theme

The theme of "*The Last Lesson*" by Alphonse Daudet centers on the importance of language as a symbol of identity, culture, and national pride. The story reflects how people often take their language, education, and freedom for granted until they are faced with the threat of losing them. When the French language is ordered to be replaced by German in Alsace, the villagers and students realize the deep value of their mother tongue. M. Hamel's final lesson becomes a moving tribute to the French language and a moment of collective regret for neglecting it. Through Franz's eyes, we see how language binds people to their history and heritage. The story urges us to appreciate and preserve our cultural roots before they are taken away.

About the author

Alphonse Daudet was a French novelist and short story writer known for his vivid portrayals of rural life and his deep patriotism. Born in 1840 in Nîmes, France, he began his career as a schoolteacher before turning to journalism and literature. His works often reflect the struggles of ordinary people and the impact of historical events on their lives. *The Last Lesson* is one such story that captures the pain of losing one's language and identity. Daudet wrote with simplicity, emotion, and a strong sense of place and time. He remains a respected figure in French literature for his heartfelt storytelling and national spirit.



Glossary

Words	Meanings
anxious	worried or nervous about something
apprentice	a person learning a trade or skill from someone experienced
blushed	turned red in the face because of embarrassment or shyness
dreadful	very bad, terrible, or causing fear
edge	the outer or farthest point of something
embroidered	decorated with patterns sewn using thread
emotion	a strong feeling like happiness, sadness, anger, or fear
floating	staying or moving on the surface of water
gentle	kind, soft, or not harsh
gesture	a movement of the hand or body to express an idea or feeling
logical	reasonable; making sense; based on facts; rational
motionless	still; not moving
nuisance	something or someone that is annoying or causes trouble
scolding	speaking angrily to someone because they did something wrong
trembled	shook slightly, often from fear, cold, or weakness



Reading and Critical Thinking

A. Answer the following questions:

1. Why was Franz afraid of going to school that morning?
2. What tempted Franz to skip school and spend the day outside?
3. What unusual things did Franz notice when he reached the school?
4. Why were the village people sitting at the back of the classroom?
5. What news had come from the bulletin-board near the town hall?
6. What did M. Hamel say about the French language?
7. How did Franz's feelings about school, books, and M. Hamel change during the lesson?
8. What emotions did the people in the classroom feel during the last lesson? Give two examples.
9. Why did M. Hamel wear his special clothes that day?
10. What was the significance of the phrase "Vive La France" written on the blackboard?

B. Choose the correct option.

1. Who is the narrator of the story?
a) Hamel b) Franz c) Hauser d) Wachter
2. What subject was Franz dreading to be questioned on?
a) history b) grammar c) participles d) vocabulary
3. French was being replaced with _____ in schools?
a) German b) Spanish c) Latin d) English
4. What did the bulletin-board usually bring?
a) weather b) good news c) bad news d) holidays
5. Who wore a three-cornered hat?
a) Franz b) M. Hamel c) Hauser d) Wachter
6. What did the villagers come to the school for?
a) to protest b) to say goodbye
c) to show respect d) to learn German
7. What did M. Hamel wear for the last lesson?
a) uniform b) suit c) casuals d) Sunday-clothes
8. Which language was being taught in Alsace and Lorraine?
a) English b) Spanish c) French d) Prussian
9. What did M. Hamel write on the blackboard?
a) France Forever b) Long Live France
c) Vive La France d) Goodbye France

10. What time did the church-clock strike at the end?

- a) eleven b) twelve c) one d) ten

C. Write a short paragraph expressing your opinion about the author's language choices.

Narrative Structure Analysis: An author's structural choices refer to how a text is organized, including where it begins and ends, how events are sequenced, and whether it ends on a tragic, hopeful, or comic note. These choices shape the reader's experience, highlight key themes, and add emotional or aesthetic impact.

Examples:

1. Beginning a story in the middle of action:

- **Example:** In *The Odyssey*, Homer begins the story in the middle of Odysseus's journey, which builds tension and curiosity.
- **Effect:** It captures attention quickly and reveals the backstory through flashbacks, maintaining suspense.

2. Ending a story tragically instead of happily:

- **Example:** In Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, the story ends in the death of the hero and heroine.
- **Effect:** It highlights the theme of fate and the consequences of family conflict. The tragic ending leaves a lasting emotional impact.

3. Circular structure:

- **Example:** In *Of Mice and Men* by John Steinbeck, the story ends in the same setting as the beginning.
- **Effect:** Emphasizes the cycle of dreams and hopelessness, enhancing the theme of isolation.

Read the story carefully, analyse its structure and answer the following questions:

1. How does the author begin the story? Why?
2. How does the ending affect your feelings about the characters?
3. What is the message emphasized by this structure?



Vocabulary and Grammar

Adjectival Phrase: A group of words that describes a noun or pronoun, usually answering the question "What kind?" or "Which one?"

Example: *The boy with the red cap is my brother.* "**with the red cap**" describes *boy*.



- Bring the students' attention to how the author introduces characters, builds conflict, and resolves the story.
- Introduce the setting, characters, and problem at the beginning of the story.

Prepositional Phrase: A phrase that begins with a preposition and shows direction, place, time, or relationship.

Example: *She sat on the wooden bench.* "**on the wooden bench**" tells where she sat.

Adverbial Phrase: A group of words that acts like an adverb, modifying a verb, adjective, or another adverb. It often answers **how, when, where, or why**.

Example: *He ran with great speed.* "**with great speed**" tells how he ran.

Read this Paragraph:

The boy with the broken bicycle stood silently by the roadside. His jacket, covered in dust, flapped gently in the wind. After a long day at school, he was too tired to speak. A kind man in a blue uniform approached him with a warm smile. The boy looked at the stranger with cautious eyes. Without saying a word, the man knelt beside the bent wheel. He worked with great care, adjusting the chain and fixing the brake. The boy watched with growing hope. In just a few minutes, the bicycle was ready again. Smiling, the boy thanked the man and rode away into the fading light.

A. Identify adjectival phrase, prepositional phrase, and adverbial phrase from the paragraph.



Oral Communication Skills

Active listening means focusing fully on the speaker, understanding their message without interrupting, and responding thoughtfully. It also involves speaking clearly in return, using correct pronunciation and natural intonation.

Example: During a classroom discussion, when a classmate shares an idea about a story, others listen without interrupting, and the next speaker responds by saying, "I agree with Sara because ..." using clear pronunciation and tone.

A. Now, the teacher will read a short paragraph from a story. Students will listen attentively without writing. After listening, the teacher will ask a few comprehension questions. Then, students will take turns summarizing the story or adding their thoughts using proper pronunciation and tone.



Writing Skills

Editing: Editing is the process of improving the content, clarity, organization, and style of a text. It focuses on how ideas are presented and may involve rewriting or rearranging parts of the text.

Example:

Original: *I enjoy read books on weekend.*

Edited: *I enjoy reading books on the weekend.*

Proofreading: Proofreading is the process of checking a text for spelling, punctuation, grammar, and formatting errors after editing is complete.

Example:

Edited: *She their dog walked in the park.*

Proofread: *She walked her dog in the park.*

Paragraph for Editing and Proofreading: Intelligence is not only about getting good marks in school. It include how well a person solve problems, understand other peoples feelings, and make smart decisions. Some people is good at math while other are better at drawing or music. Their are many kinds of intelligence like logical, emotional and creative. For example, a scientist who discover new medicine and a musician who compose beautiful songs both show diffrent types of being smart. Sometimes, students who don't do well in test are actualy very inteligent in other ways. Teachers should noticed and support all kind of talents. Reading books and asking questions help improve our thinking skill. Kids should be encourag to explore new ideas without fear of making mistakes. Being curious is more important then knowing all the answers. Even adults keeps learning throughout their lifes. Intelligence grows when we use our mind in a active and positive way.

B. Find and correct errors in spelling, grammar, punctuation, or word usage.
After editing and proofreading, write the paragraph and compare it with the following corrected version.

Corrected Paragraph: Intelligence is not only about getting good marks in school. It includes how well a person solves problems, understands other people's feelings, and makes smart decisions. Some people are good at math, while others are better at drawing or music. There are many kinds of intelligence, like logical, emotional, and creative. For example, a scientist who discovers new medicine and a musician who composes beautiful songs both show different types of being smart. Sometimes, students who don't do well on tests are actually very intelligent in other ways. Teachers should notice and support all kinds of talents. Reading books and asking questions help improve our thinking skills. Kids should be encouraged to explore new ideas without fear of making mistakes. Being curious is more important than knowing all the answers. Even adults keep learning throughout their lives. Intelligence grows when we use our minds in an active and positive way.

For the Teacher:



- Ask the students to read their writing slowly to catch spelling, grammar, or punctuation mistakes.

UNIT
3

On His Blindness

John Milton



Learning Outcomes:

By the end of this unit, the students will be able to:

- Ask and answer questions for a range of communicative purposes.
- Critique reading interpretations, taking account of others' views on reading.
- Provide an objective summary of a range of texts.
- Clarify the meaning of unknown and multiple-meaning words and phrases based on grade 12 reading and content, choosing flexibly from a range of strategies.
 - Use context (e.g., the overall meaning of a sentence, paragraph, or text; a word's position or function in a sentence) as a clue to the meaning of a word or phrase.
 - Identify and correctly use patterns of word changes that indicate different meanings or parts of speech (e.g., analyze, analysis, analytical; advocate, advocacy).
 - Consult general and specialized reference materials (e.g., dictionaries, glossaries, thesauruses), both print and digital, to find the pronunciation of a word or determine or clarify its precise meaning, its part of speech, or its etymology.
 - Verify the preliminary determination of the meaning of a word or phrase (e.g., by checking the inferred meaning in context or in a dictionary).
- Write and critique (self/peer checking) the final draft after editing and proofreading. Ensure that the topic sentence of each paragraph contains the main idea of the essay/piece of writing and also that each paragraph develops the idea of its topic sentence. Use the technique of hook, and lead-in sentences to develop the flow of thought.
- Apply skills and strategies for idea generation, selection, development, organization and revision for a variety of writing purposes and text types.



Pre-reading:

- How would you feel if you suddenly lost an important ability such as sight, and how might it affect your goals in life?
- Do you think a person can still serve the society even if he is unable to work actively?



When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one **talent** which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my Soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning **chide**;
"Doth God exact day-labour, light **denied**?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That **murmur**, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his **mild** yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er Land and Ocean without rest:
They also serve who only **stand** and **wait**."



While-reading

Why does the poet feel worried about his "talent" in these lines?



While-reading

What does the line "They also serve who only stand and wait" mean?

Theme

The theme of "On His Blindness" by John Milton revolves around patience, faith, and acceptance of [Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى)] God's will. The poet expresses his inner struggle after losing his eyesight and fears that he can no longer serve [Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى)] God effectively. He worries that his talent has become useless and that he may be judged for not using it. However, the poem shifts from doubt to reassurance through the voice of patience. It teaches that [Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى)] God does not demand great deeds from everyone, especially from those who are unable to act. True service lies in obedience, humility, and trust in divine.

About the author

John Milton was a great English poet and intellectual of the seventeenth century. He was born in 1608 in London and received a highly educated upbringing. Milton studied at Cambridge University, where he developed a deep interest in literature, languages, and philosophy. He is best known for his epic poem *Paradise Lost*, which is considered one of the greatest works in English literature. Milton strongly believed in freedom, truth, and religious values, which are reflected in his writings. During his life, he became completely blind, yet he

continued to write with remarkable determination. His poetry often deals with themes of faith, morality, and human struggle. He remains one of the most influential poets in the history of English literature.



Glossary

Words	Meanings
chide	to scold, rebuke
denied	refused, not allowed
ere	before (an old English word)
lodged	kept, placed in a particular position
mild	gentle, not harsh
murmur	a soft complaint; low, unclear sound
stand	to remain firm, stay in a position, to remain patient
talent	intellect
wait	to stay calm patiently



Reading and Critical Thinking

A. Answer the following questions:

1. What does the poet mean by "my light is spent"?
2. Why does the poet feel that his "talent" is useless?
3. What fear does the poet express about serving God [Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى)]?
4. What question does the poet ask about [Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى)] God's expectations?
5. Who answers the poet's doubt in the poem?
6. What is meant by "bear his mild yoke"?
7. How does the poem describe those who actively serve [Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى)] God?
8. What is the meaning of the line "They also serve who only stand and wait"?
9. What is the central message or moral of the poem?

For the
Teacher:



- Guide students to read the poem slowly and attentively, focusing on the emotions and struggles expressed by the poet.

B. Choose the correct option.

1. What does "my light is spent" mean?
a) lost hope b) lost sight c) lost wealth d) lost friends
2. The poet worries his Talent is...
a) useful still b) completely lost c) useless now d) overrated gift
3. "Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?" shows the poet...
a) expresses anger b) asks doubt c) seeks wealth d) plans travel
4. "Bear his mild yoke" means...
a) carry burden b) obey patiently c) work actively d) suffer silently
5. People unable to serve actively...
a) are useless b) can serve c) must work d) should cry
6. The main lesson of the poem is _____ matters.
a) wealth b) patience c) courage d) strength
7. "Ere half my days" means...
a) early life b) midlife point c) night time d) noon hour
8. "They also serve who only stand and wait" means...
a) active work b) patient service c) physical standing d) tireless effort

Critical Interpretation means carefully examining and evaluating how a text has been understood or explained. It involves judging whether an interpretation is accurate, supported by evidence from the text, and logically explained, while also considering alternative viewpoints.

Example: A student says, "The story shows that the main character is selfish." Another student critiques this observation, "I disagree because the character shares his food with others, which shows kindness. The interpretation should be supported with evidence from the text."

C. Why is it important to support your interpretation of a text with evidence?



Vocabulary and Grammar

Using Context to Clarify Meaning means understanding the meaning of unfamiliar words or ideas by looking at the surrounding words, sentences, or situation in a text. Context clues help readers make sense of difficult vocabulary without always using a dictionary.

Example:

"The desert was arid, with no rain for months and very little vegetation." Here, the words "no rain" and "very little vegetation" help us understand that *arid* means very dry.

A. What are context clues, and how do they help you understand new words?

Recognizing Word Patterns means identifying common spelling, sound, or structural patterns in words, such as prefixes, suffixes, and root words, to help understand their meanings and pronunciation. This skill helps readers decode new words more easily and improves vocabulary.

Example: If a student knows the pattern “un-” means “not,” they can understand that *unhappy* means “not happy” and *uncertain* means “not certain.” Similarly, recognizing the suffix “-ful” in *helpful* or *careful* shows that the word describes “full of” something.

B. What does the prefix “re-” mean? Give one example word using it.

Using Reference Materials (Dictionaries, Glossaries, Thesauruses) means consulting tools that provide meanings, spellings, pronunciations, and related words to better understand and use language accurately. These resources help readers and writers clarify unfamiliar words, expand vocabulary, and choose appropriate expressions.

Example: While reading, a student finds the word “*fragile*.” They check a dictionary to learn that it means “easily broken.” Look at a glossary for its use in the lesson, and use a thesaurus to find similar words like *delicate* or *breakable*.

C. When you come across a new word in a text, which reference material would you use first and why?

Verifying Preliminary Meaning (Double-Checking Guess) means confirming whether your initial understanding of a word or idea in a text is correct by re-reading, using context clues, or consulting reference materials. This helps ensure that your interpretation is accurate and not based on misunderstanding.

Example: A student reads the sentence, “*The river current was swift,*” and guesses that *swift* means “fast.” To verify, the student re-reads the sentence and checks a dictionary, confirming that *swift* indeed means “moving quickly.”

D. What steps can you take to verify the meaning of an unfamiliar word in a text?



Oral Communication Skills

Asking and answering questions for a range of communicative purposes means using questions and responses in conversations to gain information, clarify

understanding, express ideas, or continue discussions in different contexts like interviews, classroom discussions, group work, or everyday conversation.

A. Classroom Activity

Pair Work Interview: Students will pair up and role-play an interview. One student will act as a reporter and the other as a young entrepreneur. The reporter will ask at least five purposeful questions e.g., about the project's idea, challenges, goals, etc. Then they will switch roles. Afterwards, each student will share one interesting answer they heard with the class.

B. Why is it important to ask meaningful questions during a conversation or interview?



Writing Skills

Final Draft Writing & Critiquing means producing a polished version of a piece of writing after revising and editing it, and then carefully evaluating it to check clarity, organization, grammar, and effectiveness. It involves improving the draft based on feedback and ensuring the writing is clear, correct, and meaningful for the reader.

Example: A student first writes an essay about pollution, then revises it by improving sentences and correcting grammar mistakes. In the final draft, the essay is well-organized and clear. A classmate then critiques it by saying, *"Your ideas are clear, but you can improve the conclusion by adding a strong closing statement."*

A. Why is it important to revise and edit before writing the final draft?

B. What should you look for when critiquing someone's final draft?



The Power of Digital Learning



Learning Outcomes:

By the end of this unit, the students will be able to:

- Use complex questions for a range of audiences.
- Analyse organisational patterns in a text:
 - list/ sequence of ideas/events
 - comparison-contrast
 - cause-effect
 - problem-solution
 - reasons/ assumptions-conclusion
- Distinguish between the connotative and denotative meanings of words, both similar and dissimilar denotations and their appropriate use in a variety of writing, and texts.
- Write multiple paragraphs, essays or stories, poems or playscripts using mechanics for correct writing.
- Develop and strengthen writing by planning, revising, editing, rewriting, or trying a new approach, focusing on addressing what is most significant for a specific purpose and audience.



Pre-reading:

- How do you usually learn something new outside of school: through books, videos, online courses, or social media?
- Have you ever used an online platform like YouTube, Coursera, or LinkedIn to learn a skill or connect with professionals?

In the 21st century, education and career development are no longer confined to classrooms and traditional workplaces. The rapid rise of the internet, combined with innovative digital platforms, has reshaped the way people **acquire** knowledge, build skills, and connect with professional communities. Among these innovations, MOOCs (Massive Open Online Courses), Twitter, and LinkedIn stand out as transformative tools that have expanded opportunities for learners and professionals worldwide. Together, they represent a powerful blend of learning, sharing, and networking that is changing the very meaning of education and career growth.

1. MOOCs: Learning Without Borders

MOOCs, or Massive Open Online Courses, are online courses designed to be accessible to anyone with an internet connection. Unlike **traditional** classroom learning, MOOCs can reach thousands, or even millions, of learners at once. They are typically offered by universities, educational organizations, or independent instructors, and they cover an enormous range of subjects: from advanced mathematics and engineering to art, history, creative writing, and personal development.



a. Features and Advantages

One of the key advantages of MOOCs is accessibility. Whether a learner lives in a bustling city or a **remote** village, they can access the same quality education from world-class universities. For example, platforms like Coursera, edX, and Future Learn offer courses from Harvard, MIT, Oxford, and many others.

Another benefit is flexibility. Most MOOCs are self-paced, allowing learners to study when it suits them. This is especially important for working professionals, parents, or anyone balancing multiple responsibilities. The courses provide recorded video lectures, readings, discussion forums, and **interactive** quizzes, allowing students to revisit content as needed.



While-reading

What does the MOOCs stand for?

b. Skills for the Modern World

MOOCs are particularly valuable in teaching 21st century skills such as digital literacy, problem-solving, and critical thinking. Many courses also offer certificates that can be added to résumés or LinkedIn profiles, helping learners stand out in competitive job markets.

c. Limitations

However, MOOCs are not without challenges. One major issue is the lack of personal interaction compared to face-to-face classrooms. While forums and peer reviews offer some level of engagement, many learners find it harder to stay **motivated** without the structure of a traditional class. Additionally, completion rates for MOOCs can be low, as learners often drop out before finishing.

Despite these challenges, the impact of MOOCs on global education has been profound, offering affordable or even free learning opportunities to millions.

2. Twitter: The Micro-University of Ideas

Twitter is often seen as a platform for quick updates and public conversations, but it can also serve as a micro-university of ideas. With its character limit (originally 140,

now 280 characters), Twitter encourages **concise** communication, making it a place where experts, thought leaders, and learners share ideas in digestible pieces.

a. Educational Potential

Students and professionals can follow academics, scientists, entrepreneurs, and organizations to receive the latest updates in their fields. For instance, a computer science student can follow AI researchers, while a journalism student might follow editors and reporters from top news outlets. Hashtags like #EdTech, #ScienceTwitter, or #History create communities where people share resources, discuss ideas, and **collaborate**.



While-reading

How can students and professionals use Twitter to stay updated and engage with their fields?

b. Real-Time Learning

One of Twitter's greatest strengths is real-time learning. Breaking news, scientific discoveries, and live discussions are instantly accessible. This immediacy allows learners to stay updated and participate in global conversations as they unfold.

c. Building a Professional Voice

For students, Twitter can also be a platform to share their own insights, participate in discussions, and showcase expertise. However, professionalism is essential. What people post becomes part of their public identity; therefore, critical thinking and respectful communication are essential.

d. Risks and Limitations

While Twitter offers valuable resources, it can also be overwhelming. The fast flow of information can lead to misinformation, and the open nature of the platform sometimes invites unproductive arguments. Users must learn to filter **reliable** sources from unreliable ones, developing strong digital literacy skills.

3. LinkedIn: The Professional Network

If Twitter is a micro-university, LinkedIn is the global career fair and networking event rolled into one. LinkedIn is a professional networking platform where individuals showcase their skills, experiences, and achievements. It connects job seekers with employers, and professionals with peers in their industry.



a. Building a Professional Profile

A well-structured LinkedIn profile serves as an online résumé. Students can list their education, volunteer work, internships, certifications including MOOC certificates, and skills. Unlike a traditional résumé, a LinkedIn profile is **dynamic**: it can include posts, articles, and recommendations from others.

b. Networking Opportunities

LinkedIn enables users to connect with industry leaders, join professional groups, and participate in discussions. For a student preparing for higher education or an early

career, this can be invaluable. For example, connecting with alumni from a target university can provide guidance on admissions, scholarships, and course choices.

c. Job and Internship Search

LinkedIn is also a powerful job search engine. Many companies post opportunities directly on the platform, and some allow users to apply with just a few clicks. Having an active, updated profile increases **visibility** to recruiters.

d. Learning on LinkedIn

LinkedIn is not just about networking, it also offers LinkedIn Learning, a library of professional development courses covering everything from leadership skills to coding. These courses often provide certificates that can be displayed on profiles, signaling competence to potential employers.

4. How These Platforms Work Together

The combination of MOOCs, Twitter, and LinkedIn creates a powerful ecosystem for lifelong learning and professional growth.

- **MOOCs** provide the knowledge and skills.
- **Twitter** offers real-time insights and community engagement.
- **LinkedIn** showcases achievements and connects learners to career opportunities.

For example, a student could take a MOOC in data science, share insights from the course on Twitter to engage with the data science community, and then list the certification on LinkedIn to attract recruiters. This **integration** turns passive learning into an active career-building strategy.

5. Digital Literacy and Responsibility

While these platforms offer immense opportunities, they also demand digital literacy and responsible use. Students must learn to evaluate sources, protect personal information, and balance online engagement with **offline** life. Overuse of any platform can lead to distraction, while underuse may mean missed opportunities.

Tips for Students:

1. Set clear goals for each platform; learning, networking, or sharing.
2. Allocate specific times for online activities to avoid distraction.
3. Verify information before sharing or acting on it.
4. Maintain a professional and respectful tone at all times.

6. Future of Education and Networking

The future points toward even greater integration of learning and networking. Virtual reality classrooms, AI-powered career guidance, and personalized course



recommendations will likely become common. The boundaries between formal education, informal learning, and professional networking will continue to blur. MOOCs will become more interactive, Twitter may integrate deeper educational tools, and LinkedIn could serve as a central hub for showcasing all aspects of one's learning journey. In this evolving landscape, **adaptability** will be the most valuable skill of all.



While-reading

What future developments in learning and networking are predicted in the passage?

7. Conclusion

MOOCs, Twitter, and LinkedIn are more than just online tools, they are gateways to opportunities. They enable anyone, anywhere, to learn from world-class educators, engage with global communities, and connect with industry leaders. For the students standing at the threshold of adulthood, these platforms offer a head start in building both knowledge and professional networks. The key is not just to use them, but to use them wisely and with purpose, **curiosity**, and integrity. In the digital age, the classroom is the world, and the world is only a click away.

Theme

The theme of this unit is the transformative role of digital platforms: MOOCs, Twitter, and LinkedIn, in modern education and career development. It explores how MOOCs make high-quality learning accessible to anyone, anywhere, breaking down geographical and financial barriers. Twitter is highlighted as a space for real-time learning, exchange of ideas, and professional engagement. LinkedIn is presented as a global networking hub where individuals can showcase skills, connect with industry leaders, and find opportunities. The essay emphasizes that when used together, these platforms create a powerful ecosystem for lifelong learning and career growth. It also addresses the importance of digital literacy and responsible online behaviour.



Glossary

Words	Meanings
acquire	to gain or get something, especially knowledge or skills
adaptability	the ability to change and adjust to new situations easily
collaborate	to work together with others to achieve a goal
concise	giving a lot of information clearly and in a few words
curiosity	the strong desire to know or learn something

For the Teacher:



- Guide students to explore how MOOCs, Twitter, and LinkedIn connect learners with global knowledge and professional networks.
- Encourage critical thinking about the benefits and challenges of using these platforms for education and career growth.

dynamic	constantly changing, active, and full of energy
integration	combining different parts into a whole so they work well together
interactive	allowing two-way communication or active participation
motivated	having a strong reason or desire to do something
offline	not connected to the internet or a network
reliable	able to be trusted or depended on
remote	far away
traditional	following old customs and beliefs
visibility	the state of being seen or noticed easily



Reading and Critical Thinking

A. Answer the following questions:

1. What does the term **MOOCs** stand for, and what is its main purpose?
2. Name two major platforms that provide MOOCs and the universities they partner with.
3. List two key advantages of MOOCs mentioned in the essay.
4. What is one major limitation of MOOCs that can affect learners' success?
5. How does Twitter act as a "micro-university of ideas"?
6. Give two examples of how students can use Twitter for educational purposes.
7. What is the main purpose of LinkedIn for students and professionals?
8. Besides networking, what learning opportunity does LinkedIn provide?
9. According to the essay, how can MOOCs, Twitter, and LinkedIn work together to benefit a student's career growth?
10. List two tips given in the essay for students to use these platforms responsibly.

B. Choose the correct option.

1. What does MOOCs stand for?

- a) massive open online courses b) massive open
c) major online d) modern open

2. Which platform offers courses from Harvard and MIT?

- a) Twitter space b) Coursera EdX c) LinkedIn d) Future Network

3. Which is a key advantage of MOOCs?

- a) limited access b) flexible schedule c) fixed timing d) restricted entry

4. Which is a major challenge of MOOCs?

- a) low-cost b) high quality c) low completion d) wide access

5. How is Twitter described in the essay?

- a) micro university b) digital library c) online college d) virtual school

6. What feature makes Twitter useful for learning?

- a) paid ads b) real time c) long posts d) private groups

7. What does LinkedIn primarily focus on?

- a) social gaming b) professional networking
c) music sharing d) video streaming

8. What is LinkedIn Learning known for?

- a) entertainment news b) skill development
c) political debate d) sports update

9. How can MOOCs, Twitter, and LinkedIn work together?

- a) learn share b) post photos c) play games d) sell products

10. Which skill is essential for using these platforms effectively?

- a) digital literacy b) manual writing c) physical strength d) cooking skills

Analyzing organisational patterns in a text means identifying how the author has arranged ideas, events, or arguments to communicate meaning effectively. Recognising these patterns helps readers follow the logic of the text, make inferences, and evaluate arguments more critically. Common patterns include:

- **List/Sequence of Ideas or Events** – information is presented step-by-step or in chronological order.
- **Comparison–Contrast** – similarities and differences are discussed.
- **Cause–Effect** – reasons for something and its results are explained.
- **Problem–Solution** – an issue is presented along with one or more ways to solve.
- **Reasons/Assumptions–Conclusion** – arguments are given to support a final judgment or decision.

Examples:

- **List/Sequence:** A news article describing the steps in a government's vaccination plan.
- **Comparison–Contrast:** An essay comparing traditional classrooms with online learning environments.
- **Cause–Effect:** A report explaining how climate change leads to rising sea levels.
- **Problem–Solution:** A blog post outlining urban traffic problems and suggesting public transport improvements.
- **Reasons–Conclusion:** A persuasive speech arguing that renewable energy is essential, supported by facts and ending with a clear recommendation.

C. How can recognising an author's organisational pattern help you better understand and remember the main ideas of a text?



Vocabulary and Grammar

Denotative meaning: The *literal, dictionary definition* of a word—its exact meaning without any emotional or cultural associations.

Connotative meaning: The *emotional, cultural, or associative meaning* that a word carries in addition to its literal meaning. These can be positive, negative, or neutral depending on the context.

Examples:

Word	Denotative Meaning (Literal)	Connotative Meaning (Associative)
snake	a legless, scaly reptile	danger, betrayal, sneakiness
home	a place where one lives	comfort, family, warmth, belonging
cheap	low in cost	poor quality, stinginess
slim	having little body fat	attractive, healthy (positive connotation)
skinny	having very little body	underweight, unhealthy (negative connotation)

Example: *The politician's speech was full of fiery promises, but his history showed a slippery record.*

fiery: **Denotation**—burning or blazing; **Connotation**—passionate, intense.

slippery: **Denotation**—difficult to hold; **Connotation**—untrustworthy.

Replacement: "passionate" for fiery, "unreliable" for slippery.

A. For each of the highlighted words in the following paragraph (towering, musty, thin, piercing, crooked, careful, stingy, modest, dusty, fragile, nervous, measured, warm, mystery):

- Write the denotative meaning of the word.
- Write the connotative meaning of the word.
- Suggest another word with the same denotative meaning but a different tone.

Paragraph for Activity:

The old mansion stood at the end of the street, its **towering** walls casting long shadows in the fading light. Inside, the air was **musty**, carrying the weight of forgotten years. The owner, a **thin** man with a **piercing** gaze, welcomed guests with a **crooked** smile. Some called him a **careful** collector of antiques; others whispered he was a **stingy** hoarder. His **modest** living room was filled with **dusty** treasures from all over the world. On the mantel lay a **fragile** clock that ticked with a faint, almost **nervous** sound. He spoke with **measured** words, as if each syllable cost him dearly. A **warm** fire

crackled in the hearth, offering comfort despite the chill outside. Yet, an unshakable sense of **mystery** hung in the air. Guests often left feeling they had stepped into a place where time both welcomed and trapped them.



Oral Communication Skills

Using complex questions in oral communication means asking questions that go beyond simple “yes” or “no” answers, often requiring explanation, analysis, or multiple perspectives. These questions can be tailored to suit different audiences such as peers, professionals, or community members, to gather deeper insights or encourage thoughtful discussion.

Examples:

- **For peers:** “How do you think digital learning will change the way we prepare for future jobs, and why?”
- **For professionals:** “What strategies have you found most effective in engaging diverse audiences during presentations, and how could these be adapted for online platforms?”
- **For community members:** “In what ways has social media influenced the way people in our neighbourhood share and receive important information?”

A. Divide the class into small groups. Assign each group a different audience type e.g., classmates, teachers, professionals, parents. Each group will:

1. Create three complex questions for their assigned audience on a topic of your choice e.g. digital learning, environmental awareness, entrepreneurship.
2. Role-play an interview with their audience, asking the questions and noting the responses.
3. Share their findings with the class, explaining how the audience type influenced the wording and complexity of their questions.



Writing Skills

Writing with correct mechanics means following the established rules of written English to ensure clarity, accuracy, and professionalism in communication. This includes:

- **Punctuation** (periods, commas, quotation marks, etc.)
- **Capitalization** (beginning of sentences, proper nouns, titles, etc.)
- **Spelling** (correct and consistent word forms)
- **Grammar** (sentence structure, verb tense, subject–verb agreement, etc.)

-
- 
- **Formatting** (paragraphing, indentation, dialogue layout in playscripts, stanza breaks in poetry, etc.)

When writing multiple-paragraph pieces such as essays, short stories, poems, or playscripts, correct mechanics ensure that the reader can understand the ideas without distraction from errors.

- A. Why is using correct mechanics important in multiple-paragraph writing?**
- B. Give two examples of how incorrect mechanics can change the meaning of a sentence.**

Developing and strengthening writing means improving your work step by step. This involves:

1. **Planning** – deciding what to write, why to write it, and who will read it.
2. **Revising** – improving ideas, structure, and clarity.
3. **Editing** – correcting grammar, spelling, and punctuation.
4. **Rewriting** – changing or restructuring parts to make them better.
5. **Trying a new approach** – experimenting with a different tone, style, or format if the original isn't effective.

The main goal is to make sure your writing communicates the most important ideas clearly to your intended audience and fits the specific purpose.

Example:

Imagine you are writing a speech for a school assembly about **reducing plastic waste**:

- **Planning:** Decide that your purpose is to persuade students to stop using single-use plastic bottles, and your audience is your classmates.
- **First draft:** Write your speech with statistics, stories, and tips.
- **Revising:** Realize your speech sounds too technical, so you add a personal story about how plastic affected your local park.
- **Editing:** Correct grammatical errors and improve awkward sentences.
- **Rewriting:** Change the conclusion to a call-to-action challenge:
"Bring a reusable bottle for one week—let's start today!"
- **Trying a new approach:** Add a short poem in the beginning to grab attention.

