

ENGLISH COURSEBOOK

STANDARD VI

Volume 2



GOVERNMENT OF KERALA
DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
2009

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

**Jana Gana Mana Adhinayaka Jaya He
Bharatha Bhagya Vidhata
Punjab Sindhu Gujarata Maratha
Dravida Utkala Banga
Vindhya Himachala Yamuna Ganga
Uchala Jaladhi Taranga
Tava Subha Name Jage
Tava Subha Ashisa Mage,
Gahe Tava Jaya Gatha
Jana Gana Mangala Dayaka Jaya He
Bharatha Bhagya Vidhata
Jaya He Jaya He Jaya He
Jaya Jaya Jaya Jaya He.**

Prepared by:
State Council of Educational
Research and Training (SCERT)
Poojappura,
Thiruvananthapuram -12, Kerala.
Website: www.scertkerala.gov.in
e-mail: scertkerala@asianetindia.com

Dear learners,

This is your new English Coursebook. It provides you a variety of stories, poems and songs. The book also contains a number of activities. You can enjoy doing them on your own or with the help of your teacher. You can make a collection of all your creations. This book also provides you opportunities for singing, dancing and acting.

This is the second volume of your Coursebook.

It contains two units.

Your teacher will be ready to help you in all your efforts. Let's make learning English a pleasurable experience.

I am sure you will become a confident user of English with the help of this Coursebook.

Wish you all success.

A.P.M. MOHAMMED HANISH IAS
Director (In charge)
SCERT

Members participated in the textbook workshop.

1. Smt. Jabeena.A.
2. Sri. Jose D' Sujeev
3. Sri. Raghunathan Parali
4. Smt. Rani.S.
5. Sri. Santhosh Kumar.A.V.
6. Sri. Sujith.S.
7. Sri. Sukhadan.K.N.

Experts

1. Dr. K N Anandan
2. Prof. Nazurddin Khan
3. Dr. K M Sherief
4. Prof. V K Saraswathy
5. Prof. Sasikumaran Unnithan
6. Dr. N Suresh Kumar

Artists

1. Sri.Deepesh.T
2. Sri.Haridasan.N.K.
3. Sri.Ramesan.P.
4. Sri.Shyam.V.K.

Academic Co-ordinator

Smt. K.K.Chandini



State Council of Educational Research and Training (SCERT)

Vidyabhavan, Poojappura, Thiruvananthapuram - 695 012

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UNIT 4



CHUBARI OUR HORSE

Based on a story by O. Pirovskaya (Russian writer)



Your teacher has told you about Chubari, hasn't she?

Now, read on...



Father Returns

We heard Father speaking from the next room. We jumped up from the bed and ran into the room.

There were wet clothes spread on the floor.

Father was sitting near the samovar drinking hot tea. Mother stood behind him.

'Dad, have you brought us sweets?' Natasha, my youngest sister, asked.

'No.'

'Why?'

'Well, I haven't.'

'Have you brought us anything else?'

'No. I haven't.'

We looked at each other.



'Why? You promised that you'd bring....'
Father pressed on his temples with his fingers.
His face reflected the pain he felt.
He was still shivering with cold.
'Take them away,' Father said to Mother waving towards the girls.
'My head is cracking. What a time for mischief!'
'Father didn't forget. He bought everything.
If the accident hadn't happened on the way, you'd have got everything.
Thank God! He's still alive. Sheer luck. Don't disturb him!'
Mother said.
She led us out of the room and shut the door behind her.
We didn't quite understand what really had happened.
We went back to our room.

*Have you had an experience like this?
Did anyone promise you a gift and forget to bring it?
What did you feel then?*



On my reading

Fill in the boxes using the words
fully/ partially/ not at all/ not applicable.

I enjoyed reading the story.

I could connect the idea in the story
with the story my teacher told.

I got the idea of the story
from my own reading.

I got the idea with the help
of my teacher and friends.

The children are not happy.
What will they discuss in their room?

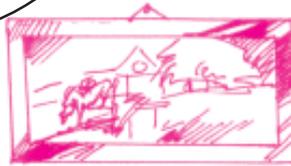
Now, read on...



The Discussion

What happened to the sweets? They must've been soaked. Father must've thrown them away.

People who lose their way and are hungry will eat anything. Father might've eaten the sweets.



Where is Chubari?

He should be in the stable.
We will see him in the morning.



Now, you know from your teacher that Chubari saved Father's life.

Now, read on...



Welcome Chubari

'Tomorrow we will bring back Chubari,' Father announced.
'Do you think he will really bring back Chubari?' Natasha asked me.

'He never lies to us,' I said.

'Chubari had already become our hero.

He had saved Father's life.

Shouldn't we celebrate his arrival?' Sonya asked.

'Yes, but how?'

'We will make some posters to welcome him.'

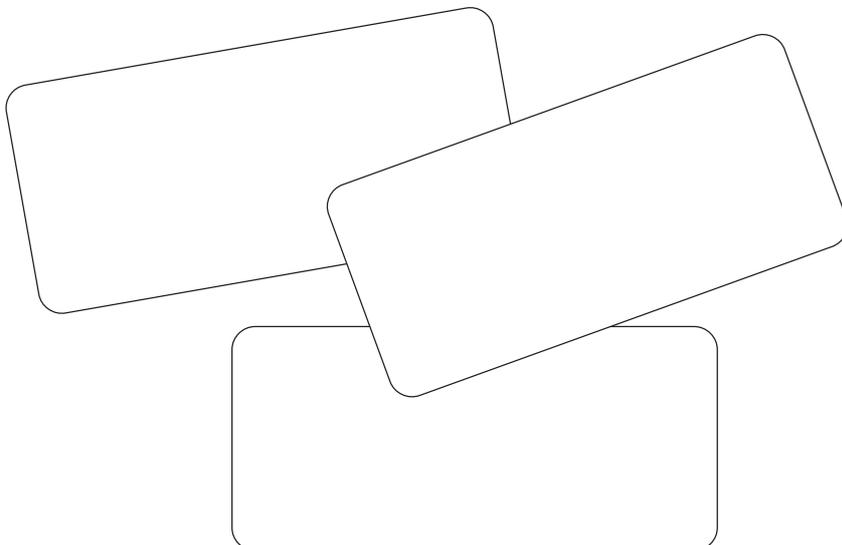
'Fool! Can Chubari read your posters?'

'Chubari may not read it. But let the villagers know about him.'

'That's nice.'

We set out to make some posters.

Help them make posters to welcome Chubari.





Hope you've heard from your teacher the journey the children made to see Chubari.

Now, read on...



Chubari is Back

We opened the stable door. A frail, skinny horse was lying on a heap of hay. With a great effort it turned its head towards us.

'Is this your hero!' A boy laughed at us.

Did he save your father? We can't believe it.'

'You are big liars,' another one shouted.

Sonya's face turned red with anger. She pushed the boy away.

The children ran off tearing away the posters we had pasted to welcome Chubari.

Chubari's eyes fell on us.

Natasha went near him and offered him some sugar lumps.

Chubari was unable to lift his head.

His ribs could be seen, as he breathed.

Chubari whinnied feebly.

His whinny soon turned into a dry cough.

We knew that Chubari was ill and he needed care.

