

# ***“Words in Waves”***

(English textbook for B.A. Second Year)



**KARNATAKA SAMSKRIT UNIVERSITY**

Pampa Mahakavi Road, Chamarajpet  
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***“Words in Waves”***

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Published by

**KARNATAKA SAMSKRIT UNIVERSITY**

Pampa Mahakavi Road, Chamarajpet

Bengaluru - 560018. Ph: 080-26701303

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First Impression: 2015

Copies: 1000

Pages:

Paper Used: 70 GSM Maplitho

Price: Rs.

©: Reserved

Printed at

## **EDITORIAL**

Karnataka Samskrit University is upon the mission to render Sanskrit learning and comparative research studies in all branches of Samskrit and related areas. Under the bough of the Varsity, several graduate and post-graduate programmes are being run successfully. As the norms go, a Language Paper is being incorporated in the graduate level, with the English being an option. It is with this view that the textbooks of English for First Year, Second Year and Optional English at graduate level is being prepared and presented herewith. It is with great pleasure and satisfaction that we are placing the *“Words in Waves”* before your hands. It is aimed to give an introduction to all facets of English literature to a student earnest to go into further details. I thank the Vice-Chancellor Prof. Padma Shekhar for all the support and encouragement. I also thank the Registrar Prof. M.K. Sridhar for his guidance and support. I thank the members of Board of Studies for their discerning choice of material prescribed for study. I thank Dr Vinay, Assistant Professor, Vice Principal of Samskrit Evening College for using his erudition and neat editing of the work together with relevant summaries, introductions and notes. I thank Mr. M. Ganesh for typesetting and neat layout of the book. I thank the staff and students of the Varsity, and all those who have made the books see the light of the day.

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# Dead men's path

Author : Chinua Achebe

## Introduction

Chinua Achebe (born Albert Chinualumogu Achebe; 16 November 1930 – 21 March 2013) was a Nigerian novelist, poet, professor, and critic. His first novel *Things Fall Apart* (1958) was considered his magnum opus, and is the most widely read book in modern African literature.

Raised by his parents in the Igbo town of Ogidi in South-Eastern Nigeria, Achebe excelled at school and won a scholarship for undergraduate studies. He became fascinated with world religions and traditional African cultures, and began writing stories as a university student. After graduation, he worked for the Nigerian Broadcasting Service (NBS) and soon moved to the metropolis of Lagos. He gained worldwide attention for *Things Fall Apart* in the late 1950s; his later novels include *No Longer at Ease* (1960), *Arrow of God* (1964), *A Man of the People* (1966), and *Anthills of the Savannah* (1987). Achebe wrote his novels in English and defended the use of English, a "language of colonisers", in African literature. In 1975, his lecture *An Image of Africa: Racism in Conrad's 'Heart of Darkness'* featured a famous criticism of Joseph Conrad as 'a thorough-going racist'; it was later published in *The Massachusetts Review* amid some controversy.

When the region of Biafra broke away from Nigeria in 1967, Achebe became a supporter of Biafran independence and acted

as ambassador for the people of the new nation. The war ravaged the populace, and as starvation and violence took its toll, he appealed to the people of Europe and the Americas for aid. When the Nigerian government retook the region in 1970, he involved himself in political parties but soon resigned due to frustration over the corruption and elitism he witnessed. He lived in the United States for several years in the 1970s, and returned to the U.S. in 1990 after a car accident left him partially disabled.

A titled Igbo chieftain himself, Achebe's novels focus on the traditions of Igbo society, the effect of Christian influences, and the clash of Western and traditional African values during and after the colonial era. His style relies heavily on the Igbo oral tradition, and combines straightforward narration with representations of folk stories, proverbs, and oratory. He also published a number of short stories, children's books, and essay collections. From 2009 until his death, he served as David and Marianna Fisher University Professor and Professor of Africana Studies at Brown University in the United States.

## Dead Men's Path

Michael Obi's hopes were fulfilled much earlier than he had expected. He was appointed headmaster of Ndume Central School in January 1949. It had always been an unprogressive school so the Mission authorities decided to send a young and energetic man to run it. Obi accepted this responsibility with enthusiasm. He had many wonderful ideas and this was an opportunity to put them into practice. He had had sound secondary school education which designated him a 'pivotal teacher' in the official records and set him apart from the other headmasters in the mission field. He was outspoken in his condemnation of the narrow views of these older and often less-educated ones.

"We shall make a good job of it, shan't we?" he asked his young wife when they first heard the joyful news of his promotion.

"We shall do our best," she replied. "We shall have such beautiful gardens and everything will be just modern and delightful..." In two years of married life she had become completely infected by his passion for "modern methods" and his denigration of "these old and superannuated people in the teaching field who would be better employed as traders in the Onitsha market." She began to see herself already as the admired wife of the young headmaster, the queen of the school.

The wives of the other teachers would envy her position. She would set the fashion in everything....Then, suddenly. It occurred to her that there might not be other wives. Wavering between hope and fear, she asked her husband, looking anxiously at him.

“All our colleagues are young and unmarried.” he said with enthusiasm which for once she did not share. “Which is a good thing,” he continued.

“Why”?

“Why? They will give all their time and energy to the school.”

Nancy was downcast. For a few minutes she became skeptical about the new school; but it was only for a few minutes. Her little personal misfortune could not blind her to her husband’s happy prospects. She looked at him as he sat folded up in a chair. He was stoop-shouldered and looked frail. But he sometimes surprised people with sudden bursts of physical energy. In his present posture, however, all his bodily strength seemed to have retired behind his deep-set eyes, giving them an extraordinary power of penetration. He was only twenty-six, but looked thirty or more. On the whole, he was not unhandsome.

“A penny for your thoughts, Mike.” said Nancy after a while, imitating the woman’s magazine she read.

“I was thinking what a grand opportunity we’ve got at last to show these people how a school should be run.”

Ndume School was backward in every sense of the word. Mr. Obi put his whole life into the work, and his wife hers too. He had two aims. A high standard of teaching was insisted upon, and the school compound was to be turned into a place of beauty.

Nancy’s dream-gardens came to life with the coming of the rains, and blossomed. Beautiful hibiscus and allamanda hedges in brilliant red and yellow marked out the carefully tended school compound from the rank neighbourhood bushes.

One evening as Obi was admiring his work he was scandalized to see an old woman from the village hobble right across the compound, through a marigold flower-bed and the hedges. On going up there he found faint signs of an almost disused path from the village across the school compound to the bush on the other side.

“It amazes me,” said Obi to one of his teachers who had been three years in the school, “that you people allowed the villagers to make use of this footpath. It is simply incredible.” He shook his head.

“The path,” said the teacher apologetically, “appears to be very important to them. Although it is hardly used, it connects the village shrine with their place of burial.

“And what has that got to do with the school?” asked the headmaster.

“Well, I don’t know,” replied the other with a shrug of the shoulders. “But, I remember there was a big row some time ago when we attempted to close it.”

“That was some time ago. But it will not be used now,” said Obi as he walked away. “What will the Government Education Officer think of this when he comes to inspect the school next week? The villagers might, for all I know, decide to use the schoolroom for a pagan ritual during the inspection.”