- C. Which stage—planning, revising, editing, rewriting, or trying a new approach—helped you improve your writing the most? Why?**

UNIT
5

The Giving Tree

Shel Silverstein



Learning Outcomes:

By the end of this unit, the students will be able to:

- Speak confidently and fluently in a wide range of contexts, for example, (conflict resolution, panel discussion, role-play, dialogue etc.) to fulfil different purposes (exposition, argumentation etc.).
- Read and use inference and deduction to recognise implicit meaning (e.g. look for supporting details within a text/paragraph) using prior knowledge and contextual cues effectively.
- Link new facts, terms, and concepts with prior knowledge. Choose words and phrases for effect.
- Demonstrate understanding of figurative language, word relationships, and nuances in word meanings.
 - Interpret figures of speech (e.g., euphemism, oxymoron) in context and analyze their role in the text.
 - Analyze nuances in the meaning of words with similar denotations.
- Write narratives to develop real or imagined experiences or events using effective techniques, well-chosen details, and well-structured event sequences.
 - Engage and orient the reader by setting out a problem, situation, or observation and its significance, establishing one or multiple point(s) of view, and introducing a narrator and/or characters; create a smooth progression of experiences or events.
 - Use narrative techniques, such as dialogue, pacing, description, reflection, and multiple plot lines, to develop experiences, events, and/or characters.
 - Use a variety of techniques to sequence events so that they build on one another to create a coherent whole and build toward a particular tone and outcome (e.g., a sense of mystery, suspense, growth, or resolution).
 - Use precise words and phrases, telling details, and sensory language to convey a vivid picture of the experiences, events, setting, and/or characters.
 - Provide a conclusion that follows from and reflects on what is experienced, observed, or resolved over the course of the narrative.
 - Produce clear and coherent writing in which the development, organization, and style are appropriate to the task, purpose, and audience.



Pre-reading:

- What do you think a true friend should do for someone he loves?
- Have you ever received help or kindness from someone? How did it make you feel?

Once there was a tree... and she loved a little boy. And every day the boy would come and he would gather her leaves and make them into crowns and play king of the forest. He would climb up her **trunk** and swing from her branches and eat apples. And they would play hide-and-go-seek. And when he was tired, he would sleep in her shade.

And the boy loved the tree... very much. And the tree was happy.

But time went by. And the boy grew older. And the tree was often alone. Then one day the boy came to the tree and the tree said, "Come, Boy, come and climb up my trunk and swing from my branches and eat apples and play in my **shade** and be happy."

"I am too big to climb and play," said the boy. "I want to buy things and have fun. I want some money?"

"I'm sorry," said the tree, "but I have no money. I have only leaves and apples. Take my apples, Boy, and sell them in the city. Then you will have money and you will be happy." And so, the boy climbed up the tree and gathered her apples and carried them away. And the tree was happy.

But the boy stayed away for a long time... and the tree was sad.

And then one day the boy came back and the tree **shook** with joy and she said, "Come, Boy, climb up my trunk and swing from my branches and be happy."

"I am too busy to climb trees," said the boy. "I want a house to keep me **warm**," he said. "I want a wife and I want children, and so I need a house. Can you give me a house?"

"I have no house," said the tree. "The forest is my house, but you may cut off my branches and build a house. Then you will be happy."

And so, the boy cut off her branches and carried them away to build his house. And the tree was happy.

But the boy stayed away for a long time. And when he came back, the tree was so happy she could hardly speak. "Come, Boy," she **whispered**, "come and play."

"I am too old and sad to play," said the boy. "I want a boat that will take me far away from here. Can you give me a boat?"

"Cut down my trunk and make a boat," said the tree. "Then you can **sail** away... and be happy."

And so, the boy cut down her trunk and made a boat and sailed away. And the tree was happy... but not really.



And after a long time, the boy came back again.

"I am sorry, Boy," said the tree," but I have nothing left to give you - My apples are gone."

"My teeth are too weak for apples," said the boy.

"My branches are gone," said the tree. " You cannot swing on them - "

"I am too old to swing on branches," said the boy.

"My trunk is gone, " said the tree. "You cannot climb - "

"I am too tired to climb," said the boy.

"I am sorry," **sighed** the tree. "I wish that I could give you something.... but I have nothing left. I am just an old **stump**. I am sorry...."

"I don't need very much now," said the boy. "Just a **quiet** place to sit and rest. I am very tired."

"Well," said the tree, straightening herself up as much as she could, "well, an old stump is good for sitting and resting. Come, Boy, sit down. Sit down and rest."

And the boy did.

And the tree was happy.

Theme

The theme of "The Giving Tree" by Shel Silverstein centers on unconditional love and selfless sacrifice. The tree represents a figure who gives everything without expecting anything in return. Throughout the story, the boy takes from the tree at different stages of his life, showing human desires and changing priorities. The tree's happiness in giving highlights the idea that true love often involves sacrifice. At the same time, the story also suggests the imbalance that can exist in relationships where one side only takes. It reflects how people may overlook or take for granted those who care for them deeply. Overall, the story teaches the importance of love, generosity, and appreciating those who give selflessly.

About the author

Shel Silverstein was an American writer, poet, and illustrator known for his unique and imaginative style. He was born in 1930 in Chicago, USA, and became famous for writing children's literature. His works are loved for their simplicity, humor, and deep moral meanings. Besides writing, he was also a cartoonist, songwriter, and musician. Some of his well-known books include *The Giving Tree* and *Where the Sidewalk Ends*. His writing often combines playful language with serious themes, making it appealing to both children and adults.



Glossary

Words	Meanings
quiet	calm, silent, not noisy
sail	to travel on water in a boat

shade	a cool, dark area protected from the sun
shook	moved quickly back and forth
sighed	breathed out slowly, often showing tiredness or sadness
stump	the remaining part of a tree after it has been cut down
trunk	the main, thick stem of a tree
warm	having a comfortable, slightly hot temperature
whispered	spoke very softly or quietly



Reading and Critical Thinking

A. Answer the following questions:

1. Who are the main characters in the story?
2. How did the boy first play with the tree?
3. Why was the tree happy when the boy took her apples, branches and trunk?
4. What did the boy want when he grew older?
5. How did the boy use the tree's apples, branches, and trunk?
6. How did the tree feel when the boy stayed away for a long time?
7. What lesson does the story teach us about love and giving?
8. How does the boy's needs change as he grows older?
9. What does the stump symbolize at the end of the story?
10. Why is the story considered a tale of selfless friendship?

B. Choose the correct option.

1. Who is happy in the story?
a) the boy b) the tree c) both d) neither
2. What does the boy first play with?
a) apples b) leaves c) stump d) boat
3. Why does the boy take the tree's branches?
a) to sell b) to build a house c) to eat d) to play
4. What does the tree become in the end?
a) apple tree b) stump c) branches d) boat
5. What lesson does the story teach?
a) honesty b) friendship & love c) hard work d) adventure

Inference and Deduction in Reading: **Inference** is the process of drawing conclusions or making educated guesses about information that is not explicitly stated in a text. It involves using prior knowledge, contextual cues, and supporting details to understand implied meanings. **Deduction** is a related process where readers use

logical reasoning to arrive at a specific conclusion based on the evidence provided in the text and their background knowledge.

In simpler terms, inference is like reading between the lines to figure out what the author is suggesting, while deduction involves piecing together clues to reach a logical conclusion.

Example:

Text: Sarah walked into the kitchen, her shoes leaving muddy footprints on the floor. She glanced at the clock and sighed, realizing she was late for dinner again.

Inference: Sarah has been outside, possibly in the rain or a muddy area, since her shoes are muddy. Her sigh suggests she might be frustrated or tired, possibly because being late is a recurring issue.

Deduction: Based on the muddy footprints and her being late, we can deduce that Sarah might have been caught up in an outdoor activity (e.g., walking, working, or playing) that caused the delay.

Read the following text carefully:

The old house on the hill was dark, its windows boarded up. Every evening, a single light flickered in the attic, but no one ever saw anyone enter or leave the house. The neighbours whispered about strange noises at night.

C. Write down 2–3 inferences about what might be happening in the house.



Vocabulary and Grammar

Demonstrate Understanding of Figurative Language, Word Relationships, and Nuances in Word Meanings: It involves recognizing and interpreting non-literal uses of language, such as metaphors, similes, and idioms, as well as exploring how words connect through synonyms, antonyms, or homonyms. It also requires grasping subtle differences (nuances) in connotations, the emotional or cultural associations of words that share similar literal meanings. This skill enhances reading comprehension, writing precision, and critical analysis by revealing how authors use language to convey deeper ideas, emotions, or tones beyond surface-level definitions.

Example: Figurative language often appears in poetry or prose to create vivid imagery or emphasize themes. For instance, in William Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* (Act I, Scene I), Romeo exclaims: "O brawling love! O loving hate! O anything, of nothing first create! O heavy lightness, serious vanity..." Here, phrases like "loving hate" and "heavy lightness" are oxymorons, figures of speech combining contradictory terms to highlight the emotional turmoil of love and conflict. In context, these oxymorons underscore Romeo's inner paradox, making his passion feel intense and chaotic, which drives the play's tragic tone.

A. How does the simile "Her smile was like sunshine after rain." use figurative language to convey emotion? What word relationships does it rely on, and how does it differ from a literal description?



Oral Communication Skills

Speaking confidently and fluently means expressing ideas clearly, without hesitation, and with the right tone and body language, in order to suit the situation and purpose. It is the ability to speak in different contexts like a debate, role-play, dialogue, or discussion while keeping the audience engaged and understanding the goal of communication i.e. informing, persuading, resolving conflict, etc.

A. Divide the class into small groups of 3–4. Each group will pick one context: *conflict resolution, panel discussion, role-play, or dialogue*. Students will prepare a presentation or role-play to show confident and fluent speaking. Ask them to use clear voice, eye contact, and suitable expressions. After each group, peers will give short feedback on confidence, fluency, and clarity.



Writing Skills

Narrative Writing: It involves crafting stories based on real or imagined experiences or events. It focuses on using effective storytelling techniques, carefully selected details, and a logical sequence of events to engage readers and convey meaning. Narratives can be personal stories, fictional tales, or creative retellings, and they often aim to entertain, inform, or evoke emotions. Writing narratives means creating a story that unfolds real or imagined events in a structured way, incorporating techniques like character development, plot progression, and descriptive language to make the story compelling and cohesive.

A. What real-life experience could you turn into a narrative, and how would you structure its events to build excitement?

For the
Teacher:



- Guide the students to see the story as a lesson in selfless love, sacrifice, and the importance of appreciating those who give without expecting anything.
- Help the students speak clearly, use simple words, and express their ideas with confidence without fear of making mistakes.
- Guide the students that narrative writing tells a story by describing events, characters, and feelings in a clear and engaging way.

UNIT
6

The Fun They Had

Isaac Asimov



Learning Outcomes:

By the end of this unit, the students will be able to:

- Speak confidently and fluently in a wide range of contexts, for example, (conflict resolution, panel discussion, role-play, dialogue etc.) to fulfil different purposes.
- Comment on implied meaning, e.g. writer's viewpoint, relationships between characters.
- Explain whether predictions about the content of a text are acceptable or should be modified and why.
- Cite strong and thorough textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as give inferences drawn from text.
- Acquire and use appropriate words and phrases for reading, writing, speaking, and listening; independently gather vocabulary when considering a word or phrase important for comprehension or expression.
- Write informative/explanatory texts to examine and convey complex ideas, concepts, and information clearly and accurately through the effective selection, organization, and analysis of content.
 - Introduce a topic, organize complex ideas, concepts, and information so that each new element builds on that which precedes it to create a unified whole; include formatting (e.g., headings), graphics (e.g., figures, tables), and multimedia when useful to aid comprehension.
 - Develop the topic thoroughly by selecting the most significant and relevant facts, extended definitions, concrete details, quotations, or other information and examples appropriate to the audience's knowledge of the topic.
 - Use appropriate and varied transitions and syntax to link the major sections of the text, create cohesion, and clarify the relationships among complex ideas and concepts.
 - Use precise language, domain-specific vocabulary, and techniques such as metaphor, simile, and analogy to manage the complexity of the topic.
 - Establish and maintain a formal style and objective tone while attending to the norms and conventions of the discipline in which they are writing.
 - Provide a concluding statement or section that follows from and supports the information or explanation presented.



Pre-reading:

- How do you think studying with a mechanical teacher and digital screens would be different from learning in a traditional school with human teachers and classmates?

Margie even wrote about it that night in her diary. On the page headed May 17, 2155, she wrote, "Today Tommy found a real book!" It was a very old book. Margie's

grandfather once said that when he was a little boy his grandfather told him that there was a time when all stories were **printed** on paper.

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

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

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

"In my house." He pointed without looking, because he was busy reading. "In the **attic**."

"What's it about?"

"School."



While-reading

Why did Tommy think printed books were a "waste,"?

Margie was scornful. "School? What's there to write about school? I hate school." Margie always hated school, but now she hated it more than ever. The mechanical teacher had been giving her test after test in geography and she had been doing worse and worse until her mother had **shaken** her head sorrowfully and sent for the County Inspector.

He was a round little man with a red face and a whole box of tools with dials and wires. He smiled at her and gave her an apple, then took the teacher apart. Margie had hoped he wouldn't know how to put it together again, but he knew how all right and, after an hour or so, there it was again, large and black and **ugly** with a big screen on which all the lessons were shown and the questions were asked.

That wasn't so bad. The part she hated most was the slot where she had to put homework and test papers. She always had to write them out in a punch code they made her learn when she was six years old, and the mechanical teacher calculated the mark in no time.

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

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

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

Tommy looked at her with very superior eyes. "Because it's not our kind of school,



stupid. This is the old kind of school that they had hundreds and hundreds of years ago." He added **loftily**, pronouncing the word carefully, "Centuries ago." Margie was hurt. "Well, I don't know what kind of school they had all that time ago." She read the book over his shoulder for a while, then said, "Anyway, they had a teacher."

"Sure, they had a teacher, but it wasn't a regular teacher. It was a man."

"A man? How could a man be a teacher?"

"Well, he just told them things and gave them homework and asked them questions."

"A man isn't smart enough!"

"Sure, he is. My father knows as much as my teacher."

"He can't. A man can't know as much as a teacher."

"He knows almost as much I **betcha**."

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

Tommy screamed with laughter, "You don't know much, Margie. The teachers didn't live in the house. They had a special building and all the kids went there."

"And all the kids learned the same thing?"

"Sure, if they were the same age."

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

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

"I didn't say I didn't like it," Margie said quickly. She wanted to read about those funny schools. They weren't even half finished when Margie's mother called, "Margie! School!" Margie looked up. "Not yet, mamma."

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

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

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

Margie went into the schoolroom. It was right next to her bedroom, and the mechanical teacher was on and waiting for her. It was always on at the same time every day except on Saturday and Sunday, because her mother said little girls learned better if they learned at regular hours. The screen was lit up, and it said: "Today's arithmetic lesson is on the addition of proper fractions. Please **insert** yesterday's homework in the proper slot."

Margie did so with a sigh. She was thinking about the old schools they had when her grandfather's grandfather was a little boy. All the kids from the whole neighborhood



While-reading

Why did Margie think that a human teacher was not smart enough?

came, laughing and shouting in the schoolyard, sitting together in the schoolroom, going home together at the end of the day. They learned the same things so they could help one another on the homework and talk about it.

And the teachers were people. The mechanical teacher was flashing on the screen: "When we add the **fractions** $1/2$ and $1/4$..." Margie was thinking about how the kids must have loved it in the old days. She was thinking about the fun they had.

Theme

It highlights the contrast between modern, technology-driven education and traditional human-centered learning. The story shows how excessive dependence on machines can make learning lonely, mechanical, and less enjoyable. Through Margie's experiences, it suggests that personalized digital teaching may lack the warmth, interaction, and emotional connection of real classrooms. The idea of old schools reflects the importance of social learning, where students learn together, share ideas, and support one another. It also emphasizes that human teachers provide understanding and encouragement that machines cannot fully replace. Overall, the story reminds us that progress in technology should not take away the joy and human element of education.

About the author

Isaac Asimov was a famous American writer known for his works in science fiction and popular science. He was born in 1920 and showed great interest in reading and writing from an early age. Asimov wrote hundreds of books and is especially known for his stories about robots and futuristic worlds. His writing often explores the relationship between humans and technology, making complex ideas easy to understand. He remains one of the most influential science fiction authors of all time.



Glossary

Words	Meanings
attic	the space or room just below the roof of a house
betcha	informal way of saying "I bet you" (used to show certainty)
fractions	numbers that represent parts of a whole like $1/2$, $3/4$
insert	to put something into something else
loftily	in a proud or superior manner
nonchalantly	in a calm and unconcerned way, without showing much interest
printed	produced or written on paper using ink
sector	a part or section of something
shaken	past form of "shake," meaning moved suddenly or disturbed
ugly	unpleasant to look at
waste	something used carelessly or without value



Reading and Critical Thinking

A. Answer the following questions:

1. What did Margie write in her diary on May 17, 2155?
2. Where did Tommy find the real book?
3. Why did Margie and Tommy find the book strange and funny?
4. What was the book about, and how did Margie react to it?
5. Why did Margie dislike her mechanical teacher?
6. What did the County Inspector do to Margie's teacher?
7. How were old schools different from Margie's school?
8. What did Margie imagine about the children and schools of the past?

B. Choose the correct option.

1. What did Tommy find?
a) a robot b) a real book c) a computer d) a diary
2. Where was the book found?
a) in the classroom b) in the basement
c) in the attic d) in the library
3. What was the book about?
a) science b) space c) school d) machines
4. Who repaired Margie's mechanical teacher?
a) her father b) Tommy c) the county inspector d) her mother
5. What did Margie dislike most about her school?
a) the subjects b) the teacher's voice
c) the homework slot d) the classroom



Vocabulary and Grammar

Using appropriate words and phrases means selecting the correct and suitable vocabulary according to the situation so that ideas in reading, writing, speaking, and listening are clear, meaningful, and effective.

Example: Instead of saying "*the teacher was strange*," the story uses the phrase "mechanical teacher", which clearly explains that the teacher is a machine, not a human.

A. How do the words and phrases used in "The Fun They Had" help you understand the difference between Margie's school and present-day schools? Give examples from the text.



Oral Communication Skills

Speaking confidently and fluently means expressing ideas clearly, smoothly, and without unnecessary pauses, while maintaining proper tone, pronunciation, and eye contact. It shows that the speaker understands the topic and can communicate effectively.

Example: A student confidently says: *"Margie disliked her mechanical teacher because it gave her too many tests and was not as friendly as human teachers."*

A. Speak a few sentences about whether you would prefer a mechanical teacher or a human teacher, using clear and fluent sentences.

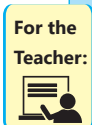


Writing Skills

Writing informative/explanatory texts means presenting facts, ideas, or information clearly to explain a topic. It focuses on giving details, descriptions, and examples so that the reader can easily understand the subject.

Example: *Margie's school was different from today's schools. She studied at home with a mechanical teacher that was adjusted to her level. The lessons were displayed on a screen, and she had to put her homework into a slot. Unlike modern schools, she did not have classmates to study and play with.*

A. Write a short paragraph of 5 to 6 sentences explaining how Margie's school is different from schools of today. Use clear and informative language.



- Help the students choose the right words that clearly match their idea so others can easily understand them.
- Help the students speak clearly and smoothly without too many pauses, showing that they understand what they are saying.
- Help the students write in a clear way to explain facts or ideas so the reader can easily learn and understand the topic.



Because I could Not Stop for Death

Emily Dickinson



Learning Outcomes:

By the end of this unit, the students will be able to:

- Apply dramatic techniques with confidence in two/three act play, or assembly/ class presentation, preferably on SDGs.
- Perform a drama showing different roles and scenarios through deliberate choice of dialogues, speech, gestures and movements preferably on SDGs.
- Distinguish cause from effect, fact from opinion (e.g., by noting outcomes, personal comments, beliefs and biases), and generalized statements from evidence-based information with specific reference to informational texts.
- Apply skimming and scanning strategies for relevant information and main points in texts to identify the writer's purpose, and intended audience. Infer the theme/main idea of the text, distinguishing between fact and opinion where necessary.
- Demonstrate knowledge and application of parts of speech in oral and written communication in varying degrees of complexity.
- Write arguments to support claims in an analysis of substantive topics or texts, using valid reasoning and relevant and sufficient evidence.
 - Introduce precise, knowledgeable claim(s), establish the significance of the claim(s), distinguish the claim(s) from alternate or opposing claims, and create an organization that logically sequences claim(s), counter claims and evidence.
 - Develop claim(s) and counterclaims fairly and thoroughly, supplying the most relevant evidence for each while pointing out the strengths and limitations of both in a manner that anticipates the audience's knowledge level, concerns, values, and possible biases.
 - Use words, phrases, and clauses as well as varied syntax to link the major sections of the text, create cohesion, and clarify the relationships between claim(s) and reasons, between reasons and evidence, and between claim(s) and counterclaims.
 - Establish and maintain a formal style and objective tone while attending to the norms and conventions of the discipline in which they are writing.
 - Provide a concluding statement or section that follows from and supports the argument presented.



Pre-reading:

- What images or ideas come to your mind when you think about Death and immortality?

Because I could not stop for Death –
He kindly stopped for me –
The Carriage held but just Ourselves –
And **Immortality**.

We slowly drove – He knew no **haste**
And I had put away
My labor and my **leisure** too,
For His Civility –



We passed the School, where Children **strove**
At Recess – in the Ring –
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain –
We passed the Setting Sun –

Or rather – He passed Us –
The Dews drew **quivering** and Chill –
For only Gossamer, my Gown –
My Tippet – only Tulle –

We paused before a House that seemed
A Swelling of the Ground –
The Roof was **scarcely** visible –
The **Cornice** – in the Ground –

Since then – 'tis Centuries – and yet
Feels shorter than the Day
I first **surmised** the Horses' Heads
Were toward **Eternity** –



While-reading

what does this poem tell us about the poet's attitude toward Death?



While-reading

How does the description of the cold and delicate clothing reflect the speaker's experience of the journey with Death?



While-reading

Why does the speaker say that centuries feel shorter than a day, and what does this reveal about her perception of eternity?

For the Teacher:



- Help students understand that the poem uses a carriage ride as a metaphor for the speaker's journey from life to death and into eternity, presenting death as a calm and natural transition rather than something frightening.

Theme

The poem *"Because I could Not Stop for Death"* by Emily Dickinson explores the theme of death as a calm and inevitable part of life. It presents Death not as something frightening, but as a kind and polite companion who gently leads the speaker toward eternity. The journey in the carriage symbolizes the passage from life to death, highlighting different stages of human life. Through peaceful and reflective imagery, the poem suggests that death is a natural transition rather than an end. It also conveys the idea that time loses its meaning after death, as centuries feel shorter than a single day. Overall, the poem emphasizes acceptance of mortality and the continuity of existence beyond physical life.

About the poetess

Emily Dickinson (1830–1886) was an American poetess, widely regarded as one of the most original voices in English literature. She was born in Amherst, Massachusetts, and spent most of her life in seclusion, rarely leaving her family home. Despite her reclusive lifestyle, Dickinson produced nearly 1,800 poems, though only a handful were published during her lifetime. Her poetry is known for its unconventional style, with short lines, slant rhymes, and unusual punctuation, particularly her frequent use of dashes. She explored themes such as death, immortality, nature, love, faith, and the search for meaning. Her unique voice was not fully appreciated until after her death, when her poems were collected and published. Today, Emily Dickinson is celebrated as one of the greatest poets of the 19th century and a pioneer of modern American poetry.



Glossary

Words	Meanings
cornice	the top edge or decorative border of a building or structure
eternity	endless time; life that has no end
haste	great speed or hurry
immortality	the state of living forever; never dying
leisure	free time when one is not working
quivering	shaking or trembling slightly
scarcely	hardly; almost not
strove	tried very hard
surmised	guessed or understood something without full proof



Reading and Critical Thinking

A. Answer the following questions:

1. Who kindly stops for the speaker in the poem?
2. What does the carriage symbolize in the poem?
3. How does the speaker describe the pace of the journey with Death?
4. Which places do they pass on their journey, and what might each represent?
5. How is the school described, and what could it symbolize about life?
6. What imagery does Dickinson use to describe the fields of grain?
7. How is the setting sun described, and what could it signify in the poem?
8. What does the "House that seemed a Swelling of the Ground" represent?
9. How does the speaker describe her clothing, and what effect does it create?
10. How does the poem convey the idea of time passing differently after death?

B. Choose the correct option.

1. Who accompanies the speaker in the carriage besides Death?
a) a child b) a friend c) immortality d) a teacher
2. What does the "setting sun" most likely symbolize?
a) morning b) birth c) the end of life d) happiness
3. What kind of journey is described in the poem?
a) a joyful trip b) a journey to school
c) a journey from life to death d) a journey through a city
4. How is Death portrayed in the poem?
a) frightening and cruel b) kind and polite
c) angry and loud d) weak and helpless
5. What does the "house" in the ground represent?
a) a palace b) a school c) a grave d) a garden



Vocabulary and Grammar

Parts of speech are categories of words based on their function in a sentence. They help us understand how words are used to form meaningful sentences. There are eight main parts of speech: noun, pronoun, verb, adjective, adverb, preposition, conjunction, and interjection.

Example:

Sentence: *The happy child quickly ran to the park.*

-
- The – Article (determiner)
 - happy – Adjective (describes the noun)
 - child – Noun (name of a person/thing)
 - quickly – Adverb (describes the verb)
 - ran – Verb (action)
 - to – Preposition (shows relationship)
 - the park – Noun phrase



Oral Communication Skills

Dramatic techniques are methods used by writers and playwrights to make a play or performance more interesting, engaging, and effective. These techniques help convey emotions, build tension, and communicate ideas to the audience.

Example: In a play, a character speaks aloud before the audience about their thoughts and feelings: this is called a soliloquy. It helps the audience understand the character's inner emotions.

- A. Identify the dramatic technique used in the following situation:**
A character shares its private thoughts aloud while alone on stage.



Writing Skills

Writing Arguments with Valid Reasoning and Evidence: Writing arguments with valid reasoning and evidence means presenting a clear opinion or claim and supporting it with logical thinking and reliable facts, examples, or data. This helps make the argument strong, convincing, and trustworthy.

Example:

Claim: School uniforms should be compulsory.

Reasoning: Uniforms reduce distractions and promote equality among students.

Evidence: For example, many schools report fewer cases of bullying related to clothing when uniforms are required.

- A. Write a short argument of 3 to 4 sentences on the topic:**
"Students should have homework every day."

UNIT 8

The Devoted Friend

Oscar Wilde



Learning Outcomes:

By the end of this unit, the students will be able to:

- Engage effectively in a range of collaborative discussions(one-on-one, in groups, and teacher-led) with diverse partners on grade-level topics, texts, and issues.
- Examine how an author develops and contrasts the points of view of different characters or narrators in a text.
- Critique the plot development with respect to different aspects of the story.
- Apply knowledge of parts of speech, tenses, sentence structure and other features of grammar and vocabulary to understand how language functions in different contexts and make effective choices for meaning or style while reading, listening and writing.
- Write a descriptive composition (giving physical description and characteristics/traits of a person/object/place moving from general to specific), using correct punctuation and spelling, by using the process approach – brainstorming, mind mapping, and writing a first draft.
- Write formal letters and emails to people in extended academic (professional) environments for various purposes.



Pre-reading:

- What qualities do you think make a true and devoted friend?
- Have you ever seen someone take advantage of another person's kindness?

One morning the old Water-rat put his head out of his hole. He had bright beady eyes and stiff grey whiskers, and his tail was like a long bit of black india-rubber. The little ducks were swimming about in the pond, looking just like a lot of yellow canaries, and their mother, who was pure white with real red legs, was trying to teach them how to stand on their heads in the water.

"You will never be in the best society unless you can stand on your heads," she kept saying to them; and every now and then she showed them how it was done. But the little ducks paid no attention to her. They were so young that they did not know what an advantage it is to be in society at all.

"What disobedient children!" cried the old Water-rat; "they really **deserve** to be drowned."

"Nothing of the kind," answered the Duck, "everyone must make a beginning, and parents cannot be too patient."

"Ah! I know nothing about the feelings of parents," said the Water-rat; "I am not a family man. In fact, I have never been married, and I never intend to be. Love is all very

well in its way, but friendship is much higher. Indeed, I know of nothing in the world that is either nobler or rarer than a devoted friendship."

'And what, pray, is your idea of the duties of a devoted friend?' asked a Green Linnet, who was sitting in a willow-tree hard by, and had overheard the conversation.

'Yes, that is just what I want to know,' said the Duck, and she swam away to the end of the pond, and stood upon her head, in order to give her children a good example.

'What a silly question!' cried the Water-rat. 'I should expect my devoted friend to be devoted to me, of course.'

'And what would you do in return?' said the little bird, swinging upon a silver spray, and flapping his tiny wings.

'I don't understand you,' answered the Water-rat.

'Let me tell you a story on the subject,' said the Linnet.

'Is the story about me?' asked the Water-rat. If so, I will listen to it, for I am extremely fond of fiction.'

'It is applicable to you,' answered the Linnet; and he flew down, and alighting upon the bank, he told the story of The Devoted Friend.

'Once upon a time,' said the Linnet, 'there was an honest little fellow named Hans.'

'Was he very distinguished?' asked the Water-rat.

'No,' answered the Linnet, 'I don't think he was distinguished at all, except for his kind heart, and his funny round good-humoured face. He lived in a tiny cottage all by himself, and every day he worked in his garden. In all the countryside there was no garden so lovely as his. Sweet-william grew there, and Gilly-flowers, and Shepherds' purses, and Fair-maids of France. There were **damask** Roses, and yellow Roses, lilac Crocuses, and gold, purple Violets and white. Columbine and Ladysmock, Marjoram and Wild Basil, the Cowslip and the Flower-de-luce, the Daffodil and the Clove-Pink bloomed or blossomed in their proper order as the months went by, one flower taking another flower's place, so that there were always beautiful things to look at, and pleasant odours to smell.

'Little Hans had a great many friends, but the most devoted friend of all was big Hugh, the Miller. Indeed, so devoted was the rich Miller to little Hans, that he [Hans] would never go by his garden without leaning over the wall and plucking a large nosegay, or a handful of sweet herbs, or filling his pockets with plums and cherries if it was the fruit season.

"Real friends should have everything in common," the Miller used to say, and little Hans nodded and smiled, and felt very proud of having a friend with such noble ideas.

Sometimes, indeed, the neighbours thought it strange that the rich Miller never gave little Hans anything in return, though he had a hundred sacks of flour stored away in his mill, and six milk cows, and a large stock of woolly sheep; but Hans never troubled



While-reading

What question does the Green Linnet ask the Water-rat about the duties of a devoted friend?

his head about these things, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to listen to all the wonderful things the Miller used to say about the unselfishness of true friendship.

So little Hans worked away in his garden. During the spring, the summer, and the autumn he was very happy, but when the winter came, and he had no fruit or flowers to bring to the market, he suffered a good deal from cold and hunger, and often had to go to bed without any supper but a few dried pears or some hard nuts. In the winter, also, he was extremely lonely, as the Miller never came to see him then.

"There is no good in my going to see little Hans as long as the snow lasts," the Miller used to say to his wife, "for when people are in trouble they should be left alone, and not be bothered by visitors. That at least is my idea about friendship, and I am sure I am right. So, I shall wait till the spring comes, and then I shall pay him a visit, and he will be able to give me a large basket of primroses, and that will make him so happy."

"You are certainly very thoughtful about others," answered the Wife, as she sat in her comfortable armchair by the big pinewood fire; "very thoughtful indeed. It is quite a treat to hear you talk about friendship. I am sure the clergyman himself could not say such beautiful things as you do, though he does live in a three-storied house, and wears a gold ring on his little finger."

"But could we not ask little Hans up here?" said the Miller's youngest son. "If poor Hans is in trouble, I will give him half my porridge, and show him my white rabbits."

"What a silly boy you are!" cried the Miller; "I really don't know what is the use of sending you to school. You seem not to learn anything. Why, if little Hans came up here, and saw our warm fire, and our good supper, he might get **envious**, and envy is a most terrible thing, and would spoil anybody's nature. I certainly will not allow Hans's nature to be spoiled. I am his best friend, and I will always watch over him, and see that he is not led into any temptations. Besides, if Hans came here, he might ask me to let him have some flour on credit, and that I could not do. Flour is one thing, and friendship is another, and they should not be confused. Why, the words are spelt differently, and mean quite different things. Everybody can see that."

"How well you talk!" said the Miller's Wife, pouring herself out a large glass of warm soup; "really I feel quite drowsy. It is just like being in church."

"Lots of people act well," answered the Miller; "but very few people talk well, which shows that talking is much the more difficult thing of the two, and much the finer thing also;" and he looked sternly across the table at his little son, who felt so ashamed of himself that he hung his head down, and grew quite scarlet, and began to cry into his tea. However, he was so young that you must excuse him.'

Is that the end of the story?' asked the Water-rat.

Certainly not,' answered the Linnet, that is the beginning.

Then you are quite behind the age,' said the Water-rat. 'Every good story-teller nowadays starts with the end, and then goes on to the beginning, and concludes with the middle. That is the new method. I heard all about it the other day from a critic who was walking round the pond with a young man. He spoke of the matter at great length, and I am sure he must have been right, for he had blue spectacles and a bald head, and whenever the young man made any remark, he always answered "Pooh!" But pray go on with your story. I like the Miller immensely. I have all kinds of beautiful sentiments myself, so there is a great sympathy between us.

'Well,' said the Linnet, hopping now on one leg and now on the other, as soon as the winter was over, and the primroses began to open their pale yellow stars, the Miller said to his wife that he would go down and see little Hans.

"Why, what a good heart you have!" cried his wife; "you are always thinking of others. And mind you take the big basket with you for the flowers."

