

# Appendix - I

## Texts for Listening

### UNIT - 1

#### The Friendly Mongoose

Once, a farmer and his wife lived in a village with their small son. They loved him very much. “We must have a pet,” the farmer said to his wife one day. “When our son grows up, he will need a companion. This pet will be our son’s companion.” His wife liked the idea.

One evening, the farmer brought with him a tiny mongoose. “It’s a baby mongoose,” said his wife, “but will soon be fully grown. He will be a friend to our son.”

Both the baby and the mongoose grew. In five or six months, the mongoose had grown to its full size — a lovely animal with two shining black eyes and a bushy tail. The farmer’s son was still a baby in the cradle, sleeping and crying alternately.

One day, the farmer’s wife wanted to go to the market. She fed the baby and rocked him to sleep in his little cradle. Picking up the basket, she said to her husband, “I’m off to the bazar. The baby is sleeping. Keep an eye on him. Frankly, I don’t like to leave the child alone with the mongoose.”

“You needn’t be afraid,” said the farmer. “The mongoose is a friendly animal. It’s as sweet as our baby and they are the best of friends, you know.”

The wife went away, and the farmer, having nothing to do in the house, decided to go out and take a look at his fields not far away. He ran into some friends on the way back and didn’t return for quite some time.

The farmer’s wife finished her shopping and came back home with a basket full of groceries. She saw the mongoose sitting outside as if waiting for her. On seeing her, he ran to welcome her, as it was customary. The farmer’s wife took one look at the mongoose and screamed. “Blood!” she cried. The face and paws of the mongoose were smeared with blood.

“You wicked animal! You have killed my baby,” she screamed hysterically. She was blind with rage. She hit the mongoose hard with a stick and ran inside to the child’s cradle.

The baby was fast asleep. But on the floor lay a black snake torn and bleeding. In a flash she realised what had happened. She ran out looking for the mongoose.

“Oh! You saved my child! You killed the snake! What have I done?” she cried touching the mongoose, who lay dead and still, unaware of her sobbing. The farmer’s wife, who had acted hastily and rashly, stared long at the dead mongoose. Then she heard the baby crying. Wiping her tears, she went in to feed him.

## UNIT – 2

### Ramappa Temple

Hi, I'm Sambaiah. I'm from Palampet, it is about 80 kilometers away from Warangal city. Have you ever heard about the Ramappa Temple? It's located in our village. This temple was built in 1213 A.D. by Racherla Rudra during the period of the Kakatiya ruler Ganapatideva. It was completed in 40 years. You know, it's the only temple that was named after the architect Ramappa, who built it.

This temple is famous for beautiful carvings and attractive statues. The pillars of the temple produce music when we hit them gently. Unlike the other temples, the Nandi in this temple is in alert position, waiting for the order of Lord Shiva.

One more interesting thing is that the bricks of the temple float on water. Maha Shivaratri is celebrated for three days here. People come from different parts and offer special prayers. They take the bricks of the temple with them as the token of our temple.

Feeling interested! Come to our village on a holiday trip.

## UNIT – 3

### Glenn Cunningham

Glenn Cunningham was a good runner. In races at school, he ran faster than his friends. "I want to become the fastest runner in the world," Glenn told himself.

One day, there was a big fire at Glenn's school. He was burnt very badly. His legs were burnt more than any other part of his body. The doctors looked at his legs and said that he would not be able to run again.

"I want to run!" shouted the boy. "I want to run!"

"You will not be able to run," said the doctors.

"You should be happy if you can walk." But Glenn did not listen to the doctors. "I won't give up," he told himself. "I'll run!"

Glenn was in bed for a year. When he got up, he tried to walk. He fell down. But Glenn did not give up. He kept trying. At last, Glenn was able to walk. The doctors were surprised. Then Glenn started to run. Soon he could run faster than his friends.

Later, Glenn became the fastest runner of his time. Glenn Cunningham showed that anything can be done if one tries hard.

## UNIT – 4

### To Catch Some Thieves

One evening Ali was cycling home after a cricket match. It was getting dark and there was no moonlight. He was in a hurry to get home. He took the shortest way home and happened to pass by his uncle's watch factory.

There was a lorry outside the factory and the gate was open. The night watchman was not there.

"This is very strange," Ali said to himself. "I must find out more."

He got off his bicycle and hid it behind a big tree. As he did this, he heard heavy footsteps. He quickly went behind the tree and looked around. He saw four men carrying boxes to the lorry, "Ah, these watches will get all of us a lot of money for the coming New Year," one of them said in a low voice.