Heavy sticks were planted closely across the path at the

two places where it entered and left the school premises. These were further strengthened with barbed wire.

Three days later the village priest of Ani called on the headmaster. He was an old man and walked with a slight stoop. He carried a stout walking -stick which he usually tapped on the floor, by way of emphasis, each time he made a new point in his argument.

“I have heard,” he said after the usual exchange of cordialities, “that our ancestral footpath has recently been closed....”

“Yes,” replied Mr. Obi. “We cannot allow people to make a highway of our school compound.”

“Look here, my son,” said the priest bringing down his walking-stick, “this path was here before you were born and before your father was born. The whole life of this village depends on it. Our dead relatives depart by it and our ancestors visit us by it. But most important, it is the path of children coming in to be born....”

Mr. Obi listened with a satisfied smile on his face.

“The whole purpose of our school,” he said finally. “is to eradicate just such beliefs as that. Dead men do not require footpaths. The whole idea is just fantastic. Our duty is to teach your children to laugh at such ideas.”

“What you way may be true,” replied the priest, “but we follow the practices of our fathers. If you reopen the path we shall have nothing to quarrel about. What I always say is: let the hawk perch and let the eagle perch.” He rose to go.

“I am sorry,” said the young headmaster. “But the school compound cannot be a thoroughfare. It is against our regulations.

I would suggest your constructing another path, skirting our premises. We can even get our boys to help in building it. I don’t suppose the ancestors will find the little detour too burdensome.”

“I have no more words to say,” said the old priest, already outside.

Two days later a young woman in the village died in childbed. A diviner was immediately consulted and he prescribed heavy sacrifices to propitiate ancestors insulted by the fence.

Obi woke up the next morning among the ruins of his work. The beautiful hedges were torn up not just near the path but right round the school, the flowers trampled to death and one of the school buildings pulled down.... That day, the white Supervisor came to inspect the school and wrote a nasty report on the state of the premises but more seriously about the “tribal-war situation developing between the school and the village, arising in part from the misguided zeal of the new headmaster.”

## Summary

Michael Obi is a young reform-minded educator living in Nigeria, January 1949. He is tasked with reforming Ndume Central School, a place known for its unprogressive or backwards ways.

Michael and his wife, Nancy, arrive at the village with the intention of forcing it into the modern age. Their two goals are to enforce a high standard of education and to turn the school campus into a place of beauty.

One evening Mike observes an old woman walking along a faint footpath that crosses the compound. After consulting with some members of the faculty, Michael learns that the school had attempted to close the path in the past and met with strong opposition from the nearby village. Afraid of giving a poor

impression to the Government Education Officer scheduled to visit, Michael places a fence across the path and tops it with barbed wire. Three days after the fence is put up, Michael meets with the village priest, who explains the importance of the path and its relationship with the villagers' animist beliefs. Michael insists that the path remains closed and explains that the purpose of the school is to abolish such ancestral beliefs.

Two days later a young woman in the village dies in childbirth. A diviner recommends heavy sacrifices to appease the spirits who are insulted at having the footpath blocked. In the night the flowers and hedges are torn up and trampled to death and one of the school buildings is torn down. When the Government Education Officer arrives, he gives Obi a bad review and writes "a nasty report" on the "tribal-war situation developing between the school and the village."

## KUNWAR SINGH

Jim Corbett

### Introduction

Edward James "Jim" Corbett (25 July 1875 – 19 April 1955) was a legendary British hunter and tracker-turned-conservationist, author and naturalist, famous for hunting a large number of man-eating tigers and leopards in India.

Corbett held the rank of colonel in the British Indian Army and was frequently called upon by the government of the United Provinces, now the Indian states of Uttar Pradesh and Uttarakhand, to kill man-eating tigers and leopards that were preying on people in the nearby villages of the Garhwal and Kumaon regions. His hunting successes earned him longstanding respect and fame in Kumaon. Some even claim the locals considered him a sadhu (holy man).

Corbett was an avid photographer and after his retirement authored *Man-Eaters of Kumaon*, *Jungle Lore*, and other books recounting his hunts and experiences, which enjoyed critical acclaim and commercial success. Later on in life, Corbett spoke out for the need to protect India's wildlife from extermination and played a key role in creating a national reserve for the endangered Bengal tiger by using his influence to persuade the provincial government to establish it. In 1957 the national park was renamed Jim Corbett National Park in his honour.

## KUNWAR SINGH

Kunwar Singh was the first to visit me that day of days when I was given my first gun. He came early, and as with great pride I put the old double-barrelled muzzle-loader into his hands he never, even by the flicker of an eyelid, showed that he had seen the gaping split in the right barrel, or the lappings of brass wire that held the stock and the barrels together. Only the good qualities of the left barrel were commented on, and extolled; its length, thickness, and the years of service it would give, and then, laying the gun aside, he turned to me and gladdened my eight-year-old heart and made me doubly proud of my possession by saying: `You are now no longer a boy, but a man; and with this god gun you can go anywhere you like in our jungles and never be afraid, provided you learn how to climb trees; and I will now tell you a story to show how necessary it is for us men who shoot in the jungles to know how to do so.

`Har Singh and I went out to shoot one day last April, and all would have been well if a fox had not crossed our path as we were leaving the village. Har Singh, as you know, is a poor shikari with little knowledge of the jungle folk, and when, after seeing the fox, I suggested we should turn round and go home he laughed at me and said it was child's talk to say that a fox would bring us

bad luck. So we continued on our way. We had started when the stars were paling, and near Garuppu I fired at a chital stag and unaccountably missed it. Later Har Singh broke the wing of a pea fowl, but though we chased the wounded bird as hard as we could it got away in the long grass, where we lost it. Thereafter, though we combed the jungles we saw nothing to shoot, and towards the evening we turned our faces towards home.

`Having fired two shots, and being afraid that the forest guards would be looking for us, we avoided the road and took a sandy nullah that ran through dense scrub and thorn-bamboo jungle. As we went along talking of our bad luck, suddenly a tiger came out into the nullah and stood looking at us. For a long minute the tiger stared and then it turned and went back the way it had come.

`After waiting a suitable time we continued on our way, when the tiger again came out into the nullah; and this time, as it stood and looked at us, it was growling and twitching its tail. We again stood quite still, and after a time the tiger quietened down and left the nullah. A little later a number of jungle fowl rose cackling out of the dense scrub, evidently disturbed by the tiger, and one of them came and sat on a haldu tree right in front of us. As the bird alighted on a branch in full view of us, Har Singh said he would shoot it and so avoid going home empty handed. He added that the shot would frighten away the tier, and before I could stop him he fired.

`Next second there was a terrifying roar as the tiger came crashing through the brushwood towards us. At this spot there were some runi trees growing on the edge of the nullah, and I dashed towards one while Har Singh dashed towards another.

My tree was the nearer to the tiger, but before it arrived U had climbed out of reach. Har Singh had not learnt to climb trees when a boy, as I had, and he was still standing on the ground, reaching up and trying to grasp a branch, when the tiger, after leaving me, sprang at him. The tiger did not bite or scratch Har Singh, but standing on its hind legs it clasped the tree, pinning Har Singh against it, and then started to claw big bits of bark and wood off the far side of the tree. While it was so engaged, Har Singh was screaming and the tiger was roaring. I had taken my gun up into the tree with me, so now, holding on with my bare feet, I cocked the hammer and fired the gun off into the air. On hearing the shot so close to it the tiger bounded away, and Har Singh collapsed at the foot of the tree.

