

How He Lied To Her Husband

-By George Bernard Shaw

Preface

Like many other works of mine, this playlet is a piece d'occasion. In 1905 it happened that Mr Arnold Daly, who was then playing the part of Napoleon in *The Man of Destiny* in New York, found that whilst the play was too long to take a secondary place in the evening's performance, it was too short to suffice by itself. I therefore took advantage of four days continuous rain during a holiday in the north of Scotland to write 'How He Lied To Her Husband' for Mr Daly. In his hands, it served its turn very effectively.

I print it here as a sample of what can be done with even the most hackneyed stage framework by filling it in with an observed touch of actual humanity instead of with doctrinaire romanticism. Nothing in the theatre is staler than the situation of husband, wife and lover, or the fun of knockabout farce. I have taken both, and got an original play out of them, as anybody else can if only he will look about him for his material instead of plagiarizing *Othello* and the thousand plays that have proceeded on *Othello's* romantic assumptions and false point of honor.

A further experiment made by Mr Arnold Daly with this play is worth recording. In 1905 Mr Daly produced "*Mrs Warren's Profession*" in New York. The press of that city instantly raised a cry that such persons as Mrs Warren are "ordure," and should not be mentioned in the presence of decent people. This hideous repudiation of humanity and social conscience so took possession of the New York journalists that the few among them who kept their feet morally and intellectually could do nothing to check the epidemic of foul language, gross suggestion, and raving obscenity of word and thought that broke out. The writers abandoned all self-restraint under the impression that they were upholding virtue instead of outraging it. They infected each other with their hysteria until they were for all practical purposes indecently mad. They finally forced the police to arrest Mr Daly and his company, and led the magistrate to express his loathing of the duty thus forced upon him of reading an unmentionable and abominable play. Of course the convulsion soon exhausted itself. The magistrate, naturally somewhat impatient when he found that what he had to read was a strenuously ethical play forming part of a book which had been in circulation unchallenged for eight years, and had been received without protest by the whole London and New York press, gave the journalists a piece of his mind as to their moral taste in plays. By consent, he passed the case on to a higher court, which declared that the play was not immoral; acquitted Mr Daly; and made an end of the attempt to use the law to declare living women to be "ordure," and thus enforce silence as to the far-reaching fact that you cannot cheapen women in the market for industrial purposes without cheapening them for other purposes as well. I hope *Mrs Warren's Profession* will be played everywhere, in season and out of season, until Mrs Warren has bitten that fact into the public conscience, and shamed the

newspapers which support a tariff to keep up the price of every American commodity except American manhood and womanhood.

Unfortunately, Mr Daly had already suffered the usual fate of those who direct public attention to the profits of the sweater or the pleasures of the voluptuary. He was morally lynched side by side with me. Months elapsed before the decision of the courts vindicated him; and even then, since his vindication implied the condemnation of the press, which was by that time sober again, and ashamed of its orgy, his triumph received a rather sulky and grudging publicity. In the meantime he had hardly been able to approach an American city, including even those cities which had heaped applause on him as the defender of hearth and home when he produced *Candida*, without having to face articles discussing whether mothers could allow their daughters to attend such plays as *You Never Can Tell*, written by the infamous author of *Mrs Warren's Profession*, and acted by the monster who produced it. What made this harder to bear was that though no fact is better established in theatrical business than the financial disastrousness of moral discredit, the journalists who had done all the mischief kept paying vice the homage of assuming that it is enormously popular and lucrative, and that I and Mr Daly, being exploiters of vice, must therefore be making colossal fortunes out of the abuse heaped on us, and had in fact provoked it and welcomed it with that express object. Ignorance of real life could hardly go further.

One consequence was that Mr Daly could not have kept his financial engagements or maintained his hold on the public had he not accepted engagements to appear for a season in the vaudeville theatres [the American equivalent of our music halls], where he played 'How He Lied to Her Husband' comparatively unhampered by the press censorship of the theatre, or by that sophistication of the audience through press suggestion from which I suffer more, perhaps, than any other author. Vaudeville authors are fortunately unknown: the audiences see what the play contains and what the actor can do, not what the papers have told them to expect. Success under such circumstances had a value both for Mr Daly and myself which did something to console us for the very unsavory mobbing which the New York press organized for us, and which was not the less disgusting because we suffered in a good cause and in the very best company. Mr Daly, having weathered the storm, can perhaps shake his soul free of it as he heads for fresh successes with younger authors. But I have certain sensitive places in my soul: I do not like that word "ordure." Apply it to my work, and I can afford to smile, since the world, on the whole, will smile with me. But to apply it to the woman in the street, whose spirit is of one substance with our own and her body no less holy: to look your women folk in the face afterwards and not go out and hang yourself: that is not on the list of pardonable sins.

Postscript.

Since the above was written news has arrived from America that a leading New York newspaper, which was among the most abusively clamorous for the suppression of *Mrs Warren's Profession*, has just been fined heavily for deriving part of its revenue from advertisements of Mrs Warren's houses.

Many people have been puzzled by the fact that whilst stage entertainments which are frankly meant to act on the spectators as aphrodisiacs, are everywhere tolerated, plays which have an almost horrifyingly contrary effect are fiercely attacked by persons and papers notoriously indifferent to public morals on all other occasions. The explanation is very simple. The profits of Mrs Warren's profession are shared not only by Mrs Warren and Sir George Crofts, but by the landlords of their houses, the newspapers which advertize them, the restaurants which cater for them, and, in short, all the trades to which they are good customers, not to mention the public officials and representatives whom they silence by complicity, corruption, or blackmail. Add to these the employers who profit by cheap female labor, and the shareholders whose dividends depend on it [you find such people everywhere, even on the judicial bench and in the highest places in Church and State], and you get a large and powerful class with a strong pecuniary incentive to protect Mrs Warren's profession, and a correspondingly strong incentive to conceal, from their own consciences no less than from the world, the real sources of their gain. These are the people who declare that it is feminine vice and not poverty that drives women to the streets, as if vicious women with independent incomes ever went there. These are the people who, indulgent or indifferent to aphrodisiac plays, raise the moral hue and cry against performances of Mrs Warren's Profession, and drag actresses to the police court to be insulted, bullied, and threatened for fulfilling their engagements. For please observe that the judicial decision in New York State in favor of the play does not end the matter. In Kansas City, for instance, the municipality, finding itself restrained by the courts from preventing the performance, fell back on a local bye-law against indecency to evade the Constitution of the United States. They summoned the actress who impersonated Mrs Warren to the police court, and offered her and her colleagues the alternative of leaving the city or being prosecuted under this bye-law.

Now, nothing is more possible than that the city councillors who suddenly displayed such concern for the morals of the theatre were either Mrs Warren's landlords, or employers of women at starvation wages, or restaurant keepers, or newspaper proprietors, or in some other more or less direct way sharers of the profits of her trade. No doubt it is equally possible that they were simply stupid men who thought that indecency consists, not in evil, but in mentioning it. I have, however, been myself a member of a municipal council, and have not found municipal councillors quite so simple and inexperienced as this. At all events I do not propose to give the Kansas councillors the benefit of the doubt. I therefore advise the public at large, which will finally decide the matter, to keep a vigilant eye on gentlemen who will stand anything at the theatre except a performance of Mrs Warren's Profession, and who assert in the same breath that [a] the play is too loathsome to be bearable by civilized people, and [b] that unless its performance is prohibited the whole town will throng to see it. They may be merely excited and foolish; but I am bound to warn the public that it is equally likely that they may be collected and knavish.

At all events, to prohibit the play is to protect the evil which the play exposes; and in view of that fact, I see no reason for assuming that the prohibitionists are disinterested

moralists, and that the author, the managers, and the performers, who depend for their livelihood on their personal reputations and not on rents, advertisements, or dividends, are grossly inferior to them in moral sense and public responsibility. It is true that in Mrs Warren's Profession, Society, and not any individual, is the villain of the piece; but it does not follow that the people who take offence at it are all champions of society. Their credentials cannot be too carefully examined.

How He Lied To Her Husband

It is eight o'clock in the evening. The curtains are drawn and the lamps lighted in the drawing room of Her flat in Cromwell Road. Her lover, a beautiful youth of eighteen, in evening dress and cape, with a bunch of flowers and an opera hat in his hands, comes in alone. The door is near the corner; and as he appears in the doorway, he has the fireplace on the nearest wall to his right, and the grand piano along the opposite wall to his left. Near the fireplace a small ornamental table has on it a hand mirror, a fan, a pair of long white gloves, and a little white woollen cloud to wrap a woman's head in. On the other side of the room, near the piano, is a broad, square, softly upholstered stool. The room is furnished in the most approved South Kensington fashion: that is, it is as like a show room as possible, and is intended to demonstrate the racial position and spending powers of its owners, and not in the least to make them comfortable.

He is, be it repeated, a very beautiful youth, moving as in a dream, walking as on air. He puts his flowers down carefully on the table beside the fan; takes off his cape, and, as there is no room on the table for it, takes it to the piano; puts his hat on the cape; crosses to the hearth; looks at his watch; puts it up again; notices the things on the table; lights up as if he saw heaven opening before him; goes to the table and takes the cloud in both hands, nestling his nose into its softness and kissing it; kisses the gloves one after another; kisses the fan; gasps a long shuddering sigh of ecstasy; sits down on the stool and presses his hands to his eyes to shut out reality and dream a little; takes his hands down and shakes his head with a little smile of rebuke for his folly; catches sight of a speck of dust on his shoes and hastily and carefully brushes it off with his handkerchief; rises and takes the hand mirror from the table to make sure of his tie with the gravest anxiety; and is looking at his watch again when She comes in, much flustered. As she is dressed for the theatre; has spoilt, petted ways; and wears many diamonds, she has an air of being a young and beautiful woman; but as a matter of hard fact, she is, dress and pretensions apart, a very ordinary South Kensington female of about 37, hopelessly inferior in physical and spiritual distinction to the beautiful youth, who hastily puts down the mirror as she enters.

HE [kissing her hand]. At last!

SHE. Henry something dreadful has happened.

HE. What's the matter?

SHE. I have lost your poems.

HE. They were unworthy of you. I will write you some more.

SHE. No, thank you. Never any more poems for me. Oh, how could I have been so

mad! so rash! so imprudent!

HE. Thank Heaven for your madness, your rashness, your imprudence!

SHE [impatiently] Oh, be sensible, Henry. Can't you see what a terrible thing this is for me? Suppose anybody finds these poems! what will they think?

HE. They will think that a man once loved a woman more devotedly than ever man loved woman before. But they will not know what man it was.

SHE. What good is that to me if everybody will know what woman it was?

HE. But how will they know?

SHE. How will they know! Why, my name is all over them: my silly, unhappy name. Oh, if I had only been christened Mary Jane, or Gladys Muriel, or Beatrice, or Francesca, or Guinevere, or something quite common! But Aurora! Aurora! I'm the only Aurora in London; and everybody knows it. I believe I'm the only Aurora in the world. And it's so horribly easy to rhyme to it! Oh, Henry, why didn't you try to restrain your feelings a little in common consideration for me? Why didn't you write with some little reserve?

HE. Write poems to you with reserve! You ask me that!

SHE [with perfunctory tenderness] Yes, dear, of course it was very nice of you; and I know it was my own fault as much as yours. I ought to have noticed that your verses ought never to have been addressed to a married woman.

HE. Ah, how I wish they had been addressed to an unmarried woman! how I wish they had!