'So, the Miller tied the sails of the windmill together with a strong iron chain, and went down the hill with the basket on his arm.

"Good morning, little Hans," said the Miller.

"Good morning," said Hans, leaning on his spade, and smiling from ear to ear.

"And how have you been all the winter?" said the Miller. "Well, really," cried Hans, "it is very good of you to ask, very good indeed. I am afraid I had rather a hard time of it, but now the spring has come, and I am quite happy, and all my flowers are doing well." "We often talked of you during the winter, Hans," said the Miller, "and wondered how you were getting on."

"That was kind of you," said Hans; "I was half afraid you had forgotten me."

"Hans, I am surprised at you," said the Miller; "friendship never forgets. That is the wonderful thing about it, but I am afraid you don't understand the poetry of life. How lovely your primroses are looking, by-the-by!"

"They are certainly very lovely," said Hans, "and it is a most lucky thing for me that I have so many. I am going to bring them into the market and sell them to the Burgomaster's daughter, and buy back my wheelbarrow with the money."

"Buy back your wheelbarrow? You don't mean to say you have sold it? What a very stupid thing to do!"

"Well, the fact is," said Hans, "that I was **obliged** to. You see the winter was a very bad time for me, and I really had no money at all to buy bread with. So, I first sold the silver buttons off my Sunday coat, and then I sold my silver chain, and then I sold my big pipe, and at last I sold my wheelbarrow. But I am going to buy them all back again now."



While-reading

What did the Miller decide to do when the winter was over and the primroses began to bloom?

"Hans," said the Miller, "I will give you my wheelbarrow. It is not in very good repair; indeed, one side is gone, and there is something wrong with the wheel-spokes; but in spite of that I will give it to you. I know it is very generous of me, and a great many people would think me extremely foolish for parting with it, but I am not like the rest of the world. I think that generosity is the essence of friendship, and, besides, I have got a new wheelbarrow for myself. Yes, you may set your mind at ease, I will give you my wheelbarrow."

"Well, really, that is generous of you," said little Hans, and his funny round face glowed all over with pleasure. "I can easily put it in repair, as I have a plank of wood in the house."

"A plank of wood" said the Miller; "why, that is just what I want for the roof of my barn. There is a very large hole in it, and the corn will all get damp if I don't stop it up. How lucky you mentioned it! It is quite remarkable how one good action always breeds another. I have given you my wheelbarrow, and now you are going to give me your plank. Of course, the wheelbarrow is worth far more than the plank, but true friendship never notices things like that. Pray get it at once, and I will set to work at my barn this very day."

"Certainly," cried little Hans, and he ran into the shed and dragged the plank out.

"It is not a very big plank," said the Miller, looking at it, "and I am **afraid** that after I have mended my barn-roof there won't be any left for you to mend the wheelbarrow with; but, of course, that is not my fault. And now, as I have given you my wheelbarrow, I am sure you would like to give me some flowers in return. Here is the basket, and mind you fill it quite full."

"Quite full?" said little Hans, rather sorrowfully, for it was really a very big basket, and he knew that if he filled it he would have no flowers left for the market, and he was very anxious to get his silver buttons back.

"Well, really," answered the Miller, "as I have given you my wheelbarrow, I don't think that it is much to ask you for a few flowers. I may be wrong, but I should have thought that friendship, true friendship, was quite free from selfishness of any kind."

"My dear friend, my best friend," cried little Hans, "you are welcome to all the flowers in my garden. I would much sooner have your good **opinion** than my silver buttons, any day;" and he ran and plucked all his pretty primroses, and filled the Miller's basket.

"Good-bye, little Hans," said the Miller, as he went up the hill with the plank on his shoulder, and the big basket in his hand.

"Good-bye," said little Hans, and he began to dig away quite merrily, he was so pleased about the wheelbarrow.

'The next day he was nailing up some honeysuckle against the porch, when he heard the Miller's voice calling to him from the road. So he jumped off the ladder, and ran down the garden, and looked over the wall.



'There was the Miller with a large sack of flour on his back.

"Dear little Hans," said the Miller, "would you mind carrying this sack of flour for me to market?"

"Oh, I am so sorry," said Hans, "but I am really very busy to-day. I have got all my creepers to nail up, and all my flowers to water, and all my grass to roll."

"Well, really," said the Miller, "I think that, considering that I am going to give you my wheelbarrow, it is rather unfriendly of you to refuse."

"Oh, don't say that," cried little Hans, "I wouldn't be unfriendly for the whole world;" and he ran in for his cap, and trudged off with the big sack on his shoulders.

It was a very hot day, and the road was terribly dusty, and before Hans had reached the sixth milestone, he was so tired that he had to sit down and rest. However, he went on bravely, and at last he reached the market. After he had waited there some time, he sold the sack of flour for a very good price, and then he returned home at once, for he was afraid that if he stopped too late, he might meet some robbers on the way.

"It has certainly been a hard day," said little Hans to himself as he was going to bed, "but I am glad I did not refuse the Miller, for he is my best friend, and, besides, he is going to give me his wheelbarrow."

Early the next morning the Miller came down to get the money for his sack of flour, but little Hans was so tired that he was still in bed.

"Upon my word," said the Miller, "you are very lazy. Really, considering that I am going to give you my wheelbarrow, I think you might work harder. Idleness is a great sin, and I certainly don't like any of my friends to be idle or sluggish. You must not mind my speaking quite plainly to you. Of course, I should not dream of doing so if I were not your friend. But what is the good of friendship if one cannot say exactly what one means? Anybody can say charming things and try to please and to **flatter**, but a true friend always says unpleasant things, and does not mind giving pain. Indeed, if he is a really true friend, he prefers it, for he knows that then he is doing good."

"I am very sorry," said little Hans, rubbing his eyes and pulling off his night-cap, "but I was so tired that I thought I would lie in bed for a little time, and listen to the birds singing. Do you know that I always work better after hearing the birds sing?"

"Well, I am glad of that," said the Miller, clapping little Hans on the back, "for I want you to come up to the mill as soon as you are dressed, and mend my barn-roof for me."

'Poor little Hans was very **anxious** to go and work in his garden, for his flowers had not been watered for two days, but he did not like to refuse the Miller, as he was such a good friend to him.

"Do you think it would be unfriendly of me if I said I was busy?" he inquired in a shy and timid voice.

"Well, really," answered the Miller, "I do not think it is much to ask of you, considering that I am going to give you my wheelbarrow; but of course if you refuse I will go and do it myself."

"Oh! on no account," cried little Hans; and he jumped out of bed, and dressed himself, and went up to the barn.

'He worked there all day long, till sunset, and at sunset the Miller came to see how he was getting on.

"Have you mended the hole in the roof yet, little Hans?" cried the Miller in a cheery voice.

"It is quite mended," answered little Hans, coming down the ladder.

"Ah!" said the Miller, "there is no work so delightful as the work one does for others."

"It is certainly a great privilege to hear you talk," answered little Hans, sitting down and wiping his forehead, "a very great **privilege**. But I am afraid I shall never have such beautiful ideas as you have."

"Oh! they will come to you," said the Miller, "but you must take more pains. At present you have only the practice of friendship; some day you will have the theory also."

"Do you really think I shall?" asked little Hans.

"I have no doubt of it," answered the Miller; "but now that you have mended the roof, you had better go home and rest, for I want you to drive my sheep to the mountain tomorrow."

Poor little Hans was afraid to say anything to this, and early the next morning the Miller brought his sheep round to the cottage, and Hans started off with them to the mountain. It took him the whole day to get there and back; and when he returned he was so tired that he went off to sleep in his chair, and did not wake up till it was broad daylight.

"What a delightful time I shall have in my garden," he said, and he went to work at once.

But somehow he was never able to look after his flowers at all, for his friend the Miller was always coming round and sending him off on long errands, or getting him to help at the mill. Little Hans was very much **distressed** at times, as he was afraid his flowers would think he had forgotten them, but he consoled himself by the reflection that the Miller was his best friend. "Besides," he used to say, "he is going to give me his wheelbarrow, and that is an act of pure generosity."

So little Hans worked away for the Miller, and the Miller said all kinds of beautiful things about friendship, which Hans took down in a note-book, and used to read over at night, for he was a very good scholar.

Now it happened that one evening little Hans was sitting by his fireside when a loud rap came at the door. It was a very wild night, and the wind was blowing and roaring

round the house so terribly that at first he thought it was merely the storm. But a second rap came, and then a third, louder than either of the others.

"It is some poor traveller," said little Hans to himself, and he ran to the door.

There stood the Miller with a lantern in one hand and a big stick in the other.

"Dear little Hans," cried the Miller, "I am in great trouble. My little boy has fallen off a ladder and hurt himself, and I am going for the Doctor. But he lives so far away, and it is such a bad night, that it has just occurred to me that it would be much better if you went instead of me. You know I am going to give you my wheelbarrow, and so it is only fair that you should do something for me in return."

"Certainly," cried little Hans, "I take it quite as a compliment your coming to me, and I will start off at once. But you must lend me your lantern, as the night is so dark that I am afraid I might fall into the ditch."

"I am very sorry," answered the Miller, "but it is my new lantern, and it would be a great loss to me if anything happened to it."

"Well, never mind, I will do without it," cried little Hans, and he took down his great fur coat, and his warm scarlet cap, and tied a muffler round his throat, and started off.

What a dreadful storm it was! The night was so black that little Hans could hardly see, and the wind was so strong that he could scarcely stand. However, he was very courageous, and after he had been walking about three hours, he arrived at the Doctor's house, and knocked at the door.

"Who is there?" cried the Doctor, putting his head out of his bedroom window.

"Little Hans, Doctor."

"What do you want, little Hans?"

"The Miller's son has fallen from a ladder, and has hurt himself, and the Miller wants you to come at once."

"All right!" said the Doctor; and he ordered his horse, and his big boots, and his lantern, and came downstairs, and rode off in the direction of the Miller's house, little Hans trudging behind him.

But the storm grew worse and worse, and the rain fell in torrents, and little Hans could not see where he was going, or keep up with the horse. At last, he lost his way, and wandered off on the **moor**, which was a very dangerous place, as it was full of deep holes, and there poor little Hans was drowned. His body was found the next day by some goatherds, floating in a great pool of water, and was brought back by them to the cottage. Everybody went to little Hans's funeral, as he was so popular, and the Miller was the chief mourner.

"As I was his best friend," said the Miller, "it is only fair that I should have the best place;" so he walked at the head of the procession in a long black cloak, and every now and then he wiped his eyes with a big pocket-handkerchief.

"Little Hans is certainly a great loss to every one," said the Blacksmith, when the funeral

was over, and they were all seated comfortably in the inn, drinking soup and eating sweet cakes.

"A great loss to me at any rate," answered the Miller; "why, I had as good as given him my wheelbarrow, and now I really don't know what to do with it. It is very much in my way at home, and it is in such bad repair that I could not get anything for it if I sold it. I will certainly take care not to give away anything again. One always suffers for being generous."

Well?' said the Water-rat, after a long pause. 'Well, that is the end,' said the Linnet. But what became of the Miller?' asked the Water-rat. 'Oh! I really don't know,' replied the Linnet, 'and I am sure that I don't care.'

It is quite evident then that you have no sympathy in your nature,' said the Water-rat. I am afraid you don't quite see the moral of the story,' remarked the Linnet.

The what?' screamed the Water-rat.

The moral.'

Do you mean to say that the story has a moral?

"Certainly," said the Linnet.

"Well, really," said the Water-rat, in a very angry manner, I think you should have told me that before you began. If you had done so, I certainly would not have listened to you; in fact, I should have said "Pooh," like the critic. However, I can say it now; so he shouted out "Pooh" at the top of his voice, gave a **whisk** with his tail, and went back into his hole.

And how do you like the Water-rat?' asked the Duck, who came paddling up some minutes afterwards. He has a great many good points, but for my own part I have a mother's feelings, and I can never look at a confirmed bachelor without the tears coming into my eyes.

I am rather afraid that I have annoyed him,' answered the Linnet. The fact is, that I told him a story with a moral.

"Ah! that is always a very dangerous thing to do," said the Duck.

And I quite agree with her.



While-reading

What does the Linnet say the Water-rat fails to understand at the end of the conversation?

Theme

The theme of *The Devoted Friend* by Oscar Wilde is the difference between true and false friendship. The story shows how selfish people often use kind-hearted individuals for their own benefit while pretending to be loyal friends. Through the character of the Miller, Wilde criticizes those who talk about generosity and friendship but never practice it. Little Hans represents innocence and kindness, but his blind trust leads to his suffering and tragic end. Overall, the story teaches that true friendship requires honesty, sacrifice, and mutual care, not just empty words.

About the author

Oscar Wilde was a famous Irish writer, poet, and playwright known for his wit, humour, and sharp criticism of society. He was born in 1854 in Dublin, Ireland, and became one of the most popular literary figures of his time. Wilde is best known for his plays, fairy tales, and short stories that often carry deep moral lessons beneath their entertaining style. His writing is marked by clever dialogue, imaginative storytelling, and a focus on human nature and hypocrisy. Some of his well-known works include *The Happy Prince and Other Tales* and *The Importance of Being Earnest*.



Glossary

Words	Meanings
afraid	feeling fear or worry about something
anxious	feeling nervous, worried, or eager about something
deserve	to be worthy of something because of one's actions
distressed	very upset, worried, or unhappy
envious	jealous of someone else's possessions or qualities
flatter	to praise someone too much, often insincerely, to gain favour
moor	a large open area of land, often covered with grass and very wet
obliged	grateful or thankful
opinion	a personal belief or view about something
privilege	a special right or advantage given to someone
whisk	to move quickly or suddenly like a tail moving swiftly



Reading and Critical Thinking

A. Answer the following questions:

1. How did the Miller treat little Hans during the different seasons, especially in winter?
2. What did the Miller say about true friendship, and how did his actions differ from his words?
3. Why did little Hans sell his belongings during the winter?
4. What promise did the Miller make about the wheelbarrow, and how did he use it to take advantage of Hans?
5. How did Hans respond to the Miller's constant demands and requests?

-
- 
6. What happened on the stormy night when the Miller asked Hans to fetch the doctor?
 7. How did the Miller behave after Hans' death, and what does it reveal about his character?
 8. What moral lesson does the story teach about friendship and selfishness?

B. Choose the correct option.

1. What was little Hans known for?
a. great wealth b. kind heart c. clever tricks d. strong body
2. What did the Miller promise to give Hans?
a. a sack of flour b. a horse c. a wheelbarrow d. a house
3. Why did Hans suffer during the winter?
a. He was ill. b. He lost his garden.
c. He had no work or income. d. He moved away.
4. What task did the Miller ask Hans to do on the stormy night?
a. fix the roof b. carry flour
c. fetch the doctor d. take care of sheep
5. What happened to little Hans at the end of the story?
a. He became rich. b. He moved to another village.
c. He was rewarded. d. He drowned.



Vocabulary and Grammar

Sentence Structure refers to the way words are arranged in a sentence to make clear and complete meaning, usually including a subject and a predicate.

Example:

Incorrect sentence: *Playing park the boy in the.*

Correct sentence: *The boy is playing in the park.*

Identify the subject and predicate in this sentence: *The birds are singing in the tree.*



Oral Communication Skills

Engage effectively in a range of collaborative discussions: This skill means participating actively and respectfully in group discussions by listening to others, sharing ideas clearly, asking relevant questions, and building on what others say.

Example: During a class discussion, Ali listens carefully to his classmates, shares his opinion about the story, asks questions for clarification, and responds politely to different viewpoints.

-
- A. How can you show that you are listening and responding respectfully during a group discussion?



Writing Skills

Descriptive Composition: Descriptive composition is a type of writing in which a person, place, object, or event is described in detail so that the reader can clearly imagine it using the five senses i.e. sight, sound, smell, taste, and touch.

Example: The garden was full of colourful flowers. Bright red roses and yellow sunflowers swayed gently in the cool breeze, while the sweet fragrance of jasmine filled the air.

- A. Write a short descriptive paragraph about your classroom using at least three senses.



UNIT 9

The Doll's House

Katherine Mansfield



Learning Outcomes:

By the end of this unit, the students will be able to:

- Engage in extended discussions and critiques considering other speakers' viewpoints and presenting one's own with clarity and coherence.
- Evaluate the particular elements of a story or drama (e.g., how the setting shapes the characters or plot).
- Identify rhyme schemes and figurative language in poems.
- Analyze multiple interpretations of a story, drama, or poem (e.g., recorded or live production of a play or recorded novel or poetry), evaluating how each version interprets the source text.
- Identify and use compound prepositions and prepositional phrases in writing.
- Apply skills and strategies for idea generation, selection, development, organization and revision for a variety of writing purposes and text types.



Pre-reading:

- What do you think a doll's house could symbolize in a story about children?
- How might social status or family background influence friendships in a school setting?

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; most sweet and generous!") — but the smell of paint was quite enough to make any one 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.



While-reading

Why do you think the writer describes the doll's house in such a detailed and vivid language?

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

"Open it quickly, some one!"

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 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 that moved when you shook it.



While-reading

Why might the little lamp be more meaningful to Kezia than the rest of the house's luxurious features?

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 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.



While-reading

Do you think being bossy and being a leader are the same? Why or why not?

"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 a 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 in the neighbourhood, the Judge's little girls, the doctor's daughters, the storekeeper's children, the milkman's were forced to mix together. Not to speak of there being 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. Kelvey? 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



While-reading

How does the narrator show that social discrimination was not just practised by the children but also by adults, including the teacher? What effect do you think this has on the Kelvey sisters?



While-reading

What does this description of the Kelvey sisters' clothing tell us about their social status?

was a stout, plain child, with big freckles, came to school in a dress made from a green art-serge table-cloth of the Burnell's, with red plush sleeves from the Logan's curtain. 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 quilt. 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 Burnell's 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,



While-reading

How does the writer use contrast between the Burnell children and the Kelvey sisters during the lunch scene to highlight the theme of social exclusion?

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, Kezia; you know quite well why not."

At last, everybody had seen it except them. On that day the subject rather lagged. 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



While-reading

Why do you think the other girls became so excited after Lena insulted Lil Kelvey?

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.



While-reading

What emotions might Kezia be feeling right now?

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 witched 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 a 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 too.

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 the 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 drain-pipe 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.



While-reading

Why does Aunt Beryl call Kezia wicked?



While-reading

Why do you think Else focuses on the lamp, just like Kezia?

Theme

The theme of *The Doll's House* by Katherine Mansfield is social class discrimination and the cruelty of prejudice in society. The story shows how children and adults treat others differently based on their social status and wealth. The Burnell sisters enjoy their privilege, while the Kelvey children are excluded and humiliated because of their lower class. Through the symbol of the beautiful doll's house, Mansfield highlights how material wealth creates division and injustice. Ultimately, the story teaches that kindness and equality are more important than social status.

About the author

Katherine Mansfield was a famous modernist short story writer born in 1888 in Wellington, New Zealand. She is well known for her innovative writing style that focuses on human emotions and everyday life. Mansfield spent much of her life in Europe, especially in England and France, where she became part of the literary modernist movement. Her stories often highlight themes such as class differences, childhood experiences, and social inequalities. Some of her well-known works include *The Garden Party and Other Stories* and *Bliss and Other Stories*.



Glossary

Words	Meanings
astounded	Shocked or greatly surprised
boast	to talk with excessive pride and self-satisfaction
congealed	changed from a fluid to a solid or semi-solid state
exquisite	extremely beautiful, delicate, and carefully made
imploring	making an earnest, passionate, and pleading request
propped	supported or held up by placing something underneath or against it
shunned	persistently avoided, ignored, or rejected out of dislike or disapproval
varnish	a hard, clear, glossy liquid applied to wood
wicked	evil or morally wrong



Reading and Critical Thinking

A. Answer the following questions:

1. Find and explain the meaning of the phrase “the smell of paint was strong” in the context of the story. What might it symbolically suggest?
2. Katherine Mansfield never openly criticizes society in direct statements. How does she subtly expose social cruelty through children’s behaviour?
3. In what way is ‘The Doll’s House’ itself a miniature model of the class society and social injustice?
4. Silence plays an important role in the story (especially the Kelvey sisters’ silence). How does silence become a symbol of oppression?
5. Compare and contrast Kezia Burnell and Aunt Beryl. How do their actions reflect different values?
6. If you were Kezia, what would you say to your parents about letting Lil and Else Kelvey see the doll’s house? Write a short dialogue.
7. Was Kezia right in letting the Kelveys see the doll’s house without permission? Justify your answer with reasons.
8. Aunt Beryl’s anger seems excessive when she drives the Kelvey sisters away. What personal insecurity or hidden fear might be motivating her behaviour?
9. Is the story more about childhood innocence or inherited prejudice? Justify your answer with evidence.
10. If the story were set in today’s society, what form would social discrimination take? Would the message still remain powerful? Explain.

B. Choose the correct option.

1. Why might the author describe the doll's house as having a "dark, oily, spinach green" colour with "lumps of congealed paint"?

- a) to show that old Mrs. Hay had poor taste in gifts
- b) to suggest the house is slightly ugly and artificial, yet still prized by children who value novelty over beauty
- c) to indicate the paint was still wet and stinky
- d) to prove that the Burnells usually received better quality presents

2. How does Isabel's declaration "I'm to tell, because I'm the eldest" function within the family and social structure?

- a) It demonstrates her natural leadership abilities.
- b) It shows how age-based hierarchies are used to justify power and control over others.
- c) It proves she is her mother's favourite child.
- d) It reveals her insecurity about being forgotten.

3. Why does Kezia insist that "The lamp's best of all" when Isabel is showing off the doll's house?

- a) because the lamp is the most expensive item in the house
- b) because Kezia instinctively values warmth, light over mere material display
- c) because she wants to contradict Isabel and assert herself
- d) because the lamp was a separate gift just for her

4. Why do the other girls become "wild with joy" after Lena insults Lil about her father being in prison?

- a) They genuinely believe Lena has said something brave and clever.
- b) The cruelty reinforces their own social superiority and group solidarity against an outsider.
- c) They are relieved that Lena didn't target any of them instead.
- d) They think Lil will finally fight back and provide entertainment.

5. How does the teacher's treatment of Lil Kelvey—using a "special voice" for her—reinforce the story's larger themes?

- a) It shows that teachers must be strict to maintain classroom order.
- b) It demonstrates how adults formally sanction and model social exclusion for children.
- c) It proves Lil was not a very good student.
- d) It reveals the teacher's personal dislike of flowers.



Vocabulary and Grammar

Spot the Error:

1. Good night Rafia, I am happy to see you.
2. A snake stung Razzak in the leg.
3. Jameela gave me a page.
4. I, you and Fatima are friends.
5. I am yours' sincerely.
6. Shaheen is very better than Amjad.
7. Irha saw worth seeing sights in Murree.
8. Nighat is a miser girl.
9. Kiran opened the book at page 10.
10. Munawar made Bushra to stand.
11. Being naughty, the teacher punished Kinza badly.
12. Bilal is blind of an eye.
13. Although Zeeshaan is poor yet he is honest.
14. Neither Zaheer comes nor Bano.
15. Minha prefers to stand over sit.

KEY	evening	bit	paper	You, Fatima and I	yours	much	sights, worth-seeing
miserly	on	to	Kinza was beaten	in	yet	Neither does	standing to sitting



Oral Communication Skills



Activity 1: Role-Play Discussion (Group Activity)

Instructions for Students:

1. Divide the class into groups of five and each student will take one role:
 - i. Kezia
 - ii. Isabel
 - iii. Else Kelvey
 - iv. Aunt Beryl
 - v. a Narrator
2. Discuss the following situation:

"Day after the Kelvey sisters were driven away, the teacher asks each child to explain what happened."

3. Each student must speak for 1 to 2 minutes about character, explaining:
 1. how they felt.
 2. why they acted the way they did.
 3. whether they think it was right or wrong.



Writing Skills



Activity 1: Reimagining the Narrative — The Untold Story of the Kelvey Sisters

Activity Steps:

1. Close Reading & Evidence Gathering: Before writing, the students will revisit the story to collect "evidence" about the Kelvey sisters. In small groups, they should find quotes and details that describe:

- Their physical appearance and clothing e.g., the "pale pink" dress made from a tablecloth.
- Their actions and behaviour at school e.g., sitting apart, Lil's "shamefaced smile," Else's wide eyes.
- How other characters speak to and about them.
- The one moment of connection: Kezia showing them the lamp.

2. Creative Writing Task: The students will write a one-page diary entry. The challenge is to stay true to the character's voice and the story's events while creatively imagining their internal reactions. They must subtly integrate the evidence gathered in step 1 into their writing. For instance, Lil might write about the shame of her sandwich wrapped in newspaper, or Else might describe the lamp as a "warm, quiet friend".

UNIT 10

All the World's a Stage

William Shakespeare



Learning Outcomes:

By the end of this unit, the students will be able to:

- Engage effectively in a range of collaborative discussions(one-on-one, in groups, and teacher-led) with diverse partners on grade-level topics, texts, and issues.
- Evaluate stages of plot development in a fictional text: exposition, setting, climax, character development, resolution.
- Examine how complex characters (e.g., those with multiple or conflicting motivations) develop over the course of a text, interact with other characters, and advance the plot or develop the theme.
- Interpret and integrate information from a variety of sources for comprehension (e.g., maps, graphs, charts, diagrams).
- Examine and interpret the use of conjunctions and transitional devices in speech and writing for effective communication. Recognize and use subordinating conjunctions to connect independent clause/s to dependent clause/s, e.g., He could not attend the meeting because he was sick.
- Write multiple paragraphs of free writing for fluency, creativity, brainstorming or pleasure. Proofread and edit texts for errors.



Pre-reading:

- What do you think Shakespeare means by saying, "All the world's a stage" ?
- In what ways is human life similar to a drama or play?



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



Theme

The central idea of the poem is that life is like a stage and human beings are merely actors who perform different roles at different stages of life. Shakespeare explains that every person passes through seven stages, from infancy to old age. Each stage has its own characteristics, responsibilities, and behaviour. The poem highlights the temporary and changing nature of human life. It shows that just as actors enter and exit a stage, people are born, grow old, and eventually leave the world. In the final stage, humans return to a helpless condition similar to childhood, emphasizing the cycle of life and the inevitability of aging.

About the poet

William Shakespeare (1564–1616) was a renowned English poet, playwright, and actor, widely regarded as the greatest writer in the English language. He was born in Stratford-upon-Avon, England, and received his early education at the local grammar school, where he studied Latin and classical literature. Later, he moved to London and became a successful member of a theatrical company known as the Lord Chamberlain's Men, whose plays were performed at the famous Globe Theatre. Shakespeare wrote 37 plays, 154 sonnets, and several narrative poems. His works include great tragedies such as *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello*, as well as comedies like *As You Like It* and *Romeo and Juliet*. His writings explore universal themes such as love, ambition, jealousy, power, and the stages of human life. Shakespeare greatly enriched the English language by introducing many new words and expressions. His works continue to be studied, performed, and admired around the world. He died in 1616, but his literary legacy remains timeless.



Glossary

Words	Meanings
entrances	coming onto the stage; here it means birth
exits	leaving the stage; here it means death
justice	judge; a wise and mature person
mewling	crying softly like a baby
oblivion	forgetfulness; loss of awareness
pantaloon	trousers
pard	leopard
players	actors in a play; here it refers to human beings
quarrel	fight or argument
reputation	fame or respect earned by actions
sans	without
satchel	a small bag used for carrying books; a schoolbag
shank	the lower part of the leg
stage	a platform where actors perform; here it means the world
treble	high-pitched voice
woeful	full of sorrow or sadness



Reading and Critical Thinking

A. Answer the following questions:

1. Explain the metaphor "All the world's a stage" in your own words.
2. The poem describes seven stages of life. Pick any three and explain how people might experience them differently.
3. How does Shakespeare use imagery to show the difference between youth and old age? Give examples from the text.
4. Identify and explain two similes used in the poem and discuss what they reveal about the human stages.
5. What does Shakespeare suggest about the transient nature of life?
6. Relate any two stages of life from the poem to real-life experiences you have observed or read about.
7. Do you think comparing life to a stage is a realistic or symbolic idea?
8. Imagine a modern "stage of life". How would you describe the roles and challenges of people today in seven stages?
9. Which stage of life described in the poem do you find most interesting or relatable, and why?

B. Choose the correct synonym of the underlined word.

1. All the men and women merely players.
a. workers b. actors c. teachers d. leaders
2. They have their exits and their entrances.
a. successes b. birthdays c. departures d. celebrations
3. Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
a. sleeping b. vomiting c. laughing d. crawling
4. And then the whining schoolboy, creeping like snail.
a. singing happily b. running quickly c. complaining in a weak voice
d. studying seriously
5. Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad.
a. a short humorous story b. a sad or romantic song
c. a historical speech d. a dramatic play
6. Seeking the bubble reputation.
a. permanent b. short-lived c. noble d. powerful
7. And then the justice, in fair round belly.
a. policeman b. judge c. soldier d. farmer



Vocabulary and Grammar

A. Choose five unfamiliar words from the poem. For each word, provide:

1. Definition
2. Sentence using the word
3. Where it appears in the poem / context

Word	Definition	Sentence	Context in the Poem
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Literary Devices

Below are the major literary devices used in the poem, along with their definitions, line references, and examples from other famous poems.

Metaphor: A direct comparison between two unlike things without using "like" or "as."

Line Reference: "All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players." (Lines 1–2)

Explanation: Shakespeare directly compares the world to a stage and humans to actors.

Example from another poem:

From Robert Burns – "A Red, Red Rose"

"O my Love's like a red, red rose."

Simile: A comparison between two unlike things using "like" or "as."

Line References:

"Creeping like snail..."

"Sighing like furnace..."

"Bearded like the pard..."

Explanation: These similes vividly describe the schoolboy, lover, and soldier.

Example from another poem:

From William Wordsworth – "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud"

"I wandered lonely as a cloud."

Imagery: Language that appeals to the senses (sight, sound, touch, etc.).

Line Reference: "Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

Explanation: This creates a clear visual image of helpless old age.

Example from another poem:

From John Keats – "Ode to Autumn"

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness."

Repetition: The repeated use of words or phrases for emphasis.

Line Reference: "Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

Explanation: The repetition of "sans" (meaning without) emphasizes loss and emptiness.

Example from another poem:

From Alfred Lord Tennyson – "Break, Break, Break"

"Break, break, break..."

Personification: Giving human qualities to non-human things.

Line Reference: "Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth."

Explanation: The "cannon's mouth" suggests the cannon has a human feature (mouth).

Example from another poem:

From Percy Bysshe Shelley – *"Ode to the West Wind"*

"O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being."

Irony: A contrast between expectation and reality.

Line Reference:

The last stage returns to "second childishness," showing life ends as it began.

Explanation: Life starts and ends in helplessness — an ironic cycle.

Example from another poem: From Thomas Gray – *"Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard"*
"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Grammatical Aspects

Simple Present Tense

Definition: A tense used to express general truths, habits, or universal facts.

Reference from the Poem:

"All the world's a stage."

"They have their exits and their entrances."

Explanation: Shakespeare uses the simple present to express universal truths about life.

Additional Example: "The sun rises in the east."

Possessive Form (Genitive Case)

Definition: A grammatical form showing ownership, usually with apostrophe and an 's'.

Reference from the Poem:

"The cannon's mouth."

Explanation: The apostrophe shows possession (the mouth of the cannon).

Additional Example: "The teacher's book is on the table."

Use of Simile Structure ("like" + noun)

Definition: A grammatical structure used to compare two things using "like" or "as."

Reference from the Poem:

"Creeping like snail."

"Sighing like furnace."

Explanation: The structure "like + noun" forms a comparison.

Additional Example: "He runs like a deer."

Participle Phrases (Present Participle -ing form)

Definition: A verb form ending in "-ing" used as an adjective or to show continuous action.

Reference from the Poem:

"Seeking the bubble reputation."

"Sighing like furnace."

Explanation: "Seeking" and "sighing" are present participles describing actions.

Additional Example: "Walking down the street, she saw a friend."

Ellipsis (Omission of Words)

Definition: The omission of words that are understood from context.

Reference from the Poem:

"Creeping like snail."

(The word "a" before snail is omitted.)

Explanation: Shakespeare omits small grammatical words for poetic rhythm.

Additional Example: "When in Rome, do as the Romans do."

Repetition of Negative Preposition ("Sans")

Definition: Repeated use of a preposition meaning "without."

Reference from the Poem:

"Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

Explanation: "Sans" is a French word meaning "without," used repeatedly for emphasis.

Additional Example: "Without hope, without fear, without regret."

Parallel Structure

Definition: The use of similar grammatical forms in a series for balance and rhythm.

Reference from the Poem:

"Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

Explanation: Each phrase follows the same grammatical pattern.

Additional Example: "She likes reading, writing, and painting."

Contraction

Definition: A shortened form of two words combined with an apostrophe.

Reference from the Poem:

"World's" (world is)

Explanation: "World's" is a contraction of "world is."

Additional Example: "It's raining today."



Oral Communication Skills

A. Read aloud the following dialogue and practise it in groups.

Jahanzeb: Have you understood what Shakespeare means by, "All the world's a stage"?

Hunzala: Yes, he compares life to a stage and people to actors who perform different roles.

Jahanzeb: That's interesting. So, what are the seven stages he describes?

Hunzala: They are the infant, the schoolboy, the lover, the soldier, the justice, the old man, and the second childhood.

Jahanzeb: Why do you think he calls old age "second childhood"?

Hunzala: Because in old age, a person becomes weak and dependent again, just like a child.

Jahanzeb: Which stage do you find the most realistic?