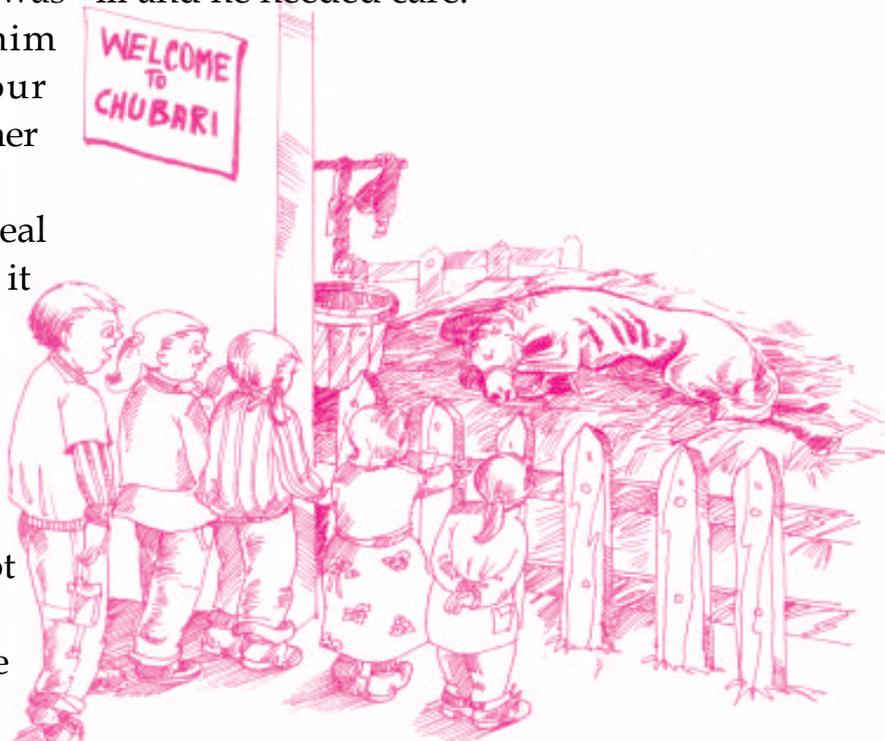
We remembered him galloping down our village roads, with Father on his back.

'The forester's horse is real tough. You can ride on it to war,' people used to say.

Chubari's coughs awakened us from our reveries.

Poor Chubari! He cannot gallop any more.

We spent the day in the stable with him.



In the evening, we had our tea gloomily.
We had decided to take good care of Chubari, whatever happened.

'Did you see Chubari?' Mother asked us while serving tea.

'Yes, he is alright.'

'But he looks so weak,' Mother said raising her eyebrows.

'No... no. He is better than ever before.'

'Now I love him more.'

'Me, too. And me, too.'

Sonya, Yulia, Natasha and I were unanimous in our love for Chubari.

Mother looked at our faces.

'My dear little ones, you are really kind-hearted,' she hugged us and whispered.

Express your ideas

Chubari is ill. He is weak and skinny. He cannot gallop anymore. But what did the children say about him? Why did they say so? Why did mother hug them and say 'My dear little ones, you are really kind-hearted.'?



Express your ideas in a paragraph.



How well did I write?

Fill in the boxes using the words *yes/ somewhat/ no*.

The sentences I wrote were properly connected.

I was able to express my ideas in apt words.

The ideas were arranged in a proper sequence.

I used proper punctuation marks.



Listen to your teacher

Now, read the poem



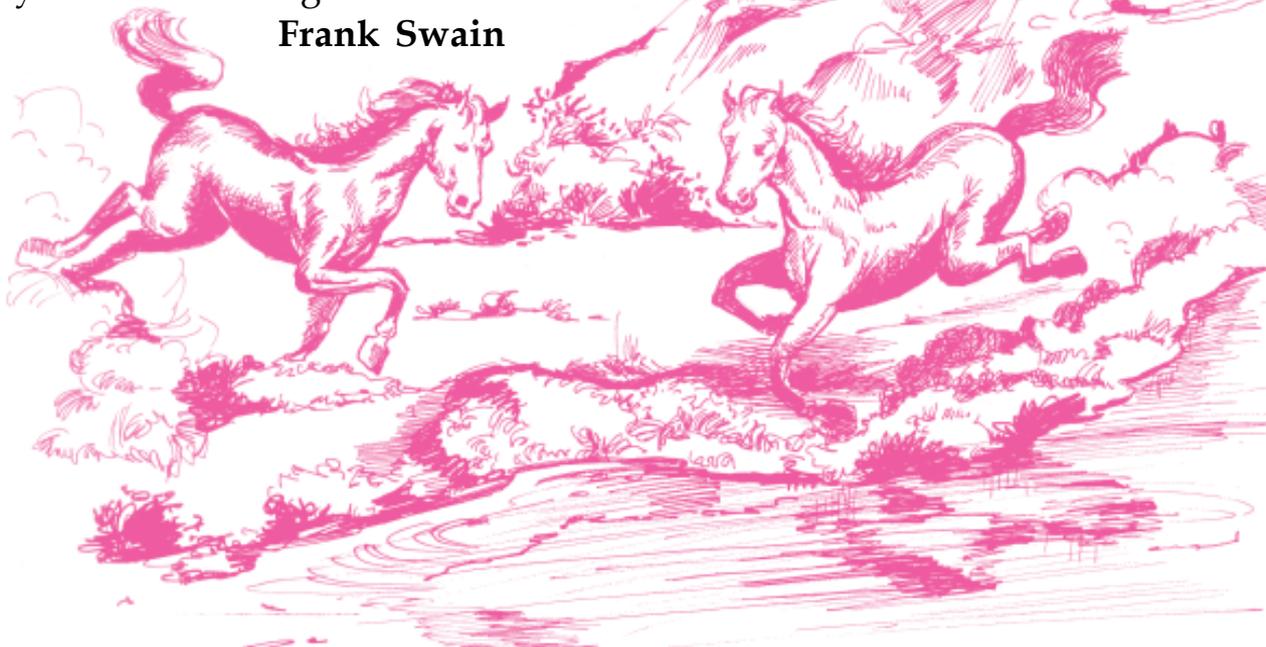
Wild Mares Running

Under the breast of a crimson hill
By a desert pool at close of day –
I saw three horses, three wild mares,
Running, at play.

Three wild mares, their light feet
stamping –
Arching their shining necks, their eyes
glowing;
Running across the crimson light,
The dark manes flowing.

Aye – to recapture that lovely hour,
Fled with the feet of wild mares going,
Under the veils of the winter dusk,
Beyond all knowing!

Frank Swain





Your teacher has told you about Father's decision of selling Chubari and the happenings thereafter.

What may have happened then?

Did father allow the children to look after Chubari?

Now, read on...



Love can Do Wonders

We were waiting for the sun to rise, to run to the stable. Chubari was lying on the hay in the same condition. Our hearts sank. Small strands of hay stuck to his mane. When we opened the door the wind blew the hay into the air.

We gently stroked Chubari's body and fed him some sugar lumps. Chubari tried to stand on his legs, but failed.

He neighed helplessly and looked up at our faces.





'Let's help him get up,' Sonya said, and tried to lift him up.
Yulia, Natasha and I helped her.

'Try Chubari, try, try again!' We encouraged him.
Chubari did his best.

'Ah!' Sonya yelled.

'Why do you yell?' I asked her.

'If it were you, you too would yell.'

Chubari had trodden on Sonya's foot.

I tried to lift Chubari's hoof off Sonya's foot.

'Be careful, don't push Chubari.

Just lift his hoof gently,' Sonya said.

We succeeded in freeing Sonya's foot. At last, Chubari stood on
his legs.

Sonya's foot was slightly bruised.

Natasha took a piece of paper and wet it with her saliva. Then
she stuck it on the bruise.

'Flies will settle on it if you leave it open.'

Natasha spoke like an experienced doctor.

Everyday we vied and sometimes even quarrelled with one another to bring fresh grass to Chubari. We also fed him bread, oats, sugar lumps, and almost everything we got to eat.