SHE. Indeed you have no right to wish anything of the sort. They are quite unfit for anybody but a married woman. That's just the difficulty. What will my sisters-in-law think of them?

HE [painfully jarred] Have you got sisters-in-law?

SHE. Yes, of course I have. Do you suppose I am an angel?

HE [biting his lips] I do. Heaven help me, I do or I did or [he almost chokes a sob].

SHE [softening and putting her hand caressingly on his shoulder] Listen to me, dear. It's very nice of you to live with me in a dream, and to love me, and so on; but I can't help my husband having disagreeable relatives, can I?

HE [brightening up] Ah, of course they are your husband's relatives: I forgot that. Forgive me, Aurora. [He takes her hand from his shoulder and kisses it. She sits down on the stool. He remains near the table, with his back to it, smiling fatuously down at her].

SHE. The fact is, Teddy's got nothing but relatives. He has eight sisters and six half-sisters, and ever so many brothers but I don't mind his brothers. Now if you only knew the least little thing about the world, Henry, you'd know that in a large family, though the sisters quarrel with one another like mad all the time, yet let one of the brothers marry, and they all turn on their unfortunate sister-in-law and devote the rest of their lives with perfect unanimity to persuading him that his wife is unworthy of him. They can do it to her very face without her knowing it, because there are always a lot of stupid low family jokes that nobody understands but themselves. Half the time you can't tell what they're talking about: it just drives you wild. There ought to be a law

against a man's sister ever entering his house after he's married. I'm as certain as that I'm sitting here that Georgina stole those poems out of my workbox.

HE. She will not understand them, I think.

SHE. Oh, won't she! She'll understand them only too well. She'll understand more harm than ever was in them: nasty vulgar-minded cat!

HE [going to her] Oh don't, don't think of people in that way. Don't think of her at all. [He takes her hand and sits down on the carpet at her feet]. Aurora, do you remember the evening when I sat here at your feet and read you those poems for the first time?

SHE. I shouldn't have let you: I see that now. When I think of Georgina sitting there at Teddy's feet and reading them to him for the first time, I feel I shall just go distracted.

HE. Yes, you are right. It will be a profanation.

SHE. Oh, I don't care about the profanation; but what will Teddy think? what will he do? [Suddenly throwing his head away from her knee]. You don't seem to think a bit about Teddy. [She jumps up, more and more agitated].

HE [supine on the floor; for she has thrown him off his balance] To me Teddy is nothing, and Georgina less than nothing.

SHE. You'll soon find out how much less than nothing she is. If you think a woman can't do any harm because she's only a scandal mongering dowdy ragbag, you're greatly mistaken.

[She flounces about the room. He gets up slowly and dusts his hands. Suddenly she runs to him and throws herself into his arms].

Henry: help me. Find a way out of this for me; and I'll bless you as long as you live. Oh, how wretched I am! [She sobs on his breast].

HE. And oh! how happy I am!

SHE [whisking herself abruptly away] Don't be selfish.

HE [humbly] Yes: I deserve that. I think if I were going to the stake with you, I should still be so happy with you that I could hardly feel your danger more than my own.

SHE [relenting and patting his hand fondly] Oh, you are a dear darling boy,

Henry; but [throwing his hand away fretfully] you're no use. I want somebody to tell me what to do.

HE [with quiet conviction] Your heart will tell you at the right time. I have thought deeply over this; and I know what we two must do, sooner or later.

SHE. No, Henry. I will do nothing improper, nothing dishonorable. [She sits down plump on the stool and looks inflexible].

HE. If you did, you would no longer be Aurora. Our course is perfectly simple, perfectly straightforward, perfectly stainless and true. We love one another. I am not ashamed of that: I am ready to go out and proclaim it to all London as simply as I will declare it to your husband when you see as you soon will see that this is the only way honorable enough for your feet to tread. Let us go out together to our own house, this evening, without concealment and without shame. Remember! we owe something to your husband. We are his guests here: he is an honorable man: he has been kind to us: he has perhaps loved you as well as his prosaic nature and his sordid commercial environment permitted. We owe it to him in all honor not to let him learn the truth

from the lips of a scandalmonger. Let us go to him now quietly, hand in hand; bid him farewell; and walk out of the house without concealment and subterfuge, freely and honestly, in full honor and self-respect.

SHE [staring at him] And where shall we go to?

HE. We shall not depart by a hair's breadth from the ordinary natural current of our lives. We were going to the theatre when the loss of the poems compelled us to take action at once. We shall go to the theatre still; but we shall leave your diamonds here; for we cannot afford diamonds, and do not need them.

SHE [fretfully] I have told you already that I hate diamonds; only Teddy insists on hanging me all over with them. You need not preach simplicity to me.

HE. I never thought of doing so, dearest: I know that these trivialities are nothing to you. What was I sayingoh yes. Instead of coming back here from the theatre, you will come with me to my homenow and henceforth our homeand in due course of time, when you are divorced, we shall go through whatever idle legal ceremony you may desire. I attach no importance to the law: my love was not created in me by the law, nor can it be bound or loosed by it. That is simple enough, and sweet enough, is it not? [He takes the flower from the table].

Here are flowers for you: I have the tickets: we will ask your husband to lend us the carriage to show that there is no malice, no grudge, between us. Come!

SHE [spiritlessly, taking the flowers without looking at them, and temporizing] Teddy isn't in yet.

HE. Well, let us take that calmly. Let us go to the theatre as if nothing had happened. and tell him when we come back. Now or three hours hence: to-day or to-morrow: what does it matter, provided all is done in honor, without shame or fear?

SHE. What did you get tickets for? Lohengrin?

HE. I tried; but Lohengrin was sold out for to-night.

[He takes out two Court Theatre tickets].

SHE. Then what did you get?

HE. Can you ask me? What is there besides Lohengrin that we two could endure, except Candida?

SHE [springing up] Candida! No, I won't go to it again, Henry [tossing the flower on the piano]. It is that play that has done all the mischief. I'm very sorry I ever saw it: it ought to be stopped.

HE [amazed] Aurora!

SHE. Yes I mean it.

HE. That divinest love poem! the poem that gave us courage to speak to one another! that revealed to us what we really felt for one another! That

SHE. Just so. It put a lot of stuff into my head that I should never have dreamt of for myself. I imagined myself just like Candida.

HE [catching her hands and looking earnestly at her] You were right. You are like Candida.

SHE [snatching her hands away] Oh, stuff! And I thought you were just like Eugene. [Looking critically at him] Now that I come to look at you, you are rather like him,

too.

[She throws herself discontentedly into the nearest seat, which happens to be the bench at the piano. He goes to her].

HE [very earnestly] Aurora, if Candida had loved Eugene she would have gone out into the night with him without a moment's hesitation.

SHE [with equal earnestness] Henry, do you know what's wanting in that play?

HE. There is nothing wanting in it.

SHE. Yes there is. There's a Georgina wanting in it. If Georgina had been there to make trouble, that play would have been a true-to-life tragedy. Now I'll tell you something about it that I have never told you before.

HE. What is that?

SHE. I took Teddy to it. I thought it would do him good; and so it would if I could only have kept him awake. Georgina came too; and you should have heard the way she went on about it. She said it was downright immoral, and that she knew the sort of woman that encourages boys to sit on the hearthrug and make love to her. She was just preparing Teddy's mind to poison it about me.

HE. Let us be just to Georgina, dearest

SHE. Let her deserve it first. Just to Georgina, indeed!

HE. She really sees the world in that way. That is her punishment.

SHE. How can it be her punishment when she likes it? It'll be my punishment when she brings that budget of poems to Teddy. I wish you'd have some sense, and sympathize with my position a little.

HE. [going away from the piano and beginning to walk about rather testily] My dear I really don't care about Georgina or about Teddy. All these squabbles belong to a plane on which I am, as you say, no use. I have counted the cost; and I do not fear the consequences. After all, what is there to fear? Where is the difficulty? What can Georgina do? What can your husband do? What can anybody do?

SHE. Do you mean to say that you propose that we should walk right bang up to Teddy and tell him we're going away together?

HE. Yes. What can be simpler?

SHE. And do you think for a moment he'd stand it, like that half-baked clergyman in the play? He'd just kill you.

HE [coming to a sudden stop and speaking with considerable confidence] You don't understand these things, my darling, how could you? In one respect I am unlike the poet in the play. I have followed the Greek ideal and not neglected the culture of my body. Your husband would make a tolerable second-rate heavy weight if he were in training and ten years younger. As it is, he could, if strung up to a great effort by a burst of passion, give a good account of himself for perhaps fifteen seconds. But I am active enough to keep out of his reach for fifteen seconds; and after that I should be simply all over him.

SHE [rising and coming to him in consternation] What do you mean by all over him?

HE [gently] Don't ask me, dearest. At all events, I swear to you that you need not be anxious about me.

SHE. And what about Teddy? Do you mean to tell me that you are going to beat Teddy before my face like a brutal prizefighter?

HE. All this alarm is needless, dearest. Believe me, nothing will happen. Your husband knows that I am capable of defending myself. Under such circumstances nothing ever does happen. And of course I shall do nothing. The man who once loved you is sacred to me.

SHE [suspiciously] Doesn't he love me still? Has he told you anything?

HE. No, no. [He takes her tenderly in his arms]. Dearest, dearest: how agitated you are! how unlike yourself! All these worries belong to the lower plane. Come up with me to the higher one. The heights, the solitudes, the soul world!

SHE [avoiding his gaze] No: stop: it's no use, Mr Apjohn.

HE [recoiling] Mr Apjohn!!!

SHE. Excuse me: I meant Henry, of course.

HE. How could you even think of me as Mr Apjohn? I never think of you as Mrs Bompas: it is always Cand I mean Aurora, Aurora, Auro

SHE. Yes, yes: that's all very well, Mr Apjohn

[He is about to interrupt again: but she won't have it]

No, it's no use, I've suddenly begun to think of you as Mr Apjohn; and it's ridiculous to go on calling you Henry. I thought you were only a boy, a child, a dreamer. I thought you would be too much afraid to do anything. And now you want to beat Teddy and to break up my home and disgrace me and make a horrible scandal in the papers. It's cruel, unmanly, cowardly.

HE [with grave wonder] Are you afraid?

SHE. Oh, of course I'm afraid. So would you be if you had any common sense.

[She goes to the hearth, turning her back to him, and puts one tapping foot on the fender].

HE [watching her with great gravity] Perfect love casteth out fear. That is why I am not afraid. Mrs Bompas, you do not love me.

SHE [turning to him with a gasp of relief] Oh, thank you, thank you! You really can be very nice, Henry.

HE. Why do you thank me?

SHE [coming prettily to him from the fireplace] For calling me Mrs Bompas again. I feel now that you are going to be reasonable and behave like a gentleman.

[He drops on the stool; covers his face with his hand; and groans]. What's the matter?

HE. Once or twice in my life I have dreamed that I was exquisitely happy and blessed. But oh! the misgiving at the first stir of consciousness! the stab of reality! the prison walls of the bedroom! the bitter, bitter disappointment of waking! And this time! oh, this time I thought I was awake.

SHE. Listen to me, Henry: we really haven't time for all that sort of flapdoodle now.

[He starts to his feet as if she had pulled a trigger and straightened him by the release of a powerful spring, and goes past her with set teeth to the little table].

Oh, take care: you nearly hit me in the chin with the top of your head.