When the tiger had been gone some time, I climbed down very silently, and went to Har Singh. I found that one of the tiger's claws had entered his stomach and torn the lining from near his navel to within a few fingers' breadth of the backbone, and that all his inside had fallen out. Here was great trouble for me. I could not run away and leave Har Singh, and not having any experience in these matters, I did not know whether it would be best to try and put all that mass of inside back into Har Singh's stomach, or cut it off. I talked in whispers on this matter with Har Singh, for we were afraid that if the tiger heard us it would return and kill us, and Har Singh was of the opinion that his inside should be put back into his stomach. So, while he lay on his back on the ground, I stuffed it all back, including the dry leaves and grass and bits of sticks that were sticking to it. I then wound my pugree round him, knotting it tight to keep everything from falling out again, and we set out on the seven-mile walk to our village, myself in front, carrying the two guns, while Har Singh walked behind.

We had to go slowly, for Har Singh was holding the pugree in position, and on the way night came on and Har Singh said he thought it would be better to go to the hospital at Kaladhungi than to our village; so I hid the guns, and we went the extra three miles to the hospital. The hospital was closed when we arrived, but the doctor babu who lives near by was awake, and when he heard our story he sent me to call Aladia the tobacco seller, who is also postmaster at Kaladhungi and who receives five rupees pay per month from Government, while he lit a lantern and went to the hospital hut with Har Singh. When I returned with Aladia, the doctor had laid Har Singh on a string bed and, while Aladia held the lantern and I held the two pieces of flesh together, the doctor sewed up the hole in Har Singh's stomach. Thereafter the doctor, who is a very kind man of raw years and who refused to take the two rupees I offered him, gave Har Singh a drink of very good medicine to make him forget the pain in his stomach and we went home and found our womenfolk crying, for they thought we had been killed in the jungle by dacoits, or by wild animals. So you see, Sahib, how necessary it is for us men who shoot in the jungles to know how to climb trees, for if Har Singh had had someone to advise him when he was a boy, he would not have brought all that trouble on us.'

I learnt many things from Kunwar Singh during the first few years that I carried the old muzzle-loader, one of them being the making of mental maps. The jungles we hunted in, sometimes together, but more often alone-for Kunwar Singh had a horror of dacoits and there were times when for weeks on end he would not leave his village-were many hundreds of miles square with only one road running through them. Times without number when returning from a shoot I called in at Kunwar Singh's village, which

was three miles nearer the forest than my house was, to tell him I had shot a chital or sambhar stag, or maybe a big pig, and to ask him to retrieve the bag. He never once failed to do so, no matter in how great a wilderness of tree or scrub or grass jungle I had carefully hidden the animal I had shot, to protect it from vultures. We had a name for every outstanding tree, and for every water hole, game track, and nullah. All our distances were measured by imaginary flight of a bullet fired from a muzzle-loader and our directions fixed by the four points of the compass. When I had hidden an animal or Kunwar Singh had seen vultures collected on a tree and suspected that a leopard or a tiger had made a kill, either he or I would set out with absolute confidence that we would find the spot indicated no matter what time of day or night, it might be.

After I left school and started work in Bengal I was only able to visit Kaladhungi for about three weeks each year, and I was greatly distressed to find on one of these annual visits that my old friend Kunwar Singh had fallen a victim to the curse of our foothills, opium. With a constitution weakened by malaria the pernicious habit grew on him, and though he made me many promises he had not the moral strength to keep them, I was therefore not surprised, on my visit to Kaladhungi one February, to be told by the men in our village that Kunwar Singh was very seriously ill. News of my arrival spread through Kaladhungi that night, and next day Kunwar Singh's youngest son, a lad of eighteen, came hot-foot to tell me that his father was at death's door, and that he wished to see me before he died.

As headman of Chandini Chauk, paying Government land revenue of four thousand rupees, Kunwar Singh was an important

person, and lived in a big stone-built house with a slate roof in which I had often enjoyed his hospitality. Now as I approached the village in company with his son, I heard the wailing of women coming, not from the house, but from a small one-roomed hut Kunwar Singh had built for one of his servants. As the son led me towards this hut, he said his father had been moved to it because the grandchildren disturbed his sleep. Seeing us coming, Kunwar Singh's eldest son stepped out of the hut and informed me that his father was unconscious, and that he only had a few minutes to live.

I stopped at the door of the hut, and when my eyes had got accustomed to the dim light, made dimmer by a thick pall of smoke which filled the room, I saw Kunwar Singh lying on the bare mud floor, naked, and partly covered with a sheet. His nerveless right arm was supported by an old man sitting on the floor near him, and his fingers were being held round the tail of a cow. (This custom of a dying man being made to hold the tail of a cow—preferably that of a black heifer—has its origin in the Hindu belief that when the spirit leaves its earthly body it is confronted with a river of blood, on the far side of which sits the Judge before whom the spirit must appear to answer for its sins. The heifer's tail is the only way by which the departing spirit can cross the river, and if the spirit is not provided with means of transit it is condemned to remain on earth, to be a torment to those who failed to enable it to appear before the judgment seat.) Near Kunwar Singh's head was a brazier with cow-dung cakes burning on it, and by the brazier a priest was sitting, intoning prayers and ringing a bell. Every available inch of floor space was packed with men, and with women who were wailing and repeating over and over again, 'He has gone! He has gone!'

I knew men died like this in India every day, but I was not going to let my friend be one of them. Infact, if I could help it he would not die at all, and anyway not at present. Striding into the room, I picked up the iron brazier, which was hotter than I expected it to be, and burnt my hands. This I carried to the door and flung outside. Returning, I cut the bark rope by which the cow was tethered to a peg driven into the mud floor, and led it outside. As these acts, which I had performed in silence, became evident to the people assembled in the room, the hubbub began to die down, and it ceased altogether when I took the priest's arm and conducted him from the room. Then, standing at the door, I ordered everyone to go outside, the order was obeyed without a murmur or a single protest. The number of people, both old and young, who emerged from the hut was incredible. When the last of them had crossed the doorstep, I told Kunwar Singh's eldest son to warm two seers of fresh milk and to bring it to me with as little delay as possible. The man looked at me in blank surprise, but when I repeated the order he hurried off to execute it.

I now re-entered the hut, pulled forward a string bed which had been pushed against the wall, picked Kunwar Singh up and laid him on it. Fresh air, and plenty of it, was urgently needed, and as I looked round I saw a small window which had been boarded up. It did not take long to tear down the boards and let a stream of clean sweet air blow directly from the jungles into the over-heated room which reeked with the smell of human beings, cow dung, burnt ghee, and acrid smoke.

When I picked up Kunwar Singh's wasted frame, I knew there was a little life in it, but only a very little. His wasted frame, I knew there was a little life in it, but only a very little, His eyes,

which were sunk deep into his head, were closed, his lips were blue, and his breath was coming in short gasps. Soon, however, the fresh, clean air began to revive him and his breathing became less labored and more regular, and presently, as I sat on his bed and watched through the door the commotion that was taking place among the mourners whom I had ejected from the death-chamber, I became aware that he had opened his eyes and was looking at me; and without turning my head, I began to speak.