Still, for a long time, Chubari remained lean and weak. To us, however, he was the best horse in the world.

Natasha had not been to school. She spent time talking to Chubari. She took Chubari's head on her lap and told him stories. Sometimes she bent down to whisper into his ears. Chubari liked to hear our stories and sometimes even shook his head in response.

'You might as well sleep in the stable,' Father would tease us. Our love and care slowly started to work. Now Chubari could walk.



He would follow us to the lake. While we swam, he grazed about the lake.

He was a little afraid to step into the lake. Gradually he gained the courage to step in.

One day Mother wanted us for something. She came to the lake searching for us.

She saw Chubari swimming with us. The clear water splashed around us. Chubari also came out of the lake with us. He shook his body like a dog does and neighed at Mother.

A few days later, Mother saw a fascinating sight through the window. A sturdy, well groomed horse came strolling along. Colourful ribbons fluttered from its tail and neck. A bunch of fresh poppy flowers adorned its mane. Four proud girls were sitting on its back. Their red hats were shining.

What difference do you notice in the attitudes of the children and the elderly people towards Chubari?

Whose attitude is right? Why?

Sonya wrote about her horse for her class magazine.

Write about Chubari for your class magazine.



How well did I write?

Fill in the boxes using the words *yes/ somewhat/ no*.

I was able to describe the animal well.

The sentences I used were properly connected.

I was able to express my ideas in apt words.

The ideas were arranged in proper sequence.

I used proper punctuations marks.



Listen to your teacher.

How do you come to school?

Do you come in vehicles?

Do you compete with your friends in reaching the school first?

Let's read the story of a race.

Now, read on...



The Victory

'Oh, ho, ho, ho....' Yulia yelled in her soft and deep voice. Mischief sparkled in her eyes. Hearing her, Chubari galloped faster.

There was a carriage moving in front of us. We overtook it. 'Hoo, hoo...,' our cheers rose up. The driver of the carriage was an old man. He didn't like our overtaking him. He whipped his horse. Soon they overtook our carriage.

'Hee, hee...,' children in that carriage shouted.

'Hee....' Yulia cried out.

Chubari knew what to do. He gathered all his strength and vigour and galloped. At the next turning, Chubari dashed past the old man's carriage.

It was a wonderful moment.

We felt as if some one had lifted our carriage and placed it in front of the other one.

When we looked back, the other carriage was far behind.

'Chubari, stop. Let the tortoise catch up with us,' Sonya said. Chubari stopped and we waited for them to catch up.



How does Chubari show his gratitude to the children?

'Chubari knew what to do'. Do you think animals can sense the feelings of their masters?



Your teacher has told you that Father planned to buy a donkey for the children, hasn't she?

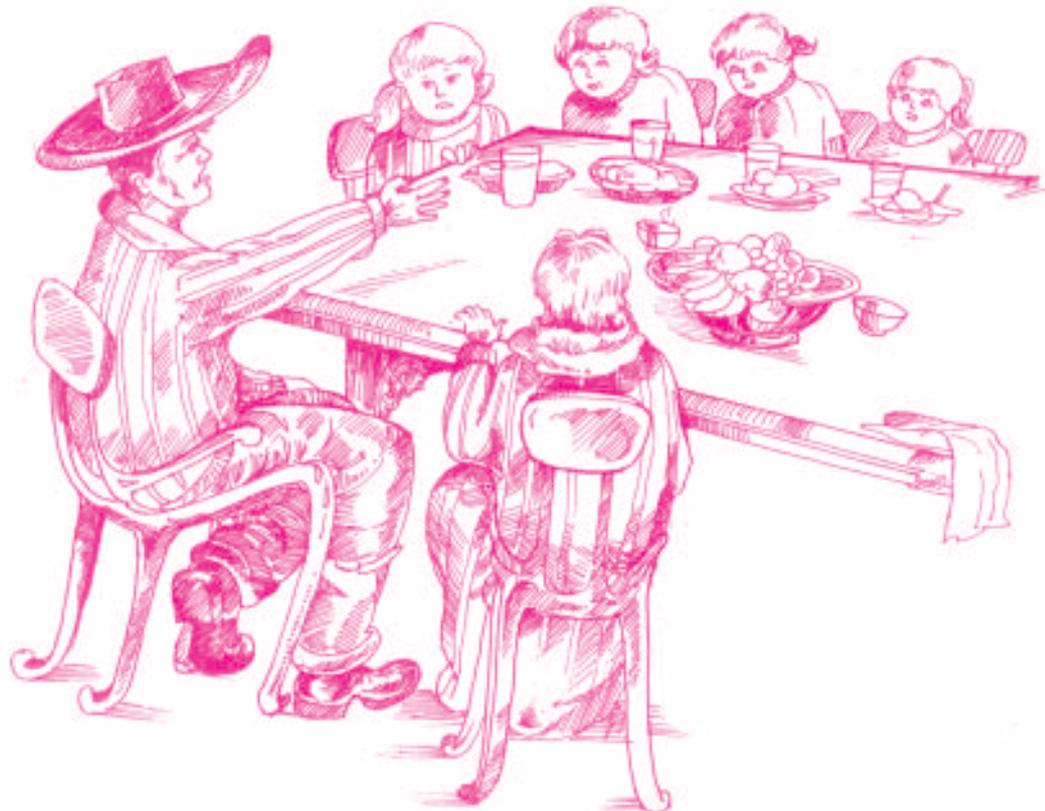
Now, read on...



An Unfair Deal

Characters

- Father - A 40 year old Forester. A tough looking man
- Mother - The Forester's wife -35 -A beautiful lady, strong willed, raises her eyebrows when disturbed.
- Tanya - The Forester's eldest daughter -10.
- Sonya - The Forester's second daughter - 8
- Yulia and Natasha- The Forester's children who have not been to school - 4, 3



Scene one

The curtain rises

The Forester's dining hall.

There is a large table in the centre of the room.

A window opens out into the garden. We can see the garden bathed in the moonlight. Candles burn on candlesticks. Food is ready on the table. Mother comes to the stage with a dish in her hand. Carefully she places the dish on the table.

Mother : Tanya, Sonya... where are you?

(Children rush in and sit at the table.)

Mother : Natasha, did you wash your hands?

Natasha : *(Looks at the other's face. Finding none to help her Natasha stands up.)*

Natasha : Sorry Mom.

(Everybody laughs.)

Mother : Come on my dear!

(Natasha walks towards the wash basin with mom and washes her hand. The Forester enters and sits at the table.

Mother returns with Natasha. They sit down at the table and start eating.)

Sonya : Dad, didn't you see Chubari galloping?

Father : Yes I did. I was surprised. I must really thank you, my children! You looked after him so well.

Children : Thank you Dad!

Father : I will buy you a donkey.

Tanya : It's a wonderful idea, Dad.

Yulia : We've discussed it. I will ride the horse with Sonya and Tanya. Natasha can ride the donkey.

Natasha : Not me. I will ride Chubari.

Sonya : You can't even climb on to his back.