HE [with fierce politeness] I beg your pardon. What is it you want me to do? I am at

your service. I am ready to behave like a gentleman if you will be kind enough to explain exactly how.

SHE [a little frightened] Thank you, Henry: I was sure you would. You're not angry with me, are you?

HE. Go on. Go on quickly. Give me something to think about, or I will I will [he suddenly snatches up her fan and it about to break it in his clenched fists].

SHE [running forward and catching at the fan, with loud lamentation] Don't break my fanno, don't.

[He slowly relaxes his grip of it as she draws it anxiously out of his hands].

No, really, that's a stupid trick. I don't like that. You've no right to do that.

[She opens the fan, and finds that the sticks are disconnected].

Oh, how could you be so inconsiderate?

HE. I beg your pardon. I will buy you a new one.

SHE [querulously] You will never be able to match it. And it was a particular favorite of mine.

HE [shortly] Then you will have to do without it: that's all.

SHE. That's not a very nice thing to say after breaking my pet fan, I think.

HE. If you knew how near I was to breaking Teddy's pet wife and presenting him with the pieces, you would be thankful that you are alive instead of howling about five shillings worth of ivory. Damn your fan!

SHE. Oh! Don't you dare swear in my presence. One would think you were my husband.

HE [again collapsing on the stool] This is some horrible dream. What has become of you? You are not my Aurora.

SHE. Oh, well, if you come to that, what has become of you? Do you think I would ever have encouraged you if I had known you were such a little devil?

HE. Don't drag me down don't don't. Help me to find the way back to the heights.

SHE [kneeling beside him and pleading] If you would only be reasonable, Henry. If you would only remember that I am on the brink of ruin, and not go on calmly saying it's all quite simple.

HE. It seems so to me.

SHE [jumping up distractedly] If you say that again I shall do something I'll be sorry for. Here we are, standing on the edge of a frightful precipice. No doubt it's quite simple to go over and have done with it. But can't you suggest anything more agreeable?

HE. I can suggest nothing now. A chill black darkness has fallen: I can see nothing but the ruins of our dream.

[He rises with a deep sigh].

SHE. Can't you? Well, I can. I can see Georgina rubbing those poems into Teddy. [Facing him determinedly] And I tell you, Henry Apjohn, that you got me into this mess; and you must get me out of it again.

HE [polite and hopeless] All I can say is that I am entirely at your service. What do you wish me to do?

SHE. Do you know anybody else named Aurora?

HE. No.

SHE. There's no use in saying No in that frozen pigheaded way. You must know some Aurora or other somewhere.

HE. You said you were the only Aurora in the world. And

[lifting his clasped fists with a sudden return of his emotion]

oh God! you were the only Aurora in the world to me.

[He turns away from her, hiding his face].

SHE [petting him] Yes, yes, dear: of course. It's very nice of you; and I appreciate it: indeed I do; but it's not reasonable just at present. Now just listen to me. I suppose you know all those poems by heart.

HE. Yes, by heart.

[Raising his head and looking at her, with a sudden suspicion]

Don't you?

SHE. Well, I never can remember verses; and besides, I've been so busy that I've not had time to read them all; though I intend to the very first moment I can get: I promise you that most faithfully, Henry. But now try and remember very particularly. Does the name of Bompas occur in any of the poems?

HE [indignantly]. No.

SHE. You're quite sure?

HE. Of course I am quite sure. How could I use such a name in a poem?

SHE. Well, I don't see why not. It rhymes to rumpus, which seems appropriate enough at present, goodness knows! However, you're a poet, and you ought to know.

HE. What does it matter now?

SHE. It matters a lot, I can tell you. If there's nothing about Bompas in the poems, we can say that they were written to some other Aurora, and that you showed them to me because my name was Aurora too. So you've got to invent another Aurora for the occasion.

HE [very coldly] Oh, if you wish me to tell a lie

SHE. Surely, as a man of honor as a gentleman, you wouldn't tell the truth, would you?

HE. Very well. You have broken my spirit and desecrated my dreams. I will lie and protest and stand on my honor: oh, I will play the gentleman, never fear.

SHE. Yes, put it all on me, of course. Don't be mean, Henry.

HE [rousing himself with an effort]. You are quite right, Mrs Bompas: I beg your pardon. You must excuse my temper. I have got growing pains, I think.

SHE. Growing pains!

HE. The process of growing from romantic boyhood into cynical maturity usually takes fifteen years. When it is compressed into fifteen minutes, the pace is too fast; and growing pains are the result.

SHE. Oh, is this a time for cleverness? It's settled, isn't it, that you're going to be nice and good, and that you'll brazen it out to Teddy that you have some other Aurora?

HE. Yes: I'm capable of anything now. I should not have told him the truth by halves;

and now I will not lie by halves. I'll wallow in the honor of a gentleman.

SHE. Dearest boy, I knew you would. ISh!

[she rushes to the door, and holds it ajar, listening breathlessly].

HE. What is it?

SHE [white with apprehension] It's Teddy: I hear him tapping the new barometer. He can't have anything serious on his mind or he wouldn't do that. Perhaps Georgina hasn't said anything.

[She steals back to the hearth].

Try and look as if there was nothing the matter. Give me my gloves, quick.

[He hands them to her. She pulls on one hastily and begins buttoning it with ostentatious unconcern].

Go further away from me, quick.

[He walks doggedly away from her until the piano prevents his going farther].

If I button my glove, and you were to hum a tune, don't you think that

HE. The tableau would be complete in its guiltiness. For Heaven's sake, Mrs Bompas, let that glove alone: you look like a pickpocket. Her husband comes in: a robust, thicknecked, well groomed city man, with a strong chin but a blithering eye and credulous mouth. He has a momentous air, but shows no sign of displeasure: rather the contrary.

HER HUSBAND. Hallo! I thought you two were at the theatre.

SHE. I felt anxious about you, Teddy. Why didn't you come home to dinner?

HER HUSBAND. I got a message from Georgina. She wanted me to go to her.

SHE. Poor dear Georgina! I'm sorry I haven't been able to call on her this last week. I hope there's nothing the matter with her.

HER HUSBAND. Nothing, except anxiety for my welfare and yours.

[She steals a terrified look at Henry].

By, the way, Apjohn, I should like a word with you this evening, if Aurora can spare you for a moment.

HE [formally] I am at your service.

HER HUSBAND. No hurry. After the theatre will do.

HE. We have decided not to go.

HER HUSBAND. Indeed! Well, then, shall we adjourn to my snugery?

SHE. You needn't move. I shall go and lock up my diamonds since I'm not going to the theatre. Give me my things.

HER HUSBAND [as he hands her the cloud and the mirror] Well, we shall have more room here.

HE [looking about him and shaking his shoulders loose] I think I should prefer plenty of room.

HER HUSBAND. So, if it's not disturbing you, Rory?

SHE. Not at all.

[She goes out].

When the two men are alone together, Bompas deliberately takes the poems from his breast pocket; looks at them reflectively; then looks at Henry, mutely inviting his

attention. Henry refuses to understand, doing his best to look unconcerned.

HER HUSBAND. Do these manuscripts seem at all familiar to you, may I ask?

HE. Manuscripts?

HER HUSBAND. Yes. Would you like to look at them a little closer?

[He proffers them under Henry's nose].

HE [as with a sudden illumination of glad surprise] Why, these are my poems.

HER HUSBAND. So I gather.

HE. What a shame! Mrs Bompas has shown them to you! You must think me an utter ass. I wrote them years ago after reading Swinburne's Songs Before Sunrise. Nothing would do me then but I must reel off a set of Songs to the Sunrise. Aurora, you know: the rosy fingered Aurora. They're all about Aurora. When Mrs Bompas told me her name was Aurora, I couldn't resist the temptation to lend them to her to read. But I didn't bargain for your unsympathetic eyes.

HER HUSBAND [grinning] Apjohn: that's really very ready of you. You are cut out for literature; and the day will come when Rory and I will be proud to have you about the house. I have heard far thinner stories from much older men.

HE [with an air of great surprise] Do you mean to imply that you don't believe me?

HER HUSBAND. Do you expect me to believe you?

HE. Why not? I don't understand.

HER HUSBAND. Come! Don't underrate your own cleverness, Apjohn. I think you understand pretty well.

HE. I assure you I am quite at a loss. Can you not be a little more explicit?

HER HUSBAND. Don't overdo it, old chap. However, I will just be so far explicit as to say that if you think these poems read as if they were addressed, not to a live woman, but to a shivering cold time of day at which you were never out of bed in your life, you hardly do justice to your own literary powers which I admire and appreciate, mind you, as much as any man. Come! own up. You wrote those poems to my wife.

[An internal struggle prevents Henry from answering].

Of course you did.

[He throws the poems on the table; and goes to the hearthrug, where he plants himself solidly, chuckling a little and waiting for the next move].

HE [formally and carefully] Mr Bompas: I pledge you my word you are mistaken. I need not tell you that Mrs Bompas is a lady of stainless honor, who has never cast an unworthy thought on me. The fact that she has shown you my poems

HER HUSBAND. That's not a fact. I came by them without her knowledge. She didn't show them to me.

HE. Does not that prove their perfect innocence? She would have shown them to you at once if she had taken your quite unfounded view of them.

HER HUSBAND [shaken] Apjohn: play fair. Don't abuse your intellectual gifts. Do you really mean that I am making a fool of myself?

HE [earnestly] Believe me, you are. I assure you, on my honor as a gentleman, that I have never had the slightest feeling for Mrs Bompas beyond the ordinary esteem and regard of a pleasant acquaintance.

HER HUSBAND [shortly, showing ill humor for the first time] Oh, indeed.
 [He leaves his hearth and begins to approach Henry slowly, looking him up and down with growing resentment].

HE [hastening to improve the impression made by his mendacity] I should never have dreamt of writing poems to her. The thing is absurd.

HER HUSBAND [reddening ominously] Why is it absurd?

HE [shrugging his shoulders] Well, it happens that I do not admire Mrs Bompasin that way.

HER HUSBAND [breaking out in Henry's face] Let me tell you that Mrs Bompas has been admired by better men than you, you soapy headed little puppy, you.

HE [much taken aback] There is no need to insult me like this. I assure you, on my honor as a

HER HUSBAND [too angry to tolerate a reply, and boring Henry more and more towards the piano] You don't admire Mrs Bompas! You would never dream of writing poems to Mrs Bompas! My wife's not good enough for you, isn't she. [Fiercely] Who are you, pray, that you should be so jolly superior?

HE. Mr Bompas: I can make allowances for your jealousy

HER HUSBAND. Jealousy! do you suppose I'm jealous of YOU? No, nor of ten like you. But if you think I'll stand here and let you insult my wife in her own house, you're mistaken.

HE [very uncomfortable with his back against the piano and Teddy standing over him threateningly] How can I convince you? Be reasonable. I tell you my relations with Mrs Bompas are relations of perfect coldness of indifference

HER HUSBAND [scornfully] Say it again: say it again. You're proud of it, aren't you? Yah! You're not worth kicking. Henry suddenly executes the feat known to pugilists as dipping, and changes sides with Teddy, who it now between Henry and the piano.

HE. Look here: I'm not going to stand this.

HER HUSBAND. Oh, you have some blood in your body after all! Good job!