Ali knew at once that the men were thieves. He kept very still and quiet. He was a little afraid and his heart went thud-thud-thud. He waited until the thieves had gone back into the factory to get some more watches. Then he ran to the lorry and let out the air from all the tyres. After that, he got on to his bicycle and cycled at top speed to the police station about a kilometre away.

When Ali reached the police station, he was out of breath. He told the police inspector, "Please, Sir, thieves! thieves!"

"Slow down, young man," the inspector said with a smile. "Catch your breath first and then talk. Now, where?"

"My uncle's factory in Vikhroli," answered Ali. "Four of them. I've let out the air from all the tyres of their lorry."

"Very good," said the inspector. "We'll go there at once. You can come with us if you like." Ali got into the police car with the inspector. They drove off and another police car followed them. Ali was very excited. This was the first time he had travelled in a police car, and with the siren on!

Soon they reached the factory. The thieves were taken completely by surprise. They tried to run away but the policemen caught them and took them to the police station.

The inspector took Ali home in his car. He told Ali that his men would bring his bicycle to him later. Ali's father and mother were glad to see their son. They had been afraid that something had happened to him. When the inspector told them what Ali had done, they were very happy and proud.

On the New Year's Day, Ali's uncle presented him with a new bicycle.

## **UNIT – 5**

### **A Little Boy and a Kind Tree**

There is a story about a kind tree and a little boy. The little boy played in the shade of the tree every day. The tree loved him very much. One day the boy sat at the foot of the tree. There were tears in his eyes.

"Why are you crying?" asked the tree. "Because I'm hungry," said the little boy.

"Eat my fruit," said the kind tree, and bent down one of its branches. The boy ate the fruits and was happy. The boy grew up. One day he sat under the tree. He was sad. "Why are you sad?" asked the tree. "I'm going to marry," said the young man. "But I have no house to live in." "Cut down my branches," said the tree. "And build a house." The young man built a house with the branches of the tree. The young man became a sailor. One day he sat under the tree. He looked unhappy. "Why are you unhappy?" asked the tree.

"Because my captain is a bad man and cruel to me," said the sailor. "I want to have my own ship." "Cut down my trunk and build a ship," said the tree. The sailor built a ship on his own. The tree was gone. Only the stump was there. In ten years, the sailor lost his ship. He came home. He was a helpless old man. One cold winter day the old man stood near the stump of the old tree. He leaned on his stick and trembled with cold. "Make a fire out of me," said the stump of the tree, "and warm yourself." The stump of the kind tree burned in the fire.

## **UNIT – 6**

### **The Magic Spring**

Once in a small village near the mountains lived an old farmer and his wife. They had no children. They were very old. One morning the old farmer woke up early. He took his axe and went to the mountains. He wanted to cut some firewood. He climbed the mountain very slowly. The sun was up. It was hot. The old man felt tired and slept under a tree. A small animal touched the old man's right foot. He jumped up in fear and

looked around. He saw a squirrel running towards a small hole. "Please stop", cried the old man: "Please come back." But the squirrel had disappeared. The old man was afraid. Suddenly he felt thirsty. "Oh! How thirsty I am!" said the old man. "How I wish I could get a mouthful of cold water!" But there was no water anywhere. "Mr. Squirrel, my friend, I'm very thirsty," the old man cried out. "Give me something to drink. Please give me some water." Suddenly he heard a bubbling noise: a spring of water was coming from the squirrel's hole! "How wonderful!" said the old man. He knelt down by the spring, took some water in his hands, and drank it. "How sweet!" he said. "How cool!" Suddenly he felt very sleepy. He lay down on the grass. "What a strange place!" he said and soon fell asleep.

After some time the old man woke up. It was late in the evening. "What a long sleep it was!" said the old man. He jumped up and started running home. "Is the old woman worrying about me?" he asked himself. On his way he picked up the bundle of firewood. It was a heavy load. But he carried it easily. He felt young and strong. "How young I feel!" he said. He ran home quickly. His wife was waiting for him at the gate. "Hello, old woman," he called out to her. "I'm hungry. Give me something to eat." But the old woman was puzzled. "Who is this young man speaking as if he was my husband?" she said to herself. "What's wrong with you?" he said. "Don't stare at me like that. I'm your husband." The old woman could not believe her eyes. It took some time for both the husband and the wife to understand what had happened. Then the wife said, "Tell me the exact place. I want to drink from the magic spring and be young like you."