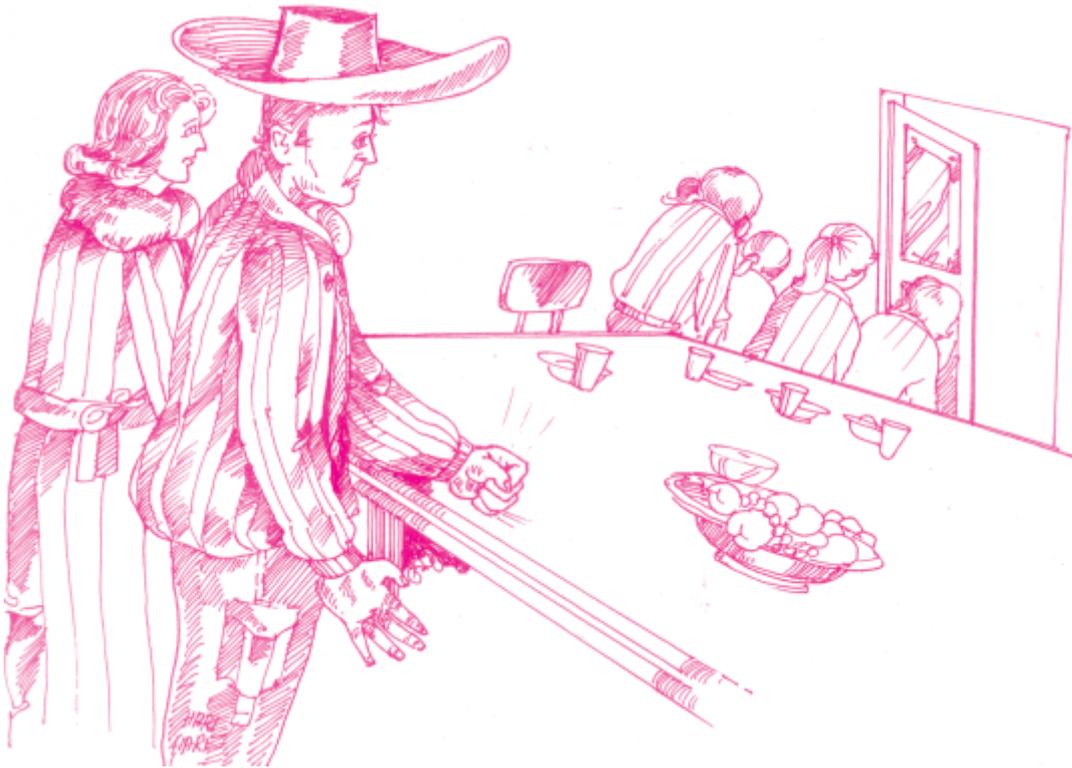
Father : Sh.....

[Children become silent]

: Don't quarrel. I will ride Chubari, and you children can ride the donkey, eh?

(Silence.....)

: Chubari has regained his health. I can use him for my trips.



(The children look at one another)

Sonya : Oh, Dad!

Father : Don't worry. I'll buy you a very good donkey.
A healthy one!

Tanya : No, it's not fair Dad, to take back gifts.
[Father glares at her annoyed]

Sonya : Dad, don't be angry with us. But you are not being fair.

(Sonya stands up and walks out.

She tries to hide her tears.

The other children follow her.

Father gulps down water.

Mother looks at him)

Mother : So you've decided it?

Father : Yes, I have.

Mother : Chubari is now their horse, don't you know?

Father : *(Laughs)* Their horse? That's funny! Chubari is not a toy for the children.

Mother : But, they are not just playing with him.
He drives the carriage to school.

Father : A donkey is enough for that. I need a good horse.

Now that Chubari is healthy, the children's father is ready to keep him for his own use. What do you think about this change in his attitude? How would the children feel now?



Develop a skit based on the events likely to follow.



How well did I write?

Fill in the boxes using the words *yes/ somewhat/ no*.

I was able to fix the events of the skit well.	<input type="text"/>
I fixed the characters of the skit.	<input type="text"/>
I used appropriate dialogue in my skit.	<input type="text"/>
I was able to express the feelings of the characters.	<input type="text"/>
I concluded my skit well.	<input type="text"/>
I was able to express my ideas in apt words.	<input type="text"/>
The sentences I used were properly connected.	<input type="text"/>
I used proper punctuation and spacing.	<input type="text"/>



Your teacher has told you that Father decided to give Chubari back to the girls, hasn't she?

Now, let's read the next part of the story.



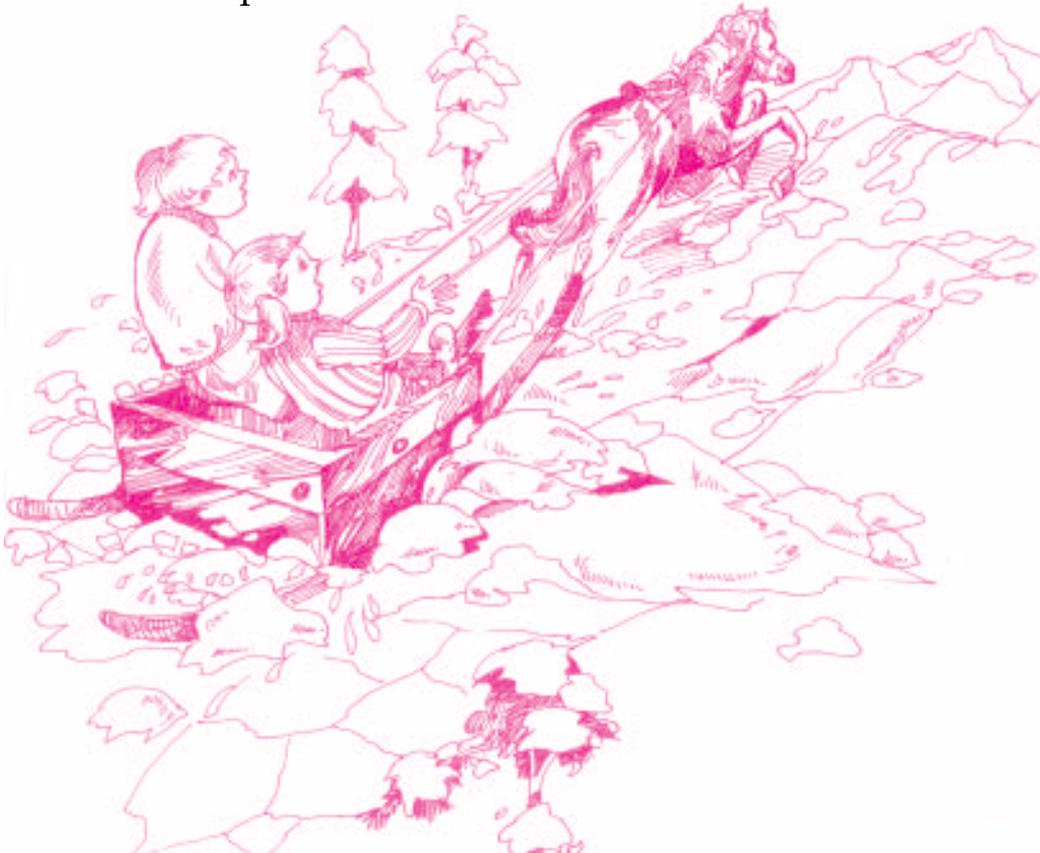
Chubari, the Envy of All

One day we started for Mihailovka to buy some potatoes. The village was on top of a dangerously steep hill. It had rained and snowed heavily the previous day. The roads were covered with a sheet of thick ice.

There were three sledges ahead of us. All three halted at the foot of the hill. The horses refused to go up. We overtook them. 'Chubari, go ahead!' we said. We felt great pride as Chubari pulled the sledge obediently.

As we went up about a hundred steps, Chubari's legs kept slipping. The road was very narrow in the valley.

There was not enough space to turn back the carriage. We went on up.



'Don't go up', people were shouting at us. But we continued climbing up. We were almost at the top of the hill. Then Chubari's knees failed him and he fell down.

'Try Chubari, try, try again!' Sonya pleaded.

Chubari crawled on his knees, panting.