HE. This is ridiculous. I assure you Mrs. Bompas is quite

HER HUSBAND. What is Mrs Bompas to you, I'd like to know. I'll tell you what Mrs Bompas is. She's the smartest woman in the smartest set in South Kensington, and the handsomest, and the cleverest, and the most fetching to experienced men who know a good thing when they see it, whatever she may be to conceited penny-a-lining puppies who think nothing good enough for them. It's admitted by the best people; and not to know it argues yourself unknown. Three of our first actor-managers have offered her a hundred a week if she'd go on the stage when they start a repertory theatre; and I think they know what they're about as well as you. The only member of the present Cabinet that you might call a handsome man has neglected the business of the country to dance with her, though he don't belong to our set as a regular thing. One of the first professional poets in Bedford Park wrote a sonnet to her, worth all your amateur trash. At Ascot last season the eldest son of a duke excused himself from calling on me on the ground that his feelings for Mrs Bompas were not consistent

with his duty to me as host; and it did him honor and me too. But [with gathering fury] she isn't good enough for you, it seems. You regard her with coldness, with indifference; and you have the cool cheek to tell me so to my face. For two pins I'd flatten your nose in to teach you manners. Introducing a fine woman to you is casting pearls before swine [yelling at him] before SWINE! d'ye hear?

HE [with a deplorable lack of polish] You call me a swine again and I'll land you one on the chin that'll make your head sing for a week.

HER HUSBAND [exploding] What! He charges at Henry with bull-like fury. Henry places himself on guard in the manner of a well taught boxer, and gets away smartly, but unfortunately forgets the stool which is just behind him. He falls backwards over it, unintentionally pushing it against the shins of Bompas, who falls forward over it. Mrs Bompas, with a scream, rushes into the room between the sprawling champions, and sits down on the floor in order to get her right arm round her husband's neck.

SHE. You shan't, Teddy: you shan't. You will be killed: he is a prizefighter.

HER HUSBAND [vengefully] I'll prizefight him. [He struggles vainly to free himself from her embrace].

SHE. Henry: don't let him fight you. Promise me that you won't.

HE [ruefully] I have got a most frightful bump on the back of my head.

[He tries to rise].

SHE [reaching out her left hand to seize his coat tail, and pulling him down again, whilst keeping fast hold of Teddy with the other hand] Not until you have promised: not until you both have promised.

[Teddy tries to rise: she pulls him back again].

Teddy: you promise, don't you?

Yes, yes.

Be good: you promise.

HER HUSBAND. I won't, unless he takes it back.

SHE. He will: he does. You take it back, Henry?

yes.

HE [savagely] Yes. I take it back.

[She lets go his coat. He gets up. So does Teddy].

I take it all back, all, without reserve.

SHE [on the carpet] Is nobody going to help me up?

[They each take a hand and pull her up].

Now won't you shake hands and be good?

HE [recklessly] I shall do nothing of the sort. I have steeped myself in lies for your sake; and the only reward I get is a lump on the back of my head the size of an apple.

Now I will go back to the straight path.

SHE. Henry: for Heaven's sake

HE. It's no use. Your husband is a fool and a brute

HER HUSBAND. What's that you say? HE. I say you are a fool and a brute; and if you'll step outside with me I'll say it again.

[Teddy begins to take off his coat for combat].

Those poems were written to your wife, every word of them, and to nobody else.
 [The scowl clears away from Bompas's countenance. Radiant, he replaces his coat].
 I wrote them because I loved her. I thought her the most beautiful woman in the world; and I told her so over and over again. I adored her: do you hear? I told her that you were a sordid commercial chump, utterly unworthy of her; and so you are.
 HER HUSBAND [so gratified, he can hardly believe his ears] You don't mean it!
 HE. Yes, I do mean it, and a lot more too. I asked Mrs Bompas to walk out of the house with me to leave you to get divorced from you and marry me. I begged and implored her to do it this very night. It was her refusal that ended everything between us.
 [Looking very disparagingly at him]
 What she can see in you, goodness only knows!
 HER HUSBAND [beaming with remorse] My dear chap, why didn't you say so before? I apologize. Come! Don't bear malice: shake hands. Make him shake hands, Rory.
 SHE. For my sake, Henry. After all, he's my husband. Forgive him. Take his hand.
 [Henry, dazed, lets her take his hand and place it in Teddy's].
 HER HUSBAND [shaking it heartily] You've got to own that none of your literary heroines can touch my Rory.
 [He turns to her and claps her with fond pride on the shoulder].
 Eh, Rory? They can't resist you: none of em. Never knew a man yet that could hold out three days.
 SHE. Don't be foolish, Teddy. I hope you were not really hurt, Henry.
 [She feels the back of his head. He flinches].
 Oh, poor boy, what a bump! I must get some vinegar and brown paper.
 [She goes to the bell and rings].
 HER HUSBAND. Will you do me a great favor, Apjohn. I hardly like to ask; but it would be a real kindness to us both.
 HE. What can I do?
 HER HUSBAND [taking up the poems] Well, may I get these printed? It shall be done in the best style. The finest paper, sumptuous binding, everything first class. They're beautiful poems. I should like to show them about a bit.
 SHE [running back from the bell, delighted with the idea, and coming between them] Oh Henry, if you wouldn't mind!
 HE. Oh, I don't mind. I am past minding anything. I have grown too fast this evening.
 SHE. How old are you, Henry?
 HE. This morning I was eighteen. Now I am confound it! I'm quoting that beast of a play [he takes the Candida tickets out of his pocket and tears them up viciously].
 HER HUSBAND. What shall we call the volume? To Aurora, or something like that, eh?
 HE. I should call it How He Lied to Her Husband.

About the author

George Bernard Shaw (26 July 1856 – 2 November 1950), was an Anglo-Irish playwright, critic, and polemicist whose influence on Western theatre, culture, and politics extended from the 1880s to his death and beyond. He wrote more than sixty plays, including major works such as 'Man and Superman' (1903), 'Pygmalion' (1913), and 'Arms and the Man' (1894). Shaw was the leading dramatist of his generation, and was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1925.

About the play

'How He Lied to Her Husband' is a one-act comedy by George Bernard Shaw, who wrote it, at the request of actor Arnold Daly, over a period of four days while he was vacationing in Scotland in 1904. The three-character play is set in the drawing room of a flat located on Cromwell Road in London. The heroine of the play Aurora, who is Married to Teddy, "a robust, well groomed city man", is actually in love with a young man Henry. She has lost the poems written to woo her by Henry, which fall into the hands of her husband.

The lover tries to deceive the husband by telling that he has written the poems for Aurora, the Goddess of Dawn, rather than his wife, and assures him he has no interest in the woman Teddy married . . . which the cuckolded man finds so insulting that he demands Henry admit how desirable Aurora is. Henry finally confesses his love for Aurora, which pleases Teddy so much that he proposes to publish the poems on "the finest paper, sumptuous binding, everything first class" as a tribute to his wife.

The play has often been interpreted as a kind of satirical commentary on Shaw's own highly successful earlier play 'Candida'

Glossary

imprudent	: unwise
perfunctory	: mechanical or superficial manner
jarred	: shocked or surprised
profanation	: unholy, ritually impure
supine	: leaning backward, passive
sordid	: dirty, morally degrading
querulously	: angry in a complaining way
precipice	: a very steep cliff, a dangerous situation
brazen	: to act boldly despite risk
robust	: strong

A) Choose the correct option from the following:

1. Whom are the poems of Henry addressed to?
 - a. Aurora
 - b. Portia
 - c. Beatrice
 - d. Georgina

2. What do you mean by flapdoodle:
 - a. nonsense
 - b. write-up
 - c. sketch
 - d. scrapbook
3. Where were Aurora and Henry going to:
 - a. theatre
 - b. opera
 - c. film
 - d. Henry's house
4. Whom does Aurora suspect of stealing poems:
 - a. Georgina
 - b. Teddy
 - c. Mother-in-law
 - d. None of the above

B). Answer the following questions in 15-20 words each:

1. Why is Aurora worried for the lost poems?
2. Why did Aurora deny going to play after learning about the ticket?
3. Why did Aurora ask Henry to lie to her husband?
4. Why was her husband late for the dinner?

C). Answer the following questions in 30-40 words each:

1. What are 'growing pains' according to Henry?
2. How does Henry react when his manuscript is produced to him by Aurora's husband?
3. How did her husband Teddy prove that Henry was lying?
4. Why did her husband get angry on Henry?

D). Answer the following questions in 150 words each:

1. Describe Mr. Bompas's character and state how he described her wife to Henry.
2. Justify the title of the play, "How he Lied to Her Husband".
3. Write Henry Apjohn's character.
4. Write Mrs Bompas's character.

Literary Terms

Metaphysical Poetry

In 17th Century, the term-'Metaphysical poetry', was first used as a contempt against the poetry of John Donne, Abraham Cowley and Andrew Marvell, etc. by Dr. Samuel Johnson. It denotes the habitual deviation from naturalness of thought and style, for novelty and quaintness by these poets. Their wish was to say what they hoped had never been said before. They enjoyed in display of wit, far fetched images, hyperbole and conceits. Metaphysical poets wrote love poems that exhibited their cynical attitude towards fair sex, joys of conjugal love and Platonic love too.

In 20th Century, T.S Eliot revived Metaphysical poetry by calling it fruit of passionate thinking. He wrote-“A thought to Donne was an experience” and admired their talent by saying- “The figure of speech is elaborated to the farthest stage to which ingenuity can carry it in metaphysical poet.”

Impressionism

Impressionism is a 19th Century art movement originated with a group of Paris based artists who faced harsh criticism from the conventional art community. Such artists violated the rules of academic painting, painted realistic scenes of modern life and often painted outdoors in their consistent pursuit of an art of spontaneity, sunlight and colour.

The term Impressionism has also been used to describe works of literature in which a few select details suffice to convey the sensory impressions of an incident or scene. Impressionist Literature is closely related to symbolism. Authors such as Virginia Woolf, D.H Lawrence and Joseph Conrad have written works that are impressionistic in the way they describe rather than interpret the impressions, sensations and emotions that constitute a character's mental life.

Interior Monologue

Interior Monologue, in Dramatic or Non-dramatic fiction is the narrative technique that exhibits thoughts passing through the minds of the protagonist. These expressions may be either loosely related impressions, free associations or more rationally structured sequence of thoughts and emotions.

Interior Monologue includes dramatized inner conflicts, self analysis, imagined dialogues and rationalization. It may be direct first person expression of a character who is free from control of the author. It may also be a third person treatment that begins with a phrase such as-“he thought...”.

The term 'Interior Monologue' is often used interchangeably with 'stream of consciousness'. But while an interior monologue may mirror all the half thoughts, impressions and associations that impinge upon the character's consciousness, it may also be restricted to an organized presentation of that character's rational thoughts. It is closely related to soliloquy and dramatic monologue and has become a characteristic device of 20th century psychological novel.

Indo-Anglian Literature

Indo- Anglian Literature or Indian English Literature is a specific term that refers to the works of writers in India who write in English. It's early history began with the writers like R.K. Narayan, Mulk Raj Anand, Raja Rao, Nissim Ezekiel, A.K Ramanujan, Girish Karnad, etc. who wrote in English language. It is also associated with the works of members of Indian diaspora (Writers of Indian origin living abroad) such as V.S. Naipaul, Kiran Desai, Jhumpa Lahiri, Salman Rushdie, etc.

The term Indo-Anglian literature should not be confused with the term Anglo- Indian Literature, which is a branch of English literature produced by Englishmen who lived in India, even if for a short while.