'Times have changed, uncle, and you with them, There was a day when no man would have dared to remove you from your own house, and lay you on the ground in a servant's hut to die like an outcaste and a beggar. You would not listen to my words of warning and now the accursed drug has brought you to this. Had I delayed but a few minutes in answering your summons this day, you know you would by now have been on your way to the bruning-ghat. As headman of Chandni Chauk and the best shikari in Kaladhungi, all men respected you. But now you have lost that respect, and you who were strong, and who ate of the best, are weak and empty of stomach, for as we came your son told me nothing has passed your lips for sixteen days But you are not going to die, old friend, as they told you were. You will live for many more years, and though we may never shoot together again in the Garuppu jungles, you will not want for game, for I will share all I shoot with you, as I have always done.

'And now, here in this hut, with the sacred thread round your fingers and a papal leaf in your hands, you must swear an oath on your eldest son's head that never again will you touch the foul drug. And this time you will, and you shall keep your oath. And now, while we wait for the milk your son is bringing, we will smoke.'

Kunwar Singh had not taken his eyes off me while I was speaking, and now for the first time he opened his lips and said, 'How can a man who is drying smoke?'

'On the subject of dying', I said, 'we will say no more, for as I have just told you, you are not going to die. And as to how we will smoke, I will show you.'

Then, taking two cigaretters from my case, I lit one and placed it between his lips. Slowly he took a pull at it, coughed, and with a very feeble hand removed the cigarette. But when the fit of coughing was over, he replaced it between his lips and continued to draw on it. Before we had finished our smoke, Kunwar Singh's son returned carrying a big brass vessel, which he would have dropped at the door if I had not hurriedly relieved him of it. His surprise was understandable, for the father whom he had last seen lying on the ground dying, was now lying on the bed, his head resting on my hat, smoking. There was nothing in the hut to drink from, so I sent the son back to the house for a cup' and when he had brought it I gave Kunwar Singh a drink of warm milk.

I stayed in the hut till late into the night, and when I left Kunwar Singh had drunk a seer of milk and was sleeping peacefully on a warm and comfortable bed. Before I left I warned the son that he was on no account to allow anyone to come near the hut; that he was to sit by his father and give him a drink of milk every time he awoke; and that if on my return in the morning I found Kunwar Singh dead, I would burn down the village.

The sun was just rising next morning when I returned to Chandni Chauk to find both Kunwar Singh and his son fast asleep and the brass vessel empty.

Kunwar Singh kept his oath, and though he never regained sufficient strength to accompany me on my shikar expeditions, he visited me often and died peacefully four years later in his own house and on his own bed.

## Summary

Mixing with local people and speaking their dialects when such behaviour was considered taboo among the English, empathizing with his workers and the villagers, answering their distress call at all times—perhaps these qualities made the village people hail Corbett as a Gora (white) Sadhu. This is the other side of the fearless hunter, famous conservationist, and at times rational trophy collector. The current volume brings together a selection of Corbett's writings which reveal the full flair of his personality. In the first story, 'The Queen of the Village', Corbett describes life in one of the many villages in the hills where he spent the best part of his life. 'Kunwar Singh' tells us how Corbett rescued a dying villager, while 'Sultana: India's Robin Hood' is about a man, who by virtue of his birth is branded as a criminal by the law. Chapter five of 'Jungle Lore' contains a description of the forests in and around Kaladhungi where Corbett spent his childhood days. 'Robin' is the story of his favourite hunting dog, 'the biggest-hearted and the most faithful friend man ever had'. In 'The Pipal Pani Tiger' we have success tinged with deep regret 'for never again would the jungle folk and I listen with bated breath to his deep-throated call resounding through the foothills'. Similar emotions are expressed in 'The Talla Des Maneater', where unforeseen circumstances lead the tigress to become a maneater. Corbett's sense of responsibility as a hunter is demonstrated in full in 'The Muktesar Maneater' for 'The shooting of a maneater gives one a feeling of satisfaction. Satisfaction at having done a job that badly needed doing. And, the greatest satisfaction of all, at having made a small portion of the earth safe for a brave little girl to walk on.' The last story recounts the reign of terror of the man-eating leopard of Rudraprayag which lasted for almost eight years and claimed over one hundred and twenty-five human lives.

<http://ukcatalogue.oup.com/product/9780195684285.do>

# Solving Problems

R. K. Narayan

## Introduction

R. K. Narayan (10 October 1906 - 13 May 2001), full name Rasipuram Krishnaswami Iyer Narayanaswami, was an Indian writer, best known for his works set in the fictional South Indian town of Malgudi. He is one of three leading figures of early Indian literature in English (alongside Mulk Raj Anand and Raja Rao), and is credited with bringing the genre to the rest of the world.

Narayan broke through with the help of his mentor and friend, Graham Greene, who was instrumental in getting publishers for Narayan's first four books, including the semi-autobiographical trilogy of *Swami and Friends*, *The Bachelor of Arts* and *The English Teacher*. Narayan's works also include *The Financial Expert*, hailed as one of the most original works of 1951, and Sahitya Akademi Award winner *The Guide*, which was adapted for film and for Broadway.

The setting for most of Narayan's stories is the fictional town of Malgudi, first introduced in *Swami and Friends*. His narratives highlight social context and provide a feel for his characters through everyday life. He has been compared to William Faulkner, who also created a fictional town that stood for reality, brought out the humour and energy of ordinary life, and displayed compassionate humanism in his writing. Narayan's short story writing style has been compared to that of Guy de

Maupassant, as they both have an ability to compress the narrative without losing out on elements of the story. Narayan has also come in for criticism for being too simple in his prose and diction.

In a writing career that spanned over sixty years, Narayan received many awards and honours. These include the AC Benson Medal from the Royal Society of Literature and the Padma Vibhushan, India's second-highest civilian award. He was also nominated to the Rajya Sabha, the upper house of India's parliament.

## Solving Problems

Swaminathan sat in father's room in a chair, with a slate in his hand and pencil ready. Father held the arithmetic book open and dedicated, "Rama has ten mangoes with which he wants to earn fifteen annas. Krishna wants only four mangoes. How much money will Krishna have to pay?" Swaminathan gazed and gazed at this sum, and everytime he read it, a new thought came to his mind. His mouth began to water at the thought of mangoes. "Have you done the sum?" father asked, looking over the newspaper he was reading. "Father, will you tell me if the mangoes were ripe?" father watched him for a while and smothering a smile remarked: "do the sum first. I will tell you whether the fruits were ripe or not afterwards.