Hunzala: I think the schoolboy stage is very realistic. Shakespeare describes him as unwilling to go to school, which still happens today.

Jahanzeb: True! I also like how he describes the lover, sighing like a furnace. It shows strong emotions.

Hunzala: Yes, and the soldier stage shows ambition and desire for reputation.

Jahanzeb: What message do you think Shakespeare gives through this poem?

Hunzala: He wants to show that life is temporary and full of changing roles. Everyone must pass through these stages.

Jahanzeb: I agree. It also teaches us to understand and accept the different phases of life.



Writing Skills



Activity: Write Your Own "Stages of Life"

1. Imagine that you are living in the modern world.
2. Divide human life into **seven modern stages** (for example: toddler, student, teenager, professional, parent, retired person, etc.).
3. Write a **short paragraph (120–150 words)** describing these stages.
4. Try to use:
 - At least **one metaphor**
 - One **simile** (like / as)
 - Descriptive language

UNIT 11

A Letter to God

Gregorio Lopez Fuentes



Learning Outcomes:

By the end of this unit, the students will be able to:

- Listen to texts and critically analyse the situations/events.
- Evaluate two or more central ideas of a text and analyze their development over the course of the text, including how they interact and build on one another to provide a complex analysis.
- Use summary skills to
 - extract salient points and develop a mind map to summarize a variety of informational texts.
 - transfer the written text to a table, diagram, flowchart or work plan.
- Summarise complex concepts, processes, or information by paraphrasing them using correct language structure, transitional devices, own words and relevant punctuation marks. Make inferences to draw conclusions from, e.g. contextual information, writer's viewpoint, implied information.
- Recognize and use correlative conjunctions including pairs such as both/and, either/or, neither/nor, not/but and not only/but also, etc.
- Use summary skills to write an objective summary of the given text and poems.



Pre-reading:

- Based on the title "A Letter to God," what do you think the main character might be asking for and why?
- If you were to write a letter to God, what is the one thing you would ask for or say?

The house – the only one in the entire valley – sat on the **crest** of a low hill. From this height one could see the river and, next to the corral, the field of ripe corn dotted with the kidney bean flowers that always promised a good harvest. The only thing the earth needed was a rainfall, or at least a shower. Throughout the morning Lencho – who knew his fields **intimately** – had done nothing else but scan the sky toward the northeast. "Now we're really going to get some water, woman." The woman, who was preparing supper, replied: "Yes, God willing." The oldest boys were working in the field, while the smaller ones were playing near the house, until the woman called to them all: "Come for dinner..." It was during the meal that, just as Lencho had predicted, big drips of rain began to fall. In the northeast huge mountains of clouds could be seen approaching. The air was fresh and sweet. The man went out to look for something in the corral for no other reason than to allow himself the pleasure of feeling the rain on his body, and when he returned, he exclaimed: "Those aren't raindrops falling from the

sky, they're new coins. The big drops are ten-centavo pieces and the little ones are fives..." With a satisfied expression he regarded the field of ripe corn with its kidney bean flowers, draped in a curtain of rain. But suddenly a strong wind began to fall. These truly did resemble new silver coins. The boys, exposing themselves to the rain, ran out to collect the frozen pearls. "It's really getting bad now," exclaimed the man, mortified. "I hope it passes quickly." It did not pass quickly. For an hour the hail rained on the house, the garden, the hillside, the cornfield, on the whole valley. The field was white, as if covered with salt. Not a leaf remained on the trees. The corn was totally destroyed. The flowers were gone from the kidney bean plants. Lencho's soul was filled with sadness. When the storm had passed, he stood in the middle of the field and said to his sons: "A plague of locusts would have left more than this... the hail has left nothing: this year we will have no corn or beans..." That night was a sorrowful one: "All our work, for nothing!" "There's no one who can help us!" But in the minds of all who lived in that solitary house in the middle of the valley, there was a single hope: help from God. "Don't be so upset, even though this seems like a total loss. Remember, no one dies of hunger!" "That's what they say: no one dies of hunger..." All through the night, Lencho thought only of his one hope: the help of God, whose eyes, as he had been instructed, see everything, even what is deep in one's **conscience**. Lencho was an ox of a man, working like an animal in the fields, but still he knew how to write. The following Sunday, at day break, after having convinced himself that there is a protecting spirit he began to write a letter which he himself would carry to town and place in the mail. It was nothing less than a letter to God. "God," he wrote, "if you don't help me, my family and I will go hungry this year. I need a hundred pesos in order to re-sow the field and to live until the crop comes, because the hailstorm..." He wrote "To God" on the envelope, put the letter inside and - still troubled - went to town. At the post office he placed a stamp on the letter and dropped it into the mailbox. One of the employees, who was a postman and also helped at the post office, went to his boss, laughing heartily and showed him the letter to God. Never in his career as a postman had he known that address. The postmaster - a fat **amiable** fellow - also broke out laughing, but almost immediately he turned serious and, tapping the letter on his desk, commented: "What faith! I wish I had the faith of the man who wrote this letter. To believe the way he believes. To hope with the confidence that he knows how to hope with. Starting up a **correspondence** with God!" So, in order not to discourage the farmer's faith, revealed by a letter that could not be delivered, the postmaster came up with an idea: answer the letter. But when he opened it, it was evident that to answer it he needed something more than good will, ink and paper. But he stuck to his resolution: he asked for money from his employee, he himself gave part of his salary, and several friends of his were **obliged** to give something "for an act of charity". It was impossible for him to gather together the hundred pesos requested by Lencho, so he

was able to send the farmer only a little more than half. He put the bills in an envelope addressed to Lencho and with them a letter containing only a signature: GOD. The following Sunday Lencho came a bit earlier than usual to ask if there was a letter for him. It was the postman himself who handed the letter to him while the postmaster - experiencing the contentment of a man who has performed a good deed - looked on from the doorway of his office. Lencho showed not the slightest surprise on seeing the bills – such was his confidence – but he became angry when he counted the money. God could not have made a mistake, nor could he have denied Lencho what he had requested! Immediately, Lencho went up to the window to ask for paper and ink. On the public writing table, he started to write with much **wrinkling** of his brow, caused by the effort he had to make to express his ideas. When he finished, he went to the window to buy a stamp which he licked and then affixed to the envelope with a blow of his fist. The **moment** that the letter fell into the mailbox the postmaster went to open it. It said; “God: Of the money that I asked for only seventy pesos reached me. Send me the rest, since I need it very much. But don’t send it to me through the mail, because the post office employees are a bunch of crooks. Lencho.”

Theme

In it, the theme of communication and collaboration is explored through a lens of profound irony and human fallibility. Lencho’s earnest letter to God, pleading for financial aid after a devastating hailstorm, represents a form of direct, faith-driven communication that transcends conventional means. The postmaster and his colleagues, moved by Lencho’s unwavering belief, collaborate to collect money and send it anonymously, embodying collective human empathy in action. However, the resulting miscommunication—when Lencho receives only part of the requested sum and accuses the post office employees of theft—reveals the fragile and often misinterpreted nature of human interactions. Ultimately, the narrative underscores that while collaboration can spring from noble intentions, imperfect communication can lead to unintended misunderstandings, highlighting the delicate balance between goodwill and perception.

About the author

Gregorio López Fuentes stands as a seminal figure in the landscape of Mexican literature, celebrated for his profound and empathetic portrayals of rural life and the struggles of the indigenous peoples during the early 20th century. A master of narrative simplicity and emotional depth, his works bridge the personal and the political, offering readers a window into the soul of a nation in transformation. Through novels and short stories rich with authenticity, López Fuentes gave voice to the marginalized, weaving tales that resonate with universal themes of justice, resilience, and human dignity. His contributions not only enriched the literary canon but also fostered a greater cultural awareness and social consciousness, cementing his legacy as a compassionate chronicler of Mexico's heart and history.



Glossary

Words	Meanings
amiable	friendly and pleasant
conscience	sense of right and wrong that guides a person's actions
correspondence	communication by exchanging letters or messages
crest	the top or highest point of something, like a hill or a wave
intimately	in a close, personal, or detailed way
moment	a very short period of time
obliged	thankful or grateful; also means required to do something
wrinkling	forming small lines or folds, especially on skin or cloth



Reading and Critical Thinking

A. Answer the following questions:

1. What was the "only thing the earth needed" in the beginning of the story, and why was it so crucial?
2. How did Lencho react when he received the letter? Why was his reaction surprising?
3. What did Lencho's second letter reveal about his faith and his perception of the post office employees?
4. In the beginning of the story, why was Lencho so certain that it would rain? What does this tell you about his character and his relationship with nature?
5. Describe the event that transformed Lencho's hopeful anticipation into despair. What was the specific cause of this transformation?
6. When the postman and postmaster read Lencho's letter, what was their initial reaction? Why did the postmaster decide to help him?
7. Why was Lencho not surprised or filled with gratitude when he received the money? Instead, what emotion did he feel and why?
8. The story is built on a powerful irony. Explain the contradiction between what Lencho believes happened to the money and what actually happened.
9. What does the "house - the only one in the entire valley - sitting on the crest of a low hill" symbolize about Lencho and his family's place in the world?
10. Based on the ending, what do you think is the author's main message about faith? Is it a story that criticizes blind faith, or celebrates its power despite human flaws?

B. Choose the correct option.

1. The house sat on the **crest** of a low hill.
a) base b) top c) side d) shadow
2. The field was **dotted** with kidney bean flowers.
a) erased b) sprinkled c) coloured d) replaced
3. He was **mortified** by the turn of events.
a) excited b) embarrassed c) humiliated d) amused
4. He experienced the **contentment** of a good deed.
a) sadness b) satisfaction c) confusion d) regret
5. He needed to **re-sow** the field.
a) plant again b) water c) harvest d) sell
6. He made a **resolution** to answer the letter.
a) joke b) promise c) decision d) mistake
7. Lencho had an **unyielding** faith in God. What is the best synonym for "unyielding"?
a) Flexible b) Adamant c) Temporary d) Questioning
8. Lencho's field needed a **downpour** to have a good harvest. Which word could replace "downpour"?
a) Drizzle b) Deluge c) Breeze d) Drought
9. The postmaster and his employees made a **conscientious** effort to help Lencho. What does "conscientious" mean?
a) Careless b) Meticulous c) Secret d) Quick
10. When Lencho found only a portion of the money, he assumed the post office employees were a **bunch of crooks**. What is a synonym for "crooks"?
a) Heroes b) Benefactors c) Swindlers d) Officials



Vocabulary and Grammar

Instructions: Read the following sentences or phrases from "A Letter to God" and answer the questions that follow.

1. "It's really getting bad now," exclaimed the man. "I hope it passes quickly."
The word **exclaimed** suggests the man spoke in a _____.
a) quiet and sad tone. b) loud and sudden way, expressing emotion.
c) formal and polite manner. d) slow and thoughtful whisper.
2. The hailstones are described as "frozen pearls" and "new silver coins." This is an example of _____.
a) a simile b) a metaphor c) personification d) hyperbole

-
3. The postmaster was a fat, amiable fellow. What is the best synonym for **amiable**?
- a) serious b) friendly and pleasant c) wealthy d) lazy
4. Lencho showed an unshakable faith in God. The word **unshakable** means ____.
- a) easily broken b) not able to be weakened or doubted
c) religious d) new and untested
5. The hailstorm left the valley **desolate**. What does **desolate** mean?
- a) empty of people and offering no comfort; devastated
b) ready for a new planting season
c) beautifully covered in white d) peaceful and quiet
6. Based on the context of the entire story, what does **conscience** mean, as in the postmaster being "stirred by Lencho's conscience"?
- a) a person's moral sense of right and wrong
b) a large amount of money
c) a feeling of anger d) a clever plan
7. The word **contentment** is used to describe Lencho's feeling before the storm. What is its meaning?
- a) a state of happiness and satisfaction b) a feeling of great worry
c) the things that are inside something d) a strong desire for more
8. Lencho's letter was a **petition** to God. A **petition** is a _____.
- a) formal request, often written. b) thank you note.
c) declaration of war. d) a short story.



Oral Communication Skills

- A. Students form a group and hold discussion on: "Lencho possesses an unshakeable faith, while the postmaster and his employees act out of a combination of compassion and amusement. How do these two central ideas—unwavering faith and human compassion—interact and build upon each other throughout the story? What complex conclusion does this interaction lead us to know about human nature?"



Writing Skills

- A. Lencho's unwavering faith and the post office employees' compassionate response are two central ideas in the story.**
- a)** Analyse how these two ideas develop and interact with each other over the course of the text. How does Lencho's faith initiate the action, and how does the employees' response create the story's central irony?
 - b)** Based on your analysis, write an objective summary of the story. Your summary must paraphrase the main events, highlight this central relationship between faith and action, and conclude with the story's final outcome. Use correct transitional devices to ensure your summary flows logically.
 - c)** Write a short paragraph (4-5 sentences) from the perspective of the postmaster after he reads Lencho's second letter. Your paragraph must express his mixed feelings of disappointment and resolve.

UNIT 12

A Visit to the Swat Valley

H. P. Stewart



Learning Outcomes:

By the end of this unit, the students will be able to:

- Demonstrate attentive listening skills while working in a whole class setting and taking turns to speak with standard pronunciation and intonation.
- Practice précis writing skills.
- Give an informed personal and analytical response to a variety of texts and provide some textual references in support.
- Critique how authors distinguish their position from that of others.
- Demonstrate command of the conventions of Standard English capitalization, punctuation, and spelling when writing in different varieties of texts.
 - Observe hyphenation conventions.
 - Produce legible work that shows the correct spelling of the conventions of punctuation and capitalization.
- Develop précis writing skills. Write précis effectively.
- Use paraphrasing skills to paraphrase a poem.



Pre-reading:

- What challenges or feelings of anticipation do you associate with a journey through an unfamiliar and potentially rugged landscape?
- How might the history of a place influence a traveller's experience and the overall atmosphere of a landscape?

Spring time is beautiful in most places, but when the young leaves and the fruit blossom, the flowers in the fields and the new shoots of wheat and rice, are put in a setting with snow-capped mountains behind them and a blue river in front with shining white and yellow pebbles, it makes a picture that causes the visitor to exclaim with pleasure and remember for years to come.

We went over the Malakand Pass on a dazzlingly clear day after a good deal of rain. The **precipices**, the rocks, the road winding around the cliffs, the steepness and **cragginess** of it made one feel as if the giant's castle has to be stormed before one entered the enchanted land. The giant was absent, there were no pickets on the hills, the little forts were empty, there was no one to challenge us as we crept round the last frightening curve but all the same we travelled with caution peering ahead to see what was around the corner. Then we were in the outskirts of the stronghold and beyond was a green and pleasant valley.

Wherever we turned, there were pictures, willows just coming into leaf, pale yellow rather than green, with dark trunks, bending over a canal, dark lines of trees across the lush green of the valley where the roads crossed and clear streams in which the blue of the hills was reflected, the mustard fields still in bloom while in the Punjab they were only a memory, the wheat still young, any new leaves and blossoms on the shisham trees, the persian lilace leafless with yellow berries from last summer shining against the blue of the sky, red poppies among the wheat and sometimes on the roofs of the houses, fresh snow even on the hills in the middle distance and village clean and washed by the recent rain and the white capped hills behind them. Every few miles there were quaint little forts each with four top heavy towers some of them, half hidden by the alder trees in the stream bed between the fort and the road, some standing starkly against blue and purple hills.

On the road there were Gujar folk travelling, camped in the shelter of rocks, the women in their black garments walking behind the animals, great baskets on their heads and then we saw a pretty little girl among them with her arms full of red poppies. Every now and again we came to a clump of olive trees and discovered that only in the graveyards did groups of these trees survive. The graves were often surmounted by sharp stones dug from the hillside, one for the head and one for the foot, often at an angle that suggested arms held wide or even wings. Some of the olive trees dripped with fresh **mistletoes** the leaves of which were small and neat and pale green, a smaller variety than one usually sees. The hill tops were covered with Buddhist remains and all over the valley there were ruins from old monasteries and stupas and houses as if in this sheltered place time had stood still.

There were arched bridges over the streams and so much stone with which to build clean walls, some of them not even held together with mortar. A lot of the stone was **schist** which splits like slate. What lovely floors it would make!

The botanists among us were excited with the wild flowers by the road side and up the slopes of the hills. There were big patches of a giant yellow mint **nepeta** purple as heather among the rocks, heavy heads of golden **sophora** and everywhere there were fruit trees in blossom. In places the little wild iris still in bloom both the purple and yellow varieties, and we later found a few stalks of the big pale lavender Hazara lily which most of us had never seen before, growing on the banks of irrigation ditches.

Saidu Sharif was a surprise. The villages on the hillside built with the stone from their own rocks melted into the colour of the hills, but this city with its great white mosque surrounded by all those houses was unexpected and the big hotel even more so. However, we were very glad to be so comfortable. There were flowers in the garden and red blossoms on the silk cotton tree, looking somehow strange deep blue hills instead of the paler blue of the sky. Just before we came to the hotel, we crossed a branch of the Swat River and for a brief moment had a glimpse of the length of the



valley from the bridge. The snows were so vivid, the water so blue and the pebbles so shining that it looked almost unreal, like the very brightest of picture postcards.

Next day we followed the opposite bank of the river. We had come up the left bank with the snowy range behind us, now we faced the snows, going through Mingora with its shops, as far as, Manglaur. There a bend of the river in front of a government dispensary made a blue mirror at the foot of a range of Show mountains, and little fields and lines of trees came down to meet the water from huts perched up on the slopes of the hills. A man was fishing in the clear thus water with a big net. Huge boulders guarded the near banks of the streams. From here some of the party went up a side valley to see a **bas-relief** high the head almost completely free. It was a two mile walk from where the motor statue of Buddha carved on the face of the rock about twenty-five feet high, the head almost completely free. It was a two mile walk from where the motor road ended and some were a little weary when they returned to drink their tea on the dispensary verandah facing the snows. All the patients had gone home by this time and the place was deserted. It was very peaceful.

When we had gathered strength again, we took to the road once more and followed it until we came to a valley that led up into the hills to Miandam. The road was narrow, even a little frightening in place, but every turn brought some thing beautiful. The loveliest sight was provided by the medlar trees in full bloom, a cascade of lacy white that suddenly seemed to fill the valley. When we stopped at the head of the valley we looked back again at the snows, at fold after fold of blue and purple hills and the foreground a **terraced** hillside with fine green fields trimmed with mustard bloom, huts with low flat roofs, and at our feet pink and white fruit blossoms on the trees at the edge of the fields. We could see bits of snow between the dark pines nearer ridges of the hills and deep in the valley the fresh new green of trees and bushes. Here and there were oak trees also and walnut trees, so many different shades of green.

We came back in the evening, following the river, now quiet instead of sparkling with cool shadows across the hills. We rounded the great buttress of rock that guards the bend of the river and came suddenly on a wedding procession that completely filled the road. The bride was in a **doli** surrounded by women on foot, all dressed in black garments with the most beautifully embroidered black shawls, gay embroidery on their shirts, all kinds of jewellery, some with baskets on their heads covered with a cloth some with embroidered jackets, a few with red trousers and all of them skipping along with dancing steps, clapping their hands and evidently enjoying themselves thoroughly. We were told that it used to be the custom to send the bridegroom off by himself three weeks before the wedding. Evidently it was not considered proper for him to enjoy the fun. The **dowry** beds were in the procession too, utensils, bedding, a low table, all that the bride would need in her new home. Later on, we saw the wedding party in a courtyard where there were gaily clad dancers entertaining the company.

The next day was planned for the geologists and those who wanted to have a better look at the Buddhist ruins. Every hilltop seemed to bristle with the last few stones that once formed a monastery, a fortress of **stupa** or even a dwelling house. There were remains of stupas that had once been elaborately covered with carvings little bits of which still remain. What must the valley have looked like when all these **saffron-clad** Buddhist monks could look down at the rice fields by the riverside and watch the sun setting along the pink flushed crest of the snows? How far did they have to carry their water? Are the forests gone that once provided them with fuel? Or was it part of their simple needs? Sir Aurel Stein once visited the Swat valley and wrote about these Buddhist times in a book called 'On Alexander's Track on the Indus' but I have not yet been able to find a copy of his record.

We spent part of the day shopping in the bazar. Everyone wanted Swat blankets and variety was great, some wool, some cotton and all kinds of mixtures, usually in gay stripes red and yellow and blue and green, some for curtains and some for cottage bedspreads. A few of the ladies bought black scarves with magenta trimmings, some wanted a Swat hat to show to their friends. They seemed to me very ugly things and so under becoming to the handsome lads that wore them, but very warm. I preferred the pretty caps trimmed in gold thread that you would see on the head of some lovely child, usually the son of a local Khan.

By evening of the second day, the clouds began to gather and the next day it was drizzling. Hoping it would clear up in an hour or two we set out for Pir Baba, thinking that we would not have time to see this interesting road on our return journey for it is a good deal longer and there are four passes to cross before one comes to the shrine. We went over the bridge across the Saidu River and some miles down the same road we had come by on our arrival, then we turned off to the left and after a while began to climb. The road was steep and narrow and it seemed leading long way to the top of the first pass, which was the big highest of the four passes on the way. It was very windy. The road that we could see zig-zagging down the next big hill did not look very inviting with a rainy sky overhead. So, we turned and came back by the way we had gone and we were glad to be back in the valley again. By now the rain was blurring the hills and almost shutting out the view. We ate in the car, looking on at Buddhist ruins, for no one wanted to climb up there in the rain. The colours all became soft, the snow disappeared, the flowers hung their soft heads and the distant hills were hidden in the mist. We finally returned to the hotel to spend the rest of the afternoon sorting specimens of flowers, making notes, making a few sketches of the flowers and drinking tea. The mist came farther up the valley until the nearest hills were also covered. Of all that riot of colour only a soft grey blue remained.

We had planned to go to a rest-house at Bahrein and perhaps to visit Kalam, but next day it was raining so hard that we got discouraged. It looked as if it was in for days of

wet weather. So we came out of the valley as we had gone into it, by Chakdara and the Malakand Pass. Family after family of Gujars walked on the road in the pouring rain, driving their animals in front of them loaded with their household possessions. It was sad to see them so **bedraggled** in the wet. One little girl in black and red had a black lamb in her arms, as if it too, had become discouraged in the rain. We saw where the Swat River was joined by the Dir River and wondered if Alexander had come into India through Dir. The hills have sharp points to them and looked as flat as if they had been cut out of cardboard. We saw a baby leopard skin hanging in a roadside shop and wondered where it had come from. They had jackal skins in the shops at Mingora. In the rain the rocks near the pass were almost black and contrasted sharply with the lush green and gold of the valley. The pass over Malakand had seemed scary when we were going into Swat but after the Pir Baba Road it looked a highway. The rain followed us all the way to the Punjab.

It would be nice to spend a long time in the valley of Swat. I should like to paint dozens of pictures and visit the higher hills. The flowers are so lovely in the spring. But to get round in the comfort one should have one's own car. The roads are good and several of the side valleys motorable. Our visit was so brief that it had the effect of an afternoon's performance at the cinema with a film in two parts: one in bright sunshine, the other in the rain and I shall always regret a part three which I did not see, the roads we did not travel and the hills we may never have an opportunity to climb.

Theme

The unit evocatively portrays the enchanting beauty and serene tranquillity of the Swat Valley in spring, capturing a landscape of breathtaking contrasts—snow-capped mountains, vibrant fields of blossoms, and crystal-clear rivers set against ancient ruins and cultural richness. Through vivid imagery, the narrative conveys a sense of awe and timelessness, celebrating the valley's natural splendour, historical depth, and the gentle rhythm of local life, while also acknowledging the fleeting nature of such an idyllic experience. It is a tribute to a place where nature, history, and human presence harmonize into an unforgettable tapestry of sights, sounds, and emotions.

About the author

H. P. Stewart is the insightful author behind *A Visit to the Swat Valley*, a work that reflects his deep appreciation for the cultural and natural richness of the region. With a keen eye for detail and a passion for exploration, Stewart brings to life the landscapes, traditions, and people of Swat through vivid and engaging prose. His writing not only serves as a travelogue but also as a thoughtful commentary on the historical and social nuances of the area. Stewart's ability to weave narrative with observation makes his work both informative and immersive. Through this publication, he invites readers to experience the beauty and complexity of Swat Valley as though they were journeying alongside him.



Glossary

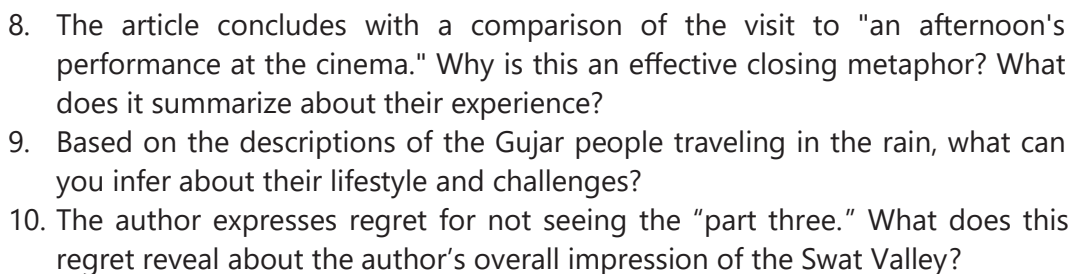
Words	Meanings
bas-relief	a type of sculpture with slightly raised figures on a flat background
bedraggled	messy and wet, typically from being in the rain
cragginess	the quality of being rough, uneven, and full of rocks
doli	a palanquin used to carry a bride
dowry	property or money brought by a bride to her husband at marriage
mistletoe	a parasitic plant that grows on trees
nepeta	a genus of flowering plants, commonly known as catmint
precipices	very steep rock faces or cliffs
saffron-clad	dressed in robes of a bright orange-yellow colour
schist	a type of rock that splits easily into thin layers
sophora	a genus of trees and shrubs with typically yellow flowers
stupa	a buddhist shrine, typically a dome-shaped structure
terraced	(of land) shaped into a series of flat areas resembling steps



Reading and Critical Thinking

A. Answer the following questions:

1. What might be the author's deeper purpose in writing this detailed account of her visit to the Swat Valley?
2. How does the author's tone shift between the descriptions of the sunny days and the final rainy departure? What specific words contribute to these different moods?
3. The article mentions "the giant's castle" that must be stormed to enter the "enchanted land." What does this metaphor represent about the journey and the landscape?
4. Identify and explain a key contrast presented in the text.
5. The author describes a wedding procession in detail. What does this passage reveal about the local customs and the role of community?
6. The narrative is told from the first-person perspective of a visitor. How does this point of view shape our understanding of the place and its people? What might a local person's perspective emphasize differently?
7. The description is rich with sensory details. How do these details enhance the reader's experience?



1. According to the text, what natural feature provides a "setting" for the beautiful spring scenery?

- a) a dense, dark forest b) a vast, empty desert
c) snow-capped mountains and a blue river d) a single, towering volcano

a) a dragon's lair b) a giant's castle c) a fortified city d) a sacred temple

a) around government buildings b) in royal gardens
c) in the graveyards d) along the riverbanks

a) Mughal palaces
b) Greek amphitheatres
c) Buddhist monasteries and stupas
d) Victorian mansions

a) a massive, modern factory b) a great white mosque and a big hotel
c) a crowded, noisy market d) an ancient, ruined colosseum

a) the Swat River b) Medlar trees in full bloom
c) the snowy mountain range d) a wedding procession

a) on a decorated horse b) in a doli (palanquin)
c) in a modern car d) on a flower-covered cart

a) spices and local foods b) antique weapons
c) Swat blankets and hats d) Buddhist artifacts



Vocabulary and Grammar

1. The text describes the view as a "picture that causes the visitor to *exclaim* with pleasure." What is the best synonym for "exclaim"?
a) whisper b) murmur c) cry out d) ponder
2. The author mentions the "*precipices*, the rocks, the road winding around the cliffs." What does "precipices" most likely refer to?
a) gentle slopes b) dense forests c) very steep cliffs d) shallow streams
3. The scene is described as "the giant's castle has to be *stormed*." In this context, what does "stormed" mean?
a) admired from a distance b) painted artistically
c) attacked and captured by force d) photographed carefully
4. The author notes that the graves were "often *surmounted* by sharp stones." What does "surmounted" mean?
a) surrounded by b) dug up from c) placed on top of d) hidden beneath
5. The botanists were excited by the "wild flowers by the road side and up the *slopes* of the hills." What does "slopes" refer to?
a) the flat tops of the hills b) the inclined sides of the hills
c) the valleys between the hills d) the rocky bases of the hills



Oral Communication Skills

- A. **H.P. Stewart describes the Swat Valley with vivid imagery. Listen carefully as your classmate reads a short descriptive passage aloud. After he finishes, can you share one specific image or sensory detail (something seen, heard, or felt) that stands out to you and explain why it is particularly effective or striking?**
- B. **Imagine Stewart's description of a specific landscape in Swat Valley (e.g., a river, a mountain pass) is a stanza from a poem. Working with a partner, paraphrase that description in your own words. Your goal is to capture the essence and beauty of the image without using Stewart's exact phrasing. Be prepared to share your paraphrased version with the class."**
- C. **Think about a modern travel blog or documentary about the same region. Based on Stewart's writing, how would his purpose and tone differ from that of a modern travel writer? What in his text makes you**

think that? Discuss the different goals of a 19th/early 20th-century travelogue versus contemporary travel media."



Writing Skills

- A. H.P. Stewart describes the Swat Valley from the perspective of an outsider. Write a well-structured analytical paragraph (150-200 words) in which you: a) Paraphrase his overall impression of the valley and its people (e.g., "The author conveys a sense of..."). b) Critique his position by analysing how he, as a colonial-era British author, might distinguish his viewpoint from that of a local inhabitant. Consider his tone, word choice, and what he chooses to describe. c) Support your analysis with at least two specific textual references.
- B. Write a précis of the article "A Visit to the Swat Valley" by H.P. Stewart.

UNIT 13

The Pearl

John Steinbeck



Learning Outcomes:

By the end of this unit, the students will be able to:

- Speak confidently and fluently in a wide range of contexts, for example, (conflict resolution, panel discussion, role-play, dialogue etc.) to fulfil different purposes (exposition, argumentation etc.).
- Analyse descriptive, argumentative persuasive essays.
- Analyse application/letter/report summary/biography/autobiography/ reviews.
- Evaluate different points of view (e.g., first-person, third-person narrative). Examine an author's point of view or purpose in a text.
- Gather relevant information from multiple authentic resources available following research ethics to write and present their assignment.
- Write a book review.



Pre-reading:

- Can a stroke of luck ever be truly dangerous, and if so, why?
- How does sudden wealth typically change the way a community treats an individual?
- Do social institutions like medicine, law, and markets serve the rich and poor equally?
- Is greed an inherent human flaw or a product of the society we live in?
- Can an ordinary object become evil, or do we merely project our darkness onto it?
- What might a person have to sacrifice in the pursuit of a better life?

"In the town they tell the story of the great pearl--- how it was found and how it was lost again. They tell of Kino, the fisherman, and of his wife, Juana, and of the baby, Coyotito. And because the story has been told so often, it has taken root in every man's mind. And, as with all retold tales that are in people's hearts, there are only good and bad things and black and white things and good and evil things and no in-between anywhere.

"If this story is a parable, perhaps everyone takes his own meaning from it and reads his own life into it. In any case, they say in the town that . . ."

CHAPTER I

KINO awakened in the near dark. The stars still shone and the day had drawn only a pale wash of light in the lower sky to the east. The roosters had been crowing for some time, and the early animals were already beginning their ceaseless turning of twigs and bits of wood to see whether anything to eat had been overlooked. Outside

the brush house in the tuna clump, a covey of little birds chattered and flurried with their wings.

Kino's eyes opened, and he looked first at the lightening square which was the door and then he looked at the hanging box where Coyotito slept. And last he turned his head to Juana, his wife, who lay beside him on the mat, her blue head shawl over her nose and around the small of her back. Juana's eyes were open too. Kino could never remember seeing them closed when he awakened. Her dark eyes made little reflected stars. She was looking at him as she was always looking at him when he awakened.

Kino heard the little splash of morning waves on the beach. It was very good—Kino closed his eyes again to listen to his music. Perhaps he alone did this and perhaps all of his people did it. His people had once been great makers of songs so that everything they saw or thought or did became a song. That was very long ago. The songs remained; Kino knew them, but no new songs were added. That does not mean that there were no personal songs. In Kino's head there was a song now, clear and soft, and if he had been able to speak of it, he would have called it the Song of the Family.

His blanket was over his nose to protect him from the dank air. His eyes flicked to a rustle beside him. It was Juana arising. On her hard bare feet, she went to the hanging box where Coyotito slept, and she leaned over and said a little reassuring word. Coyotito looked up for a moment and closed his eyes and slept again.

Juana went to the fire pit and uncovered a coal and fanned it alive while she broke little pieces of brush over it.

Now Kino got up and wrapped his blanket about his head and nose and shoulders. He slipped his feet into his sandals and went outside to watch the dawn.

Outside the door he squatted down and gathered the blanket ends about his knees. He saw the specks of Gulf clouds flame high in the air. And a goat came near and sniffed at him and stared with its cold yellow eyes. Behind him Juana's fire leaped into flame and threw spears of light through the chinks of the brush – house wall and threw a wavering square of light out the door. A late moth blustered in to find the fire. The Song of the Family came now from behind Kino. And the rhythm of the family song was the grinding stone where Juana worked the corn for the morning cakes.