Anglo-Indian Literature

Strictly speaking, Anglo- Indian literature is a branch of English literature produced by Englishmen who lived in India at least for some time. It is the literature of the Empire- a product of British encounter with India. To put it in simple words, Anglo-Indian literature is the outcome of the two different cultures that of the East and the West- come into contact. E.F. Oaten has observed regarding the main themes of Anglo-Indian literature- 'The first is the ever present sense of exile; the second, an interest in Asiatic religions; the third consists of the humorous sides of Anglo-Indian official life; the fourth is Indian native life and scenery'.

Anglo Indian literature had its greatest author in Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936) who also received Nobel Prize for literature. The first few decades of Twentieth Century can be considered as the golden age of Anglo Indian literature. However, Anglo-Indian literature died its natural death with the independence of India. Works on India may still be written by British authors but they can no longer be considered as Anglo-Indian Literature.

Reading Comprehension

Comprehend is a verb meaning 'to grasp with the mind, take in'. Comprehension, then, is 'the act of grasping with the mind, and taking in'. It is to understand a text in depth.

Very careful reading of the set passage is the first requirement. One must read with entire concentration, determined to master the meaning of the passage. One must also read it sympathetically, entering into its spirit.

Read the passage right through once, concentrating your attention on what seems to be its main theme. In other words, get the gist of it. As soon as you have completed this first reading make a note of the main drift of the contents.

Read the passage right through a second time, bearing in mind the main drift as discovered during first reading. During this second reading, pay attention to the spirit of the passage, noticing the key words and phrases and opening your mind to their implicit meaning as well as their explicit sense. Notice not only what is said but also how it is said. Notice, too, how the passage is developed. Now you are ready to study the examiner's questions.

Read through all the questions first. Careful reading of all the questions throws light on each separate question. When you have read all the questions, read through the passage once more, bearing the questions in mind.

Having completed the third reading, begin to answer the questions. If you are asked for a sentence answer, give a sentence answer. If you are asked for a one-word answer, answer in one word. If you are asked to write down four reasons why a character in a narrative passage did something, write down four reasons—neither less nor more. You get no marks for doing what you were not told to do.

Finally, when you have answered all the questions, read through the questions and your answers again, checking that you have obeyed all the instructions and correcting any careless slips of spelling or grammar that you might have made.

The passage that you find in your examination paper may be an example of narrative, or descriptive, or discursive, or dramatic, or impressionistic writing. It may be humorous, serious, satirical, factual, subjective, objective... and so on.

For Practice Passage

On Not Answering the Telephone

Why don't I have a telephone?

Not because I pretend to be wise or pose as unusual.

There are two chief reasons: because

I don't really like the telephone, and because I find I can still work and play, eat,

breathe , and sleep without it. Why don't I like telephone? Because I think it is pest & time-waster.

It may create unnecessary suspense and anxiety, as when you wait for an expected call that doesn't come; or irritating delay, as when you keep ringing a number that is always engaged.

As for speaking in a public telephone box, that seems to me really horrible. You would not use it unless you're in a hurry and because you are in a hurry you will find other people working before you. When you do get into the box, you are half asphyxiated by stale , unventilated air, flavoured with cheap face powder and chain smoking; and by the time you have begun your conversation your back is chilled by the cold looks of somebody who is fidgeting to take your place.

If you have a telephone in your house, you will admit that it tends to ring when you least want it to ring - when you are asleep , or in the middle of a meal or a conversation , or when you are just going out or when you are in your bath .Are you strong minded-enough to ignore it, to say to yourself, 'Ah well, it will all be the same in a hundred years' time' ? You are not . You think there may be some important news message for you. Have you never rushed dripping from the bath, or chewing from the table, or dazed from bed, only to be told that you are a wrong number ? You were told the truth. In my opinion all telephone numbers are wrong numbers. If , of course, your telephone rings and you decided not to answer it , then you will have to listen to an idiotic bell ringing and ringing in what it supposed to be the privacy of your own home. You might as well buy a bicycle bell and ring it yourself...

If ,like me ,one is without a telephone ,somebody is sure to say 'Oh, but don't you find you have to write an awful lot of letters ?' The answer to that is 'Yes, but I should have to write an awful lot of letters anyway. 'This may bring the remark 'Ah well if you don't have a telephone, at least you must have a typewriter.' And the answer to that is 'No.'

'What, no telephone and no typewriter! Do please explain why.' Well, I am a professional man of letters, and when I was younger I thought a typewriter would be convenient. I even thought it was necessary, and that editors and publishers would expect anything sent to them to be typewritten. So I bought a typewriter and taught myself to type, and for some years I typed busily. But I didn't enjoy typing. I happen to enjoy the act of writing. I enjoy forming letters or words with a pen, and I never could enjoy tapping the key of a typewriter. There again , there was a bell- only a little bell that rang at the end of each line- but still, a bell. And the fact is, I am not mechanically minded, and the typewriter is a machine. I have never been really drawn to machines. I don't like oiling, cleaning, or mending them. I do not enjoy making them work. To control them gives me no sense of power- or not of the kind of power that I find interesting. And machines do not like me. When I touch them they tend to break down, get jammed, catch fire, or blow up.

Questions

1. Does the author find telephone a nuisance? Why?
 2. Do you agree with all that is said in the above passage?
 3. Describe the author's observation while using a telephone box.
 4. Are you 'mechanically minded' to use all types of gadgets? If so, what do you think can be done for those who are not?
 5. What irritates the author the most while using a typewriter?
 6. Make sentences beginning with- scarcely, not only, seldom, at no time, never again, little, and rarely, and in which there is inversion of the subject and the verb.
-

Spring in the Park

When the spring sunshine awakens a man once more to a fresh awareness of his surroundings, and takes his mind back to other springs which first suggested to his infant mind that the earth was a beautiful place, it is not invariably a shining river that he remembers, or solitary hills, or green fields and greening woods. It may be, if he was a town mouse and nurtured among bricks and mortar, nothing more than a public park. A town park is a poor thing to set beside the country, but for many a man, before his legs grew strong enough and his spirit independent enough to carry him to the moors or the mountains, a park was his English heaven, air, rivers; 'suns of home'. It was here that he was pushed along in his perambulator, and here that he made his first close contacts with Mother Earth-though large areas of the Mother Earth in the place might have been carefully concealed by Father Macadam and his associates. The ratio of gravel and asphalt to grass and flowers and water was likely to be in the neighbourhood of two to five. And yet enough of Nature remained, enough at least to mark the passage of the seasons.

It is not necessarily the birds and the flowers that flash from time to time upon the inward eye of the man thus indebted to the park. The annual spring visit in a party from school, to draw the bursting birds in the botanical garden, is remembered less for its intrinsic excitement than for the relief it afforded from ordinary lessons. The annual furnishing of the boathouse and the tea chalet were much more satisfying signs of spring and of the return to a fuller life-the boathouse from which the Princess Ida would soon be setting sail round the little-more-than-a-duck pond with cargoes of small children gazing down into 18-in. depths, the sea chalet that was the trusty stand-by of mothers in the long summer holidays when the children grew bored and tea in the park was a sure diversion. In school-time the park had other uses. It was the obvious place to play truant in and, though adults might wonder what a child could find to do there alone all day, truants were untroubled by such trifling problems.

At weekends in the summer in these present days there are concert parties in the park, and 'A Midsummer Night's Dream', and roller skating. The former patron will remember that in his young days it was always brass bands. Good brass bands, too, for the audience was expert. The best bands in the country were summoned to the park and the local paper sent its music critic. The children might be deaf to musical points, but they could not be blind to uniforms of scarlet. For the rest, it was their parents who enjoyed it most-the band and the sunshine and the gossip with friends; their parents, and those older brothers and sisters who had reached the mysterious stage of washing without being told, and going for walks without father and mother, and flirting with the opposite sex. Though the last phenomenon, to be sure, did not

wait on summer bands. It all began, in the park, in spring.

Questions

1. What do people who spent their childhood in the town often remember in the springtime?
 2. What did children like to do during the holidays in the park which the writer remembers?
 3. What can be seen in the park at the weekend?
 4. What used to be heard in the parks when the writer was a boy?
 5. What did the children most like about the bands?
-

Poetry Appreciation

Poetry is not like ordinary speech or writing, it is a specially made object in words. The word 'poetry', in fact, comes from a Greek verb which means to make. The first thing one should remember is that the voice is as much the medium of poetry as the page upon which it is written. You should attend the words individually and as a whole group. You must try to see what they are saying and also be aware of the very way in which the words combine to say it. You should attend to the ideas, pictures and emotions of the poem, and you should be no less attentive to its sounds, rhythms and rhymes. The aim of reading should always be to come to grips with the poem in the fullest possible way.

Before you start the detailed study of a poem, you should have a general idea of what it is about. Is it a narrative, a meditation or reflection upon life or an argument about something? What you should aim for is a state in which you could give a general summary of what the poem is about and be able to show the stages through which it goes.

To write about how the words create meanings, and how they form lines, rhythms and stanzas, and about how they rhyme and make patterns of sounds you have to master a specialised vocabulary of technical terms. You should also master words that cover a great variety of emotions, moods and thoughts, and you must be sensitive and flexible about how they are used.

Tone is the most general of all the technical words because it can be applied to many aspects of poetry.

There is one other aspect of poetry that, like tone, applies to every poem; enactment. Enactment depends upon an idea that is central to the study of literature. Poetry uses every aspect, or resource, of language to enact meaning.

Poetic appreciation is an attempt to tell others what we see, hear, feel and understand in and through a poem. One well-known way of appreciating poetry is by attention to the text of the poem. Here, one tries to analyse and study the use of words in the poem at three levels, namely, sounds, structures, and meanings.

Finally, you should feel free to read and interpret the poems in your own way. Do not hesitate to express your views. An 'Indian' response to an English literary work is not in itself wrong. On the contrary, your perception may add a fresh viewpoint, or a new dimension

Exercise

Poetry Appreciation

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
 When I behold the violet past prime,
 And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white;
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
 Then of thy beauty do I question make,
 That thou among the wastes of time must go,
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
 And die as fast as they see others grow;
 And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
 Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

Questions

1. Summarise the theme of this poem in about thirty-fifty words of your own.
 2. Explain the following clearly, showing that you understand the details of each:
 - a) summer's green
 - b) borne on the bier with white and bristly beard
 - c) Then of thy beauty do I question make
 - d) the wastes of time
 - e) Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake, And die as fast as they see others grow
 3. Show clearly that the poem falls into four distinct sections.
 4. Show how the last two lines form a climax to the poem and explain clearly the thought contained in them.
 5. What is the rhyme-scheme of this poem, and what is the effect of the rhyme in lines 13 and 14?
 6. What is the metre of the poem?
 7. Find an example of personification.
 8. Suggest a suitable title to the poem.
-

Ozymandias

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stain in desert..... Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown, (4)
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculpture well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed: (8)
And on the pedestal these world appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, King of kings:
Look on my works, ye mighty , and despair"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay (12)
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.(14)
- Percy Bysshe Shelley

Questions

1. Write the theme of this poem in about thirty-fifty words of your own.
 2. What is the meaning in the poem of:
(1) antique (2) trunkless (3) visage (4) pedestal (5) decay
 3. Explain the following clearly showing that you understand the details of each:
(1) These lifeless things(1.7)
(2) The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed
 4. Whose passions are referred to in line 6?
 5. From the description given in line 9 to 11, attempt a brief character-sketch of Ozymandias. in your own words.
 6. Find an example of irony in the poem.
 7. Bearing in mind the description of a lyric, say why this poem is classed as a lyric.
 8. What is the metre of this poem? What is its rhyme- scheme? What name is given to this verse- form?
 9. Show how the last two and a half lines drive home meaning of the poem.
-

Writing

Essay Writing

The composition is sometimes called an 'essay'. While writing an essay one has to write well-organised, clear, and accurate English. One has to plan the composition carefully, so that it has unity. The material should also be presented in a logical sequence. One should try to write in a style appropriate to the subject. Care must be taken to be accurate in punctuation, spelling, and grammar. The imaginative composition always demands that the writer puts something of himself into his writing.