Men from the top of the hill ran towards us. One caught hold of the rein, another the axle and yet another pushed from behind the sledge.

'Hi, ho!' they shouted. 'Just a bit more. Try again, lad!'

Soon we reached the hill top, at a loss for words.

'Here is the horse!' The onlookers kept on saying gleefully, 'If you have a horse like that, what more do you need? He never lets you down! He will take you to your destination at any cost; he will crawl for you, if necessary!' They all praised him.

We looked at Chubari gratefully.

People crowded around him. Chubari stretched his trembling leg forward, there he rested, supporting his weary, sweating head on it. His flanks heaved up and down in sheer fatigue.

I felt a sense of guilt.

'See how he pants! It is all because of our foolery.

Yes. We had been heartless!'

What made the children say 'We had been heartless'?





You came to know from your teacher that Chubari became ill again, didn't you?

Now, read on and see what happened.



On Mercy

The doctor tried to make Chubari stand on his legs. But his legs could not bear his weight. Chubari fell down and groaned.

Natasha started crying.

With frightened eyes we looked at the doctor's face.

'My dear ones, his condition is very bad. He is paralysed.

Nobody can save him. He will not live for more than two days.

We have to spare him more suffering. We can do it right now.

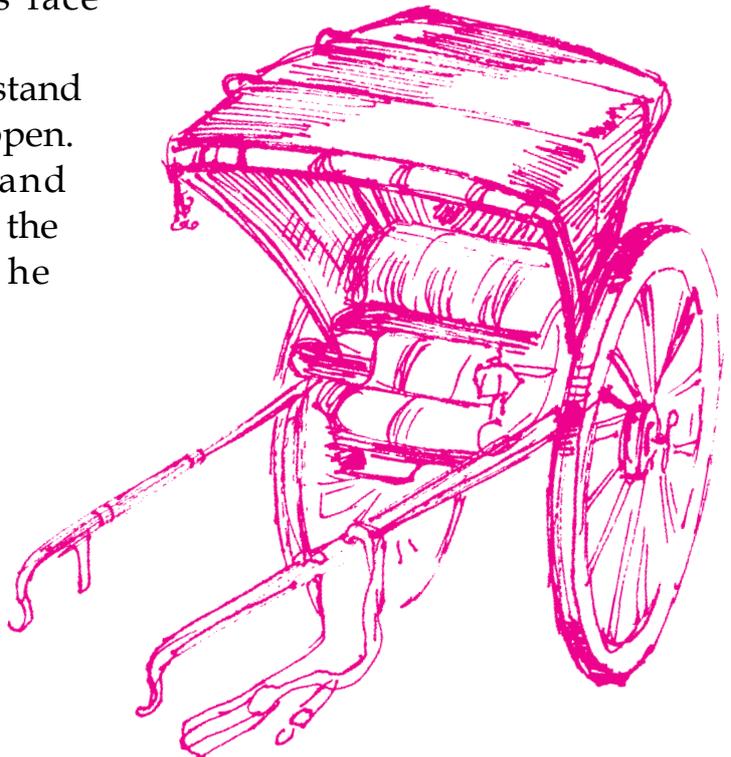
Where is your father?'

The doctor said all this in one breath, and walked towards the house. We remained in the stable.

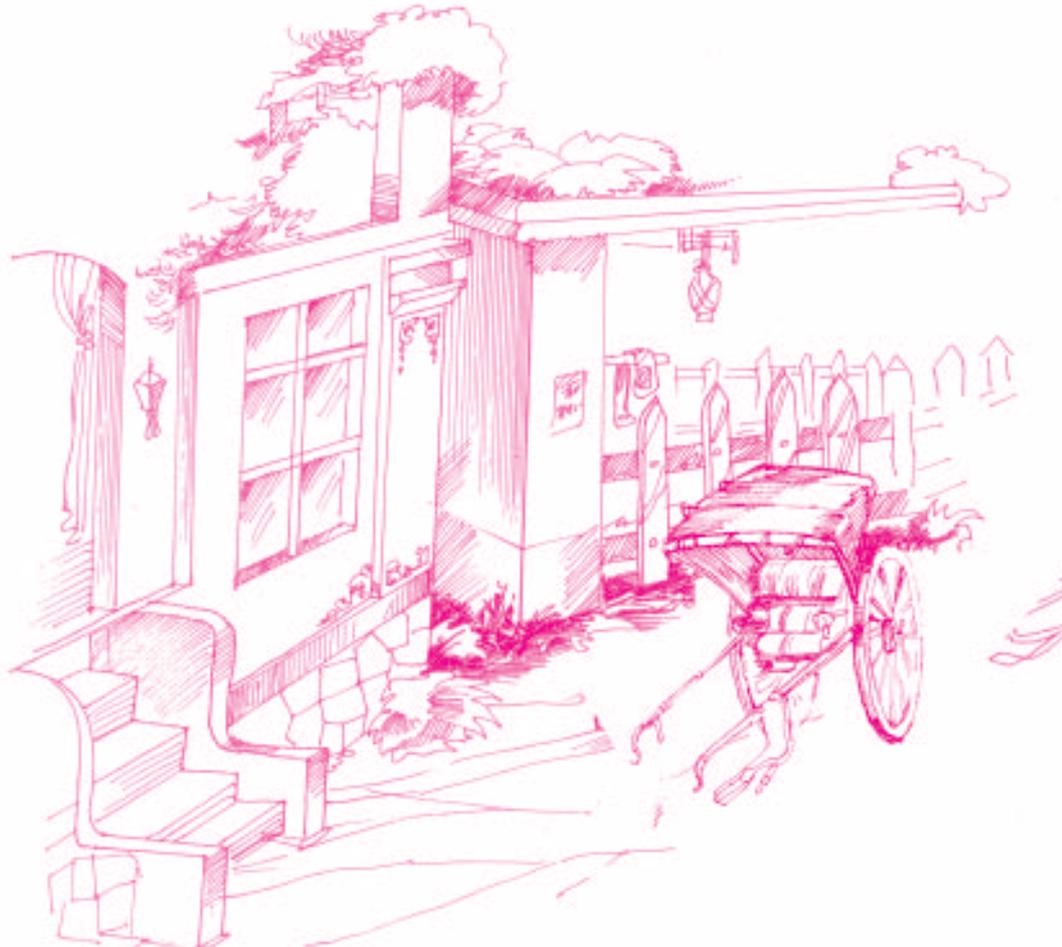
We dared not look at each other. At last I lifted up my face. I had never seen so much sadness on anybody's face ever before.

Natasha did not understand what was going to happen.

She held my hand and asked, 'Tanya, what did the doctor say? What is he going to do?'



I turned away. I couldn't look at her face.
Towards evening Chubari's condition worsened. He groaned and rolled his head on the floor.
'Chubari cannot bear it anymore,' I told Father, with a lump in my throat.
'Don't worry! Dear... everything will be over soon,' Father said. He opened the drawer where he kept his gun .
We ran as fast as our legs could carry us to the farthest corner of the compound. We knew that everything was going to be over soon. But, we did not want to watch it.



What happened to Chubari at the end?

Extended Activities



Activity 1

Here's a poem about a little horse.

How I love my little Horse!
I will brush him well, of course,
I will comb his tail and mane
And go riding out again.

Add more stanzas to the poem replacing the words that are underlined with other words related to the horse. You may replace the word *comb* with words like *clean*, *wash*.

.....

.....

.....

.....

Activity 2

'The roads were covered with sheets of thick ice.'

The above line is from this unit. Now read the following poem.

Winter

The street cars are
Like frosted cakes
All covered up
With cold snowflakes

The horses' hoofs
Scrunch on the street
Their eyelashes
Are white with sleet.