The next day, the old woman got up early in the morning and set out for the spring. The farmer stayed at home. "Come back soon," he told his wife. "Don't be late." He was very happy. He was once again young and strong. "Now my wife is going to drink at the magic spring. How young she will be!" he said to himself. It was late afternoon. The wife did not come back. The farmer waited and waited. Still she did not come. So he too set out for the mountains. He ran as fast as he could. He called out her name. "Please answer me", he cried. "Come back to me." But there was no answer. "O, how unhappy I am!" cried the farmer.

At last he reached the magic spring. "Where are you?" he shouted. "Don't hide from me." Then he heard a tiny cry. He turned round. There, on the grass, he saw a tiny baby. It waved its tiny hands and made some baby noises. The farmer looked closely at the baby. His wife's clothes were wrapped around her. And she had his wife's face. Then he knew what had happened. She drank too much water from the spring. "What a pity!" he said. He took his baby-wife in his arms, carried her home, and looked after her lovingly.

## UNIT –7

### The Olympic Champion and the Ducks

*The Greeks started the Olympic Games on the plains of Olympia. Their last Olympic Games were held in 261 A.D. These games were started again in 1896 and are being held once in every four years.*

At the Olympic Games of 1928 in Amsterdam, Bobby Pearce won a gold medal for rowing race. He also won the hearts of all who saw him win.

Bobby Pearce was born in Sidney in Australia. His father was a great sculling champion. (Sculling means ‘one man rowing with two oars’, one in each hand). When Bobby was five, he was rowing around Sidney harbour in a small boat. A Little later, he won his first race, competing against the olds. One of the judges asked him, “How old are you, Bobby?” And he replied proudly, “Six”.

By the time he was twenty, Bobby was the sculling champion of Australia. The following year he went to Amsterdam to compete in the Olympic Games. In the finals he competed against Ken Myers of America. From the start of the race, Bobby was in the lead. At the half-way stage, he was still leading and very much ahead of Myers. It seemed that Bobby would easily win.

Then, suddenly, something happened. Bobby heard a shout from the bank and he looked over his shoulder. He saw a duck and her brood of ducklings swimming across the canal. They were swimming into the course of his boat and the boat was going to run into them. The poor birds had no idea that they were in the middle of an Olympic race!

Immediately Bobby slowed his boat down. Myers was catching up very fast. The people on the shore were shouting as if they were mad. But, Bobby waited patiently until all the ducklings were out of danger. Then he picked up speed again and went on to win the race easily.

Of all the Olympic heroes, it was he who won everybody’s heart. A Dutch newspaper wrote, “He won the goodwill of the children of Amsterdam”. His friends in the Australian Olympic team were not surprised by the incident of the ducks. “Bobby is that kind of man,” they said.

From the age of six, Bobby Pearce competed in races for thirty three years and retired from sports in 1945. How many of these races do you think he lost? Not a single race!



## UNIT – 8

### The Clever Ramalinga

Many years ago, there was a poet in the court of Vijayanagar. His name was Ramalinga. He was a very clever man. There are many stories about him. Here is one of them.

Ramalinga's wife had a lot of jewels. She wore them in the day. At night she put them away, in a box. She kept the box in her bedroom. Ramalinga had two servants. They were rogues. One day, they decided to steal the jewels. One servant said, "We'll steal the jewels in the night." The other said, "Yes, in the night, they'll sleep. Then we'll take away the box." Ramalinga was standing behind them and overheard what they had said. It was dark, so they did not see him.

It was eleven o'clock in the night. The servants went to the bedroom and looked in. Ramalinga and his wife were not asleep. Ramalinga knew that the servants were near. He said loudly to his wife, "There are many thieves in the town. You have a lot of jewels. We must keep them safe. I have a plan. We shall put all the jewels in a box. Then we'll drop the box in the well. Nobody will look there for the jewels." The servants heard this. "We can now take the jewels easily," they thought.

Ramalinga quickly took out all the jewels from the box. Then he filled the box with stones. He and his wife took the box out, and dropped it into the well. It fell into the water with a loud noise. Then Ramalinga and his wife went back into the house.

After some time, the servants went to the well. "How will we take out the box?" one of them asked. "Let's draw all the water in the well," the other said. "Then we can take the box out." They got two buckets and ropes and began to draw the water out. It flowed into the garden. It was a very deep well. It was almost morning. But still there was a lot of water in the well. "Soon it's going to be morning," said one servant. "The master will get up soon. So let's stop working. We'll come back to the well again at night."

Ramalinga was watching all this. He saw the servants going away. He called them. Then he said, "Thank you for watering the garden. There are no jewels in the box. You are thieves. Get out of here!"