The dawn came quickly now, a wash, a glow, a lightness, and then an explosion of fire as the sun arose out of the Gulf. Kino looked down to cover his eyes from the glare. He could hear the pat of the corncakes in the house and the rich smell of them on the cooking plate. The ants were busy on the ground, big black ones with shiny bodies, and little dusty quick ants. Kino watched with the **detachment** of God while a dusty ant frantically tried to escape the sand trap an ant lion had dug for him. A thin, timid dog came close and, at a soft word from Kino, curled up, arranged its tail neatly over its feet, and laid its chin delicately on the pile. It was a black dog with yellow-gold



spots where its eyebrows should have been. It was a morning like other mornings and yet perfect among mornings.

Kino heard the creak of the rope when Juana took Coyotito out of his hanging box and cleaned him. Kino could see these things without looking at them. Juana sang softly an ancient song that had only three notes and yet endless variety of interval. And this was part of the family song too. It was all part. Sometimes it rose to an aching chord that caught the throat, saying this is safety, this is warmth, this is the *Whole*. Across the brush fence were other brush houses, and the smoke came from them too, and the sound of breakfast. Kino was young and strong and his black hair hung over his brown forehead. His eyes were warm and fierce and bright and his moustache was thin and coarse. He lowered his blanket from his nose now, for the dark poisonous air was gone and the yellow sunlight fell on the house. Near the brush fence two roosters bowed and feinted at each other with squared wings and neck feathers ruffed out. It would be a clumsy fight. They were not game chickens. Kino watched them for a moment, and then his eyes went up to a flight of wild doves twinkling inland to the hills. The world was awake now, and Kino arose and went into his brush house.

As he came through the door Juana stood up from the glowing fire pit. She put Coyotito back in his hanging box and then she combed her black hair and braided it in two braids and tied the ends with thin green ribbon. Kino squatted by the fire pit and rolled a hot corncake and dipped it in sauce and ate it. And he drank a little tea and that was breakfast. That was the only breakfast he had ever known outside of feast days and one incredible fiesta on cookies that had nearly killed him. When Kino had finished, Juana came back to the fire and ate her breakfast. They had spoken once, but there is no need for speech if it is only a habit anyway. Kino sighed with satisfaction—and that was conversation.

The sun was warming the brush house, breaking through its crevices in long streaks. And one of the streaks fell on the hanging box where Coyotito lay, and on the ropes that held it.

It was a tiny movement that drew their eyes to the hanging box. Kino and Juana froze in their positions. Down the rope that hung the baby's box from the roof support a scorpion moved slowly. His stinging tail was straight out behind him, but he could whip it up in a flash of time.

Kino's breath whistled in his nostrils and he opened his mouth to stop it. And then the startled look was gone from him and the rigidity from his body. In his mind a new song had come, the Song of Evil, the music of the enemy, of any foe of the family, a savage, secret, dangerous melody, and underneath, the Song of the Family cried plaintively.

The scorpion moved delicately down the rope toward the box. Under her breath Juana repeated an ancient magic to guard against such evil, and on top of that she





muttered a Hail Mary between clenched teeth. But Kino was in motion. His body glided quietly across the room, noiselessly and smoothly. His hands were in front of him, palms down, and his eyes were on the scorpion. Beneath it in the hanging box Coyotito laughed and reached up his hand toward it. It sensed danger when Kino was almost within reach of it. It stopped, and its tail rose up over its back in little jerks and the curved thorn on the tail's end glistened.

Kino stood perfectly still. He could hear Juana whispering the old magic again, and he could hear the evil music of the enemy. He could not move until the scorpion moved, and it felt for the source of the death that was coming to it. Kino's hand went forward very slowly, very smoothly. The thorned tail jerked upright. And at that moment the laughing Coyotito shook the rope and the scorpion fell.

Kino's hand leaped to catch it, but it fell past his fingers, fell on the baby's shoulder, landed and struck. Then, snarling, Kino had it, had it in his fingers, rubbing it to a paste in his hands. He threw it down and beat it into the earth floor with his fist, and Coyotito screamed with pain in his box. But Kino beat and stamped the enemy until it was only a fragment and a moist place in the dirt. His teeth were bared and fury flared in his eyes and the Song of the Enemy roared in his ears.

But Juana had the baby in her arms now. She found the puncture with redness starting from it already. She put her lips down over the puncture and sucked hard and spat and sucked again while Coyotito screamed.

Kino hovered; he was helpless, he was in the way. The screams of the baby brought the neighbours. Out of their brush houses they poured- Kino's brother Juan Tomas and his fat wife Apolonia and their four children crowded in the door and blocked the entrance, while behind them others tried to look in, and one small boy crawled among legs to have a look. And those in front passed the word back to those behind- "Scorpion. The baby has been stung."

Juana stopped sucking the puncture for a moment. The little hole was slightly enlarged and its edges whitened from the sucking, but the red swelling extended farther around it in a hard **lymphatic** mound. And all of these people knew about the scorpion. An adult might be very ill from the sting, but a baby could easily die from the poison. First, they knew, would come swelling and fever and tightened throat, and then cramps in the stomach, and then Coyotito might die if enough of the poison had gone in. But the stinging pain of the bite was going away. Coyotito's screams turned to moans.

Kino had wondered often at the iron in his patient, fragile wife. She, who was obedient and respectful and cheerful and patient, she could arch her back in child pain with hardly a cry. She could stand fatigue and hunger almost better than Kino himself. In the canoe she was like a strong man. And now she did a most surprising thing.

"The doctor," she said. "Go to get the doctor." The word was passed out among the neighbours where they stood close packed in the little yard behind the brush fence. And they repeated among themselves, "Juana wants the doctor." A wonderful thing, a memorable thing, to want the doctor. To get him would be a remarkable thing. The doctor never came to the cluster of brush houses. Why should he, when he had more than he could do to take care of the rich people who lived in the stone and plaster houses of the town.

"He would not come," the people in the yard said.

"He would not come," the people in the door said, and the thought got into Kino.

"The doctor would not come," Kino said to Juana. She looked up at him, her eyes as cold as the eyes of a lioness. This was Juana's first baby- this was nearly everything there was in Juana's world. And Kino saw her determination and the music of the family sounded in his head with a steely tone.

"Then we will go to him," Juana said, and with one hand she arranged her dark blue shawl over her head and made of one end of it a sling to hold the moaning baby and made of the other end of it a shade over his eyes to protect him from the light. The people in the door pushed against those behind to let her through. Kino followed her. They went out of the gate to the rutted path and the neighbours followed them. The thing had become a neighbourhood affair. They made a quick soft-footed procession into the centre of the town, first Juana and Kino, and behind them Juan Tomas and Apolonia, then all the neighbours with the children trotting on the flanks. And the yellow sun threw their black shadows ahead of them so that they walked on their own shadows.

They came to the place where the brush houses stopped and the city of stone and plaster began, the city of harsh outer walls and inner cool gardens where a little water played and the bougainvillea crusted the walls with purple and brick-red and white. They heard from the secret gardens the singing of caged birds and heard the splash of cooling water on hot flagstones. The procession crossed the blinding plaza and passed in front of the church. It had grown now, and on the outskirts the hurrying newcomers were being softly informed how the baby had been stung by a scorpion, how the father and mother were taking it to the doctor.

And the newcomers, particularly the beggars from the front of the church who were great experts in financial analysis, looked quickly at Juana's old blue skirt, saw the tears in her shawl, appraised the green ribbon on her braids, read the age of Kino's blanket and the thousand washings of his clothes, and set them down as poverty people and went along to see what kind of drama might develop. The four beggars in front of the church knew everything in the town. They were students of the expressions of young women as they went in to confession, and they saw them as they came out

and read the nature of the sin. They knew every little **scandal** and some very big crimes. They slept at their posts in the shadow of the church so that no one crept in for **consolation** without their knowledge. And they knew the doctor. They knew his ignorance, his cruelty, his **avarice**, his sins. They knew his clumsy attitude. They had seen his corpses go into the church. And, since early Mass was over and business was slow, they followed the procession, these endless searchers after perfect knowledge of their fellow men, to see what the fat lazy doctor would do about an **indigent** baby with a scorpion bite.

The scurrying procession came at last to the big gate in the wall of the doctor's house. They could hear the splashing water and the singing of caged birds and the sweep of the long brooms on the flagstones. And they could smell the frying of meat from the doctor's house.

Kino hesitated a moment. This doctor was not of his people. This doctor was of a race which for nearly four hundred years had beaten and starved and robbed and despised Kino's race, and frightened it too, so that the indigene came humbly to the door. And as always when he came near to one of this race, Kino felt weak and afraid and angry at the same time. Rage and terror went together. He could kill the doctor more easily than he could talk to him, for all of the doctor's race spoke to all of Kino's race as though they were simple animals. And as Kino raised his right hand to the iron ring knocker in the gate, rage swelled in him, and the pounding music of the enemy beat in his ears, and his lips drew tight against his teeth- but with his left hand he reached to take off his hat. The iron ring pounded against the gate. Kino took off his hat and stood waiting. Coyotito moaned a little in Juana's arms, and she spoke softly to him. The procession crowded close the better to see and hear.

After a moment the big gate opened a few inches. Kino could see the green coolness of the garden and little splashing fountain through the opening. The man who looked out at him was one of his own race. Kino spoke to him in the old language. "The little one- the first born- has been poisoned by the scorpion," Kino said. "He requires the skill of the healer."

The gate closed a little, and the servant refused to speak in the old language. "A little moment," he said, "I go to inform myself," and he closed the gate and slid the bolt home. The glaring sun threw the bunched shadows of the people blackly on the white wall.

In his chamber the doctor sat up in his high bed. He was dressed in a gown of red watered silk that had come from Paris. On his lap was a silver tray with a silver chocolate pot and a tiny cup of eggshell china, so delicate that it looked silly when he lifted it with his big hand, lifted it with the tips of thumb and forefinger and spread the other three fingers wide to get them out of the way. He was growing very stout, and his voice was hoarse with the fat that pressed on his throat. Beside him on a table was

a small Oriental gong and a bowl of cigarettes. The furnishings of the room were heavy and dark and gloomy. The pictures were religious, even the large tinted photograph of his dead wife, who, if Masses willed and paid for out of her own estate could do it, was in Heaven. The doctor had once for a short time been a part of the great world and his whole subsequent life was memory and longing for France. "That," he said, "was civilized living"- by which he meant that on a small income he had been able to live and eat in restaurants. He poured his second cup of chocolate and crumbled a sweet biscuit in his fingers. The servant from the gate came to the open door and stood waiting to be noticed.

"Yes?" the doctor asked.

"It is a little Indian with a baby. He says a scorpion stung it."

The doctor put his cup down gently before he let his anger rise.

"Have I nothing better to do than cure insect bites for 'little Indians? I am a doctor, not a veterinary."

"Yes, Patron," said the servant.

"Has he any money?" the doctor demanded. "No, they never have any money. I, I alone in the world am supposed to work for nothing- and I am tired of it. See if he has any money!"

At the gate the servant opened the door a trifle and looked out at the waiting people. And this time he spoke in the old language.

"Have you money to pay for the treatment?"

Now Kino reached into a secret place somewhere under his blanket. He brought out a paper folded many times. Crease by crease he unfolded it, until at last there came to view eight small misshapen seed pearls, as ugly and grey as little ulcers, flattened and almost valueless. The servant took the paper and closed the gate again, but this time he was not gone long. He opened the gate just wide enough to pass the paper back.

"The doctor has gone out," he said. "He was called to a serious case." And he shut the gate quickly out of shame.

And now a wave of shame went over the whole procession. They melted away. The beggars went back to the church steps, the stragglers moved off, and the neighbours departed so that the public shaming of Kino would not be in their eyes. For a long time, Kino stood in front of the gate with Juana beside him. Slowly he put his suppliant hat on his head. Then, without warning, he struck the gate a crushing blow with his fist. He looked down in wonder at his split knuckles and at the blood that flowed down between his fingers.

Chapter 2

The town lay on a broad **estuary**, its old yellow plastered buildings hugging the beach. And on the beach the white and blue canoes that came from Nayarit were

drawn up, canoes preserved for generations by a hard shell-like waterproof plaster whose making was a secret of the fishing people. They were high and graceful canoes with curving bow and stern and a braced section midships where a mast could be stepped to carry a small **lateen** sail.

The beach was yellow sand, but at the water's edge a rubble of shell and algae took its place. Fiddler crabs bubbled and sputtered in their holes in the sand, and in the shallows little lobsters popped in and out of their tiny homes in the rubble and sand. The sea bottom was rich with crawling and swimming and growing things. The brown algae waved in the gentle currents and the green eel grass swayed and little sea horses clung to its stems. Spotted botete, the poison fish, lay on the bottom in the eel-grass beds, and the bright-coloured swimming crabs scampered over them.

On the beach the hungry dogs and the hungry pigs of the town searched endlessly for any dead fish or sea bird that might have floated in on a rising tide.

Although the morning was young, the hazy mirage was up. The uncertain air that magnified some things and blotted out others hung over the whole Gulf so that all sights were unreal and vision could not be trusted; so that sea and land had the sharp clarities and the vagueness of a dream. Thus, it might be that the people of the Gulf trust things of the spirit and things of the imagination, but they do not trust their eyes to show them distance or clear outline or any optical exactness. Across the estuary from the town one section of mangroves stood clear and **telescopically** defined, while another mangrove clump was a hazy black-green blob. Part of the far shore disappeared into a shimmer that looked like water. There was no certainty in seeing, no proof that what you saw was there or was not there. And the people of the Gulf expected all places were that way, and it was not strange to them. A copper haze hung over the water, and the hot morning sun beat on it and made it vibrate blindingly.

The brush houses of the fishing people were back from the beach on the right-hand side of the town, and the canoes were drawn up in front of this area.

Kino and Juana came slowly down to the beach and to Kino's canoe, which was the one thing of value he owned in the world. It was very old. Kino's grandfather had brought it from Nayarit, and he had given it to Kino's father, and so it had come to Kino. It was at once property and source of food, for a man with a boat can guarantee a woman that she will eat something. It is the **bulwark** against starvation. And every year Kino refinished his canoe with the hard shell-like plaster by the secret method that had also come to him from his father. Now he came to the canoe and touched the bow tenderly as he always did. He laid his diving rock and his basket and the two ropes in the sand by the canoe. And he folded his blanket and laid it in the bow.

Juana laid Coyotito on the blanket, and she placed her shawl over him so that the hot sun could not shine on him. He was quiet now, but the swelling on his shoulder had continued up his neck and under his ear and his face was puffed and feverish.



Juana went to the water and waded in. She gathered some brown seaweed and made a flat damp **poultice** of it, and this she applied to the baby's swollen shoulder, which was as good a remedy as any and probably better than the doctor could have done. But the remedy lacked his authority because it was simple and didn't cost anything. The stomach cramps had not come to Coyotito. Perhaps Juana had sucked out the poison in time, but she had not sucked out her worry over her first-born. She had not prayed directly for the recovery of the baby- she had prayed that they might find a pearl with which to hire the doctor to cure the baby, for the minds of people are as unsubstantial as the mirage of the Gulf.

Now Kino and Juana slid the canoe down the beach to the water, and when the bow floated, Juana climbed in, while Kino pushed the stern in and waded beside it until it floated lightly and trembled on the little breaking waves. Then in coordination Juana and Kino drove their double-bladed paddles into the sea, and the canoe creased the water and hissed with speed. The other pearlers were gone out long since. In a few moments Kino could see them clustered in the haze, riding over the oyster bed.

Light filtered down through the water to the bed where the frilly pearl oysters lay fastened to the rubbly bottom, a bottom strewn with shells of broken, opened oysters. This was the bed that had raised the King of Spain to be a great power in Europe in past years, had helped to pay for his wars, and had decorated the churches for his soul's sake. The grey oysters with ruffles like skirts on the shells, the barnacle-crusted oysters with little bits of weed clinging to the skirts and small crabs climbing over them. An accident could happen to these oysters, a grain of sand could lie in the folds of muscle and irritate the flesh until in self-protection the flesh coated the grain with a layer of smooth cement. But once started, the flesh continued to coat the foreign body until it fell free in some tidal flurry or until the oyster was destroyed. For centuries men had dived down and torn the oysters from the beds and ripped them open, looking for the coated grains of sand. Swarms of fish lived near the bed to live near the oysters thrown back by the searching men and to nibble at the shining inner shells. But the pearls were accidents, and the finding of one was luck, a little pat on the back by God or the gods or both.

Kino had two ropes, one tied to a heavy stone and one to a basket. He stripped off his shirt and laid his hat in the bottom of the canoe. The water was oily smooth. He took his rock in one hand and his basket in the other, and he slipped feet first over the side and the rock carried him to the bottom. The bubbles rose behind him until the water cleared and he could see. Above, the surface of the water was an undulating mirror of brightness, and he could see the bottoms of the canoes sticking through it.

Kino moved cautiously so that the water would not be obscured with mud or sand. He hooked his foot in the loop on his rock and his hands worked quickly, tearing

the oysters loose, some singly, others in clusters. He laid them in his basket. In some places the oysters clung to one another so that they came free in lumps.

Now, Kino's people had sung of everything that happened or existed. They had made songs to the fishes, to the sea in anger and to the sea in calm, to the light and the dark and the sun and the moon, and the songs were all in Kino and in his people—every song that had ever been made, even the ones forgotten. And as he filled his basket the song was in Kino, and the beat of the song was his pounding heart as it ate the oxygen from his held breath, and the melody of the song was the grey-green water and the little scuttling animals and the clouds of fish that flitted by and were gone. But in the song, there was a secret little inner song, hardly perceptible, but always there, sweet and secret and clinging, almost hiding in the counter-melody, and this was the Song of the Pearl That Might Be, for every shell thrown in the basket might contain a pearl. Chance was against it, but luck and the gods might be for it. And in the canoe above him Kino knew that Juana was making the magic of prayer, her face set rigid and her muscles hard to force the luck, to tear the luck out of the gods' hands, for she needed the luck for the swollen shoulder of Coyotito. And because the need was great and the desire was great, the little secret melody of the pearl that might be was stronger this morning. Whole phrases of it came clearly and softly into the Song of the Undersea.

Kino, in his pride and youth and strength, could remain down over two minutes without strain, so that he worked deliberately, selecting the largest shells. Because they were disturbed, the oyster shells were tightly closed. A little to his right a **hummock** of rubbly rock stuck up, covered with young oysters not ready to take. Kino moved next to the hummock, and then, beside it, under a little overhang, he saw a very large oyster lying by itself, not covered with its clinging brothers. The shell was partly open, for the overhang protected this ancient oyster, and in the lip-like muscle Kino saw a ghostly gleam, and then the shell closed down. His heart beat out a heavy rhythm and the melody of the maybe pearl shrilled in his ears. Slowly he forced the oyster loose and held it tightly against his breast. He kicked his foot free from the rock loop, and his body rose to the surface and his black hair gleamed in the sunlight. He reached over the side of the canoe and laid the oyster in the bottom.

Then Juana steadied the boat while he climbed in. His eyes were shining with excitement, but in decency he pulled up his rock, and then he pulled up his basket of oysters and lifted them in. Juana sensed his excitement, and she pretended to look away. It is not good to want a thing too much. It sometimes drives the luck away. You must want it just enough, and you must be very tactful with God. But Juana stopped breathing. Very deliberately Kino opened his short strong knife. He looked speculatively at the basket. Perhaps it would be better to open the oyster last. He took a small oyster from the basket, cut the muscle, searched the folds of flesh, and threw



it in the water. Then he seemed to see the great oyster for the first time. He squatted in the bottom of the canoe, picked up the shell and examined it. The flutes were shining black to brown, and only a few small barnacles adhered to the shell. Now Kino was reluctant to open it. What he had seen, he knew, might be a reflection, a piece of flat shell accidentally drifted in or a complete illusion. In this Gulf of uncertain light there were more illusions than realities.

But Juana's eyes were on him and she could not wait. She put her hand on Coyotito's covered head. "Open it," she said softly.

Kino deftly slipped his knife into the edge of the shell. Through the knife he could feel the muscle tighten hard. He worked the blade lever-wise and the closing muscle parted and the shell fell apart. The lip-like flesh writhed up and then subsided. Kino lifted the flesh, and there it lay, the great pearl, perfect as the moon. It captured the light and refined it and gave it back in silver **incandescence**. It was as large as a sea-gull's egg. It was the greatest pearl in the world.

Juana caught her breath and moaned a little. And to Kino the secret melody of the maybe pearl broke clear and beautiful, rich and warm and lovely, glowing and **gloating** and triumphant. In the surface of the great pearl he could see dream forms. He picked the pearl from the dying flesh and held it in his palm, and he turned it over and saw that its curve was perfect. Juana came near to stare at it in his hand, and it was the hand he had smashed against the doctor's gate, and the torn flesh of the knuckles was turned greyish white by the sea water.

Instinctively Juana went to Coyotito where he lay on his father's blanket. She lifted the poultice of seaweed and looked at the shoulder. "Kino," she cried shrilly.

He looked past his pearl, and he saw that the swelling was going out of the baby's shoulder, the poison was receding from its body. Then Kino's fist closed over the pearl and his emotion broke over him. He put back his head and howled. His eyes rolled up and he screamed and his body was rigid. The men in the other canoes looked up, startled, and then they dug their paddles into the sea and raced toward Kino's canoe.

Chapter 3

A town is a thing like a colonial animal. A town has a nervous system and a head and shoulders and feet. A town is a thing separate from all other towns, so that there are no two towns alike. And a town has a whole emotion. How news travels through a town is a mystery not easily to be solved. News seems to move faster than small boys can scramble and dart to tell it, faster than women can call it over the fences. Before Kino and Juana and the other fishers had come to Kino's brush house, the nerves of the town were pulsing and vibrating with the news-Kino had found the Pearl of the World. Before panting little boys could strangle out the words, their mothers knew it. The news swept on past the brush houses, and it washed in a foaming wave into the



town of stone and plaster. It came to the priest walking in his garden, and it put a thoughtful look in his eyes and a memory of certain repairs necessary to the church. He wondered what the pearl would be worth. And he wondered whether he had baptized Kino's baby, or married him for that matter. The news came to the shopkeepers, and they looked at men's clothes that had not sold so well.

The news came to the doctor where he sat with a woman whose illness was age, though neither she nor the doctor would admit it. And when it was made plain who Kino was, the doctor grew stern and **judicious** at the same time. "He is a client of mine," the doctor said. "I am treating his child for a scorpion sting." And the doctor's eyes rolled up a little in their fat hammocks and he thought of Paris. He remembered the room he had lived in there as a great and luxurious place, and he remembered the hard-faced woman who had lived with him as a beautiful and kind girl, although she had been none of these three. The doctor looked past his aged patient and saw himself sitting in a restaurant in Paris and a waiter was just opening a bottle.

The news came early to the beggars in front of the church, and it made them giggle a little with pleasure, for they knew that there is no almsgiver in the world like a poor man who is suddenly lucky.

Kino has found the Pearl of the World. In the town, in little offices, sat the men who bought pearls from the fishers. They waited in their chairs until the pearls came in, and then they cackled and fought and shouted and threatened until they reached the lowest price the fisherman would stand. But there was a price below which they dared not go, for it had happened that a fisherman in despair had given his pearls to the church. And when the buying was over, these buyers sat alone and their fingers played restlessly with the pearls, and they wished they owned the pearls. For there were not many buyers really- there was only one, and he kept these agents in separate offices to give a semblance of competition. The news came to these men, and their eyes squinted and their fingertips burned a little, and each one thought how the patron could not live forever and someone had to take his place. And each one thought how with some capital he could get a new start.

All manner of people grew interested in Kino- people with things to sell and people with favors to ask. Kino had found the Pearl of the World. The essence of pearl mixed with essence of men and a curious dark residue was **precipitated**. Every man suddenly became related to Kino's pearl, and Kino's pearl went into the dreams, the speculations, the schemes, the plans, the futures, the wishes, the needs, the lusts, the hungers, of everyone, and only one person stood in the way and that was Kino, so that he became curiously every man's enemy. The news stirred up something infinitely black and evil in the town; the black distillate was like the scorpion, or like hunger in the smell of food, or like loneliness when love is withheld. The poison sacs of the town



began to manufacture venom, and the town swelled and puffed with the pressure of it.

But Kino and Juana did not know these things. Because they were happy and excited they thought everyone shared their joy. Juan Tomas and Apolonia did, and they were the world too. In the afternoon, when the sun had gone over the mountains of the Peninsula to sink in the outward sea, Kino squatted in his house with Juana beside him. And the brush house was crowded with neighbours. Kino held the great pearl in his hand, and it was warm and alive in his hand. And the music of the pearl had merged with the music of the family so that one beautified the other. The neighbours looked at the pearl in Kino's hand and they wondered how such luck could come to any man. And Juan Tomas, who squatted on Kino's right hand because he was his brother, asked, "What will you do now that you have become a rich man?"

Kino looked into his pearl, and Juana cast her eyelashes down and arranged her shawl to cover her face so that her excitement could not be seen. And in the incandescence of the pearl the pictures formed of the things Kino's mind had considered in the past and had given up as impossible. In the pearl he saw Juana and Coyotito and himself standing and kneeling at the high altar, and they were being married now that they could pay. He spoke softly, "We will be married- in the church." In the pearl he saw how they were dressed- Juana in a shawl stiff with newness and a new skirt, and from under the long skirt Kino could see that she wore shoes. It was in the pearl- the picture glowing there. He himself was dressed in new white clothes, and he carried a new hat- not of straw but of fine black felt- and he too wore shoes-not sandals but shoes that laced. But Coyotito-he was the one- he wore a blue sailor suit from the United States and a little yachting cap such as Kino had seen once when a pleasure boat put into the estuary. All of these things Kino saw in the **lucent** pearl and he said, "We will have new clothes."

And the music of the pearl rose like a chorus of trumpets in his ears.

Then to the lovely grey surface of the pearl came the little things Kino wanted: a harpoon to take the place of one lost a year ago, a new harpoon of iron with a ring in the end of the shaft; and- his mind could hardly make the leap-a rifle- but why not, since he was so rich. And Kino saw Kino in the pearl, Kino holding a Winchester carbine. It was the wildest daydreaming and very pleasant. His lips moved hesitantly over this- "A rifle," he said. "Perhaps a rifle."

It was the rifle that broke down the barriers. This was an impossibility, and if he could think of having a rifle, whole horizons were burst and he could rush on. For it is said that humans are never satisfied, that you give them one thing and they want something more. And this is said in disparagement, whereas it is one of the greatest talents the species has and one that has made it superior to animals that are satisfied with what they have.



The neighbours, close pressed and silent in the house, nodded their heads at his wild imaginings. And a man in the rear murmured, "A rifle. He will have a rifle."

But the music of the pearl was shrilling with triumph in Kino. Juana looked up, and her eyes were wide at Kino's courage and at his imagination. And electric strength had come to him now the horizons were kicked out. In the pearl he saw Coyotito sitting at a little desk in a school, just as Kino had once seen it through an open door. And Coyotito was dressed in a jacket, and he had on a white collar, and a broad silken tie. Moreover, Coyotito was writing on a big piece of paper. Kino looked at his neighbours fiercely. "My son will go to school," he said, and the neighbours were hushed. Juana caught her breath sharply. Her eyes were bright as she watched him, and she looked quickly down at Coyotito in her arms to see whether this might be possible.

But Kino's face shone with prophecy. "My son will read and open the books, and my son will write and will know writing. And my son will make numbers, and these things will make us free because he will know-he will know and through him we will know." And in the pearl Kino saw himself and Juana squatting by the little fire in the brush hut while Coyotito read from a great book. "This is what the pearl will do," said Kino. And he had never said so many words together in his life. And suddenly he was afraid of his talking. His hand closed down over the pearl and cut the light away from it. Kino was afraid as a man is afraid who says, "I will," without knowing.

Now the neighbours knew they had witnessed a great marvel. They knew that time would now date from Kino's pearl, and that they would discuss this moment for many years to come. If these things came to pass, they would recount how Kino looked and what he said and how his eyes shone, and they would say, "He was a man **transfigured**. Some power was given to him, and there it started. You see what a great man he has become, starting from that moment. And I myself saw it."

And if Kino's planning came to nothing, those same neighbours would say, "There it started. A foolish madness came over him so that he spoke foolish words. God keep us from such things. Yes, God punished Kino because he rebelled against the way things are. You see what has become of him. And I myself saw the moment when his reason left him." Kino looked down at his closed hand and the knuckles were scabbed over and tight where he had struck the gate.

Now the dusk was coming. And Juana looped her shawl under the baby so that he hung against her back, and she went to the fire hole and dug a coal from the ashes and broke a few twigs over it and fanned a flame alive. The little flames danced on the faces of the neighbours. They knew they should go to their own dinners, but they were reluctant to leave.

The dark was almost in, and Juana's fire threw shadows on the brush walls when the whisper came in, passed from mouth to mouth. "The Father is coming- the priest is coming." The men uncovered their heads and stepped back from the door, and the

women gathered their shawls about their faces and cast down their eyes. Kino and Juan Tomas, his brother, stood up. The priest came in- a greying, aging man with an old skin and a young sharp eye. Children, he considered these people, and he treated them like children.

"Kino," he said softly, "thou art named after a great man- and a great Father of the Church." He made it sound like a benediction. "Thy namesake tamed the desert and sweetened the minds of thy people, didst thou know that? It is in the books."

Kino looked quickly down at Coyotito's head, where he hung on Juana's back. Someday, his mind said, that boy would know what things were in the books and what things were not. The music had gone out of Kino's head, but now, thinly, slowly, the melody of the morning, the music of evil, of the enemy, sounded, but it was faint and weak. And Kino looked at his neighbours to see who might have brought this song in.

But the priest was speaking again. "It has come to me that thou hast found a great fortune, a great pearl."

Kino opened his hand and held it out, and the priest gasped a little at the size and beauty of the pearl. And then he said, "I hope thou wilt remember to give thanks, my son, to Him who has given thee this treasure, and to pray for guidance in the future."

Kino nodded dumbly, and it was Juana who spoke softly. "We will, Father. And we will be married now. Kino has said so." She looked at the neighbours for confirmation, and they nodded their heads solemnly.

The priest said, "It is pleasant to see that your first thoughts are good thoughts. God bless you, my children." He turned and left quietly, and the people let him through.

But Kino's hand had closed tightly on the pearl again, and he was glancing about suspiciously, for the evil song was in his ears, shrilling against the music of the pearl.

The neighbours slipped away to go to their houses, and Juana squatted by the fire and set her clay pot of boiled beans over the little flame. Kino stepped to the doorway and looked out. As always, he could smell the smoke from many fires, and he could see the hazy stars and feel the damp of the night air so that he covered his nose from it. The thin dog came to him and **threshed** itself in greeting like a windblown flag, and Kino looked down at it and didn't see it. He had broken through the horizons into a cold and lonely outside. He felt alone and unprotected, and scraping crickets and shrilling tree frogs and croaking toads seemed to be carrying the melody of evil. Kino shivered a little and drew his blanket more tightly against his nose. He carried the pearl still in his hand, tightly closed in his palm, and it was warm and smooth against his skin.

Behind him he heard Juana patting the cakes before she put them down on the clay cooking sheet. Kino felt all the warmth and security of his family behind him, and the Song of the Family came from behind him like the purring of a kitten. But now, by

saying what his future was going to be like, he had created it. A plan is a real thing, and things projected are experienced. A plan once made and visualized becomes a reality along with other realities- never to be destroyed but easily to be attacked. Thus Kino's future was real, but having set it up, other forces were set up to destroy it, and this he knew, so that he had to prepare to meet the attack. And this Kino knew also- that the gods do not love men's plans, and the gods do not love success unless it comes by accident. He knew that the gods take their revenge on a man if he be successful through his own efforts. Consequently, Kino was afraid of plans, but having made one, he could never destroy it. And to meet the attack, Kino was already making a hard skin for himself against the world. His eyes and his mind probed for danger before it appeared.

Standing in the door, he saw two men approach; and one of them carried a lantern which lighted the ground and the legs of the men. They turned in through the opening of Kino's brush fence and came to his door. And Kino saw that one was the doctor and the other the servant who had opened the gate in the morning. The split knuckles on Kino's right hand burned when he saw who they were.

The doctor said, "I was not in when you came this morning. But now, at the first chance, I have come to see the baby."

Kino stood in the door, filling it, and hatred raged and flamed in back of his eyes, and fear too, for the hundreds of years of **subjugation** were cut deep in him.

"The baby is nearly well now," he said curtly.

The doctor smiled, but his eyes in their little lymph-lined hammocks did not smile. He said, "Sometimes, my friend, the scorpion sting has a curious effect. There will be apparent improvement, and then without warning-pouf!" He pursed his lips and made a little explosion to show how quick it could be, and he shifted his small black doctor's bag about so that the light of the lamp fell upon it, for he knew that Kino's race loves the tools of any craft and trust them. "Sometimes," the doctor went on in a liquid tone, "sometimes there will be a withered leg or a blind eye or a crumpled back. Oh, I know the sting of the scorpion, my friend, and I can cure it."

Kino felt the rage and hatred melting toward fear. He did not know, and perhaps this doctor did. And he could not take the chance of putting his certain ignorance against this man's possible knowledge. He was trapped as his people were always trapped, and would be until, as he had said, they could be sure that the things in the books were really in the books. He could not take a chance- not with the life or with the straightness of Coyotito. He stood aside and let the doctor and his man enter the brush hut.

Juana stood up from the fire and backed away as he entered, and she covered the baby's face with the fringe of her shawl. And when the doctor went to her and held

out his hand, she clutched the baby tight and looked at Kino where he stood with the fire shadows leaping on his face.

Kino nodded, and only then did she let the doctor take the baby.

"Hold the light," the doctor said, and when the servant held the lantern high, the doctor looked for a moment at the wound on the baby's shoulder. He was thoughtful for a moment and then he rolled back the baby's eyelid and looked at the eyeball. He nodded his head while Coyotito struggled against him.