And everywhere
The people go
With faces tickled
By the snow.

-Dorothy Aldis



To which stanza can you relate the above sentence given above?
Can you pick out more sentences from the unit, which are related
to the season?

.....
.....

Activity 3

We put horses in a stable.

Which animals can you relate with the following words?

- kennel - _____
- cave - _____
- burrow - _____
- den - _____
- nest - _____



Editing

Here is a passage written by Jijo, of Class VI. There are a few errors in it. They are underlined. Edit and rewrite it.

It rained heavily all day. When darkness falls, the rain was come down heavier than ever. I have never see such rain. It beat on the roof of the car and ran in streams at the side of the road. And suddenly my car broke down.

I had not passed a garage for many mailes, and the next one might be a long way further on. There was not a house to be seen. I tired and hungry and did not wanted to spent the night in the car. But I could not went far looking for shelter with the rain coming down like this. What I was to do?



How well did I edit the passage?

Fill in the boxes using the words **yes** or **no**

I deleted the excess words.

I corrected the wrong forms of words.

I corrected the punctuation errors.

I added new words wherever necessary.

I corrected the misspellings.



GLOSSARY

adorn(v): to decorate something

The church was *adorned* with colourful balloons on the eve of Christmas.

dash(v): to run very quickly

The children *dashed* to their home as the rain poured heavily.

drawer(n): the part of a piece of furniture such as a desk, that you pull out and push in and is used to keep things in

The scissors are in the kitchen *drawer*.

fascinating(adj): extremely interesting
Jaya told us a *fascinating* story.

fluttered(v): to wave or move gently in the air

Dry leaves *fluttered* slowly to the ground.

frail(adj): thin and weak

He was a man about sixty, *frail* and bent.

gallop(v): to move with all four feet leaving the ground together as a horse does

I watched as my horse *galloped* away.

gather strength(v): to prepare yourself for something you are going to do; especially something difficult

I need to rest and *gather my strength* for the exam.

graze(v): to eat grass

groan(v): to make a long deep sound because you are in pain

The patient *groaned* as the doctor dressed his wound.

halt(v): to stop moving

The bus *halted* at the bus station for a few minutes.

hay(n): long grass that has been cut and dried, often used as food for cattle

hoof(n): the hard foot of animals such as cows or horses

mischief(n): bad behaviour especially by children that causes trouble or damage but no serious harm

neigh(n): long loud noise of a horse

oats(n): a grain that is eaten by people and animals

samovar(n): a large metal container used in Russia to boil water for making tea

sheer luck: luck with no other feeling or quality mixed with it

It was *sheer luck* that we won the match.

skinny(adj): very thin

Some models are far too *skinny*.

sledge(n): a vehicle for travelling over snow with two long narrow pieces of wood or metal fixed under it

soak(v): to become wet

We *soak* clothes in water to wash them.

stable(n): a building where horses are kept

strand of hay(n): single thin piece of hay

stroke(n): a gentle movement of your hand on something.

She gave her dog a *stroke*.

sugar lump(n): a small square block of sugar.

tear(v): to damage something such as paper or cloth by pulling it too hard
'Be careful; you will *tear* your skirt on that nail,' said the teacher.

temples(n): one of the two fairly flat areas on each side of one's forehead

tread(v): to press or crush something in to the floor or ground with your feet
Bits of the broken vase got *trodden* into the carpet.

trodden on(pp): tread on

unanimous(adj): all agreeing on a decision or an opinion

The jury was *unanimous* in their decision.

vigour(n): physical and mental strength and determination

He started his work with renewed *vigour*.

whinnied(v): to make a loud sound because you are unhappy or in pain

yell(v): to shout or say something very loudly

'Go..go!' he *yelled* out.

UNIT 5



TALES

**Sometimes people get into trouble unintentionally.
Then it becomes difficult for them to get out of it.
Read and enjoy the following story.**

THE TIGER'S TAIL

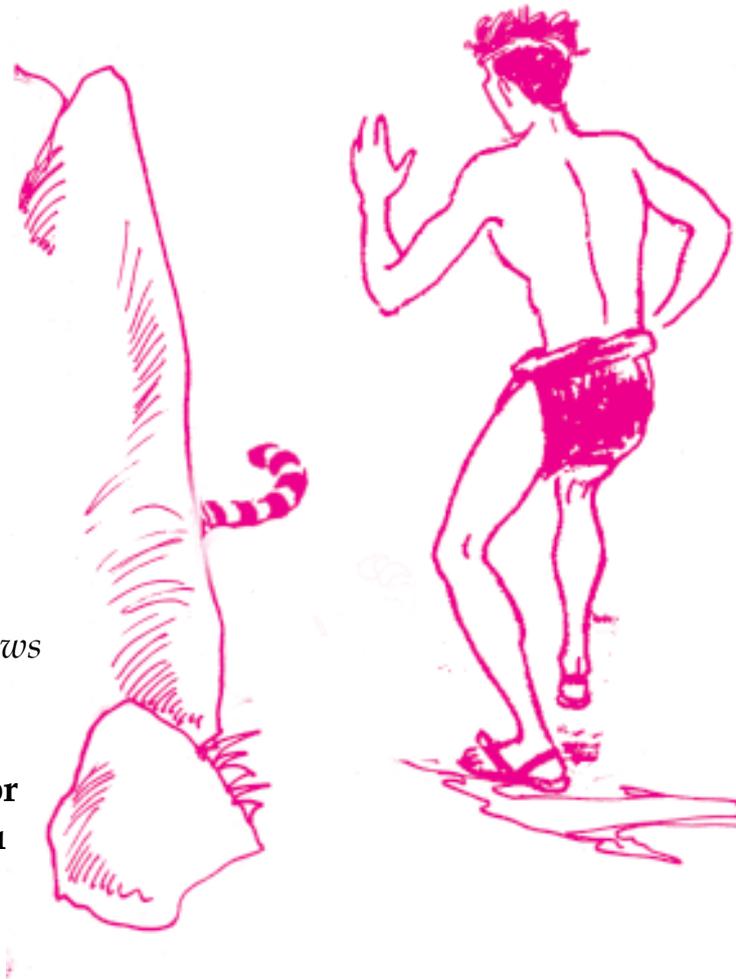
The Trouble Begins

A farmer was coming home from his rice fields one evening. His mind wandered gently over thoughts of eating, sleeping, and playing his flute. As he walked along the trail he came to a pile of rocks. Protruding through a crack he saw a tail switching back and forth. It was a tiger's tail. It was very large. The farmer was overcome with panic. He thought of running to the village. But then, he realized the tiger was waiting for him to appear around the turn of the trail. So he dropped his sickle and seized the tiger's tail. There was a struggle. The tiger tried to free himself. He pulled. The farmer pulled. They tugged back and forth. The tiger snarled and clawed. The farmer gasped and perspired, but he clung frantically to the tail.

What would happen if the farmer allows the tiger to go?

Share your views with your friends.

Write your ideas in one or two sentences before you read further.



Now, continue your reading.



Man or Tiger

While the desperate struggle was going on, another man came walking along the trail.

'Oh, God has sent you,' the farmer cried. 'Take my sickle from the ground and kill this fierce tiger while I hold him.'

The man looked at the farmer calmly and said: 'Ah, I cannot. It is against my principles to kill anybody.'

'How can you say such a thing?' the farmer said. 'If I let go this tail which sooner or later I must do, the angry animal will turn on me and kill me!'

'I am sorry, brother,' the man said. 'But my mind won't permit me to kill any living creature.'

'How can you say that?' the farmer cried. 'If you don't help me you will be the cause of my death. Isn't the life of a man worth as much as the life of a tiger?'