Swaminathan felt utterly helpless. If only father could tell him whether Rama was trying to sell ripe fruits or unripe ones. Of what use would it be to tell him afterwards? He felt strongly that the answer to this question contained the key to the whole problem. It would be unfair to expect fifteen annas for ten unripe mangoes. "Father, I cannot do the sum, Swaminathan said, pushing away the slate." "What is the matter with you? You can't solve a simple problem in simple proportions?" "We are not taught this kind of thing at school". "Get the slate here. I will make you give

the answer now". Swaminathan waited for a miracle to happen. Father studied the sum for a second and asked: "What is the price of ten mangoes?" "Fifteen annas, of course," Swaminathan thought, but how could it be the price? Was it the right price? And then he was not sure whether the mangoes were ripe or not. If they were ripe, fifteen annas shouldn't be an unfair price. If only he could get more light on this point. "How much does Rama want for his mangoes?" "Fifteen annas", replied Swaminathan. "Very good. How many mangoes does Krishna want?" "Four". "What is the price of four mangoes?" Father seemed to be delighted in torturing him. How could he know? How could he know what that fool Krishna would pay? "Look here, boy. I have half a mind to thrash you. What have you in your head? Ten mangoes cost fifteen annas. What is the price of one? Come on if you don't say it. . ." His hands took Swaminathan's ear and gently twisted it. Swaminathan could not open his mouth because he could not decide whether the solution could be found by addition, subtraction, multiplication or division. The longer he hesitated the more violent the twist was becoming. In the end when father was waiting with a scowl for an answer, he received only a squeal from his son. "I am not going to leave you till you tell me how much a single mango costs at fifteen annas for ten". What was the matter with father? Swaminathan kept blinking. Where was the urgency to know its price? Anyway if father wanted to know so badly, instead of harassing him, let him go to the market and find it out. Father admitted defeat by declaring: "One mango costs fifteen over ten annas. Simplify it". Here he was being led to the most difficult part of arithmetic fractions. "Give me the slate, father. I will find out". He worked and found out at the end of fifteen minutes: "The price of one mango is three

over two annas.” He expected to be contradicted any moment. But father said, “very good, simplify it further.” It was plain sailing after that. Swaminathan announced at the end of half an hour's agony: “Krishna must pay six annas,” and burst into tears. From-  
“Swami And Friends” by R.K. NARAYAN.

## **Court Scene from `Merchant of Venice`**

**Author : William Shakespeare**

### **Introduction**

William Shakespeare (26 April 1564 (baptised) - 23 April 1616) was an English poet, playwright, and actor, widely regarded as the greatest writer in the English language and the world's pre-eminent dramatist. He is often called England's national poet and the "Bard of Avon". His extant works, including some collaborations, consist of about 38 plays, 154 sonnets, two long narrative poems, and a few other verses, of which the authorship of some is uncertain. His plays have been translated into every major living language and are performed more often than those of any other playwright.

Shakespeare was born and brought up in Stratford-upon-Avon. At the age of 18, he married Anne Hathaway, with whom he had three children: Susanna, and twins Hamnet and Judith. Between 1585 and 1592, he began a successful career in London as an actor, writer, and part-owner of a playing company called the Lord Chamberlain's Men, later known as the King's Men. He appears to have retired to Stratford around 1613 at age 49, where he died three years later. Few records of Shakespeare's private life survive, and there has been considerable speculation about such matters as his physical appearance, sexuality, religious beliefs, and whether the works attributed to him were written by others.

Shakespeare produced most of his known work between 1589 and 1613. His early plays were mainly comedies and histories and these works remain regarded as some of the best work produced in these genres. He then wrote mainly tragedies until about 1608, including Hamlet, Othello, King Lear, and Macbeth, considered some of the finest works in the English language. In his last phase, he wrote tragicomedies, also known as romances, and collaborated with other playwrights.

Many of his plays were published in editions of varying quality and accuracy during his lifetime. In 1623, John Heminges and Henry Condell, two friends and fellow actors of Shakespeare, published the First Folio, a collected edition of his dramatic works that included all but two of the plays now recognised as Shakespeare's. It was prefaced with a poem by Ben Jonson, in which Shakespeare is hailed, presciently, as "not of an age, but for all time". In the 20th and 21st century, his work has been repeatedly adopted and rediscovered by new movements in scholarship and performance. His plays remain highly popular today and are constantly studied, performed, and reinterpreted in diverse cultural and political contexts throughout the world.

## **Court Scene from 'Merchant of Venice'**

The Trial Scene from Merchant of Venice Act 4, Scene I  
SCENE I. Venice. A court of justice.

Enter the DUKE, the Magnificoes, ANTONIO,  
BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALERIO, and others

DUKE : What, is Antonio here?

ANTONIO : Ready, so please your grace.

DUKE : I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer A  
stony adversary, an inhuman wretch incapable  
of pity, void and empty From any dram of mercy.

ANTONIO : I have heard Your grace hath ta'en great pains to  
qualify His rigorous course; but since he stands  
obdurate And that no lawful means can carry me  
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose My patience  
to his fury, and am arm'd To suffer, with a  
quietness of spirit, The very tyranny and rage of  
his.

DUKE : Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

SALERIO : He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK

DUKE : Make room, and let him stand before our face. Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too, That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange Than is thy strange apparent cruelty; And where thou now exact'st the penalty, Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh, Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture, But, touch'd with human gentleness and love, Forgive a moiety of the principal; Glancing an eye of pity on his losses, That have of late so huddled on his back, Enow to press a royal merchant down And pluck commiseration of his state From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint, From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd To offices of tender courtesy. We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

SHYLOCK: I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose; And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn To have the due and forfeit of my bond: If you deny it, let the danger light Upon your charter and your city's freedom. You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have A weight of carrion flesh than to receive Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that: But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd? What if my house be troubled with a rat And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet? Some men there are love not a gaping pig; Some, that are mad if

they behold a cat; And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose, Cannot contain their urine: for affection, Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer: As there is no firm reason to be render'd, Why he cannot abide a gaping pig; Why he, a harmless necessary cat; Why he, a woollen bagpipe; but of force Must yield to such inevitable shame As to offend, himself being offended; So can I give no reason, nor I will not, More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing I bear Antonio, that I follow thus A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

BASSANIO: This is no answer, thou unfeeling man, To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

SHYLOCK: I am not bound to please thee with my answers.

BASSANIO: Do all men kill the things they do not love?

SHYLOCK: Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

BASSANIO: Every offence is not a hate at first.

SHYLOCK: What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

ANTONIO: I pray you, think you question with the Jew: You may as well go stand upon the beach And bid the main flood bate his usual height; You may as well use question with the wolf Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb; You may as well forbid the mountain pines To wag their high tops and to make no noise, When they are fretten with the

gusts of heaven; You may as well do anything most hard, As seek to soften that--than which what's harder?-- His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you, Make no more offers, use no farther means, But with all brief and plain conveniency Let me have judgment and the Jew his will.

BASSANIO: For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

SHYLOCK: What judgment shall I dread, doing Were in six parts and every part a ducat, I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

DUKE : How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

SHYLOCK: What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong? You have among you many a purchased slave, Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules, You use in abject and in slavish parts, Because you bought them: shall I say to you, Let them be free, marry them to your heirs? Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds Be made as soft as yours and let their palates Be season'd with such viands? You will answer 'The slaves are ours:' so do I answer you: The pound of flesh, which I demand of him, Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it. If you deny me, fie upon your law! There is no force in the decrees of Venice. I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

DUKE : Upon my power I may dismiss this court, Unless Bellario, a learned doctor, Whom I have sent for to determine this, Come here to-day.

SALERIO : My lord, here stays without A messenger with letters from the doctor, New come from Padua.