The first requirement of a composition is that it must interest the reader. An interesting story has originality and the originality is achieved when the writer puts something of himself into his composition. Everything that happens in the story must be a development carrying the narrative forward. Finally, the story must have an atmosphere.

The descriptive subject does not face the writer with a narrative problem. There is no story to tell. Even so, one must gather, select, and arrange one's material carefully. Gathering the material for a descriptive composition requires clear thought. Relying on personal experience helps you to write about real things. To write a successful descriptive composition one must find a theme-and stick to it.

A discursive composition is one in which the writer arrives at a conclusion by reasoning. He considers in turn various aspects of his subject matter and then proceeds to make a statement of his own carefully-thought-out opinions about that subject. The alternative name for discursive writing is 'argumentative writing'. One must have the ability to see both sides of an argument and to present opposing views clearly, coolly and fairly. One must also be able to move steadily through conflicting arguments and to present a clear conclusion at the end.

Examples

The Pen is Mightier than the Sword

Men are dazzled by the victories of a warrior. They cannot see the slow and sure, and far more powerful, influence of a writer. Naturally they think that the sword-the weapon of the warrior -is more powerful than the pen -the simple instrument of the writer. But like most popular notions, this is wrong.

The victory of a warrior is, in the first place, confined to a particular place and to a limited number of men. He is recognised only when he has achieved his victory; he is obeyed only by those persons whom he has been able to force into subjugation, and that most unwillingly. Not so the man who has given the world an idea. Ideas, they say, have wings. They spread over the whole world and influence millions of unknown men into a willing submission to the mind of the writer.

Then again, the effect of brute force is very temporary in its nature. As soon as the great conqueror or dictator dies, the work of his life-time begins to crumble. Those who have been kept down or held together by sheer force begin to assert themselves and undo what was achieved by the sword. We can see this in the case of mighty conquerors like Alexander the Great, Genghis Khan, and Aurangzeb. The case of a really great writer is just the opposite. With the passage of time his glory and power, instead of diminishing grow greater and greater. More and more men acknowledge his greatness and pay respect to him. Who will say that Karl Marx is not powerful today than when he was living? Or Galileo? Or Shakespeare? Or Jesus? Or even Mahatma Gandhi? Such instances prove beyond doubt that ideas are stronger than strength, that the pen is mightier than the sword.

In the next place, the conquest of the sword is always to be measured in terms of misery. You have to be violent and you must terrorise your opponent into submission-when you do not kill him- if you want to gain a victory by means of your sword. One may question whether such a victory is worth the trouble. For a victory with your pen, all that you want is a sweet reasonableness. If you can in earnest and convince the public by what you write, your victory is certain. And such a victory is at least worth having for the sake of humanity itself.

We may go one step more before we conclude. The saying that the pen is mightier than the sword is not only true metaphorically; it is true in a literal sense also. In the history of the world whenever men of power come into conflict with men of ideas it is the latter who have ultimately won. The haughty users of France, who could say that they were the state, were swept from the throne by the people enlightened and encouraged by the writings of men like Rousseau and Voltaire. It was the writings of Karl Marx and Lenin more than anything else that brought about the downfall of the high and mighty Czar of Russia. In fact all revolutions everywhere have always been preceded by the fervent writings and zealous preaching of a few men possessed by an idea- thus proving beyond doubt that the pen is mightier than the sword.

Climate change

Climate change will make monsoons unpredictable; as a result, rain-fed wheat cultivation in South Asia will suffer in a big way and the total cereal production will go down.

Industrial development is important for economic growth, employment generation and improvement in the quality of life. However, industrial activities without proper precautionary measures for environmental protection are known to cause pollution and associated problems. If ecological and environmental criteria are forsaken, "industrialise and perish" will be the nature's retort.

Now, there is a global consensus about the threat posed by the climate change. The disagreement is only, on how to go about altering human activities that unleash greenhouse gases, fuelling global warming. The recent report of the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change is the latest scientific assessment of the impact of Global Warming on human, animal and plant life. The culprit is greenhouse gases, notably carbon dioxide, methane and nitrous oxide. These are accumulating to unprecedented levels in the atmosphere as a result of profligate burning of fossil fuels, industrial processes, farming activities and changing land use.

The greenhouse gases act like a blanket around the earth, trapping too much of the heat that would otherwise have escaped into space. The IPCC is a body of 2500 scientists that brings out reports, considered the last word on the Science of Climate Change. "Warming of the Climate System is unequivocal", says the IPCC in its latest report, pointing to the increased global, air and ocean temperatures, widespread melting of snow, and ice and rising sea levels. If the introduction of these greenhouse gases continued to soar, global temperature could rise up by 2.40C to 6.40 C by the end of the century, with far-reaching consequences for the climate, warned the IPCC. The report has given fresh impetus to finding solutions to the global warming problem.

The summit meeting of the Group of Eight Industrialised countries (G8) to be held in June in Germany is expected to launch new initiatives for collective action by both rich nations and fast growing developing countries to combat climate change.

The report provides hope that concerted action can make a real difference in the next quarter century. The panel is convinced that greenhouse gases in the atmosphere can be pegged at relatively safe levels, with measures that will not affect GDP growth.

It is little surprise that the panel found that owing to human activity, gas emissions, primarily CO₂, rose by 70 per cent between 1970 and 2004. What is of great interest to policymakers is the actionable part of the report, which addresses emissions by sectors such as energy producers, transport, buildings, land use, agriculture, and forestry. Much of that challenge lies in implementing carbon capture and storage technologies in the energy supply sector, which in the past three and half decades has been responsible for a 145 per cent increase in gas emissions.

Indian Impact

Climate change will make monsoons unpredictable. As a result, rain-fed wheat cultivation in South Asia will suffer in a big way. Total cereal production will go down. The crop yield per hectare will be hit badly, causing food insecurity and loss of livelihood. The rising levels of the sea in the coastal areas will damage nursery areas for fisheries, causing coastal erosion and flooding. The Arctic regions, Sub-Saharan Africa, small islands and Asian mega deltas, including the Ganga and Brahmaputra, will be affected most.

Changes in climate around the globe are expected to trigger a steep fall in the production of cereals, says R K Pachauri, chairman of the IPCC. He estimated that a rise of 0.5 degree celsius in winter temperatures could cause a 0.45 tonne per hectare fall in India's wheat production. The average per hectare production in India is 2.6 tonnes. Worse still, Pachauri said, total agricultural land will shrink and the available land may not remain suitable for the present crops for too long. Farmers have to explore options of changing crops suitable to weather. He also pointed out that climatic changes could lead to major food security issues for a country like India.

The report also predicts huge coastal erosion due to a rise in sea levels of about 40 cm resulting from faster melting of glaciers in the Himalayan and Hindukush ranges. It can affect half-a-million people in India because of excessive flooding in coastal areas and also can increase the salinity of ground water in the Sunderbans and surface water in coastal areas.

India needs to sustain an 8 to 10 per cent economic growth rate, over the next 25 years, if it is to eradicate poverty and meet its human development goals, according to a 2006 report on an integrated energy policy prepared by an expert committee of the Planning Commission. Consequently, the country needed at the very least to increase its primary energy supply three or four -fold over the 2003-04 level.

India's economic growth would "necessarily involve increase in (greenhouse gas) emissions from the current extremely low levels." Any constraints on such emissions by India, whether direct, by way of emission targets, or indirect would reduce growth rates, the report stated. However, the report also added, "India should be willing to contain her (greenhouse gas) emissions as long as she is compensated for the additional cost involved."

Indian Stand

India has been arguing at all climate negotiations that though it is among the top 10 emitters of carbon dioxide, the per capita emission is still one-sixth of the global average. Further, it has managed an 8 per cent growth with only a 3.7 per cent growth in energy consumption. India may oppose any move to seek its commitment to reduce greenhouse gas emissions and will ask the developed world to transfer Intellectual Property Rights with the clean technologies.

The Indian Constitution on a sensitive provision in Article 48-A states, "The State shall endeavour to protect and improve the environment and to safeguard the forests and wildlife of the country." This is a fundamental obligation of the state since its violation has fatal implications. Article 51A (g) creates a fundamental duty on every

individual to obey the mandate of environment and ecology.

India needs to chart out a roadmap for itself in the light of the report on climate change. Climate change can be mitigated in many ways, such as improving the efficiency of energy - intensive devices, vehicles and buildings, all of which involve direct and indirect gas emissions. Developing countries like India must adopt new energy - efficient technologies.

Fuel - efficient vehicles, hybrid vehicles, and affordable and safe public transport need policy support in the form of lower taxes and promotion of usage. The government can mandate that buildings integrate green technologies such as solar photovoltaic systems, which are particularly relevant in a country with plentiful sunlight. The energy efficiency of end user equipment can be ensured through appropriate tax brakes and certification systems. The improved cooking stoves and high efficiency lighting, heating and cooling devices are available even today.

What they need is promotion.

Composition

Practical compositions of all kinds demand clarity and economy of writing. Practical or factual writing is writing that gets things done. It is writing that is performed to achieve a clear-cut and practical result. The successful performance of writing that gets things done depends upon the writer's ability to be clear and not to waste words.

Your writing is likely to get things done if it possesses clarity and economy; and it will be clear and economical if you present your material in a logical order.

When describing an appliance, a piece of apparatus or equipment (a ball point pen, for example), divide your material into parts corresponding to the component parts of the object being described.

When describing or outlining a transaction (applying for a driving licence, for example) divide your material into stages corresponding to the stages of the transaction.

When describing a process or giving instructions (how to make tea, for example) divide your material into steps that must be taken to perform the task that you are describing.

Example

Article: Moral Courage

'Courage' means fearlessness, and moral courage denotes that fearlessness of mind which enables one to stick to what one thinks to be right, even in the face of the opposition of the whole world. Man is a social animal; he lives in a society and has to depend upon it for most of the comforts and conveniences of his life. He is therefore reluctant to incur the disapproval of that society. Now, every society is sometimes lamentably wrong. It clings blindly to customs and conventions that might have been useful at one time but are positively harmful today. Even its sense of justice is sometimes too conventional to be really just. Ordinary men accept these standards and live by them, even if they do not approve of them. A man with moral courage stands up and boldly challenges them-sometimes with painful results to himself; but he does not care. Of such are the reformers of the world.

The persecution of Raja Ramamohan Roy for having the courage of his convictions is well known; Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar's moral courage has passed almost into a proverb. The bold stand that he took in the matter the remarriage of Hindu widows, the prevention of polygamy, and the spread of English education in the country showed the great moral courage that he possessed. His views on all these matters were too advanced for most of his countrymen in those days, and he had to face bitter criticism from many quarters, but nothing daunted, he forged ahead and finally succeeded in all his attempts. Not only in public life, but in his private life too, Vidyasagar showed tremendous moral courage and an unbending strength of mind. His utter disregard of the cruel caste-system in his personal life is known to all.