The second man listened thoughtfully and said calmly:

'Animals in the jungle kill each other. I am not responsible for that. I cannot take a life.'

The farmer is in danger.

But the man refuses to help him.

Do you agree with the man's arguments?

Write down your views.



The man didn't help the farmer. What will the farmer do now? Read the following passage.



Second Thoughts

The farmer felt his strength leaving him. The tiger's tail was slipping from his tired hands. At last he said:

'Oh, my kind-hearted friend, do me a favour then. Hold this tiger's tail so that I may kill him!'

The man looked at the sky and thought.

'Very well, I may hold a tiger's tail.'

So he came forward and took hold of the tail.

'Are you holding it?' the farmer asked.

'Yes, I am,' the man replied.

'Have you held it firmly?'

'Yes.'

The farmer released his hands. He wiped the sweat from his face with his head cloth. He picked up his sickle from the ground



where he had dropped it. He straightened his clothes and brushed the dust from his hands. Then he started towards the village.

The man has helped the farmer to get out of the trouble.

But the farmer is getting ready to go home.

Now, the second man is in trouble.



What will the second man be thinking now?

Now, read and find out what happened to the second man.



Tug of War

The tiger renewed the tug of war with greater energy. The second man clung frantically to the tail. They pulled back and forth desperately.

'Kill him, kill him quickly!' the man shouted.

The farmer continued to walk to the village.

'Where are you going? I can't hold on much longer!' the man cried in alarm. 'Kill him with your sickle!'

The farmer turned around placidly. His face was very peaceful.

'Oh, venerable man,' he said. 'It was good to listen to your sacred words. I have been moved by your feelings for living things. You have converted me. I now believe as you do. I may not kill any living creature. If you hold on with patience, other men who do not have such high ideals as we do may soon come this way and kill the tiger for you.'

The farmer bowed and continued his journey towards the village.

The second man is in trouble now.

Is he the only one in trouble?

What about the tiger?

It was struggling for a long time to get its tail released.

It must be tired by now.

What do you say?

**What is the tiger thinking at this point?
Think about a possible ending for the story.
How can the second man get out of trouble without
killing the tiger?**



Develop a skit based on the story.



*Man has no right to hurt any living things.
Here's a poem on this theme.
Read and enjoy it.*

Hurt No Living Thing

Hurt no living thing,
Ladybird nor butterfly,
Nor moth with dusty wing,
Nor cricket chirping cheerly,
Nor grasshopper so light of leap,
Nor dancing gnat, nor beetle fat,
Nor harmless worms that creep.

Christina Rossetti

Look at the following line:

'Moth with dusty wing'

*The name of the insect in the line is 'moth'; the other words in the line
i.e. 'with dusty wing' say more about the moth.*

Identify other insects from the poem.

And write down the words that say more about the insects.

Composing lines

*The poem contains the message that we should not hurt living things.
Think of similar messages related to animals, trees or birds.*

Compose lines based on the message.



Read and enjoy the story.



ANDROCLES AND THE LION

The Runaway Slave

In Rome, many centuries ago, there lived a poor slave whose name was Androcles. His master was a cruel man, and so unkind to him that one day Androcles ran away.

He hid himself in a wild wood for many days. There was no food to be found, and Androcles grew so weak and sick that he thought he would die. At last he crept into a cave and lay down, and soon he was fast asleep.

After a while a great noise woke him up. A lion had come into the cave, and was roaring loudly.

Will the lion attack Androcles?

What will he do now?

The Lion

Androcles was frightened; for he felt sure the beast would kill him. Soon, however, he saw that the lion was not angry, but that it limped as though its foot hurt.

Then Androcles lost his fear. He took hold of the lion's



lame paw to see what the matter was. The lion stood quite still, and rubbed his head against Androcles' shoulder. He seemed to say, 'I know you will help me.'

Androcles lifted the lion's paw from the ground, and saw that there was a long, sharp thorn sticking into it. He took the end of the thorn in his fingers; then he gave a strong, quick pull, and out it came. The lion was much relieved and very grateful. He jumped about like a dog, and licked the hands and feet of his new friend.

Androcles was not at all afraid of the lion after this; and when night came, he and the lion lay down and slept side by side.

For a long time, the lion brought food to Androcles every day; and the two became such good friends that Androcles found his new life a very happy one.

The story says that 'the lion brought food to Androcles everyday.'

What type of food was it?

Can a man eat the same food that a lion eats?

The story also says that the two became good friends. Can you imagine a few incidents in their life together in the woods?

Share your ideas with your friends.

Now, read on...



The Fear

One day some soldiers who were passing through the woods found Androcles in the cave. They knew who he was. The soldiers dragged him back to Rome.

It was the law at that time that every slave who ran away from his master should be made to fight a hungry lion. So a fierce lion was shut up in a cage for a while without food, and a time was set for the fight.

When the day came, thousands of people crowded to see the fight. They considered such things, sport! They went to see such shows, at that time, very much as people now-a-days go to see a circus or a football match.

The door of the cage was opened, and poor Androcles was brought in. He was almost dead with fear, for the roars of the hungry lion could already be heard. Androcles looked up, but he saw no pity in the thousands of faces around him.

Then the hungry lion rushed in. With a single bound he reached the poor slave.

Androcles screamed.

What will happen now?

The lion is hungry. Will it kill Androcles?

Can Androcles fight the hungry lion?

Now, read on...



The Surprise

The people, who had expected to see the man killed by the lion, were filled with wonder. They saw Androcles put his arms around the lion's neck. It was his old friend, the lion of the cave!

The people saw the lion lie down at Androcles' feet, and lick them lovingly. They saw the great beast rub his head against the slave's face as though he wanted to be petted. They could not understand what it all meant.

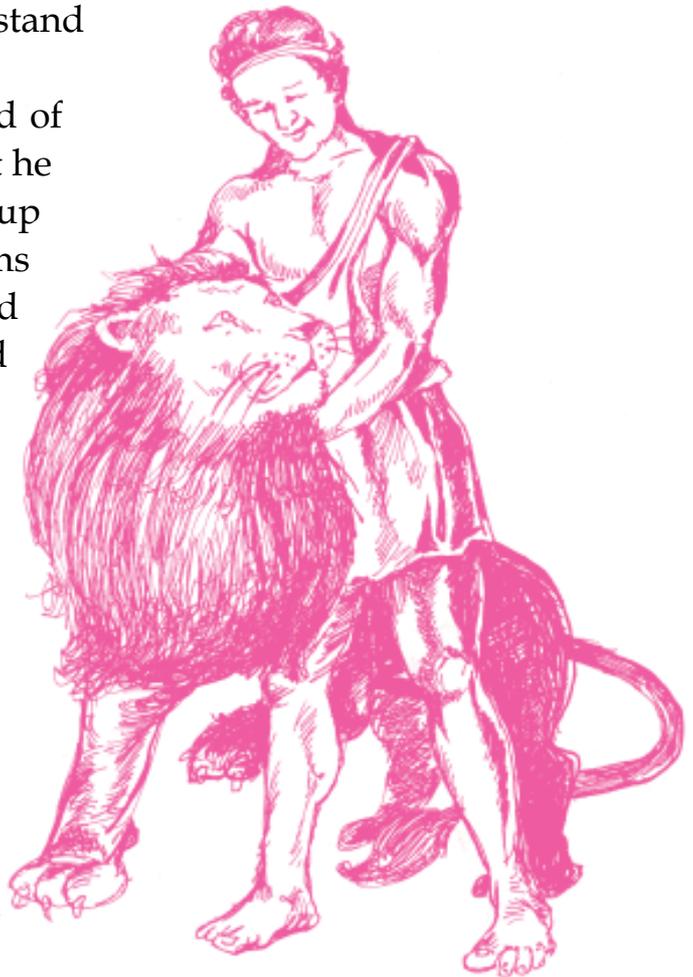
After a while they caught hold of Androcles and demanded that he explain. So Androcles stood up before them, and, with his arms around the lion's neck, told them how he and the beast had lived together in the cave.