DUKE : Bring us the letter; call the messenger.

BASSANIO: Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet! The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones and all, Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

ANTONIO : I am a tainted wether of the flock, Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio, Than to live still and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk

DUKE : Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

NERISSA : From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace. Presenting a letter

BASSANIO: Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

SHYLOCK: To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

GRATIANO: Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew, Thou makest thy knife keen; but no metal can, No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

SHYLOCK: No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

GRATIANO: O, be thou damn'd, execrable dog! And for thy life let justice be accused. Thou almost makest me waver in my faith To hold opinion with Pythagoras, That souls of animals infuse themselves Into the trunks of men: thy currish

spirit Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter, Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet, And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam, Infused itself in thee; for thy desires Are wolfish, bloody, starved and ravenous.

SHYLOCK: Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond, Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud: Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

DUKE : This letter from Bellario doth commend A young and learned doctor to our court. Where is he?

NERISSA : He attendeth here hard by, To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

DUKE : With all my heart. Some three or four of you Go give him courteous conduct to this place. Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter. Clerk [Reads] Your grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him

lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

DUKE : You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes: And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws  
Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?

PORTIA : I did, my lord.

DUKE : You are welcome: take your place. Are you acquainted with the difference That holds this present question in the court?

PORTIA : I am informed thoroughly of the cause. Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

DUKE : Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

PORTIA : Is your name Shylock?

SHYLOCK: Shylock is my name.

PORTIA : Of a strange nature is the suit you follow; Yet in such rule that the Venetian law Cannot impugn you as you do proceed. You stand within his danger, do you not?

ANTONIO: Ay, so he says.

PORTIA : Do you confess the bond?

ANTONIO: I do.

PORTIA : Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHYLOCK: On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

PORTIA : The quality of mercy is not strain'd, It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest; It blesseth him that gives and him that takes: 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes The throned monarch better than his crown; His sceptre shows the force of temporal power, The attribute to awe and majesty, Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings; But mercy is above this sceptred sway; It is enthroned in the hearts of kings, It is an attribute to God himself; And earthly power doth then show likest God's When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew, Though justice be thy plea, consider this, That, in the course of justice, none of us Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy; And that same prayer doth teach us all to render The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much To mitigate the justice of thy plea; Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

SHYLOCK: My deeds upon my head! I crave the law, The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

PORTIA : Is he not able to discharge the money?

BASSANIO: Yes, here I tender it for him in the court; Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice, I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er, On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart: If this will not suffice, it must appear That malice bears down truth. And

I beseech you, Wrest once the law to your authority: To do a great right, do a little wrong, And curb this cruel devil of his will.

PORTIA : It must not be; there is no power in Venice Can alter a decree established: 'Twill be recorded for a precedent, And many an error by the same example Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

SHYLOCK: A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel! O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

PORTIA : I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

SHYLOCK: Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

PORTIA : Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

SHYLOCK: An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven: Shall I lay perjury upon my soul? No, not for Venice.

PORTIA : Why, this bond is forfeit; And lawfully by this the Jew may claim A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful: Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

SHYLOCK: When it is paid according to the tenor. It doth appear you are a worthy judge; You know the law, your exposition Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law, Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar, Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear There is no power in the tongue of man To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

ANTONIO : Most heartily I do beseech the court To give the judgment.

PORTIA : Why then, thus it is: You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

SHYLOCK: O noble judge! O excellent young man!

PORTIA : For the intent and purpose of the law Hath full relation to the penalty, Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

SHYLOCK: 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge! How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

PORTIA : Therefore lay bare your bosom.

SHYLOCK: Ay, his breast: So says the bond: doth it not, noble judge? 'Nearest his heart:' those are the very words.

PORTIA : It is so. Are there balance here to weigh The flesh?

SHYLOCK: I have them ready.

PORTIA : Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge, To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

SHYLOCK: Is it so nominated in the bond?

PORTIA : It is not so express'd: but what of that? 'Twere good you do so much for charity.

SHYLOCK: I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

PORTIA : You, merchant, have you any thing to say?

ANTONIO : But little: I am arm'd and well prepared. Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well! Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you; For herein Fortune shows herself more kind Than is her custom: it is still her use To let the wretched man outlive his

wealth, To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow An age of poverty; from which lingering penance Of such misery doth she cut me off. Commend me to your honourable wife: Tell her the process of Antonio's end; Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death; And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge Whether Bassanio had not once a love. Repent but you that you shall lose your friend, And he repents not that he pays your debt; For if the Jew do cut but deep enough, I'll pay it presently with all my heart.

BASSANIO: Antonio, I am married to a wife Which is as dear to me as life itself; But life itself, my wife, and all the world, Are not with me esteem'd above thy life: I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all Here to this devil, to deliver you.

PORTIA : Your wife would give you little thanks for that, If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

GRATIANO: I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love: I would she were in heaven, so she could Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

NERISSA : 'Tis well you offer it behind her back; The wish would make else an unquiet house.

SHYLOCK: These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter; Would any of the stock of Barrabas Had been her husband rather than a Christian! Aside We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

PORTIA : A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine: The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

SHYLOCK: Most rightful judge!

PORTIA : And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:  
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

SHYLOCK: Most learned judge! A sentence! Come,  
prepare!

PORTIA : Tarry a little; there is something else. This bond  
doth give thee here no jot of blood; The words  
expressly are 'a pound of flesh:' Take then thy  
bond, take thou thy pound of flesh; But, in the  
cutting it, if thou dost shed One drop of Christian  
blood, thy lands and goods Are, by the laws of  
Venice, confiscate Unto the state of Venice.

GRATIANO: O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!

SHYLOCK: Is that the law?

PORTIA : Thyself shalt see the act: For, as thou urgest  
justice, be assured Thou shalt have justice, more  
than thou desirest.

GRATIANO: O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!

SHYLOCK: I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice And  
let the Christian go.

BASSANIO: Here is the money.

PORTIA : Soft! The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:  
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

GRATIANO: O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

PORTIA : Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh. Shed  
thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more But  
just a pound of flesh: if thou cut'st more Or less

than a just pound, be it but so much As makes it  
light or heavy in the substance, Or the division of  
the twentieth part Of one poor scruple, nay, if  
the scale do turn But in the estimation of a hair,  
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.

GRATIANO: A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew! Now, infidel, I  
have you on the hip.

PORTIA : Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

SHYLOCK: Give me my principal, and let me go.

BASSANIO: I have it ready for thee; here it is.

PORTIA : He hath refused it in the open court: He shall  
have merely justice and his bond.

GRATIANO: A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel! I thank  
thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

SHYLOCK: Shall I not have barely my principal?

PORTIA : Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture, To be  
so taken at thy peril, Jew.

SHYLOCK: Why, then the devil give him good of it! I'll stay  
no longer question.

PORTIA : Tarry, Jew: The law hath yet another hold on you.  
It is enacted in the laws of Venice, If it be proved  
against an alien That by direct or indirect attempts  
He seek the life of any citizen, The party 'gainst  
the which he doth contrive Shall seize one half  
his goods; the other half Comes to the privy coffer  
of the state; And the offender's life lies in the  
mercy Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st; For it appears, by manifest proceeding, That indirectly and directly too Thou hast contrived against the very life Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd The danger formerly by me rehearsed. Down therefore and beg mercy of the duke.