"It is as I thought," he said. "The poison has gone inward and it will strike soon. Come look!" He held the eyelid down. "See- it is blue." And Kino, looking anxiously, saw that indeed it was a little blue. And he didn't know whether or not it was always a little blue. But the trap was set. He couldn't take the chance.

The doctor's eyes watered in their little hammocks. "I will give him something to try to turn the poison aside," he said. And he handed the baby to Kino.

Then from his bag he took a little bottle of white powder and a capsule of gelatine. He filled the capsule with the powder and closed it, and then around the first capsule he fitted a second capsule and closed it. Then he worked very deftly. He took the baby and pinched its lower lip until it opened its mouth. His fat fingers placed the capsule far back on the baby's tongue, back of the point where he could spit it out, and then from the floor he picked up the little pitcher of **pulque** and gave Coyotito a drink, and it was done. He looked again at the baby's eyeball and he pursed his lips and seemed to think.

At last, he handed the baby back to Juana, and he turned to Kino. "I think the poison will attack within the hour," he said. "The medicine may save the baby from hurt, but I will come back in an hour. Perhaps I am in time to save him." He took a deep breath and went out of the hut, and his servant followed him with the lantern.

Now Juana had the baby under her shawl, and she stared at it with anxiety and fear. Kino came to her, and he lifted the shawl and stared at the baby. He moved his hand to look under the eyelid, and only then saw that the pearl was still in his hand. Then he went to a box by the wall, and from it he brought a piece of rag. He wrapped the pearl in the rag, then went to the corner of the brush house and dug a little hole with his fingers in the dirt floor, and he put the pearl in the hole and covered it up and concealed the place. And then he went to the fire where Juana was squatting, watching the baby's face.

The doctor, back in his house, settled into his chair and looked at his watch. His people brought him a little supper of chocolate and sweet cakes and fruit, and he stared at the food discontentedly.

In the houses of the neighbours the subject that would lead all conversations for a long time to come was aired for the first time to see how it would go. The neighbours showed one another with their thumbs how big the pearl was, and they

made little caressing gestures to show how lovely it was. From now on they would watch Kino and Juana very closely to see whether riches turned their heads, as riches turn all people's heads. Everyone knew why the doctor had come. He was not good at **disassembling** and he was very well understood.

Out in the estuary a tight-woven school of small fishes glittered and broke water to escape a school of great fishes that drove in to eat them. And in the houses the people could hear the swish of the small ones and the bouncing splash of the great ones as the slaughter went on. The dampness arose out of the Gulf and was deposited on bushes and cacti and on little trees in salty drops. And the night mice crept about on the ground and the little night hawks hunted them silently.

The skinny black puppy with flame spots over his eyes came to Kino's door and looked in. He nearly shook his hind quarters loose when Kino glanced up at him, and he subsided when Kino looked away. The puppy did not enter the house, but he watched with frantic interest while Kino ate his beans from the little pottery dish and wiped it clean with a corncake and ate the cake and washed the whole down with a drink of pulque.

Kino was finished and was rolling a cigarette when Juana spoke sharply. "Kino." He glanced at her and then got up and went quickly to her for he saw fright in her eyes. He stood over her, looking down, but the light was very dim. He kicked a pile of twigs into the fire hole to make a blaze, and then he could see the face of Coyotito. The baby's face was flushed and his throat was working and a little thick drool of saliva issued from his lips. The spasm of the stomach muscles began, and the baby was very sick.

Kino knelt beside his wife. "So the doctor knew," he said, but he said it for himself as well as for his wife, for his mind was hard and suspicious and he was remembering the white powder. Juana rocked from side to side and moaned out the little Song of the Family as though it could ward off the danger, and the baby vomited and writhed in her arms. Now uncertainty was in Kino, and the music of evil throbbed in his head and nearly drove out Juana's song.

The doctor finished his chocolate and nibbled the little fallen pieces of sweet cake. He brushed his fingers on a napkin, looked at his watch, arose, and took up his little bag.

The news of the baby's illness travelled quickly among the brush houses, for sickness is second only to hunger as the enemy of poor people. And some said softly, "Luck, you see, brings bitter friends." And they nodded and got up to go to Kino's house. The neighbours scuttled with covered noses through the dark until they crowded into Kino's house again. They stood and gazed, and they made little comments on the sadness that this should happen at a time of joy, and they said, "All

things are in God's hands." The old women squatted down beside Juana to try to give her aid if they could and comfort if they could not.

Then the doctor hurried in, followed by his man. He scattered the old women like chickens. He took the baby and examined it and felt its head. "The poison it has worked," he said. "I think I can defeat it. I will try my best." He asked for water, and in the cup of it he put three drops of **ammonia**, and he pried open the baby's mouth and poured it down. The baby spluttered and screeched under the treatment, and Juana watched him with haunted eyes. The doctor spoke a little as he worked. "It is lucky that I know about the poison of the scorpion, otherwise-" and he shrugged to show what could have happened.

But Kino was suspicious, and he could not take his eyes from the doctor's open bag, and from the bottle of white powder there. Gradually the spasms subsided and the baby relaxed under the doctor's hands. And then Coyotito sighed deeply and went to sleep, for he was very tired with vomiting.

The doctor put the baby in Juana's arms. "He will get well now," he said. "I have won the fight." And Juana looked at him with adoration.

The doctor was closing his bag now. He said, "When do you think you can pay this bill?" He said it even kindly.

"When I have sold my pearl I will pay you," Kino said.

"You have a pearl? A good pearl?" the doctor asked with interest.

And then the chorus of the neighbours broke in. "He has found the Pearl of the World," they cried, and they joined forefinger with thumb to show how great the pearl was.

"Kino will be a rich man," they clamoured. "It is a pearl such as one has never seen."

The doctor looked surprised. "I had not heard of it. Do you keep this pearl in a safe place? Perhaps you would like me to put it in my safe?"

Kino's eyes were hooded now; his cheeks were drawn taut. "I have it secure," he said. "Tomorrow, I will sell it and then I will pay you."

The doctor shrugged, and his wet eyes never left Kino's eyes. He knew the pearl would be buried in the house, and he thought Kino might look toward the place where it was buried. "It would be a shame to have it stolen before you could sell it," the doctor said, and he saw Kino's eyes flick involuntarily to the floor near the side post of the brush house.

When the doctor had gone and all the neighbours had reluctantly returned to their houses, Kino squatted beside the little glowing coals in the fire hole and listened to the night sound, the soft sweep of the little waves on the shore and the distant barking of dogs, the creeping of the breeze through the brush house roof and the soft speech of his neighbours in their houses in the village. For these people do not sleep

soundly all night; they awaken at intervals and talk a little and then go to sleep again. And after a while Kino got up and went to the door of his house.

He smelled the breeze and he listened for any foreign sound of secrecy or creeping, and his eyes searched the darkness, for the music of evil was sounding in his head and he was fierce and afraid. After he had probed the night with his senses he went to the place by the side post where the pearl was buried, and he dug it up and brought it to his sleeping mat, and under his sleeping mat he dug another little hole in the dirt floor and buried his pearl and covered it up again.

And Juana, sitting by the fire hole, watched him with questioning eyes, and when he had buried his pearl she asked, "Who do you fear?"

Kino searched for a true answer, and at last he said, "Everyone." And he could feel a shell of hardness drawing over him.

After a while they lay down together on the sleeping mat, and Juana did not put the baby in his box tonight, but cradled him on her arms and covered his face with her head shawl. And the last light went out of the embers in the fire hole.

But Kino's brain burned, even during his sleep, and he dreamed that Coyotito could read, that one of his own people could tell him the truth of things. And in his dream, Coyotito was reading from a book as large as a house, with letters as big as dogs, and the words galloped and played on the book. And then darkness spread over the page, and with the darkness came the music of evil again, and Kino stirred in his sleep; and when he stirred, Juana's eyes opened in the darkness. And then Kino awakened, with the evil music pulsing in him, and he lay in the darkness with his ears alert.

Then from the corner of the house came a sound so soft that it might have been simply a thought, a little **furtive** movement, a touch of a foot on earth, the almost inaudible purr of controlled breathing. Kino held his breath to listen, and he knew that whatever dark thing was in his house was holding its breath too, to listen. For a time, no sound at all came from the corner of the brush house. Then Kino might have thought he had imagined the sound. But Juana's hand came creeping over to him in warning, and then the sound came again! the whisper of a foot on dry earth and the scratch of fingers in the soil.

And now a wild fear surged in Kino's breast, and on the fear came rage, as it always did. Kino's hand crept into his breast where his knife hung on a string, and then he sprang like an angry cat, leaped striking and spitting for the dark thing he knew was in the corner of the house. He felt cloth, struck at it with his knife and missed, and struck again and felt his knife go through cloth, and then his head crashed with lightning and exploded with pain. There was a soft scurry in the doorway, and running steps for a moment, and then silence.



Kino could feel warm blood running down from his forehead, and he could hear Juana calling to him. "Kino! Kino!" And there was terror in her voice. Then coldness came over him as quickly as the rage had, and he said, "I am all right. The thing has gone."

He groped his way back to the sleeping mat. Already Juana was working at the fire. She uncovered an ember from the ashes and shredded little pieces of cornhusk over it and blew a little flame into the cornhusks so that a tiny light danced through the hut. And then from a secret place Juana brought a little piece of **consecrated** candle and lighted it at the flame and set it upright on a fireplace stone. She worked quickly, crooning as she moved about. She dipped the end of her head shawl in water and swabbed the blood from Kino's bruised forehead. "It is nothing," Kino said, but his eyes and his voice were hard and cold and a brooding hate was growing in him.

Now the tension which had been growing in Juana boiled up to the surface and her lips were thin. "This thing is evil," she cried harshly. "This pearl is like a sin! It will destroy us," and her voice rose shrilly. "Throw it away, Kino. Let us break it between stones. Let us bury it and forget the place. Let us throw it back into the sea. It has brought evil. Kino, my husband, it will destroy us." And in the firelight her lips and her eyes were alive with her fear.

But Kino's face was set, and his mind and his will were set. "This is our one chance," he said. "Our son must go to school. He must break out of the pot that holds us in."

"It will destroy us all," Juana cried. "Even our son."

"Hush," said Kino. "Do not speak any more. In the morning, we will sell the pearl, and then the evil will be gone, and only the good remain. Now hush, my wife." His dark eyes scowled into the little fire, and for the first time he knew that his knife was still in his hands, and he raised the blade and looked at it and saw a little line of blood on the steel. For a moment he seemed about to wipe the blade on his trousers but then he plunged the knife into the earth and so cleansed it.

The distant roosters began to crow and the air changed and the dawn was coming. The wind of the morning ruffled the water of the estuary and whispered through the mangroves, and the little waves beat on the rubbly beach with an increased tempo. Kino raised the sleeping mat and dug up his pearl and put it in front of him and stared at it.

And the beauty of the pearl, winking and glimmering in the light of the little candle, **cozened** his brain with its beauty. So lovely it was, so soft, and its own music came from it- its music of promise and delight, its guarantee of the future, of comfort, of security. Its warm lucence promised a poultice against illness and a wall against insult. It closed a door on hunger. And as he stared at it Kino's eyes softened and his face relaxed. He could see the little image of the consecrated candle reflected in the

soft surface of the pearl, and he heard again in his ears the lovely music of the undersea, the tone of the diffused green light of the sea bottom. Juana, glancing secretly at him, saw him smile. And because they were in some way one thing and one purpose, she smiled with him.

And they began this day with hope.

Chapter 4

It is wonderful the way a little town keeps track of itself and of all its units. If every single man and woman, child and baby, acts and conducts itself in a known pattern and breaks no walls and differs with no one and experiments in no way and is not sick and does not endanger the ease and peace of mind or steady unbroken flow of the town, then that unit can disappear and never be heard of. But let one man step out of the regular thought or the known and trusted pattern, and the nerves of the townspeople ring with nervousness and communication travels over the nerve lines of the town. Then every unit communicates to the whole.

Thus, in La Paz, it was known in the early morning through the whole town that Kino was going to sell his pearl that day. It was known among the neighbours in the brush huts, among the pearl fishermen; it was known among the Chinese grocery-store owners; it was known in the church, for the altar boys whispered about it. Word of it crept in among the nuns; the beggars in front of the church spoke of it, for they would be there to take the tithe of the first fruits of the luck. The little boys knew about it with excitement, but most of all the pearl buyers knew about it, and when the day had come, in the offices of the pearl buyers, each man sat alone with his little black velvet tray, and each man rolled the pearls about with his fingertips and considered his part in the picture.

It was supposed that the pearl buyers were individuals acting alone, bidding against one another for the pearls the fishermen brought in. And once it had been so. But this was a wasteful method, for often, in the excitement of bidding for a fine pearl, too great a price had been paid to the fishermen. This was extravagant and not to be countenanced. Now there was only one pearl buyer with many hands, and the men who sat in their offices and waited for Kino knew what price they would offer, how high they would bid, and what method each one would use. And although these men would not profit beyond their salaries, there was excitement among the pearl buyers, for there was excitement in the hunt, and if it be a man's function to break down a price, then he must take joy and satisfaction in breaking it as far down as possible. For every man in the world functions to the best of his ability, and no one does less than his best, no matter what he may think about it. Quite apart from any reward they might get, from any word of praise, from any promotion, a pearl buyer was a pearl buyer, and the best and happiest pearl buyer was he who bought for the lowest prices.



The sun was hot yellow that morning, and it drew the moisture from the estuary and from the Gulf and hung it in shimmering scarves in the air so that the air vibrated and vision was insubstantial. A vision hung in the air to the north of the city- the vision of a mountain that was over two hundred miles away, and the high slopes of this mountain were swaddled with pines and a great stone peak arose above the timber line.

And the morning of this day the canoes lay lined up on the beach; the fishermen did not go out to dive for pearls, for there would be too much happening, too many things to see, when Kino went to sell the great pearl.

In the brush houses by the shore Kino's neighbours sat long over their breakfasts, and they spoke of what they would do if they had found the pearl. And one man said that he would give it as a present to the Holy Father in Rome. Another said that he would buy Masses for the souls of his family for a thousand years. Another thought he might take the money and distribute it among the poor of La Paz; and a fourth thought of all the good things one could do with the money from the pearl, of all the charities, benefits, of all the rescues one could perform if one had money. All of the neighbours hoped that sudden wealth would not turn Kino's head, would not make a rich man of him, would not graft onto him the evil limbs of greed and hatred and coldness. For Kino was a well-liked man; it would be a shame if the pearl destroyed him. "That good wife Juana," they said, "and the beautiful baby Coyotito, and the others to come. What a pity it would be if the pearl should destroy them all."

For Kino and Juana this was the morning of mornings of their lives, comparable only to the day when the baby had been born. This was to be the day from which all other days would take their arrangement. Thus, they would say, "It was two years before we sold the pearl," or, "It was six weeks after we sold the pearl." Juana, considering the matter, threw caution to the winds, and she dressed Coyotito in the clothes she had prepared for his baptism, when there would be money for his baptism. And Juana combed and braided her hair and tied the ends with two little bows of red ribbon, and she put on her marriage skirt and waist. The sun was quarter high when they were ready. Kino's ragged white clothes were clean at least, and this was the last day of his raggedness. For tomorrow, or even this afternoon, he would have new clothes.

The neighbours, watching Kino's door through the crevices in their brush houses, were dressed and ready too. There was no self-consciousness about their joining Kino and Juana to go pearl selling. It was expected, it was an historic moment, they would be crazy if they didn't go. It would be almost a sign of unfriendship.

Juana put on her head shawl carefully, and she draped one long end under her right elbow and gathered it with her right hand so that a hammock hung under her arm, and in this little hammock she placed Coyotito, propped up against the head



shawl so that he could see everything and perhaps remember. Kino put on his large straw hat and felt it with his hand to see that it was properly placed, not on the back or side of his head, like a rash, unmarried, irresponsible man, and not flat as an elder would wear it, but tilted a little forward to show aggressiveness and seriousness and vigour. There is a great deal to be seen in the tilt of a hat on a man. Kino slipped his feet into his sandals and pulled the thongs up over his heels. The great pearl was wrapped in an old soft piece of deerskin and placed in a little leather bag, and the leather bag was in a pocket in Kino's shirt. He folded his blanket carefully and draped it in a narrow strip over his left shoulder, and now they were ready.

Kino stepped with dignity out of the house, and Juana followed him, carrying Coyotito. And as they marched up the **freshet**-washed alley toward the town, the neighbours joined them. The houses belched people; the doorways spewed out children. But because of the seriousness of the occasion, only one man walked with Kino, and that was his brother, Juan Tomas.

Juan Tomas cautioned his brother. "You must be careful to see they do not cheat you," he said.

And, "Very careful," Kino agreed.

"We do not know what prices are paid in other places," said Juan Tomas. "How can we know what is a fair price, if we do not know what the pearl buyer gets for the pearl in another place."

"That is true," said Kino, "but how can we know? We are here, we are not there."

As they walked up toward the city the crowd grew behind them, and Juan Tomas, in pure nervousness, went on speaking.

"Before you were born, Kino," he said, "the old ones thought of a way to get more money for their pearls. They thought it would be better if they had an agent who took all the pearls to the capital and sold them there and kept only his share of the profit."

Kino nodded his head. "I know," he said. "It was a good thought."

"And so they got such a man," said Juan Tomas, "and they pooled the pearls, and they started him off. And he was never heard of again and the pearls were lost. Then they got another man, and they started him off, and he was never heard of again. And so they gave the whole thing up and went back to the old way."

"I know," said Kino. "I have heard our father tell of it. It was a good idea, but it was against religion, and the Father made that very clear. The loss of the pearl was a punishment visited on those who tried to leave their station. And the Father made it clear that each man and woman is like a soldier sent by God to guard some part of the castle of the Universe. And some are in the ramparts and some far deep in the darkness of the walls. But each one must remain faithful to his post and must not go running about, else the castle is in danger from the assaults of Hell."



"I have heard him make that sermon," said Juan Tomas. "He makes it every year."

The brothers, as they walked along, squinted their eyes a little, as they and their grandfathers and their great-grandfathers had done for four hundred years, since first the strangers came with argument and authority and gunpowder to back up both. And in the four hundred years Kino's people had learned only one defence- a slight slitting of the eyes and a slight tightening of the lips and a retirement. Nothing could break down this wall, and they could remain whole within the wall.

The gathering procession was solemn, for they sensed the importance of this day, and any children who showed a tendency to scuffle, to scream, to cry out, to steal hats and rumple hair, were hissed to silence by their elders. So important was this day that an old man came to see, riding on the **stalwart** shoulders of his nephew. The procession left the brush huts and entered the stone and plaster city where the streets were a little wider and there were narrow pavements beside the building. And as before, the beggars joined them as they passed the church; the grocers looked out at them as they went by; the little saloons lost their customers and the owners closed up shop and went along. And the sun beat down on the streets of the city and even tiny stones threw shadows on the ground.

The news of the approach of the procession ran ahead of it, and in their little dark offices the pearl buyers stiffened and grew alert. They got out papers so that they could be at work when Kino appeared, and they put their pearls in the desks, for it is not good to let an inferior pearl be seen beside a beauty. And word of the loveliness of Kino's pearl had come to them. The pearl buyers' offices were clustered together in one narrow street, and they were barred at the windows, and wooden slats cut out the light so that only a soft gloom entered the offices.

A stout slow man sat in an office waiting. His face was fatherly and benign, and his eyes twinkled with friendship. He was a caller of good mornings, a ceremonious shaker of hands, a jolly man who knew all jokes and yet who hovered close to sadness, for in the midst of a laugh he could remember the death of your aunt, and his eyes could become wet with sorrow for your loss. This morning he had placed a flower in a vase on his desk, a single scarlet hibiscus, and the vase sat beside the black velvet-lined pearl tray in front of him. He was shaved close to the blue roots of his beard, and his hands were clean and his nails polished. His door stood open to the morning, and he hummed under his breath while his right hand practiced legerdemain. He rolled a coin back and forth over his knuckles and made it appear and disappear, made it spin and sparkle. The coin winked into sight and as quickly slipped out of sight, and the man did not even watch his own performance. The fingers did it all mechanically, precisely, while the man hummed to himself and peered out the door. Then he heard the tramp

of feet of the approaching crowd, and the fingers of his right hand worked faster and faster until, as the figure of Kino filled the doorway, the coin flashed and disappeared.

"Good morning, my friend," the stout man said. "What can I do for you?"

Kino stared into the dimness of the little office, for his eyes were squeezed from the outside glare. But the buyer's eyes had become as steady and cruel and unwinking as a hawk's eyes, while the rest of his face smiled in greeting. And secretly, behind his desk, his right hand practiced with the coin.

"I have a pearl," said Kino. And Juan Tomas stood beside him and snorted a little at the understatement. The neighbours peered around the doorway, and a line of little boys clambered on the window bars and looked through. Several little boys, on their hands and knees, watched the scene around Kino's legs.

"You have a pearl," the dealer said. "Sometimes a man brings in a dozen. Well, let us see your pearl. We will value it and give you the best price." And his fingers worked furiously with the coin.

Now Kino instinctively knew his own dramatic effects. Slowly he brought out the leather bag, slowly took from it the soft and dirty piece of deerskin, and then he let the great pearl roll into the black velvet tray, and instantly his eyes went to the buyer's face. But there was no sign, no movement, the face did not change, but the secret hand behind the desk missed in its precision. The coin stumbled over a knuckle and slipped silently into the dealer's lap. And the fingers behind the desk curled into a fist. When the right hand came out of hiding, the forefinger touched the great pearl, rolled it on the black velvet; thumb and forefinger picked it up and brought it near to the dealer's eyes and twirled it in the air.

Kino held his breath, and the neighbours held their breath, and the whispering went back through the crowd. "He is inspecting it- No price has been mentioned yet- They have not come to a price."

Now the dealer's hand had become a personality. The hand tossed the great pearl back in the tray, the forefinger poked and insulted it, and on the dealer's face there came a sad and **contemptuous** smile.

"I am sorry, my friend", he said, and his shoulders rose a little to indicate that the misfortune was no fault of his.

"It is a pearl of great value," Kino said.

The dealer's fingers spurned the pearl so that it bounced and rebounded softly from the side of the velvet tray.

"You have heard of fool's gold," the dealer said. "This pearl is like fool's gold. It is too large. Who would buy it? There is no market for such things. It is a curiosity only. I am sorry. You thought it was a thing of value, and it is only a curiosity."

Now Kino's face was perplexed and worried. "It is the Pearl of the World," he cried. "No one has ever seen such a pearl."

"On the contrary," said the dealer, "it is large and clumsy. As a curiosity it has interest; some museum might perhaps take it to place in a collection of seashells. I can give you, say, a thousand pesos."

Kino's face grew dark and dangerous. "It is worth fifty thousand," he said. "You know it. You want to cheat me."

And the dealer heard a little grumble go through the crowd as they heard his price. And the dealer felt a little tremor of fear.

"Do not blame me," he said quickly. "I am only an appraiser. Ask the others. Go to their offices and show your pearl- or better, let them come here, so that you can see there is no collusion. Boy," he called. And when his servant looked through the rear door, "Boy, go to such a one, and such another one and such a third one. Ask them to step in here and do not tell them why. Just say that I will be pleased to see them." And his right hand went behind the desk and pulled another coin from his pocket, and the coin rolled back and forth over the knuckles.

Kino's neighbours whispered together. They had been afraid of something like this. The pearl was large, but it had a strange colour. They had been suspicious of it from the first. And after all, a thousand pesos was not to be thrown away. It was comparative wealth to a man who was not wealthy. And suppose Kino took a thousand pesos. Only yesterday he had nothing.

But Kino had grown tight and hard. He felt the creeping of fate, the circling of wolves, the hover of vultures. He felt the evil coagulating about him, and he was helpless to protect himself. He heard in his ears the evil music. And on the black velvet the great pearl glistened, so that the dealer could not keep his eyes from it.

The crowd in the doorway wavered and broke and let the three pearl dealers through. The crowd was silent now, fearing to miss a word, to fail to see a gesture or an expression. Kino was silent and watchful. He felt a little tugging at his back, and he turned and looked in Juana's eyes, and when he looked away he had renewed strength.

The dealers did not glance at one another nor at the pearl. The man behind the desk said, "I have put a value on this pearl. The owner here does not think it fair. I will ask you to examine this- this thing and make an offer. Notice," he said to Kino, "I have not mentioned what I have offered."

The first dealer, dry and stringy, seemed now to see the pearl for the first time. He took it up, rolled it quickly between thumb and forefinger, and then cast it contemptuously back into the tray.

"Do not include me in the discussion," he said dryly. "I will make no offer at all. I do not want it. This is not a pearl- it is a monstrosity." His thin lips curled.

Now the second dealer, a little man with a shy soft voice, took up the pearl, and he examined it carefully. He took a glass from his pocket and inspected it under magnification. Then he laughed softly.

"Better pearls are made of paste," he said. "I know these things. This is soft and chalky; it will lose its colour and die in a few months. Look-" He offered the glass to Kino, showed him how to use it, and Kino, who had never seen a pearl's surface magnified, was shocked at the strange-looking surface.

The third dealer took the pearl from Kino's hands. "One of my clients likes such things," he said. "I will offer five hundred pesos, and perhaps I can sell it to my client for six hundred."

Kino reached quickly and snatched the pearl from his hand. He wrapped it in the deerskin and thrust it inside his shirt.

The man behind the desk said, "I'm a fool, I know, but my first offer stands. I still offer one thousand. What are you doing?" he asked, as Kino thrust the pearl out of sight.

"I am cheated," Kino cried fiercely. "My pearl is not for sale here. I will go, perhaps even to the capital."

Now the dealers glanced quickly at one another. They knew they had played too hard; they knew they would be disciplined for their failure, and the man at the desk said quickly, "I might go to fifteen hundred."

But Kino was pushing his way through the crowd. The hum of talk came to him dimly, his rage blood pounded in his ears, and he burst through and strode away. Juana followed, trotting after him.

When the evening came, the neighbours in the brush houses sat eating their corncakes and beans, and they discussed the great theme of the morning. They did not know, it seemed a fine pearl to them, but they had never seen such a pearl before, and surely the dealers knew more about the value of pearls than they. "And mark this," they said. "Those dealers did not discuss these things. Each of the three knew the pearl was valueless."

"But suppose they had arranged it before?"

"If that is so, then all of us have been cheated all of our lives."

Perhaps, some argued, perhaps it would have been better if Kino took the one thousand five hundred pesos. That is a great deal of money, more than he has ever seen. Maybe Kino is a fool. Suppose he should really go to the capital and find no buyer for his pearl. He would never live that down.

And now, said other fearful ones, now that he had defied them, those buyers will not want to deal with him at all. Maybe Kino has cut off his own head and destroyed himself.

And others said, Kino is a brave man, and a fierce man; he is right. From his courage we may all profit. These were proud of Kino.

In his house Kino squatted on his sleeping mat, brooding. He had buried his pearl under a stone of the fire hole in his house, and he stared at the woven **tulles** of

his sleeping mat until the crossed design danced in his head. He had lost one world and had not gained another. And Kino was afraid. Never in his life had he been far from home. He was afraid of strangers and of strange places. He was terrified of that monster of strangeness they called the capital. It lay over the water and through the mountains, over a thousand miles, and every strange terrible mile was frightening. But Kino had lost his old world and he must clamber on to a new one. For his dream of the future was real and never to be destroyed, and he had said "I will go," and that made a real thing too. To determine to go and to say it was to be halfway there.

Juana watched him while he buried his pearl, and she watched him while she cleaned Coyotito and nursed him, and Juana made the corncakes for supper. Juan Tomas came in and squatted down beside Kino and remained silent for a long time, until at last Kino demanded, "What else could I do? They are cheats."

Juan Tomas nodded gravely. He was the elder, and Kino looked to him for wisdom. "It is hard to know," he said. "We do know that we are cheated from birth to the overcharge on our coffins. But we survive. You have defied not the pearl buyers, but the whole structure, the whole way of life, and I am afraid for you."

"What have I to fear but starvation?" Kino asked.

But Juan Tomas shook his head slowly. "That we must all fear. But suppose you are correct-suppose your pearl is of great value- do you think then the game is over?"

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know," said Juan Tomas, "but I am afraid for you. It is new ground you are walking on, you do not know the way."

"I will go. I will go soon," said Kino.

"Yes," Juan Tomas agreed. "That you must do. But I wonder if you will find it any different in the capital. Here, you have friends and me, your brother. There, you will have no one."

"What can I do?" Kino cried. "Some deep outrage is here. My son must have a chance. That is what they are striking at. My friends will protect me."

"Only so long as they are not in danger or discomfort from it," said Juan Tomas. He arose, saying, "Go with God."

And Kino said, "Go with God," and did not even look up, for the words had a strange chill in them.

Long after Juan Tomas had gone Kino sat brooding on his sleeping mat. A **lethargy** had settled on him, and a little grey hopelessness. Every road seemed blocked against him. In his head he heard only the dark music of the enemy. His senses were burningly alive, but his mind went back to the deep participation with all things, the gift he had from his people. He heard every little sound of the gathering night, the sleepy complaint of settling birds, the love agony of cats, the strike and withdrawal of little waves on the beach, and the simple hiss of distance. And he could smell the sharp

odor of exposed kelp from the receding tide. The little flare of the twig fire made the design on his sleeping mat jump before his entranced eyes.

Juana watched him with worry, but she knew him and she knew she could help him best by being silent and by being near. And as though she too could hear the Song of Evil, she fought it, singing softly the melody of the family, of the safety and warmth and wholeness of the family. She held Coyotito in her arms and sang the song to him, to keep the evil out, and her voice was brave against the threat of the dark music.

Kino did not move nor ask for his supper. She knew he would ask when he wanted it. His eyes were entranced, and he could sense the wary, watchful evil outside the brush house; he could feel the dark creeping things waiting for him to go out into the night. It was shadowy and dreadful, and yet it called to him and threatened him and challenged him. His right hand went into his shirt and felt his knife; his eyes were wide; he stood up and walked to the doorway.

Juana willed to stop him; she raised her hand to stop him, and her mouth opened with terror. For a long moment Kino looked out into the darkness and then he stepped outside. Juana heard the little rush, the grunting struggle, the blow. She froze with terror for a moment, and then her lips drew back from her teeth like a cat's lips. She set Coyotito down on the ground. She seized a stone from the fireplace and rushed outside, but it was over by then. Kino lay on the ground, struggling to rise, and there was no one near him. Only the shadows and the strike and rush of waves and the hiss of distance. But the evil was all about, hidden behind the brush fence, crouched beside the house in the shadow, hovering in the air.

Juana dropped her stone, and she put her arms around Kino and helped him to his feet and supported him into the house. Blood oozed down from his scalp and there was a long deep cut in his cheek from ear to chin, a deep, bleeding slash. And Kino was only half conscious. He shook his head from side to side. His shirt was torn open and his clothes half pulled off. Juana sat him down on his sleeping mat and she wiped the thickening blood from his face with her skirt. She brought him pulque to drink in a little pitcher, and still he shook his head to clear out the darkness.

"Who?" Juana asked.

"I don't know," Kino said. "I didn't see." Now Juana brought her clay pot of water and she washed the cut on his face while he stared dazed ahead of him.

"Kino, my husband," she cried, and his eyes stared past her. "Kino, can you hear me?"

"I hear you," he said dully.

"Kino, this pearl is evil. Let us destroy it before it destroys us. Let us crush it between two stones. Let us- let us throw it back in the sea where it belongs. Kino, it is evil, it is evil!"

And as she spoke the light came back in Kino's eyes so that they glowed fiercely and his muscles hardened and his will hardened.

"No," he said. "I will fight this thing. I will win over it. We will have our chance." His fist pounded the sleeping mat. "No one shall take our good fortune from us," he said. His eyes softened then and he raised a gentle hand to Juana's shoulder. "Believe me," he said. "I am a man." And his face grew crafty.

"In the morning, we will take our canoe and we will go over the sea and over the mountains to the capital, you and I. We will not be cheated. I am a man."

"Kino," she said huskily, "I am afraid. A man can be killed. Let us throw the pearl back into the sea."

"Hush," he said fiercely. "I am a man. Hush." And she was silent, for his voice was command. "Let us sleep a little," he said. "In the first light we will start. You are not afraid to go with me?"

"No, my husband."

His eyes were soft and warm on her then, his hand touched her cheek. "Let us sleep a little," he said.

Chapter 5

The late moon arose before the first rooster crowed. Kino opened his eyes in the darkness, for he sensed movement near him, but he did not move. Only his eyes searched the darkness, and in the pale light of the moon that crept through the holes in the brush house Kino saw Juana arise silently from beside him. He saw her move toward the fireplace. So carefully did she work that he heard only the lightest sound when she moved the fireplace stone. And then like a shadow she glided toward the door. She paused for a moment beside the hanging box where Coyotito lay, then for a second, she was black in the doorway, and then she was gone.

And rage surged in Kino. He rolled up to his feet and followed her as silently as she had gone, and he could hear her quick footsteps going toward the shore. Quietly he tracked her, and his brain was red with anger. She burst clear out of the brush line and stumbled over the little boulders toward the water, and then she heard him coming and she broke into a run. Her arm was up to throw when he leaped at her and caught her arm and wrenched the pearl from her. He struck her in the face with his clenched fist and she fell among the boulders, and he kicked her in the side. In the pale light he could see the little waves break over her, and her skirt floated about and clung to her legs as the water receded.