Moral courage cannot bring us wealth, but it gains us the respect of the whole world. Even those who are opposed to the man of moral courage have the highest respect for his integrity. The case of Mahatma Gandhi is an example of this. He was ready to risk his life for the thing that he considered to be right, and he did so more than once. It was his unbending will and steadiness of purpose that won him the respect of the whole world, including that of the people whom he fought (though always by pacific means) throughout his life.

But if moral courage is to be admired, obstinacy must be condemned, and that in the strongest terms. There are some men who are so possessed by the idea of their own importance that they cannot give up their viewpoint even when they feel that they are wrong. This is not moral courage, but sheer obstinacy or pig-headedness. Obstinacy is moral courage run amuck just as bravado or rashness is physical courage run amuck. Obstinacy gains nothing for a man; it only makes him unpopular.

Like all other virtues, moral courage has to be cultivated. We should not make moral cowards of our children in the name of obedience. We should teach them to be just, upright and honest if we want them to make a success of their own lives and raise their own nation, as well as humanity, to a higher level. 'Love truth, feel for others and

stand for the right ' seem to be three simple rules of conduct which, when followed, will make everybody morally courageous. Material failure, even death, is nothing when weighed against the personal worth of a man. We should teach our children that 'cowards die many times before their deaths; the valiant never taste of death but once ' ; we should teach them that 'one crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name ' ; for it is only when they have absorbed such lessons that they will learn to look with contempt on the mean tactics of playing for safety.

Report and Speech

Ties with Iran: Desai's Hope A Report

The Prime Minister, Mr Morarji Desai, today expressed the hope that India's close economic ties with Iran would continue whichever was the Government there.

At Mr Desai's press conference here, a correspondent referred to the events in Iran and mentioned that India received oil from that country and had joint projects. He wanted to know the likely impact on India.

In his reply, Mr Desai expressed the hope that 'these relations will continue, when the Government there settled down-whatever the Government'.

Note the following points about this report:

(1) It is a report on a 'press conference ' in which the Prime Minister met press reporters and explained to them his Government's actions and policies. He also answered the pressmen's questions.

(2) The report uses indirect form. What actually happened in the press conference was something like this:

Reporter: Mr prime Minister, may I draw your attention to the recent developments in Iran? Great changes have taken place in the political set-up there. Now, India has certain contracts and agreements with that country. We get oil from there and we have many joint projects. How does your Government view these events?

The Prime Minister: We are watching the developments there and waiting for the country to settle down. It is our hope that our close economic ties with Iran will continue, whatever the Government.

Example:

Public Speaking

This motivation speech was written for presentation at a Toastmasters club meeting: "Mr. Toastmaster, ladies and gentlemen, my speech tonight is not simply about me, but also about being different. I have chosen this topic because it is something that is very dear to me and something I have made a personal philosophy and which I endeavour to live by.

I think it all started when I was 18 years old and in my first year at campus. That was about the time that I started to observe people's behaviour and just to think about life. I was taking a walk with two friends and was in deep thought. They were chatting, but I was not paying attention to what they were saying. Then suddenly I said "You know guys; I am pretty disappointed with the adult world."

One of them asked me why and I explained that when I was going to campus I expected a lot of change and difference in the behaviour of the people around me. After all, they were adults. I always thought being an "adult" was a lot different from being a kid. However I felt after being on campus for a few months that the adult world was not what I had expected.

Everyone just seemed to behave like they were still teenagers. Nobody seemed to be outstanding in any way. There was no distinction, as far as I could see, between the 18 year old and the 50 year old apart from their age! Where was the wisdom and excellence I had come to expect. There was no change!

I did not know it then, but over the years I have come to see that the reason people don't change is simply that they do not dare to be different.

What does being different mean?

Being different means:- Not being afraid to challenge the norm.- Being willing to take a chance.- Asking why.- Making your own track, not just following the well trodden path.- Charting your own course and destiny.- Being the person that you were meant to be.

I believe that everyone is born unique. But through the years we work very hard to be like everyone else. We conform to society's so-called "common-sense." Unfortunately it is just that "common sense." That does not mean its "good sense."

If I were to take just the people in this room, it is likely that most of you have spent anything from 15 to 20 years getting an education so you can get the jobs you have. Doesn't it strike you as irresponsible that one can spend so much time getting an education and yet so many people don't make any deliberate effort to develop their greatest asset themselves!

Most people think once they have a qualification that's it. They have arrived. Is it any wonder they don't grow? They are stagnant. Stuck at 18!

Most of us won't even read unless there's an exam in sight. But you know what? Everyday of your life is an exam. Everyday you either pass or fail the test of life. Everyday is an opportunity to grow beyond your present barriers and circumstances. Everyday is a chance to become a better person.

The saddest part is most of people don't realize this. If they had to be graded at the end of their lives you know what they'd get? D, D and more D's. And yet they thought they were doing very well. They let society's "common sense" grade them

If I can leave you with one piece of advice it would be this: READ

Society celebrates mediocrity so much that it does not take much to set yourself above the rest. Doing that one thing regularly will put you way above the rest. Read books that challenge you and that make you think.

I have decided to read at least one book every month. I'm already amazed at the results.

MY FINAL WORDS

In closing I'd like to say to those of you that are skeptics out there, those of you that are saying "oh, he is just drunk with the omnipotence of youth. He'll get over it, and then he'll be just like everyone else."

My words to you are:

"I ain't going out like that. I know that I have an abundance of potential within me and I will bring it out to fruition. Why?"

"Because...**I'M DIFFERENT!**"

Grammar

Common Errors

1. PROBLEMS OF AGREEMENT

(a) Subject and verb

The rule is that the verb must agree with its subject in person and in number. There are three main causes of error in subject/ verb agreement.1 Mistaking a singular subject for a plural, and vice versa.2 Failing to identify the true subject and making the verb agree with an apparent subject instead.3 Treating the subject as singular in one place and as plural in another.

(b) Singulars mistaken for plurals

These are all singulars: anyone; anybody; each; every; everybody; everyone; either and neither a pair of.

(c) Collective nouns

These can be singulars or plurals, according to the sense of the sentence.

2. PROBLEMS OF CASE

The rule is quite clear: when the personal pronouns (1st person singular and plural) are in the nominative case (when they are the subject) 'I' and 'We' are correct. In all other cases 'me' and 'us' are correct.

The relative pronoun takes its person and number from its antecedent and it ' passes them on' to the verb of which it is the subject.

Add examples:-

3. DEFINING AND NON-DEFINING RELATIVE CLAUSES

a) The relative pronouns

Standing for persons: who; whom; whose

Standing for things: which

Standing for persons or things: that

Use commas to mark off non- defining clauses ; and use 'which'to introduce them.In case of defining clauses use 'that'to introduce them.

4. MISPLACED MODIFIERS

(a) Misplaced adverb modifiers

The adverbs: almost; even; hardly; only; scarcely are often misplaced. Adverb phrases and clauses must be carefully placed.

(b) Misplaced adjective modifiers

These often result in idiotic statements and we see a lot of this in advertisements.

(c). Participle modifiers

Whether adverbial or adjectival in function, these give careless writers a lot of trouble.

5. MISUSE OF PRONOUNS

(a) Ambiguous reference

Every pronoun must have a clear and readily identified antecedent.

(b) No reference

It is always dangerous to make 'it', 'this' or 'that' refer to a preceding phrase, clause or sentence.

(c) Wrong reference

A. frequent errors found in official correspondence and regulations.

6. MISMADE SENTENCES

(a) Sentence fragments

These occur when the full stop is used too soon and cuts off a piece of the sentence.

(b) Run- together or fused sentences

These type of sentences are caused by using a full stop too late .

7. CHOPPING AND CHANGING

Sudden and unnecessary shifts of voice, tense, mood, person and number are always clumsy and unpleasant. Often, they destroy the writer's meaning.

8. SPELLING

(a) Advice/ advise

Advice is a noun, advise is a verb

(b) Breath/ breathe

Breath is a noun, breathe is a verb

(c) Mathematics/ physics is an interesting subject.

(d) price/ prize

Price means 'cost', prize means 'reward'.

(e) Principal/ principle

Principal means 'chief' (either as an adjective or as a noun). Principle means 'rule', 'basic truth', or 'general law'.

(f). Quiet/ quite

Quiet is an adjective (meaning 'silent' , 'peaceful ') or a noun (meaning 'silence ' , 'peace'). Quite is an adverb, and means 'completely' .

(g) Until/ till

Till has two 'l's, until has one.

9. WORD DIVISION

(a) Altogether/ all together

Altogether as one word means 'completely', 'quite', and has one 'l'. All together is a more emphatic form of together, and is the opposite of separately. It has two 'l's.

(b) Everybody, Every body

The pronouns everybody, nobody, somebody and anybody consist of one word each. Everybody in two words means 'every corpse', or 'every group' or something like that.

(c) Everyday / everyday

'Every' day as one word is an adjective meaning 'commonplace', 'normal'. The adverbial phrase 'every day' has a space between the two words.

(d) May be/ maybe

Maybe written as one word is an adverb meaning 'perhaps'. When the auxiliary verb 'may' is followed by 'be' they are written with a space between.

(e) Not/ n't

The shortened n't is added to the verb without a space between. Will not becomes won't.

10. WORD FORMATION

(a) He'll / he will

The shortened forms of am, are, is, have, has, had, will and would are not used if there is no following verb.

(b) -self/-selves

The-self form of they can only be themselves.

(c) Accidentally

The adverbial suffix -ly is added to the adjective accidental, not to the noun accident.

(d) Aloud

Both aloud and loudly are adverbs. Aloudly does not exist. Aloud means 'so that it can be heard'. Loudly means 'with a strong voice', or 'shouting'.

(e) Even

Even can be either an adjective or an adverb. As an adjective it means 'smooth', 'flat with the same thickness everywhere', and it can have an adverb evenly.

(f) Fast

Fast can be either an adjective or an adverb. Fastly does not exist.

(g) Motionless

The-less suffix is added to motion, not to moving.

(h) Its/ it's

Its means- 'belonging to it'. It's is short for it is.

(i) Yours/hers/ours/theirs

All these words do not have an apostrophe before the s.

Narration

Direct speech is a direct representation in writing of the words actually spoken:

John said, 'I'm late because I overslept.'

Indirect speech is a report in writing of the words actually spoken:

John said that he was late because he had overslept.

That is why reported speech is the alternative name for 'indirect speech'.

A) The rules of reported speech

(1) A 'saying' verb followed by 'that' introduces reported speech.

(2) The tense of the 'saying' verb governs the tenses of all the verbs used in the reported speech.

(3) When direct speech is turned into reported speech all pronouns and possessive adjectives must be changed into the third person.

(4) Adjectives and adverbs indicating nearness in place and in time in direct speech are changed in reported speech into adjectives and adverbs expressive of a 'distancing' effect. For example, 'this' becomes 'that'; 'today' becomes 'that day'.

(5) Colloquialism and contractions are not used in reported speech.

EXERCISE

Change into Indirect Speech:

1. 'Have you no manners?' shouted the woman angrily.
2. 'Why don't you get vaccinated?' the doctor asked.
- 3..He said, 'Where can I get an application form?'

4. 'Do you write a good hand?' asked the employer.
5. 'May I have a little more pudding?' said the little girl.
6. The teacher asked, 'What are the rivers that flow through Bihar?'
7. 'Who was the first man to fly in space?' questioned the examiner.
8. 'What on earth do you mean?' he shouted.
9. The poet wrote, 'What is this life, full of care, we have no time to stand and stare?'
10. 'Would you like to attend the summer camp?' said the N.C.C Officer.