GRATIANO: Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself: And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state, Thou hast not left the value of a cord; Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

DUKE : That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits, I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it: For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's; The other half comes to the general state, Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

PORTIA : Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.

SHYLOCK: Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that: You take my house when you do take the prop That doth sustain my house; you take my life When you do take the means whereby I live.

PORTIA : What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

GRATIANO: A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

ANTONIO : So please my lord the duke and all the court To quit the fine for one half of his goods, I am content; so he will let me have The other half in use, to render it, Upon his death, unto the gentleman That lately stole his daughter: Two things provided more, that, for this favour, He presently become

a Christian; The other, that he do record a gift, Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd, Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

DUKE : He shall do this, or else I do recant The pardon that I late pronounced here.

PORTIA : Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

SHYLOCK: I am content.

PORTIA : Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

SHYLOCK: I pray you, give me leave to go from hence; I am not well: send the deed after me, And I will sign it.

DUKE : Get thee gone, but do it.

GRATIANO: In christening shalt thou have two god-fathers: Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more, To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

Exit SHYLOCK DUKE

Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

PORTIA : I humbly do desire your grace of pardon: I must away this night toward Padua, And it is meet I presently set forth.

DUKE : I am sorry that your leisure serves you not. Antonio, gratify this gentleman, For, in my mind, you are much bound to him. Exeunt Duke and his train

BASSANIO: Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof, Three

thousand ducats, due unto the Jew, We freely  
cope your courteous pains withal.

ANTONIO : And stand indebted, over and above, In love and  
service to you evermore.

PORTIA : He is well paid that is well satisfied; And I,  
delivering you, am satisfied And therein do  
account myself well paid: My mind was never  
yet more mercenary. I pray you, know me when  
we meet again: I wish you well, and so I take my  
leave.

BASSANIO: Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further: Take  
some remembrance of us, as a tribute, Not as a  
fee: grant me two things, I pray you, Not to deny  
me, and to pardon me.

PORTIA : You press me far, and therefore I will yield.  
To ANTONIO Give me your gloves, I'll wear  
them for your sake;  
To BASSANIO And, for your love, I'll take this  
ring from you: Do not draw back your hand; I'll take  
no more; And you in love shall not deny me this.

BASSANIO: This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle! I will not  
shame myself to give you this.

PORTIA I : will have nothing else but only this; And now  
methinks I have a mind to it.

BASSANIO: There's more depends on this than on the value.  
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you, And  
find it out by proclamation: Only for this, I pray  
you, pardon me.

PORTIA : I see, sir, you are liberal in offers You taught me  
first to beg; and now methinks You teach me how  
a beggar should be answer'd.

BASSANIO: Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife; And  
when she put it on, she made me vow That I  
should neither sell nor give nor lose it.

PORTIA : That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.  
An if your wife be not a mad-woman, And know  
how well I have deserved the ring, She would  
not hold out enemy for ever, For giving it to me.  
Well, peace be with you!

Exeunt Portia and Nerissa

ANTONIO : My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring: Let his  
deservings and my love withal Be valued against  
your wife's commandment.

BASSANIO: Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him; Give him  
the ring, and bring him, if thou canst, Unto  
Antonio's house: away! make haste.

Exit Gratiano

Come, you and I will thither presently; And in the morning  
early will we both Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio.

## Summary

Comment on The Trial Scene of Merchant of Venice

The trial scene in the Merchant of Venice is the climax of the  
play as Shylock has taken Antonio to court, as he has not paid  
back the money he borrowed. Shylock wants the pound of flesh  
that is the forfeit of the bond concerning the money Antonio  
borrowed from him. Shylock's main motivation for wanting this

forfeit is as his daughter has stolen his money and run away, he is taking out his spite on Antonio and this blinds him as he does not watch what he is getting into during this scene. From the point where Shylock enters the courtroom everyone opposing him is appealing for mercy for Antonio and this is what the scene demonstrates, a need for mercy. Portia says shortly after she has entered the scene 'Then the Jew must be merciful' she is not saying that this is what the law says he must be, but that he should do this because it is the only thing he can do morally. The mercy theme runs all the way through the scene and many opportunities were offered by the Duke, Bassanio and Portia for Shylock to take the moral course of action, but he constantly refuses saying he should get what he deserves not by moral justice but by the law. Shylock does have the right to the forfeit of his bond and it is Antonio's fault that he is in this situation because he signed the bond of his own free will. He knew the consequences if he couldn't pay it back as Shylock made it clear from the start. This is shown by when at the start of the court scene when he says 'Make no more offers use no farther means, but with all brief and plain conveniency let me have judgment, and the Jew his will'. When he didn't pay Shylock the money he owed him, Shylock had a right to Antonio's forfeit by law. The problem was he didn't choose the moral path where he probably could have gotten a lot of money and become a very rich man, but chose the forfeit out of spite over his daughter. This theme is also repeated through the scene that Shylock deserves his justice by the letter of the law and the forfeit of his bond. This is shown when he says phrases like 'My deeds upon my head I crave the law, the penalty and forfeit of my bond'. Portia lets Shylock have the chance to take the moral path or the letter of his bond and Shylock chooses to have his pound of flesh. Shylock does not realise he is being played into a trap as he is blinded by spite, so by choosing the forfeit of the bond he is also choosing execution or to have all of his estate forfeit by the letter of the law he so craved. This means Shylock has been tricked into choosing a certain course of action and he did not know of the consequences until after his decision. Portia plays on this

drawing him further and further towards the inevitable knowing he is stumbling blinded by spite towards a consequence that he is not expecting. This is the point when the balance of power in the trial changes. Portia has an obvious knowledge of the law as she is using it to trap him, Shylock has no representation and obviously has little knowledge of the law as he puts up little argument. This results in an ironical justice. Portia after Shylock has chosen his course of action informs him of the consequences, she says 'If thou dost shed one drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods are by the laws of Venice confiscate unto the state of Venice'. Antonio receives his moral justice and Shylock is shown little mercy by the letter of the law that he demanded for himself. As Shylock refused to show mercy to Antonio when he had power over him, he is shown the same treatment and apparently gets what he deserved as he is shown no mercy. Shylock tries to go back and get the money he earlier refused to take but Portia stops him by saying 'The Jew shall have all justice, he shall have nothing but the penalty.' It is shown to the reader that Shylock gets what is due as the play is written in favour of Christianity, and so all sympathy is lost for Shylock. This is because of the way he is taking his anger out on Antonio, because of his daughter stealing his money and running away. Also he doesn't care that his daughter has run away only that she has stolen his money. This demonstrates a prejudice towards him as a Jew and so none of his characters like him because of his religion and one of the consequences of the course of action he has chosen is that he is forced to become Christian. In the end the reader is shown that justice is carried out as Antonio and Bassanio are good Christian people and so good has triumphed over the immoral Jew, Shylock. Source: <http://www.123helpme.com/view.asp?id=3809>

SCENE 1- Act 4 opens in a court room in Venice with the Duke, Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salerio, and others present.