Kino looked down at her and his teeth were bared. He hissed at her like a snake, and Juana stared at him with wide unfrightened eyes, like a sheep before the butcher. She knew there was murder in him, and it was all right; she had accepted it, and she would not resist or even protest. And then the rage left him and a sick disgust took its

place. He turned away from her and walked up the beach and through the brush line. His senses were dulled by his emotion.

He heard the rush, got his knife out and lunged at one dark figure and felt his knife go home, and then he was swept to his knees and swept again to the ground. Greedy fingers went through his clothes, frantic fingers searched him, and the pearl, knocked from his hand, lay winking behind a little stone in the pathway. It glinted in the soft moonlight.

Juana dragged herself up from the rocks on the edge of the water. Her face was a dull pain and her side ached. She steadied herself on her knees for a while and her wet skirt clung to her. There was no anger in her for Kino. He had said, "I am a man," and that meant certain things to Juana. It meant that he was half insane and half god. It meant that Kino would drive his strength against a mountain and plunge his strength against the sea. Juana, in her woman's soul, knew that the mountain would stand while the man broke himself; that the sea would surge while the man drowned in it. And yet it was this thing that made him a man, half insane and half god, and Juana had need of a man; she could not live without a man. Although she might be puzzled by these differences between man and woman, she knew them and accepted them and needed them. Of course she would follow him, there was no question of that. Sometimes the quality of woman, the reason, the caution, the sense of preservation, could cut through Kino's manness and save them all. She climbed painfully to her feet, and she dipped her cupped palms in the little waves and washed her bruised face with the stinging salt water, and then she went creeping up the beach after Kino.

A flight of herring clouds had moved over the sky from the south. The pale moon dipped in and out of the strands of clouds so that Juana walked in darkness for a moment and in light the next. Her back was bent with pain and her head was low. She went through the line of brush when the moon was covered, and when it looked through, she saw the glimmer of the great pearl in the path behind the rock. She sank to her knees and picked it up, and the moon went into the darkness of the clouds again. Juana remained on her knees while she considered whether to go back to the sea and finish her job, and as she considered, the light came again, and she saw two dark figures lying in the path ahead of her. She leaped forward and saw that one was Kino and the other a stranger with dark shiny fluid leaking from his throat.

Kino moved sluggishly, arms and legs stirred like those of a crushed bug, and a thick muttering came from his mouth. Now, in an instant, Juana knew that the old life was gone forever. A dead man in the path and Kino's knife, dark-bladed beside him, convinced her. All of the time Juana had been trying to rescue something of the old peace, of the time before the pearl. But now it was gone, and there was no retrieving it. And knowing this, she abandoned the past instantly. There was nothing to do but to save themselves.



Her pain was gone now, her slowness. Quickly she dragged the dead man from the pathway into the shelter of the brush. She went to Kino and sponged his face with her wet skirt. His senses were coming back and he moaned.

"They have taken the pearl. I have lost it. Now it is over," he said. "The pearl is gone."

Juana quieted him as she would quiet a sick child. "Hush," she said. "Here is your pearl. I found it in the path. Can you hear me now? Here is your pearl. Can you understand? You have killed a man. We must go away. They will come for us, can you understand? We must be gone before the daylight comes."

"I was attacked," Kino said uneasily. "I struck to save my life."

"Do you remember yesterday?" Juana asked. "Do you think that will matter? Do you remember the men of the city? Do you think your explanation will help?"

Kino drew a great breath and fought off his weakness. "No," he said. "You are right." And his will hardened and he was a man again.

"Go to our house and bring Coyotito," he said, "and bring all the corn we have. I will drag the canoe into the water and we will go."

He took his knife and left her. He stumbled toward the beach and he came to his canoe. And when the light broke through again he saw that a great hole had been knocked in the bottom. And a **searing** rage came to him and gave him strength. Now the darkness was closing in on his family; now the evil music filled the night, hung over the mangroves, **skirled** in the wave beat. The canoe of his grandfather, plastered over and over, and a splintered hole broken in it. This was an evil beyond thinking. The killing of a man was not so evil as the killing of a boat. For a boat does not have sons, and a boat cannot protect itself, and a wounded boat does not heal. There was sorrow in Kino's rage, but this last thing had tightened him beyond breaking. He was an animal now, for hiding, for attacking, and he lived only to preserve himself and his family. He was not conscious of the pain in his head. He leaped up the beach, through the brush line toward his brush house, and it did not occur to him to take one of the canoes of his neighbours. Never once did the thought enter his head, any more than he could have conceived breaking a boat.

The roosters were crowing and the dawn was not far off. Smoke of the first fires seeped out through the walls of the brush houses, and the first smell of cooking corncakes was in the air. Already the dawn birds were scampering in the bushes. The weak moon was losing its light and the clouds thickened and curdled to the southward. The wind blew freshly into the estuary, a nervous, restless wind with the smell of storm on its breath, and there was change and uneasiness in the air.

Kino, hurrying towards his house, felt a surge of exhilaration. Now he was not confused, for there was only one thing to do, and Kino's hand went first to the great pearl in his shirt and then to his knife hanging under his shirt.



He saw a little glow ahead of him, and then without interval a tall flame leaped up in the dark with a crackling roar, and a tall **edifice** of fire lighted the pathway. Kino broke into a run; it was his brush house, he knew. And he knew that these houses could burn down in a very few moments. And as he ran a scuttling figure ran toward him—Juana, with Coyotito in her arms and Kino's shoulder blanket clutched in her hand. The baby moaned with fright, and Juana's eyes were wide and terrified. Kino could see the house was gone, and he did not question Juana. He knew, but she said, "It was torn up and the floor dug— even the baby's box turned out, and as I looked they put the fire to the outside."

The fierce light of the burning house lighted Kino's face strongly. "Who?" he demanded.

"I don't know," she said. "The dark ones."

The neighbours were tumbling from their houses now, and they watched the falling sparks and stamped them out to save their own houses. Suddenly Kino was afraid. The light made him afraid. He remembered the man lying dead in the brush beside the path, and he took Juana by the arm and drew her into the shadow of a house away from the light, for light was danger to him. For a moment he considered and then he worked among the shadows until he came to the house of Juan Tomas, his brother, and he slipped into the doorway and drew Juana after him. Outside, he could hear the squeal of children and the shouts of the neighbours, for his friends thought he might be inside the burning house.

The house of Juan Tomas was almost exactly like Kino's house; nearly all the brush houses were alike, and all leaked light and air, so that Juana and Kino, sitting in the corner of the brother's house, could see the leaping flames through the wall. They saw the flames tall and furious, they saw the roof fall and watched the fire die down as quickly as a twig fire dies. They heard the cries of warning of their friends, and the shrill, **keening** cry of Apolonia, wife of Juan Tomas. She, being the nearest woman relative, raised a formal lament for the dead of the family.

Apolonia realized that she was wearing her second-best head shawl and she rushed to her house to get her fine new one. As she rummaged in a box by the wall, Kino's voice said quietly, "Apolonia, do not cry out. We are not hurt."

"How do you come here?" she demanded.

"Do not question," he said. "Go now to Juan Tomas and bring him here and tell no one else. This is important to us, Apolonia."

She paused, her hands helpless in front of her, and then, "Yes, my brother-in-law," she said.

In a few moments Juan Tomas came back with her. He lighted a candle and came to them where they crouched in a corner and he said, "Apolonia, see to the door,

and do not let anyone enter." He was older, Juan Tomas, and he assumed the authority. "Now, my brother," he said.

"I was attacked in the dark," said Kino. "And in the fight, I have killed a man."

"Who?" asked Juan Tomas quickly.

"I do not know. It is all darkness- all darkness and shape of darkness."

"It is the pearl," said Juan Tomas. "There is a devil in this pearl. You should have sold it and passed on the devil. Perhaps you can still sell it and buy peace for yourself."

And Kino said, "Oh, my brother, an insult has been put on me that is deeper than my life. For on the beach my canoe is broken, my house is burned, and in the brush a dead man lies. Every escape is cut off. You must hide us, my brother."

And Kino, looking closely, saw deep worry come into his brother's eyes and he forestalled him in a possible refusal. "Not for long," he said quickly. "Only until a day has passed and the new night has come. Then we will go."

"I will hide you," said Juan Tomas.

"I do not want to bring danger to you," Kino said. "I know I am like a **leprosy**. I will go tonight and then you will be safe."

"I will protect you," said Juan Tomas, and he called, "Apolonia, close up the door. Do not even whisper that Kino is here."

They sat silently all day in the darkness of the house, and they could hear the neighbours speaking of them. Through the walls of the house, they could watch their neighbours raking through the ashes to find the bones. Crouching in the house of Juan Tomas, they heard the shock go into their neighbours' minds at the news of the broken boat. Juan Tomas went out among the neighbours to divert their suspicions, and he gave them theories and ideas of what had happened to Kino and to Juana and to the baby. To one he said, "I think they have gone south along the coast to escape the evil that was on them." And to another, "Kino would never leave the sea. Perhaps he found another boat." And he said, "Apolonia is ill with grief."

And in that day the wind rose up to beat the Gulf and tore the kelps and weeds that lined the shore, and the wind cried through the brush houses and no boat was safe on the water. Then Juan Tomas told among the neighbours, "Kino is gone. If he went to the sea, he is drowned by now." And after each trip among the neighbours Juan Tomas came back with something borrowed. He brought a little woven straw bag of red beans and a gourd full of rice. He borrowed a cup of dried peppers and a block of salt, and he brought in a long working knife, eighteen inches long and heavy, as a small ax, a tool and a weapon. And when Kino saw this knife his eyes lighted up, and he fondled the blade and his thumb tested the edge.

The wind screamed over the Gulf and turned the water white, and the mangroves plunged like frightened cattle, and a fine sandy dust arose from the land

and hung in a **stifling** cloud over the sea. The wind drove off the clouds and skimmed the sky clean and drifted the sand of the country like snow.

Then Juan Tomas, when the evening approached, talked long with his brother. "Where will you go?"

"To the north," said Kino. "I have heard that there are cities in the north."

"Avoid the shore," said Juan Tomas. "They are making a party to search the shore. The men in the city will look for you. Do you still have the pearl?"

"I have it," said Kino. "And I will keep it. I might have given it as a gift, but now it is my misfortune and my life and I will keep it." His eyes were hard and cruel and bitter.

Coyotito whimpered and Juana muttered little magics over him to make him silent.

"The wind is good," said Juan Tomas. "There will be no tracks."

They left quietly in the dark before the moon had risen. The family stood formally in the house of Juan Tomas. Juana carried Coyotito on her back, covered and held in by her head shawl, and the baby slept, cheek turned sideways against her shoulder. The head shawl covered the baby, and one end of it came across Juana's nose to protect her from the evil night air. Juan Tomas embraced his brother with the double embrace and kissed him on both cheeks. "Go with God," he said, and it was like a death. "You will not give up the pearl?"

"This pearl has become my soul," said Kino. "If I give it up, I shall lose my soul. Go thou also with God."

Chapter 6

The wind blew fierce and strong, and it pelted them with bits of sticks, sand, and little rocks. Juana and Kino gathered their clothing tighter about them and covered their noses and went out into the world. The sky was brushed clean by the wind and the stars were cold in a black sky. The two walked carefully, and they avoided the centre of the town where some sleeper in a doorway might see them pass. For the town closed itself in against the night, and anyone who moved about in the darkness would be noticeable. Kino threaded his way around the edge of the city and turned north, north by the stars, and found the rutted sandy road that led through the brushy country toward Loreto where the miraculous Virgin has her station.

Kino could feel the blown sand against his ankles and he was glad, for he knew there would be no tracks. The little light from the stars made out for him the narrow road through the brushy country. And Kino could hear the pad of Juana's feet behind him. He went quickly and quietly, and Juana trotted behind him to keep up.

Some ancient thing stirred in Kino. Through his fear of dark and the devils that haunt the night, there came a rush of exhilaration; some animal thing was moving in him so that he was cautious and wary and dangerous; some ancient thing out of the

past of his people was alive in him. The wind was at his back and the stars guided him. The wind cried and whisked in the brush, and the family went on monotonously, hour after hour. They passed no one and saw no one. At last, to their right, the waning moon arose, and when it came up the wind died down, and the land was still.

Now they could see the little road ahead of them, deep cut with sand-drifted wheel tracks. With the wind gone there would be footprints, but they were a good distance from the town and perhaps their tracks might not be noticed. Kino walked carefully in a wheel rut, and Juana followed in his path. One big cart, going to the town in the morning, could wipe out every trace of their passage.

All night they walked and never changed their pace. Once Coyotito awakened, and Juana shifted him in front of her and soothed him until he went to sleep again. And the evils of the night were about them. The Coyotes cried and laughed in the brush, and the owls screeched and hissed over their heads. And once some large animal lumbered away, rackling the undergrowth as it went. And Kino gripped the handle of the big working knife and took a sense of protection from it.

The music of the pearl was triumphant in Kino's head, and the quiet melody of the family underlay it, and they wove themselves into the soft padding of sandaled feet in the dust. All night they walked, and in the first dawn Kino searched the roadside for a covert to lie in during the day. He found his place near to the road, a little clearing where deer might have lain, and it was curtained thickly with the dry brittle trees that lined the road. And when Juana had seated herself and had settled to nurse the baby, Kino went back to the road. He broke a branch and carefully swept the footprints where they had turned from the roadway. And then, in the first light, he heard the creak of a wagon, and he crouched beside the road and watched a heavy two-wheeled cart go by, drawn by slouching oxen. And when it had passed out of sight, he went back to the roadway and looked at the rut and found that the footprints were gone. And again, he swept out his traces and went back to Juana.

She gave him the soft corncakes Apolonia had packed for them, and after a while she slept a little. But Kino sat on the ground and stared at the earth in front of him. He watched the ants moving, a little column of them near to his foot, and he put his foot in their path. Then the column climbed over his instep and continued on its way, and Kino left his foot there and watched them move over it.

The sun arose hotly. They were not near the Gulf now, and the air was dry and hot so that the brush cricked with heat and a good resinous smell came from it. And when Juana awakened, when the sun was high, Kino told her things she knew already.

"Beware of that kind of tree there," he said, pointing. "Do not touch it, for if you do and then touch your eyes, it will blind you. And beware of the tree that bleeds. See, that one over there. For if you break it the red blood will flow from it, and it is evil luck." And she nodded and smiled a little at him, for she knew these things.



"Will they follow us?" she asked. "Do you think they will try to find us?"

"They will try," said Kino. "Whoever finds us will take the pearl. Oh, they will try."

And Juana said, "Perhaps the dealers were right and the pearl has no value. Perhaps this has all been an illusion."

Kino reached into his clothes and brought out the pearl. He let the sun play on it until it burned in his eyes. "No," he said, "they would not have tried to steal it if it had been valueless."

"Do you know who attacked you? Was it the dealers?"

"I do not know," he said. "I didn't see them."

He looked into his pearl to find his vision. "When we sell it at last, I will have a rifle," he said, and he looked into the shining surface for his rifle, but he saw only a huddled dark body on the ground with shining blood dripping from its throat. And in the pearl, he saw Juana with her beaten face crawling home through the night. "Our son must learn to read," he said frantically. And there in the pearl Coyotito's face, thick and feverish from the medicine.

And Kino thrust the pearl back into his clothing, and the music of the pearl had become sinister in his ears, and it was interwoven with the music of evil.

The hot sun beat on the earth so that Kino and Juana moved into the lacy shade of the brush, and small grey birds scampered on the ground in the shade. In the heat of the day Kino relaxed and covered his eyes with his hat and wrapped his blanket about his face to keep the flies off, and he slept.

But Juana did not sleep. She sat quiet as a stone and her face was quiet. Her mouth was still swollen where Kino had struck her, and big flies buzzed around the cut on her chin. But she sat as still as a sentinel, and when Coyotito awakened, she placed him on the ground in front of her and watched him wave his arms and kick his feet, and he smiled and gurgled at her until she smiled too. She picked up a little twig from the ground and tickled him, and she gave him water from the gourd she carried in her bundle.

Kino stirred in a dream, and he cried out in a **guttural** voice, and his hand moved in symbolic fighting. And then he moaned and sat up suddenly, his eyes wide and his nostrils flaring. He listened and heard only the cricking heat and the hiss of distance.

"What is it?" Juana asked.

"Hush," he said.

"You were dreaming."

"Perhaps." But he was restless, and when she gave him a corncake from her store he paused in his chewing to listen. He was uneasy and nervous; he glanced over his shoulder; he lifted the big knife and felt its edge. When Coyotito gurgled on the ground Kino said, "Keep him quiet."



"What is the matter?" Juana asked.

"I don't know."

He listened again, an animal light in his eyes. He stood up then, silently; and crouched low, he threaded his way through the brush toward the road. But he did not step into the road; he crept into the cover of a thorny tree and peered out along the way he had come.

And then he saw them moving along. His body stiffened and he drew down his head and peeked out from under a fallen branch. In the distance he could see three figures, two on foot and one on horseback. But he knew what they were, and a chill of fear went through him. Even in the distance he could see the two on foot moving slowly along, bent low to the ground. Here, one would pause and look at the earth, while the other joined him. They were the trackers, they could follow the trail of a big horn sheep in the stone mountains. They were as sensitive as hounds. Here, he and Juana might have stepped out of the wheel rut, and these people from the inland, these hunters, could follow, could read a broken straw or a little tumbled pile of dust. Behind them, on a horse, was a dark man, his nose covered with a blanket, and across his saddle a rifle gleamed in the sun.

Kino lay as rigid as the tree limb. He barely breathed, and his eyes went to the place where he had swept out the track. Even the sweeping might be a message to the trackers. He knew these inland hunters. In a country where there was little game, they managed to live because of their ability to hunt, and they were hunting him. They scuttled over the ground like animals and found a sign and crouched over it while the horseman waited.

The trackers whined a little, like excited dogs on a warming trail. Kino slowly drew his big knife to his hand and made it ready. He knew what he must do. If the trackers found the swept place, he must leap for the horseman, kill him quickly and take the rifle. That was his only chance in the world. And as the three drew nearer on the road, Kino dug little pits with his sandaled toes so that he could leap without warning, so that his feet would not slip. He had only a little vision under the fallen limb.

Now Juana, back in her hidden place, heard the pad of the horse's hoofs, and Coyotito gurgled. She took him up quickly and put him under her shawl and he was silent.

When the trackers came near, Kino could see only their legs and only the legs of the horse from under the fallen branch. He saw the dark horny feet of the men and their ragged white clothes, and he heard the creak of leather of the saddle and the clink of spurs. The trackers stopped at the swept place and studied it, and the horseman stopped. The horse flung his head up against the bit and the bit-roller clicked under his tongue and the horse snorted. Then the dark trackers turned and studied the horse and watched his ears.

Kino was not breathing, but his back arched a little and the muscles of his arms and legs stood out with tension and a line of sweat formed on his upper lip. For a long moment the trackers bent over the road, and then they moved on slowly, studying the ground ahead of them, and the horseman moved after them. The trackers scuttled along, stopping, looking, and hurrying on. They would be back, Kino knew. They would be circling and searching, peeping, stopping, and they would come back sooner or later to his covered track.

He slid backward and did not bother to cover his tracks. He could not; too many little signs were there, too many broken twigs and scuffed places and displaced stones. And there was a panic in Kino now, a panic of flight. The trackers would find his trail, he knew it. There was no escape, except in flight. He edged away from the road and went quickly and silently to the hidden place where Juana was. She looked up at him in question.

"Trackers," he said. "Come!"

And then a helplessness and a hopelessness swept over him, and his face went black and his eyes were sad. "Perhaps I should let them take me."

Instantly Juana was on her feet and her hand lay on his arm. "You have the pearl," she cried hoarsely. "Do you think they would take you back alive to say they had stolen it?"

His hand strayed limply to the place where the pearl was hidden under his clothes. "They will find it," he said weakly.

"Come," she said. "Come!"

And when he did not respond. "Do you think they would let me live? Do you think they would let the little one here live?"

Her goading struck into his brain; his lips snarled and his eyes were fierce again. "Come," he said. "We will go into the mountains. Maybe we can lose them in the mountains."

Frantically he gathered the gourds and the little bags that were their property. Kino carried a bundle in his left hand, but the big knife swung free in his right hand. He parted the brush for Juana and they hurried to the west, toward the high stone mountains. They trotted quickly through the tangle of the undergrowth. This was panic flight. Kino did not try to conceal his passage he trotted, kicking the stones, knocking the telltale leaves from the little trees. The high sun streamed down on the dry creaking earth so that even the vegetation ticked in protest. But ahead were the naked granite mountains, rising out of erosion rubble and standing **monolithic** against the sky. And Kino ran for the high place, as nearly all animals do when they are pursued.

This land was waterless, furred with the cacti which could store water and with the great-rooted brush which could reach deep into the earth for a little moisture and get along on very little. And underfoot was not soil but broken rock, split into small

cubes, great slabs, but none of it water-rounded. Little tufts of sad dry grass grew between the stones, grass that had sprouted with one single rain and headed, dropped its seed, and died. Horned toads watched the family go by and turned their little pivoting dragon heads. And now and then a great jackrabbit, disturbed in his shade, bumped away and hid behind the nearest rock. The singing heat lay over this desert country, and ahead the stone mountains looked cool and welcoming.

And Kino fled. He knew what would happen. A little way along the road the trackers would become aware that they had missed the path, and they would come back, searching and judging, and in a little while they would find the place where Kino and Juana had rested. From there it would be easy for them- these little stones, the fallen leaves and the whipped branches, the scuffed places where a foot had slipped. Kino could see them in his mind, slipping along the track, whining a little with eagerness, and behind them, dark and half disinterested, the horseman with the rifle. His work would come last, for he would not take them back. Oh, the music of evil sang loud in Kino's head now, it sang with the whine of heat and with the dry ringing of snake rattles. It was not large and overwhelming now, but secret and poisonous, and the pounding of his heart gave it undertone and rhythm.

The way began to rise, and as it did the rocks grew larger. But now Kino had put a little distance between his family and the trackers. Now, on the first rise, he rested. He climbed a great boulder and looked back over the shimmering country, but he could not see his enemies, not even the tall horseman riding through the brush. Juana had squatted in the shade of the boulder. She raised her bottle of water to Coyotito's lips; his little dried tongue sucked greedily at it. She looked up at Kino when he came back; she saw him examine her ankles, cut and scratched from the stones and brush, and she covered them quickly with her skirt. Then she handed the bottle to him, but he shook his head. Her eyes were bright in her tired face. Kino moistened his cracked lips with his tongue.

"Juana," he said, "I will go on and you will hide. I will lead them into the mountains, and when they have gone past, you will go north to Loreto or to Santa Rosalia. Then, if I can escape them, I will come to you. It is the only safe way."

She looked full into his eyes for a moment. "No," she said. "We go with you."

"I can go faster alone," he said harshly. "You will put the little one in more danger if you go with me."

"No," said Juana.

"You must. It is the wise thing and it is my wish," he said.

"No," said Juana.

He looked then for weakness in her face, for fear or irresolution, and there was none. Her eyes were very bright. He shrugged his shoulders helplessly then, but he had taken strength from her. When they moved on it was no longer panic flight.



The country, as it rose toward the mountains, changed rapidly. Now there were long **outcroppings** of granite with deep crevices between, and Kino walked on bare unmarkable stone when he could and leaped from ledge to ledge. He knew that wherever the trackers lost his path they must circle and lose time before they found it again. And so, he did not go straight for the mountains anymore; he moved in zigzags, and sometimes he cut back to the south and left a sign and then went toward the mountains over bare stone again. And the path rose steeply now, so that he panted a little as he went.

The sun moved downward toward the bare stone teeth of the mountains, and Kino set his direction for a dark and shadowy cleft in the range. If there were any water at all, it would be there where he could see, even in the distance, a hint of foliage. And if there were any passage through the smooth stone range, it would be by this same deep cleft. It had its danger, for the trackers would think of it too, but the empty water bottle did not let that consideration enter. And as the sun lowered, Kino and Juana struggled wearily up the steep slope toward the cleft.

High in the grey stone mountains, under a frowning peak, a little spring bubbled out of a rupture in the stone. It was fed by shade-preserved snow in the summer, and now and then it died completely and bare rocks and dry algae were on its bottom. But nearly always it gushed out, cold and clean and lovely. In the times when the quick rains fell, it might become a freshet and send its column of white water crashing down the mountain cleft, but nearly always it was a lean little spring. It bubbled out into a pool and then fell a hundred feet to another pool, and this one, overflowing, dropped again, so that it continued, down and down, until it came to the rubble of the upland, and there it disappeared altogether. There wasn't much left of it then anyway, for every time it fell over an **escarpment** the thirsty air drank it, and it splashed from the pools to the dry vegetation. The animals from miles around came to drink from the little pools, and the wild sheep and the deer, the pumas and raccoons, and the mice- all came to drink. And the birds which spent the day in the brushland came at night to the little pools that were like steps in the mountain cleft. Beside this tiny stream, wherever enough earth collected for root-hold, colonies of plants grew, wild grape and little palms, maidenhair fern, hibiscus, and tall pampas grass with feathery rods raised above the spike leaves. And in the pool lived frogs and water-skaters, and water worms crawled on the bottom of the pool. Everything that loved water came to these few shallow places. The cats took their prey there, and strewed feathers and lapped water through their bloody teeth. The little pools were places of life because of the water, and places of killing because of the water, too.

The lowest step, where the stream collected before it tumbled down a hundred feet and disappeared into the rubbly desert, was a little platform of stone and sand. Only a pencil of water fell into the pool, but it was enough to keep the pool full and to



keep the ferns green in the underhang of the cliff, and wild grape climbed the stone mountain and all manner of little plants found comfort here. The freshets had made a small sandy beach through which the pool flowed, and bright green watercress grew in the damp sand. The beach was cut and scarred and padded by the feet of animals that had come to drink and to hunt.

The sun had passed over the stone mountains when Kino and Juana struggled up the steep broken slope and came at last to the water. From this step they could look out over the sunbeaten desert to the blue Gulf in the distance. They came utterly weary to the pool, and Juana slumped to her knees and first washed Coyotito's face and then filled her bottle and gave him a drink. And the baby was weary and petulant, and he cried softly until Juana fed him, and then he gurgled and clucked against her. Kino drank long and thirstily at the pool. For a moment, then, he stretched out beside the water and relaxed all his muscles and watched Juana feeding the baby, and then he got to his feet and went to the edge of the step where the water slipped over, and he searched the distance carefully. His eyes set on a point and he became rigid. Far down the slope he could see the two trackers; they were little more than dots or scurrying ants and behind them a larger ant.

Juana had turned to look at him and she saw his back stiffen.

"How far?" she asked quietly.

"They will be here by evening," said Kino. He looked up the long steep chimney of the cleft where the water came down. "We must go west," he said, and his eyes searched the stone shoulder behind the cleft. And thirty feet up on the grey shoulder he saw a series of little erosion caves. He slipped off his sandals and clambered up to them, gripping the bare stone with his toes, and he looked into the shallow caves. They were only a few feet deep, wind-hollowed scoops, but they sloped slightly downward and back. Kino crawled into the largest one and lay down and knew that he could not be seen from the outside. Quickly he went back to Juana.

"You must go up there. Perhaps they will not find us there," he said.

Without question she filled her water bottle to the top, and then Kino helped her up to the shallow cave and brought up the packages of food and passed them to her. And Juana sat in the cave entrance and watched him. She saw that he did not try to erase their tracks in the sand. Instead, he climbed up the brush cliff beside the water, clawing and tearing at the ferns and wild grape as he went. And when he had climbed a hundred feet to the next bench, he came down again. He looked carefully at the smooth rock shoulder toward the cave to see that there was no trace of passage, and last he climbed up and crept into the cave beside Juana.

"When they go up," he said, "we will slip away, down to the lowlands again. I am afraid only that the baby may cry. You must see that he does not cry."

"He will not cry," she said, and she raised the baby's face to her own and looked into his eyes and he stared solemnly back at her.

"He knows," said Juana.

Now Kino lay in the cave entrance, his chin braced on his crossed arms, and he watched the blue shadow of the mountain move out across the brushy desert below until it reached the Gulf, and the long twilight of the shadow was over the land.

The trackers were long in coming, as though they had trouble with the trail Kino had left. It was dusk when they came at last to the little pool. And all three were on foot now, for a horse could not climb the last steep slope. From above they were thin figures in the evening. The two trackers scurried about on the little beach, and they saw Kino's progress up the cliff before they drank. The man with the rifle sat down and rested himself, and the trackers squatted near him, and in the evening the points of their cigarettes glowed and receded. And then Kino could see that they were eating, and the soft murmur of their voices came to him.

Then darkness fell, deep and black in the mountain cleft. The animals that used the pool came near and smelled men there and drifted away again into the darkness.

He heard a murmur behind him. Juana was whispering, "Coyotito." She was begging him to be quiet. Kino heard the baby whimper, and he knew from the muffled sounds that Juana had covered his head with her shawl.

Down on the beach a match flared, and in its momentary light Kino saw that two of the men were sleeping, curled up like dogs, while the third watched, and he saw the glint of the rifle in the match light. And then the match died, but it left a picture on Kino's eyes. He could see it, just how each man was, two sleeping curled up and the third squatting in the sand with the rifle between his knees.

Kino moved silently back into the cave. Juana's eyes were two sparks reflecting a low star. Kino crawled quietly close to her and he put his lips near to her ear.

"There is a way," he said.

"But they will kill you."

"If I get first to the one with the rifle," Kino said, "I must get to him first, then I will be all right. Two are sleeping."

Her hand crept out from under her shawl and gripped his arm. "They will see your white clothes in the starlight."

"No," he said. "And I must go before moonrise."

He searched for a soft word and then gave it up. "If they kill me," he said, "lie quietly. And when they are gone away, go to Loreto."

Her hand shook a little, holding his wrist.

"There is no choice," he said. "It is the only way. They will find us in the morning."

Her voice trembled a little. "Go with God," she said.



He peered closely at her and he could see her large eyes. His hand fumbled out and found the baby, and for a moment his palm lay on Coyotito's head. And then Kino raised his hand and touched Juana's cheek, and she held her breath.

Against the sky in the cave entrance Juana could see that Kino was taking off his white clothes, for dirty and ragged though they were they would show up against the dark night. His own brown skin was a better protection for him. And then she saw how he hooked his amulet neck-string about the horn handle of his great knife, so that it hung down in front of him and left both hands free. He did not come back to her. For a moment his body was black in the cave entrance, crouched and silent, and then he was gone.

Juana moved to the entrance and looked out. She peered like an owl from the hole in the mountain, and the baby slept under the blanket on her back, his face turned sideways against her neck and shoulder. She could feel his warm breath against her skin, and Juana whispered her combination of prayer and magic, her Hail Marys and her ancient **intercession**, against the black unhuman things.

The night seemed a little less dark when she looked out, and to the east there was a lightening in the sky, down near the horizon where the moon would show. And, looking down, she could see the cigarette of the man on watch.

"Kino edged like a slow lizard down the smooth rock shoulder. He had turned his neck-string so that the great knife hung down from his back and could not clash against the stone. His spread fingers gripped the mountain, and his bare toes found support through contact, and even his chest lay against the stone so that he would not slip. For any sound, a rolling pebble or a sigh, a little slip of flesh on rock, would rouse the watchers below. Any sound that was not **germane** to the night would make them alert. But the night was not silent; the little tree frogs that lived near the stream twittered like birds, and the high metallic ringing of the cicadas filled the mountain cleft. And Kino's own music was in his head, the music of the enemy, low and pulsing, nearly asleep. But the Song of the Family had become as fierce and sharp and feline as the snarl of a female puma. The family song was alive now and driving him down on the dark enemy. The harsh cicada seemed to take up its melody, and the twittering tree frogs called little phrases of it.

And Kino crept silently as a shadow down the smooth mountain face. One bare foot moved a few inches and the toes touched the stone and gripped, and the other foot a few inches, and then the palm of one hand a little downward, and then the other hand, until the whole body, without seeming to move, had moved. Kino's mouth was open so that even his breath would make no sound, for he knew that he was not invisible. If the watcher, sensing movement, looked at the dark place against the stone which was his body, he could see him. Kino must move so slowly he would not draw the watcher's eyes. It took him a long time to reach the bottom and to crouch behind

a little dwarf palm. His heart thundered in his chest and his hands and face were wet with sweat. He crouched and took great slow long breaths to calm himself.

Only twenty feet separated him from the enemy now, and he tried to remember the ground between. Was there any stone which might trip him in his rush? He kneaded his legs against cramp and found that his muscles were jerking after their long tension. And then he looked **apprehensively** to the east. The moon would rise in a few moments now, and he must attack before it rose. He could see the outline of the watcher, but the sleeping men were below his vision. It was the watcher Kino must find- must find quickly and without hesitation. Silently he drew the amulet string over his shoulder and loosened the loop from the horn handle of his great knife.

He was too late, for as he rose from his crouch the silver edge of the moon slipped above the eastern horizon, and Kino sank back behind his bush.

It was an old and ragged moon, but it threw hard light and hard shadow into the mountain **cleft**, and now Kino could see the seated figure of the watcher on the little beach beside the pool. The watcher gazed full at the moon, and then he lighted another cigarette, and the match illumined his dark face for a moment. There could be no waiting now; when the watcher turned his head, Kino must leap. His legs were as tight as wound springs.

And then from above came a little murmuring cry. The watcher turned his head to listen and then he stood up, and one of the sleepers stirred on the ground and awakened and asked quietly, "What is it?"

"I don't know," said the watcher. "It sounded like a cry, almost like a human-like a baby."

The man who had been sleeping said, "You can't tell. I've heard a coyote pup cry like a baby."

The sweat rolled in drops down Kino's forehead and fell into his eyes and burned them. The little cry came again and the watcher looked up the side of the hill to the dark cave.