English

Subject Code : 02

Marks : 100

Time : 3.15

Area of Learning	Marks
Reading	10
Writing	20
Grammar	30
Text book : Insight	30
Supp. Book : Gems of Fiction	10

(1) Reading

10 Marks

One unseen passages for comprehension of about 250 words

(Besides comprehension question, gramatical items should also be tested) 10

(2) Writing

20 Marks

(I) letter writing Informal personal, such as to family and friends. Formal letters to the editor/the principal of school. Email to the principal of the school or to the editor of a newspaper or a magazine. 07

(ii) Short paragraph speech or debate type, based on outline one out of two (limit: 60 to 80 words) 07

(iii) Short writing task in the form of dialogue or story on the basis of some hints (limit : 50 to 70 words) 06

(3) Grammar

30 Marks

(i) Tenses (present, past and future) 04

(ii) Modals (can, could, may, might, should, must, etc.) 04

(iii) Subject Verb agreement 04

(iv) Narration 04

(v) Antonyms/Synonyms 04

(vi) Parts of speech 08

(vii) One word substitution 02

(4) Insight	30 Marks
Prose	20 Marks
(i) One passage from the text book for comprehension (limit 200 words) (besides comprehension question, gramatical items should also be tested)	10
(ii) Three short answer type questions (answered in 30 words each)	06
(iii) One long answer type question (out of two, to be answered in 60 words each)	04
Poetry Insight	10 Marks
(i) One out of two reference to the context from the prescribed poems	04
(ii) Two out of three short answer type questions on interpretation of themes and ideas of the prescribed poems.	06
Supplementary Reader-Gems of Fiction	10 Marks
(i) One out of two long answer type questions based on characters, plot or situation in the lessons.	04
(ii) Two out of four short answer type questions.	06

निर्धारित पुस्तक :

- 1- Insight - ek;/fed f'k{kk cksMZ] jktLFkku vtesj
- 2- Gems of Fiction - ek;/fed f'k{kk cksMZ]
jktLFkku vtesj

Insight

(A) Prose

1. The Power of Prayer- A.P.J. Abdul Kalam
2. Good Manners J.C. Hill
3. The Heritage of India A.L. Basham
4. A Stain on India's Forehead M.K. Gandhi
5. Vivekananda : The Great Journey to the West - Romain Rolland
6. Prospects of Democracy in India B.R. Ambedkar
7. Womens;s Role in National Movement Subhas Chandra Bose
8. The Civilization of Today C.E.M. Joad
9. The World as I see It Albert Einstein
10. Water : The Elixir of Life C.V. Raman

(B) Poetry

1. The Heaven of Freedom Rabindranath Tagore
2. Ecology A.K. Ramanujan
3. If Rudyard Kipling

Gems of Fiction

1. Three Questions Leo Tolstoy
2. The Eyes Are Not Here Ruskin Bond
3. The King and the Drum Maneka Gandhi
4. The Last Leaf O. Henry
5. The Lost Child Mulk Raj Anand
6. The Postmaster- Rabindranath Tagore
7. Under the Banyan Tree R.K. Narayan
8. The Judgement Seat of Vikramaditya- Sister Nivedita

Grammar

Section (A) Editing And Error Correction

In the previous classes and this year you must have learnt the basic rules of grammar required for writing and speaking correct English. Grammar, it may be of any language (in our case English) is the central component of a language. As such, grammar plays a vital role in the construction of a sentence. Besides grammar, lexical items (words and phrases) are equally significant components. In this lesson, we intend to edit sentences. Our objective here is not to discuss all these errors in detail but to present to you some sample errors and suggest you to consult an authentic source of grammar, such as Oxford Advanced Learners' Dictionary, University Grammar of English, etc, whenever in doubt Part I of this lesson deals with the grammatical errors and Part II with the common errors that occur at the level of words. You can test your grammatical competence by solving the exercises given in part III. In section (B) you will be acquainted with changing the narration.

Part (I) Grammatical Errors

Study the following sentences:

1. The murderer killed him, sleeping in cold blood.
2. Have you met our professor in English?
3. Yes, she just passed away me when I was going to the market.
4. If you have any doubt, meet me behind the class, not right now!
5. While playing in the garden, the scorpion bit the child.
6. We are trying to meet the professor since 2016.
7. Yesterday, the Interview of a famous linguist was telecasted.
8. He is not at home, he has gone out in the morning.
9. She is one of the best doctor of this area.
10. Both the brother were seen as the party.

In sentence No. 1, the modifier in cold blood should modify the verb killed, but it is misplaced and it seems to modify the verb sleeping. Hence, the error is of a faulty modified modifier arrangement.

In sentence no. 2 has been used a wrong preposition, of should be used in place of in.

In sentence no. 3, the phrasal verb pass away (which means to die) be replaced by pass by

In sentence no. 4, the preposition behind (used for place) be replaced by after (used for time)

In sentence no. 5 the modifier (as was the case in sentence no 1 also) while playing in the garden is wrongly placed. It should follow the main clause.

In sentence no. 6, present continuous tense has been wrongly used. Here, present continuous tense be replaced by present perfect continuous tense.

In sentence no. 7 the word telecasted be replaced by telecast.

In sentence no. 8, the present perfect tense be replaced by past indefinite tense.

In sentence no 9, the word doctor be replaced by its plural form doctors.

In sentence no 10, the brother be replaced by its plural form brothers.

Now, therefore, the grammatically appropriate sentences (as mentioned from 1 to 10) are as follows:

1. While sleeping, he was murdered in cold blood.
2. Have you met our professor of English?
3. Yes, she just passed by me when I was going to the market.
4. If you have any doubt, meet me after the class, not right now.
5. The scorpion bit the child while he/she was playing in the garden.
6. We have been trying to meet the professor since 2016.
7. Yesterday, the interview of a famous linguist was telecast.
8. He is not at home, he went out in the morning.
9. She is one of the best doctors of this area.
10. Both the brothers were seen at the party.

Part (II) Lexical Errors

Vocabulary is important for expression and communication. Linguistic vocabulary is synonymous with the thinking vocabulary and people are judged by others based on their vocabulary. Confusable or confusable poses problems in the learning of a language, 'confusable' or is a semi technical term for one of two or more words that are commonly confused with one another. According to the British lexicographer Adrian Room, the following seven factors contribute to confusion.

1. Homophony in which words have the same sound but different spellings and meanings : slay, sleigh.
2. Homography in which words have the same spellings but different sounds and meanings : wind (moving air) and wind (turn or twist).
3. Shared elements militate and militate share the same number of syllables, the same stress pattern and the same opening and closing syllables.
4. Transposable or Exchangeable elements, cavalry and calvary, form and from, accept and except, etc.
5. Words mistaken for phrases and vice versa, already and all ready.
6. Semantic proximity nadir and zenith, subconscious and unconscious.
7. Uncertainty arising from different uses in different varieties of English- biscuits in British English and cookies in American English.

Now study the following examples:

A girl of fourteen is in intensive care in hospital after a group of teenagers doused her in inflammamory liquid and then threw a lit match at her.

Here the writer meant inflammable, capable of being set on fire, not inflammatory, tending to stir up trouble (such as inflammatory speeches)

Now do the following exercises:

- (A) Fill in the blanks, choosing the correct homophones:
- (i) You will your deposit if you cancel the order. (lose/loose)
 - (ii) Your opinion will not my decision. (affect/effect)
 - (iii) He is far young to go by himself. (to/too/two)

- (iv) They set at dawn. (fourth/forth)
- (v) New roads will link the cities of the area. (principal/principle)
- (vi) I would extreme caution. (advice/advise)
- (vii) He delivered an lecture and I learnt a lot from it.
(exhaustive/exhausting)
- (viii) The in the game of cricket gives final verdict and it is to be accepted by every one. (referee/umpire)
- (ix) Developing technology is important to lead the nation to self-sufficiency (indigenous/native)
- (x) His taste and sense of humour have helped his career.
(impeccable/unbelievable)
- (B) Correct the following sentences -
- (i) When I laid on the couch yesterday, I heard an explosion outside.
- (ii) Hardly had the speaker started his address when the audience dozed off.
- (iii) It is not only difficult to catch a snake but it is dangerous as well.
- (iv) No sooner that he entered the room, when he heard the woman scream wildly.
- (v) This hospital was found to provide medical facilities to the poor.
- (vi) It's a pity that our education system does not help a child grow into a creative and imaginative individual.
- (vii) It is high time we should something to eliminate corrupt practices.
- (viii) While lagging the bed, I was suddenly reminded of her.
- (ix) Either the actors or the director are to be blamed for the failure of the show.

To begin with, let us see what Suniti's teacher announces in her class.

Girls, on 15 December, we are going to organize a speech competition. Those of you who are interested in delivering a speech may give their names to me. Girls, you can choose any topic for your speech. You can give your speech on a great person, great event, great achievement, great movement or any other thing at least for five minutes and the maximum time you can take will be seven minutes. Those of you who come first, second and third would be given attractive prizes.

Now Suniti has to inform her mother about what the teacher told her. Read her version carefully and find out where she goes wrong. This is what she told her mother:

Mom, our teacher today said that on 15 December, we are going to organize a speech competition. Those of you who are interested in delivering a speech may give their names to me. You can choose any topic for your speech. She also told you can give your speech on a great person, great event, great achievement, great movement, or any other thing that interests you. You will be required to speak at least for five minutes and the maximum time you can take will be seven minutes. Those of you who come first, second, and third would be given attractive prizes.

What do you think of Suniti's version of the announcement? She tried well but at certain places, she went wrong. The expressions underlined above are to be changed. Let us start from the very beginning. In Indirect Narration, told is written in place of said as the reporting verb.

She should have chosen, our teacher told us instead of our teacher said some other changes that suniti should have employed are as follows (given in the table)

those of you	should be replaced by	those of us
Their names to me	should be replaced by	our names to her
you can	should be replaced by	we can
your speech	should be replaced by	our speech
you	should be replaced by	us
you will be	should be replaced by	we will be
you can take	should be replaced by	we can take
those of you	should be replaced by	those of us

This is how actually Suniti should have informed her mother about the announcement made by her teacher.

Mom, our teacher today told us that on 15 December, the school is going to organize a speech competition. Those of us who are interested in delivering a speech may give our names to her. We can choose any topic for our speech. She also said that we can give our speech on a great person, great event, great achievement, great movement, or any other thing that interests us. We would be required to speak at least for five minutes and the maximum time we can take would be seven minutes. Those of us who come first, second, and third would be given attractive prizes.

Hence, while changing the mode of narration, we change the tense, person and time according to the subject. To learn further, you may read University Grammar of

English (by Randolph Quirk) Modern English Grammar (by N. Krishna swamy) or any other authentic book on English Grammar.

We end this lesson with an important point that where the focus is on the emotion or idea expressed, we can certainly use an alternative pattern of changing the narration. Look at the following examples.

1. "I am sorry", he said.
He apologized.
2. "I am not going to help you", he told me.
He refused to help me.
3. "I'm sorry, I lost your notebook", he said.
He regretted losing my notebook.
4. "Do you mind if I smoke?" her boss said.
Her boss asked if he could smoke.
Her boss sought her permission for smoking

Now choose paragraphs from the prescribed texts and change their mode (direct to indirect and vice versa) of narration.