The Duke expresses sympathy for a having an enemy that is as empty of mercy as Shylock. Antonio states that as the law is on Shylocks side he is ready to pay the price. The Duke requests that Shylock enter the court room. The Duke strongly requests

Shylock to relent. Shylock refuses and gives no excuse for his unwillingness to bend on the terms of their agreement. He states that he will not accept payment but wants Antonio's flesh because he hates him. Bassanio asks if all men are so cruel to kill the things they do not love. Antonio tells Bassanio that it is a waste of time to argue with Shylock, and that no logic will soften his heart. Bassanio offers six thousand ducats and Shylock refuses. Shylock draws on the fact that Christians have slaves to explain his point that he "owns" Antonio's flesh and he shall have it. The Duke states he will dismiss the court unless the Doctor Bellario comes to decide the case. Just then a messenger from Bellario arrives. As they wait for the messenger Bassanio attempts to cheer up Antonio saying that he will die before he lets Shylock have Antonio's flesh.

Nerissa enters dressed as a lawyer's clerk. Nerissa states that she comes from Bellario with a letter from the doctor. The letter requests that the Duke allow a young doctor of law to attend the case. The Duke readily agrees. Portia enters dressed as a doctor of law. She attempts to get Shylock to relent. She portrays mercy as an attribute of a king and God. Shylock still refuses. Bassanio offers money twice more as Shylock states he will only be satisfied with flesh. Portia finally states that Antonio must make ready to have the flesh removed. She asks Shylock to allow a surgeon to come to stop the blood. Shylock refuses this mercy as it is not written in the bond. Antonio asks Bassanio to tell his new wife of him. At the last minute Portia tells Shylock that while he may have the flesh he cannot have a drop of blood as it is not written into the bond. Shylock realizes he cannot have his flesh and so states he will take the money. Portia tells him that because he has already refused it Shylock can only have the flesh. In fact, she states, he cannot even have the principal, and cannot leave because he has attempted to murder a Venetian citizen. The price of Shylock's crime is death and the loss of his estate. The estate should go half to Antonio and half to the city of Venice. The Duke spares Shylock's life but he must still forfeit his estate. Antonio states that he should give half his money to his daughter and her Christian husband upon his death.

Additionally, Shylock must become a Christian. Shylock agrees but states he is too ill to sign the papers at that time and requests the papers be sent to him. Shylock leaves. The Duke invites the doctor of law to have dinner with him, but Portia states she must return home immediately. The Duke leaves.

Bassanio offers the "judge" the three thousand ducats that were to go to Shylock but is refused. Bassanio insists that the judge should take something and Portia takes Antonio's gloves and asks Bassanio for his ring. Bassanio refuses stating that it was a gift from his wife. Portia leaves saying that Bassanio's wife would have said she deserved the ring.

Antonio convinces Bassanio that he should have given the judge the ring and so Bassanio takes it off and asks Gratiano to take the ring to the judge.

SCENE 2- During this scene Portia and Nerissa are in a street in Venice.

Portia is sending Nerissa into Shylock's house to deliver the papers he promised to sign. Gratiano catches up to them to deliver the ring and invites them to dinner. Portia refuses stating she must bring the clerk to Shylock's house. Nerissa thinks it would be fun to trick Gratiano out of his ring as well.

<http://www.online-literature.com/shakespeare/merchant/104/>

# Daffodils

William Wordsworth

## Introduction

William Wordsworth (7 April 1770 - 23 April 1850) was a major English Romantic poet who, with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, helped to launch the Romantic Age in English literature with their joint publication *Lyrical Ballads* (1798).

Wordsworth's magnum opus is generally considered to be *The Prelude*, a semi-autobiographical poem of his early years that he revised and expanded a number of times. It was posthumously titled and published, before which it was generally known as "the poem to Coleridge". Wordsworth was Britain's Poet Laureate from 1843 until his death in 1850.

# Daffodils

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed--and gazed--but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,

They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

## Summary

The speaker was walking around through the hills and valleys, but he felt all lonely and mopey. Suddenly, as he passed a lake, he noticed a big group of yellow daffodils waving in the breeze. This wasn't just some scattered patch of daffodils. We're talking thousands and thousands around this particular bay. And all these flowers were dancing.

Yes, the daffodils danced, and so did the waves of the lake. But the daffodils danced better. The speaker's loneliness was replaced by joy, but he didn't even realize what a gift he has received until later. Now, whenever he's feeling kind of blah, he just thinks of the daffodils, and his heart is happily dancing.

## Coromandel fishers

Poet : Sarojini Naidu

### Introduction

Sarojini Naidu (born as Sarojini Chattopadhyay), also known by the sobriquet as The Nightingale of India, was an Indian independence activist and poet. Naidu served as the first governor of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh from 1947 to 1949; the first woman to become the governor of an Indian state. She was the second woman to become the president of the Indian National Congress in 1925 and the first Indian woman to do so.

## COROMANDEL FISHERS

Rise, brothers, rise; the wakening skies pray to  
the morning light,  
The wind lies asleep in the arms of the dawn like a  
child that has cried all night.  
Come, let us gather our nets from the shore and  
set our catamarans free,  
To capture the leaping wealth of the tide, for we  
are the kings of the sea!

No longer delay, let us hasten away in the track of  
the sea gull's call,  
The sea is our mother, the cloud is our brother, the  
waves are our comrades all.  
What though we toss at the fall of the sun where  
the hand of the sea-god drives?  
He who holds the storm by the hair, will hide in his  
breast our lives.

Sweet is the shade of the cocoanut glade, and the  
scent of the mango grove,

And sweet are the sands at the full o' the moon  
with the sound of the voices we love;  
But sweeter, O brothers, the kiss of the spray and  
the dance of the wild foam's glee;  
Row, brothers, row to the edge of the verge,  
where the low sky mates with the sea.

## Summary

The early and daily morning song that is inculcated in the hearts and minds of the simple fishing community in the eastern coast of India.

It calls them all at each and every early dawn to tell the men folk to rise, brothers, rise; the wakening skies pray to the morning light for the great catch throughout the day. The wind lies asleep in the arms of the dawn like a child that has cried all night. They should leave immediately and let them gather their nets from the shore and set their catamarans; a yacht or other boat with twin hulls in parallel free. To capture the leaping wealth of the tide, the innumerable and immeasurable shoal of fish that moves with the warm ocean current; for these simple fishing folks are the kings of the sea!

No longer had delay let them hasten away in the track of the sea gull's call. The sea is their mother, the cloud is their brother, and the waves are their comrades all. What though they toss at the fall of the sun where the hand of the sea-god drives? He, who holds the storm by the hair, will hide in his breast their lives.

Sweet is the shade of the coconut glade; an open space in a wood or forest; and the scent of the mango grove; a small wood, orchard, or group of trees. And sweet are the sands at the full of the moon; the light of the full moon lightens the surface water of the sea; with the sound of the voices they love; while returning to the shore they sing in rejoice to close each triumphant day. As the endlessly moving waves washes the shores of the land, they create very thick foam at the boundary of the water and the land. But sweeter, are the brothers, the kiss of the spray and the

dance of the wild foam's glee; great delight: a song for men's voices in three or more parts, usually unaccompanied. Row, brothers, row to the edge of the verge; an edge or border; where the low sky mates with the sea; the point over the horizon where the sea appears to touch the sky.

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