"Coyote maybe," he said, and Kino heard the harsh click as he cocked the rifle.

"If it's a coyote, this will stop it," the watcher said as he raised the gun.

Kino was in mid-leap when the gun crashed and the barrel-flash made a picture on his eyes. The great knife swung and crunched hollowly. It bit through neck and deep into chest, and Kino was a terrible machine now. He grasped the rifle even as he wrenched free his knife. His strength and his movement and his speed were a machine. He whirled and struck the head of the seated man like a melon. The third man scabbled away like a crab, slipped into the pool, and then he began to climb frantically, to climb up the cliff where the water pencilled down. His hands and feet threshed in the tangle of the wild grapevine, and he whimpered and gibbered as he tried to get up. But Kino had become as cold and deadly as steel. Deliberately he threw the lever



of the rifle, and then he raised the gun and aimed deliberately and fired. He saw his enemy tumble backward into the pool, and Kino strode to the water. In the moonlight he could see the frantic eyes, and Kino aimed and fired between the eyes.

And then Kino stood uncertainly. Something was wrong, some signal was trying to get through to his brain. Tree frogs and cicadas were silent now. And then Kino's brain cleared from its red concentration and he knew the sound- the keening, moaning, rising hysterical cry from the little cave in the side of the stone mountain, the cry of death.

Everyone in La Paz remembers the return of the family; there may be some old ones who saw it, but those whose fathers and whose grandfathers told it to them remember it nevertheless. It is an event that happened to everyone.

It was late in the golden afternoon when the first little boys ran hysterically in the town and spread the word that Kino and Juana were coming back. And everyone hurried to see them. The sun was settling toward the western mountains and the shadows on the ground were long. And perhaps that was what left the deep impression on those who saw them.

The two came from the rutted country road into the city, and they were not walking in single file, Kino ahead and Juana behind, as usual, but side by side. The sun was behind them and their long shadows stalked ahead, and they seemed to carry two towers of darkness with them. Kino had a rifle across his arm and Juana carried her shawl like a sack over her shoulder. And in it was a small limp heavy bundle. The shawl was crusted with dried blood, and the bundle swayed a little as she walked. Her face was hard and lined and leathery with fatigue and with the tightness with which she fought fatigue. And her wide eyes stared inward on herself. She was as remote and as removed as Heaven. Kino's lips were thin and his jaws tight, and the people say that he carried fear with him, that he was as dangerous as a rising storm. The people say that the two seemed to be removed from human experience; that they had gone through pain and had come out on the other side; that there was almost a magical protection about them. And those people who had rushed to see them crowded back and let them pass and did not speak to them.

Kino and Juana walked through the city as though it were not there. Their eyes glanced neither right nor left nor up nor down, but stared only straight ahead. Their legs moved a little jerkily, like well-made wooden dolls, and they carried pillars of black fear about them. And as they walked through the stone and plaster city brokers peered at them from barred windows and servants put one eye to a slitted gate and mothers turned the faces of their youngest children inward against their skirts. Kino and Juana strode side by side through the stone and plaster city and down among the brush houses, and the neighbours stood back and let them pass. Juan Tomas raised his hand

in greeting and did not say the greeting and left his hand in the air for a moment uncertainly.

In Kino's ears the Song of the Family was as fierce as a cry. He was immune and terrible, and his song had become a battle cry. They trudged past the burned square where their house had been without even looking at it. They cleared the brush that edged the beach and picked their way down the shore toward the water. And they did not look toward Kino's broken canoe.

And when they came to the water's edge they stopped and stared out over the Gulf. And then Kino laid the rifle down, and he dug among his clothes, and then he held the great pearl in his hand. He looked into its surface and it was grey and ulcerous. Evil faces peered from it into his eyes, and he saw the light of burning. And in the surface of the pearl, he saw the frantic eyes of the man in the pool. And in the surface of the pearl, he saw Coyotito lying in the little cave with the top of his head shot away. And the pearl was ugly; it was grey, like a **malignant** growth. And Kino heard the music of the pearl, distorted and insane. Kino's hand shook a little, and he turned slowly to Juana and held the pearl out to her. She stood beside him, still holding her dead bundle over her shoulder. She looked at the pearl in his hand for a moment and then she looked into Kino's eyes and said softly, "No, you."

And Kino drew back his arm and flung the pearl with all his might. Kino and Juana watched it go, winking and glimmering under the setting sun. They saw the little splash in the distance, and they stood side by side watching the place for a long time.

And the pearl settled into the lovely green water and dropped toward the bottom. The waving branches of the algae called to it and beckoned to it. The lights on its surface were green and lovely. It settled down to the sand bottom among the fern-like plants. Above, the surface of the water was a green mirror. And the pearl lay on the floor of the sea. A crab scampering over the bottom raised a little cloud of sand, and when it settled the pearl was gone.

And the music of the pearl drifted to a whisper and disappeared.

Theme

John Steinbeck's *The Pearl* is a searing parable of colonial capitalism, tracing how systemic forces corrupt human relationships and consciousness. At its core, the novella charts Kino's profound alienation: the pearl severs him from his community, transforms a peaceful fisherman into a killer, and ultimately estranges him from his own humanity. This rupture is deepened by false consciousness, as Kino internalizes the oppressor's logic, believing the pearl—a symbol of colonial wealth—can liberate him through institutions designed to exclude him. The narrative further exposes commodification, wherein every human value is reduced to exchange value: the doctor refuses treatment without payment, buyers collude to devalue the pearl, and Kino himself views it as an extension of his pride. This market logic induces reification, turning social bonds—between neighbours, healers, and buyers—into

thing-like transactions governed by abstract forces. The pearl becomes a destructive social actor, dissolving communal ties. In the devastating conclusion, when Kino hurls the pearl back into the sea, Steinbeck offers not triumph but tragic recognition: resisting a system that commodifies all it touches requires rejecting its terms entirely, even at the cost of the dreams it once promised to fulfill.

About the author

John Steinbeck, the 1962 Nobel Laureate, stands as a colossus of 20th-century American literature, a writer whose work transcends simple categorization to grapple with the very DNA of the American experience. Hailing from the Salinas Valley in California, a region that would become the mythic backdrop for much of his fiction, Steinbeck possessed a profound sensitivity to the land and its people. His literary project was far from uniform; he was a restless experimenter who moved with ease between the picaresque comedy of *Tortilla Flat*, the mythic allegory of *The Pearl*, and the unflinching social realism of his masterpiece, *The Grapes of Wrath*. A deep ecological perspective, fostered by his friendship with marine biologist Ed Ricketts, infuses his work with the sense that humanity is inextricably—and often precariously—linked to the natural world. While celebrated for bringing the plight of the dispossessed and the migrant worker into sharp focus during the Great Depression, his work consistently plumbs deeper philosophical waters, exploring themes of fate, identity, and the perennial conflict between human consciousness and a changing world.



Glossary

Words	Meanings
ammonia	a colourless gas with a characteristic pungent odor
apprehensively	in a fearful or anxious way; with dread about the future
avarice	extreme greed for wealth or material gain
bulwark	a defensive or protective wall or embankment
cleft	a split or divided area, as in a rock or in the land
consecrated	declared to be sacred; hallowed or blessed
consolation	comfort received after a loss or disappointment
contemptuous	showing scorn or disdain
cozened	cheated, deceived, or tricked
detachment	a state of being aloof or lacking emotional involvement
dissembling	hiding one's true motives or feelings; lying or misleading
edifice	a large, imposing, or elaborate building or structure
escarpment	a long, steep slope or cliff at the edge of a plateau or ridge
estuary	the wide part of a river where the current meets the sea tides
freshet	a freshwater stream flowing into the sea
furtive	secretive; done in a quiet and sneaky way to avoid notice
germane	relevant and appropriate; closely related to the matter at hand

gloating	dwelling on one's own success or another's misfortune with smugness
guttural	(of a speech sound) produced in the throat; harsh-sounding
hummock	a low mound, ridge, or knob of earth
incandescence	light emitted from a hot object; a high degree of brilliance
indigent	poor; needy; impoverished
intercession	intervention or mediation on behalf of another
judicious	having or showing good judgment; sensible and wise
keening	wailing loudly in grief for the dead
lateen	a triangular sail on a long yard, used on the canoe
leprosy	a chronic, contagious disease that affects the skin and nerves
lethargy	a lack of energy and enthusiasm; a state of drowsy inaction
lucent	giving off light; softly bright or radiant
lymphatic	relating to the body tissue that produces white blood cells
malignant	dangerous and harmful; showing great ill will; deadly
monolithic	huge and imposing; like a large, unbroken block of stone
outcroppings	layers of rock that are visible on the surface
parable	a simple story used to illustrate a moral or spiritual lesson
poultice	a soft, moist mass of herb or seaweed applied to the body to soothe soreness or inflammation
precipitated	caused to happen suddenly or unexpectedly; hurled
pulque	a thick, fermented beverage made from the agave plant
scandal	an action or event regarded as morally or legally wrong and causing public outrage
searing	scorching or burning; extremely intense
skirled	made a shrill, high-pitched sound
stalwart	strong, sturdy, and robust
stifling	suffocating; smothering; making one feel trapped
subjugation	the action of bringing someone or something under complete control
telescopically	in a manner where parts slide within one another, like a telescope
threshed	beat or whipped
transfigured	transformed into something more beautiful or elevated
tulles	a weaving material, likely from reeds or rushes



Reading and Critical Thinking

A. Answer the following questions:

1. How does Kino's "Song of the Family" show his true human nature, contrasting with the loneliness the pearl brings?
2. By refusing treatment without payment, how does the doctor demonstrate that even a basic human need like healthcare must be cashed?
3. How do the beggars' expert judgments on Kino reveal a social system that calculates human worth in terms of money?
4. Highlight the incidents that reflect the cultural hegemony of the colonizers.
5. How does every person in town, attaching his own dreams to the pearl, perfectly show as if it had some magical power?
6. Do you think, besides Kino feeling alone, the hunger for wealth cause a feeling of separation in the whole community?
7. How does ignoring Juana's free homemade remedy show the capitalist trick of believing something has value only if it has a price?
8. How does the "shell of hardness" that forms over Kino represent him being cut off from the person he used to be?
9. How does the servant's refusal to speak his native language show his internalization of the ruling class's culture?
10. How does the priest's visit expose religious activities being manipulated for economic gains?
11. How might Kino's aspirations for wealth be seen as false consciousness, adopting the values of the oppressors?
12. How does describing the town as a "colonial animal" reflect a view of society as an organic but conflicted whole?
13. How does Juana seeing the pearl as "like a sin" show her understanding of it as a physical object that brings destruction?
14. Do you think the town's collective surveillance of Kino demonstrates a repressive force enforcing conformity?
15. What is the metaphorical meaning of the pearl buyers secretly conspiring as a "market trap" to exploit the fisherman?
16. What does Juan Tomás's lament about being "cheated from birth to coffin" reveal about his class consciousness?
17. How do the neighbours' selfish speculations about the wealth reflect their false consciousness regarding class interests?
18. Do you think the priest's sermon about staying in one's "post" defends the exploitative, repressive colonisation?

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19. What kind of loss of humanity happens when Kino turns into "an animal now" because of his chase for money?
 20. What is the "whole structure" Juan Tomás fears Kino has defied, and why is this defiance so dangerous?
 21. How does the burning of Kino's house represent the violent enforcement of class structure against challengers?
 22. From what roles is Kino being alienated as he transforms from a family man to an isolated figure?
 23. How does the pearl becoming a catalyst for violence exemplify capital's corrupting influence?
 24. How does the family's fearful flight illustrate their alienation from their own community and its structures?
 25. How does the "ancient thing", stirring in Kino, connect to a view of reclaiming one's real nature?
 26. Does Juana's question about the dealers being right show false consciousness or a clear understanding of their situation?
 27. How does Kino's proposed sacrifice reflect his internalization of the individual patriarchal characteristics?
 28. How does Kino's "music of the pearl" turning "sinister" represent his working-class dreams have been poisoned?
 29. How does the final confrontation between men function as a metaphoric reflection of larger class conflict?
 30. Kino's seeing only "evil faces" in the pearl shows how its real worth has been destroyed by its price tag. Discuss.
 31. Does throwing the pearl away constitute a true revolution against the system, or simply a retreat from it?
 32. Is the tragic ending inevitable, or could Kino have kept the pearl to live a comfortable life?

B. Choose the correct option.

1. Why does Kino instinctively hear the "Song of Evil" when the doctor arrives?
 - a) Kino dislikes all authority figures.
 - b) The music warns him of scorpions.
 - c) The doctor's medicine is dangerous.
 - d) Kino senses the doctor's exploitative intent.
2. Why does the doctor give Coyotito a capsule that makes him sick?
 - a) He accidentally uses the wrong medicine.
 - b) To properly treat the scorpion sting
 - c) To create a crisis so he can profit from the cure
 - d) To punish Kino for his earlier insolence

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3. How does the town transform the moment Kino finds the pearl?
 - a) It becomes a predatory organism sensing opportunity.
 - b) It ignores the news completely.
 - c) It holds a celebration in Kino's honour.
 - d) It becomes peaceful and unified.
 4. Why does Juana insist the pearl is "like a sin" so early in the story?
 - a) She wants to keep the pearl for herself.
 - b) The priest told her so in confession.
 - c) She intuitively senses its destructive power.
 - d) She is superstitious without reason.
 5. How do the pearl buyers manipulate Kino's understanding of value?
 - a) They refuse to examine it at all.
 - b) They unanimously declare it worthless while colluding.
 - c) They send him to different buyers daily.
 - d) They praise the pearl excessively.
 6. Why does Kino refuse to sell the pearl in the capital?
 - a) He wants to keep the pearl forever.
 - b) He refuses to be cheated by the local buyers.
 - c) He is too afraid to travel.
 - d) Juana convinces him to stay home.
 7. How does Juan Tomas's warning about the "whole structure" function in the story?
 - a) It reveals Juan Tomas's cowardice.
 - b) It foreshadows the system crushing Kino.
 - c) It convinces Kino to sell locally.
 - d) It encourages Kino to fight harder.
 8. Why does Kino beat Juana when she tries to throw away the pearl?
 - a) She stole it without his permission.
 - b) The pearl has corrupted his love into possessiveness.
 - c) He has always been violent toward her.
 - d) He values the pearl more than his family.
 9. How does the destruction of Kino's canoe function symbolically?
 - a) It shows the attackers' cruelty only.
 - b) It forces him to become a farmer.
 - c) It cuts him off from his heritage and livelihood.
 - d) It represents his freedom to leave.
 10. Why does the narrator describe the trackers in animalistic terms?
 - a) to show they are skilled hunters
 - b) to dehumanize them as tools of the oppressive system
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- c) to highlight their connection to nature
d) to make them seem less threatening
11. How does Steinbeck use the recurring motif of "songs" in Kino's consciousness?
a) as intuitive warnings of danger and harmony
b) as prayers to the gods
c) as literal music played in the village
d) as entertainment during work
12. Why does the priest visit Kino only after he finds the pearl?
a) He needs Kino's help with repairs.
b) He genuinely cares about Kino's soul.
c) The pearl represents a chance for church donations.
d) Juana invited him for confession.
13. How does the doctor's servant refusing "the old language" reveal colonial power?
a) It demonstrates internalized oppression and self-alienation.
b) It shows his education is superior.
c) It proves he dislikes Kino personally.
d) It highlights language barriers.
14. Why does Kino's vision inside the pearl turn from hopes to "evil faces"?
a) The trackers have cursed it.
b) Juana convinces him it is evil.
c) The pearl physically changes colour.
d) His desire for wealth reveals its violent consequences.
15. How does the neighbour's envy function in the community?
a) It has no effect on anyone.
b) It isolates Kino and makes him a target.
c) It makes them pray for Kino's safety.
d) It brings everyone closer together.
16. Why does Steinbeck describe the town as having a "nervous system"?
a) to show it is biologically alive
b) to highlight its primitive nature
c) to prove it is sick and dying
d) to illustrate how news spreads and forms collective reaction
17. Why is Kino's dream of Coyotito reading "books as big as dogs" significant?
a) It reveals education as the ultimate symbol of liberation.
b) It shows Kino cannot read himself.
c) It shows his love for animals.
d) It proves Coyotito is intelligent.
18. How does Juana's character foil Kino's throughout the novella?

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- a) She cares less about Coyotito.
b) She represents practical survival over dangerous ambition.
c) She wants to leave Kino.
d) She is weaker and more fearful.
19. Why does Kino decide to lead the trackers away from Juana?
a) She orders him to leave.
b) He reverts to a protective patriarchal role.
c) He wants to save the pearl alone.
d) He is tired of her company.
20. How does the death of Coyotito function as the story's climax?
a) It represents the ultimate cost of the pearl's corruption.
b) It ends Kino's pursuit peacefully.
c) It makes the pearl more valuable.
d) It reunites Kino and Juana with the village.
21. Why does Kino throw the pearl back into the sea at the end?
a) The pearl has lost its beauty.
b) He rejects the entire corrupt system it represents.
c) He accidentally drops it.
d) Juana forces him to do so.
22. How does the beggars' "financial analysis" of Kino critique society?
a) It reveals how human worth is reduced to economic calculation.
b) It has no deeper meaning.
c) It proves they are wiser than others.
d) It shows they are generous.
23. Why does Juana walk beside Kino rather than behind him at the end?
a) He orders her to walk beside him.
b) The path is too narrow for two.
c) She is now his equal through shared tragedy.
d) She is leading him home.
24. How does the pearl's music becoming "sinister" reflect Kino's corruption?
a) The society stole its beauty.
b) Juana cursed the pearl.
c) The pearl physically changed sounds.
d) His perception is warped by greed and paranoia.
25. Why does Steinbeck set the story as a parable rather than realism?
a) He preferred fantasy genres.
b) to give it universal, timeless moral weight
c) He lacked historical knowledge.
d) to avoid criticism



Vocabulary and Grammar

Antonym: An antonym is a word of opposite meaning of the given word. Antonyms help us understand word meanings more clearly and improve our vocabulary.

Example: *happy → sad*

Here, happy and sad are antonyms because they express opposite feelings.

A. Write the antonyms in the blank spaces.

Words	Antonyms	Words	Antonyms	Words	Antonyms
awake		clean		day	
calm		weak		rich	
love		gentle		begin	
inside		work		open	
young		dark		honest	
life		peace		freedom	

B. Pick five pairs from the list. Use each pair in your own sentences.

Synonym: A synonym is a word that has the same or nearly the same meaning. Synonyms make our writing richer and help us avoid repeating the same words.

Example: *big → large*

Here, big and large are synonyms because they mean almost the same.

C. Write the synonyms in the blank spaces.

Words	Synonyms	Words	Synonyms	Words	Synonyms
frightened		dirty		family	
strange		weak		father	
quiet		sad		pain	
lonely		tired		cry	
small		work		help	
angry		room		fear	

Preposition: A preposition is a word (or a group of words) that shows the relationship between a noun or pronoun (the object of the preposition) and another word in the sentence. This relationship can indicate location, time, direction, manner, cause, or possession.

Examples in sentences:

- The book is on the table. (Location)
- She arrived after dinner. (Time)
- He walked toward the door. (Direction)
- They communicated via email. (Manner/Means)

Types of Prepositions: Prepositions can be categorized in several ways:

1. **Prepositions of Time:** Indicate when something happens.
 - Examples: *at, on, in, during, for, since, by, until, before, after.*
 - Common Usage Nuance: We use *at* for specific times (at 3 o'clock), *on* for days and dates (on Monday), and *in* for longer periods (in July, in 1995).
2. **Prepositions of Place/Position:** Indicate where something is or where it is going.
 - Examples: *at, on, in, above, over, under, below, beneath, beside, between, among, near, by, against, inside, outside, through, across, into, onto.*
3. **Prepositions of Direction/Movement:** Indicate movement from one place to another.
 - Examples: *to, toward, into, onto, from, off, out of, through, across, along, up, down, around.*
4. **Prepositions of Manner/Means/Agent:** Indicate how something is done or by whom.
 - Examples: *by, with, like, as, via.*
You paint with a brush (instrument), but the painting was done by an artist (agent). You travel by car (means).
5. **Prepositions of Cause/Purpose/Reason:**
 - Examples: *for, from, of, through, because of, due to, owing to.*
 - He is suffering from an illness (cause).
6. **Prepositions of Concession/Contrast:**
 - Examples: *despite, in spite of, notwithstanding.*
 - These are followed by a noun or gerund, not a full clause.
 - Correct: Despite raining, we went out. Incorrect: Despite it was raining.

Exercise:

Instructions: Fill in the blank with the most appropriate preposition.

1. The negotiations fell through because neither party was willing to yield _____ the other's demands.
2. He is a man who is wholly given _____ his work, often forgetting to eat or sleep.
3. The recent policy changes militate _____ the very principles of economic freedom we stand for.
4. Despite his reputation, he acquitted himself _____ admirably during the debate.

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5. The governor was impeached _____ misconduct, though many believed the charges were politically motivated.
 6. She has a positive distaste _____ social media and refuses to have any online presence.
 7. The new evidence is incompatible _____ the testimony given by the witness last week.
 8. We must not despair; success often lies just _____ the horizon.
 9. He is very peculiar _____ his habits; he insists on eating his food in a specific order.
 10. The committee deliberated _____ the matter for three hours before reaching a decision.
 11. The country is now independent _____ foreign rule and governs itself.
 12. He is utterly indifferent _____ the suffering of others, which makes him seem very cold.
 13. The judge was not swayed by emotion and kept his eyes fixed _____ the facts of the case.
 14. She was robbed _____ her peace of mind by the constant disturbance.
 15. The constitution invests the power to levy taxes solely _____ the parliament.



Oral Communication Skills

Activity 1: The Trial of Kino

A Role-Play Debate and Mock Trial

Objective: To develop persuasive speaking, critical reasoning, and the ability to construct a logical argument from a character's perspective.

The Scenario: Kino has returned to La Paz and thrown the pearl back into the sea. However, the townspeople—who have lost their chance at wealth and trade—are furious. They decide to put Kino on trial, not for a legal crime, but for the "crime" of destroying their collective dream. The question before the court is: **"Is Kino guilty of destroying the community's hope and future?"**

Setup and Roles: Divide the class into groups, with each group preparing a different perspective. Within each group, students must collaborate to prepare a 2–3-minute opening statement and then be ready for cross-examination.

The Prosecution Team (2-3 students): Represent the town's merchants, pearl buyers, and the priest. Their argument: Kino's pearl was a gift from God/nature to the entire community. His arrogance and violence robbed them of progress, new buildings, and church donations. He is a selfish destroyer of public good.

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- **The Defense Team (2-3 students):** Represent Kino, Juana, and Juan Tomás. Their argument: The pearl was not a gift, but a test and an agent of destruction. Kino was protecting his family from a corrupt system that would have exploited them. Throwing it back was an act of wisdom and moral courage, saving his soul and future generations from the same greed.
 - **The Witnesses (4-5 students):**
 - *Kino* (called by defence)
 - *Juana* (called by defence)
 - *The Doctor* (called by prosecution)
 - *A Pearl Buyer* (called by prosecution)
 - *Juan Tomás* (can be called by either side)
 - **The Jury (Remaining class):** They listen to all arguments, take notes, and will deliver a verdict with a brief explanation of their reasoning.
 - **The Judge (Teacher or a confident student):** Maintains order, introduces each speaker, and manages the cross-examination time.

Oral Communication Skills Practice:

- **Persuasion:** Crafting emotional and logical appeals.
- **Argumentation:** Using evidence from the text to support a claim.
- **Impromptu Speaking:** Thinking on one's feet during cross-examination.
- **Role Adoption:** Speaking authentically in the voice of a character.
- **Active Listening:** Responding directly to the points made by the opposing side.



Writing Skills

Writing Activity

- Doing Kino's psychoanalysis in shifting situations, write an argumentative paragraph on 'could Kino have kept the pearl without tragedy or was the tragic end inevitable?' Use evidence from the text.**
- "Construct a dialogue between two friends examining the phenomenon of modern colonisation. Your dialogue should critically analyse its primary instruments (technological, economic, cultural), explore the consequent alienation of the individual from authentic identity, and propose practical strategies of resistance, focusing specifically on how to recognise and reject artificially manufactured needs for emulation."**

**Instructions for Preparation of
Exam Paper of English for Intermediate Part II**

ESSENTIAL INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE PAPER SETTERS

The paper of English for Grade 12 will consist of **100** marks.
Objective Type = 20 Marks Time: 30 minutes
Subjective Type = 80 Marks Time: 2:30 hours

The paper will be made as per the following details/ instructions:

Objective Type (Part-II)		
Time: 30 Minutes		
20 Marks		
Question No. 1		
(Each item will carry 01 Mark.)		
Contents taken from:	Items	Marks
Unit No. 1, 2, 4, 5 and 6 from English 12	3 Synonyms from the mentioned units.	3 Marks
Unit No. 8, 9, 11 and 12 from English 12	3 Synonyms from the mentioned units.	3 Marks
Unit No. 13 (Novel) from English 12	4 Synonyms from the mentioned unit.	4 Marks
Entire textbook of English 12	5 MCQs on Prepositions	5 Marks
Entire textbook of English 12	5 MCQs on Correct Sentences (Parts of Speech)	5 Marks

Subjective Type (Part-II)			
Time: 2:30 Hours			
80 Marks			
Question No.	Content taken from/ Type	Details	Marks
SECTION – I			
2	Unit No. 1, 2, 4, 5 and 6 from English 12	Attempt any 5 out of 8 short questions	2 x 5 = 10 Marks
3	Unit No. 8, 9, 11 and 12 from English 12	Attempt any 5 out of 8 short questions	2 x 5 = 10 Marks
4	Unit No. 13 from English 12	Attempt any 7 out of 11 short questions	2 x 7 = 14 Marks
5	Explanation of the stanza taken from Unit No. 3, 7 and 10 of English 12	Explain the given stanza with reference to the context.	6 Marks
SECTION – II			
6	Essay From English Grammar and Composition 11-12 by PECTAA	Write an essay from the given four topics.	15 Marks
7	Idioms From English Grammar and Composition 11-12 by PECTAA	Any 5 idioms out of 8	2 x 5 = 10 Marks
8	Translation From English Grammar and Composition 11-12 by PECTAA	Translate Urdu paragraph into English	15 Marks
8	Note: Foreign and English Medium candidate can write a paragraph on the given topic instead of translation. From English Grammar and Composition 11-12 by PECTAA (For Foreign and English Medium Candidates)		

Model Paper English-XII

English (Compulsory)
Paper-II: Objective Part

Time Allowed: 30 Minutes
Maximum Marks: 20

Q.1: Fill in the right bubble

(a) Choose the correct option of the underlined words from the columns A, B, C and D and fill up the bubble sheet: (10)

	Questions	(A)	(B)	(C)	(D)
1.	The birds were <u>chirping</u> at the edge of the woods.	singing	flying	sleeping	running
2.	Twitter encourages <u>concise</u> communication.	careless	lengthy	brief	confusing
3.	Today Tommy found a <u>real</u> book.	artificial	false	genuine	imaginary
4.	He might get <u>envious</u> , and envy is a most terrible thing, and would spoil anybody's nature.	content	kind	generous	jealous
5.	They had something to <u>whisper</u> to her, a secret.	murmur	shout	declare	announce
6.	We came to a <u>clump</u> of olive trees.	cluster	desert	river	mountain
7.	He <u>slipped</u> his feet into his sandals.	slid	jumped	kicked	threw
8.	It was a <u>tiny</u> movement that drew their eyes to the hanging box.	bright	loud	small	huge
9.	He worked <u>deliberately</u> , selecting the largest shells.	randomly	quickly	carelessly	carefully
10.	They wondered how such <u>luck</u> could come to any man.	effort	fortune	failure	problem

(b) Choose the correct option for the following blanks from the columns A, B, C and D and fill up the bubble sheet: (5)

	Questions	(A)	(B)	(C)	(D)
11.	I am too busy _____ climb trees.	for	to	for	at
12.	He held it open _____ his knees.	for	on	to	at
13.	I've slowed it up _____ an average ten-year level.	on	at	for	to
14.	There were always beautiful things to look _____.	in	for	on	at
15.	That is the way _____ a house to open!	for	to	in	by

(c) Choose the correct sentence from each of the groups and fill up the bubble sheet: (5)

16.	One of key advantages of MOOCs is the accessibility.
(A)	One of the key advantages of MOOCs is accessibility.
(B)	One of the key advantage of MOOCs are accessibility.
(C)	One of the key advantages for MOOCs is accessible.
(D)	One of key advantages of MOOCs is the accessibility.
17.	Cut down my trunk and makes a boat.
(A)	Cut down my trunk and make a boat.
(B)	Cutting down my trunk and make a boat.
(C)	Cut down mine trunk and makes a boat.
(D)	Cut down my trunk and making a boat.
18.	Why would anyone writing about school?
(A)	Why would anyone write about school?
(B)	Why would anyone writes about school?
(C)	Why anyone would write about school?
(D)	Why would anyone write in school?
19.	Even the dinner hour was give up to talking about it.
(A)	Even the dinner hour was given up to talking about it.
(B)	Even the dinner hour was given up for talking about it.
(C)	Even the dinner hour was given to up talking about it.
(D)	Even the dinner hour was gave up to talking about it.
20.	Send me the rest, since I needing it very much.
(A)	Send me the rest, since I need it very much.
(B)	Send me the rest, since I needs it very much.
(C)	Send me the rest, because I need very much it.
(D)	Send me the rest, since I am need it very much.

SECTION – I

Q.2 Write short answers (in 3-5 lines) of any FIVE questions of the following:

(2 x 5 = 10)

- i. Why did Hazrat Muhammad (ﷺ) travel to Taif?
- ii. Why were the village people sitting at the back of the classroom?
- iii. What tempted Franz to skip school and spend the day outside?
- iv. How does Twitter act as a "micro-university of ideas"?
- v. How does Twitter act as a "micro-university of ideas"?
- vi. What did the boy want when he grew older?
- vii. What did Margie write in her diary on May 17, 2155?
- viii. How were old schools different from Margie's school?

Q.3 Write short answers (in 3-5 lines) of any FIVE questions of the following:

(2 x 5 = 10)

- i. Why did little Hans sell his belongings during the winter?
- ii. How did Hans respond to the Miller's constant demands and requests?
- iii. In what way is 'The Doll's House' itself a miniature model of the class society and social injustice?
- iv. Aunt Beryl's anger seems excessive when she drives the Kelvey sisters away.
- v. What did Lencho's second letter reveal about his faith and his perception of the post office employees?
- vi. Why was Lencho not surprised or filled with gratitude when he received the money? Instead, what emotion did he feel and why?
- vii. How does the author's tone shift between the descriptions of the sunny days and the final rainy departure? What specific words contribute to these different moods?
- viii. The author expresses regret for the "part three" they did not see. What does this regret tell you about their overall impression of the Swat Valley?

Q.4 Write short answers (in 3-5 lines) of any SEVEN questions of the following:

(2 x 7 = 14)

- i. How do the beggars' expert judgments on Kino reveal a social system that calculates human worth in terms of money?
- ii. Highlight the incidents that reflect the cultural hegemony of the colonizers.
- iii. How does the "shell of hardness" that forms over Kino represent him being cut off from the person he used to be?

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- iv. How might Kino's aspirations for wealth be seen as false consciousness, adopting the values of the oppressors?
 - v. How does Juana's seeing the pearl "like a sin" show her understanding of it as a physical object that brings destruction?
 - vi. What does Juan Tomás's lament about being "cheated from birth to coffin" reveal about his class consciousness?
 - vii. How do the neighbours' selfish speculations about the wealth reflect their false consciousness regarding class interests?
 - viii. How does the pearl become a catalyst for violence exemplify capital's corrupting influence?
 - ix. Does Juana's question about the dealers being right show false consciousness or a clear understanding of their situation?
 - x. How does the final confrontation between men function as a metaphoric reflection of larger class conflict?
 - xi. Does throwing the pearl away constitute a true revolution against the system, or simply a retreat from it?

Q.5 Explain the following lines with reference to the context: (6)

Or rather – He passed Us –
The Dews drew quivering and Chill –
For only Gossamer, my Gown –
My Tippet – only Tulle –

SECTION – II

Q.6 Write an essay (300-400 words) on any ONE of the following topics: (15)

- i Pollution ii Patriotism iii My Hobby iv Smog

Q.7 Use any FIVE of the following idioms in sentences of your own: (2 x 5 = 10)

- i Apple of discord ii Bag and baggage iii Poke one's nose iv Without fail
- v To bell the cat vi Die in harness vii At length viii By dint of

Q.8 Translate the following passage into English: (15)

سوشل میڈیا کے بھی اپنے مسائل ہیں ان لوگوں کے لیے جو ساری زندگی سوشل میڈیا پر رہے ہیں ان کے لیے آن لائن چیزوں کو بہت سنجیدگی سے لینا اس حقیقت کے باوجود آسان ہے کہ یہ ہمیشہ یا زیادہ تر وقت حقیقت کی عکاسی نہیں کرتا ہے لوگ اپنے کامل دن کے بارے میں پوسٹ کر سکتے ہیں جو میرے لیے اکثر نہیں ہوتا لیکن شاید ہر چند مہینوں میں صرف ایک بار ہوتا ہے جس کا مطلب ہے کہ آپ کے پاس ہمیشہ بات کرنے کے لیے کچھ نہ کچھ ہو گا کوئی نہیں جانتا جب تک کہ کسی اور نے ہمیں پہلے ہی نہ بتایا ہو۔

Q.8 English Medium / Foreign candidates will write a paragraph (150-200 words) on "My Hobby".