'I am a man,' he said, 'but no man has ever befriended me. This poor lion alone has been kind to me; and we love each other like brothers.'

The people were not so hard hearted that they could continue to be cruel to the poor slave. They began to feel sorry for him. 'Live and be free!' They cried.

Others cried, 'Let the lion go free too! Give both of them their liberty!'

So they set Androcles free, and they gave him the lion to keep as his friend. And Androcles and the lion lived together in Rome for many happy years.





Extended reading

HOW MANY DONKEYS?

There was the tinkle of tiny bells, the sharp click of small hoofs, the throaty drone of a solitary singer. Nasr-ed-din Hodja was bringing the donkeys back from the mill, their saddle bags filled with freshly ground wheat. The hot Turkish sun beat down on his turbaned head. The brown dust from the donkeys' feet puffed about him. But Nasr-ed-din Hodja was too pleased to be uncomfortable.

'I'll show them,' he chuckled. 'They gave me plenty of advice about taking care of their donkeys and their wheat. As though I did not know more about donkeys than any man in the village of Ak Shehir!'

His eyes rested lazily on the narrow road ahead. 'Just over that hill, is Shehir where they are waiting for their donkeys. There is neither a scratch nor a bruise on any one of the little creatures. No donkeys in all Turkey have had better treatment today than these nine.'

Nasr-ed-din Hodja began counting them.

'What?' he gasped. 'Eight donkeys?'

He jumped from his donkey and ran hither and yon, looking behind rocks and over hilltops but no stray donkey could be seen. At last he stood beside the donkeys and counted again. This time there were nine. With a sigh of relief he climbed onto his own donkey and went singing along the road. His long legs in their baggy trousers swung easily back and forth in time to the donkey's trot.

Passing through a cluster of trees, he thought it time to count the donkeys again. 'One...two...three...' up to eight he counted but no ninth donkey was to be seen.

Down from his donkey's back he came. Behind all the trees he peered. Not a hair of a donkey could he find.

Again he counted, standing beside his donkeys. There they all were, nine mild little donkeys waiting for orders to move on. Nasr-ed-din scratched his poor head in wonder. Was he losing his mind or were the donkeys bewitched?

Again he counted. Yes, surely there were nine, 'Brrrr...' Nasr-ed-din Hodja gave the orders to his donkeys to move.

As he rode on, he looked about him for the evil spirits which must be playing tricks on him. Each donkey wore the blue beads which should drive away the evil spirits.

Were there evil spirits abroad stronger even than the blue beads? He was glad to see a friend coming down the road.

'Oh, Mustapha,' he cried, 'have you seen one of these donkeys? I have lost a donkey and yet I have not lost it.'

'What do you mean, Hodja?' asked Mustapha.

'I left the mill with nine donkeys,' explained Hodja. 'Part of the way home there have been nine and part of the way there have been eight. Oh, I am bewitched! Help me!'

Mustapha was used to the queer ways of Hodja but was surprised at such a wailing.

He counted the donkeys silently.

'Let me see you count the donkeys,' he asked Hodja.

'One...two...three...' began Hodja, pointing at each one as he counted up to eight.

As he said the last number, he stopped and looked at his friend with a face full of helplessness and terror. His terror turned to amazement as Mustapha slapped his knee and laughed until he almost fell from his own donkey.

'What is so funny?' asked Hodja.

'Oh, Nasr-ed-din Hodja,' laughed Mustapha. 'When you are counting your brothers, why, oh why, do you not count the brother on whom you are riding?'

Nasr-ed-din was silent for a moment to think through this discovery.

Then he thanked him a thousand times for his help.

He rode whistling on to Ak Shehir to deliver the donkeys to their owners.



Extended reading

SLAVERY

Have you heard about slavery? Some of you may have. Slavery is the old system of getting the service and labour of other people forcefully and free of cost. A slave is bound to serve his owner, without expecting anything in return.

Slavery has a long history. Ancient Egyptians used slaves to build palaces and monuments. The Romans turned prisoners they captured into slaves. In the modern period, we find the practice of slavery in colonies of European countries. The colonies needed workers. Most of the people brought to work there were people from Africa. The slave trade was a good business then. Portuguese, Dutch and British traders led the slave trade in the Atlantic Ocean.

The life of slaves was miserable. They were denied proper food and rest. Even slave children and elderly slaves had to work. Their owners made them do house work, cook, and care for babies. Slaves had few rights and little control over their lives. The masters had the right to sell the wives and children of the slaves. They weren't allowed to learn how to read or write. Even if they fell sick, they were treated cruelly. Owners had the right to starve or beat them or even kill them. Slavery was abolished by the American president Abraham Lincoln in the year 1863.



Extended reading

GLADIATOR

Gladiators were warrior slaves in Ancient Rome. They were not used as soldiers in war, except in cases of emergency. But in times of peace, they would entertain people by displaying their martial skills. They would fight against each other or against animals. A lot of people gathered to watch the fight. Even emperors would sometimes come to watch the fight. Some gladiators would be killed, maimed or badly wounded in the fights. They had only the options of “do or die” in these fights.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865) is the most well known President of the United States of America. He is a great man in the history of the world. He abolished slavery in the USA on January 1, 1863. Lincoln had a humble birth and hard life before he rose to prominence. He was born in a log cabin in Kentucky. He used to help his father in his work. He educated himself by reading borrowed books and newspapers. Lincoln opposed slavery from his boyhood days. As a politician he spoke against slavery. In 1860, he was elected as the President of the USA. Then a civil war broke out in USA between the supporters and opponents of slavery. Lincoln became victorious in this war. But he was shot dead at Ford’s Theatre in Washington DC by John Wilkies Booth in May 1865. Thus Lincoln became a martyr for the cause of human freedom.

Extended Activities



Activity 1

The words *gasp* and *perspire* are associated with hard work. When do you do the following? You may write the idea against each of the words. One example is given for you.

yawn	-	I yawn when I feel sleepy.
cough	-	
whistle	-	
whisper	-	
murmur	-	
laugh	-	
cry	-	
sob	-	
weep	-	
shout	-	

Activity 2

Look at the following sentence.

'His master was a cruel man.'

Here the word *cruel* describes the quality of the man.

Can you list out such words you have come across.

Activity 3

You have come across the expression 'kind-hearted' from the story, 'The Tiger's Tail.'

In which context do we use the following expressions?

Frame sentences using the words given below.

clay-headed -

wooden-headed -

block-headed -

iron-hearted -

stone-hearted -

light-hearted -



Editing

Here is a passage written by Jyothika, of Class VI. There are a few errors in it which are underlined. Edit and rewrite the passage.

In a certain city, very wealthy merchant was known by the nickname Mousy. When asked why was he given this name he would narrate the following story. His father was a merchant who had losing all his wealth when the ship carrying his merchandise was wrecked. On hearing the news he was so broken-hearted that he fell ill and soon afterwards died. His poor wife was troubled. She had neither a husband to earn for her nor any money to support her. To add to her problems she gave birth a son soon after her husband died. She was very happy to have a son, but at the same time she had to care for the child, and this was extreme difficult for a woman in her position.



How well did I edit the passage?

Fill in the boxes using the words *yes* or *no*.

I deleted the excess words.

I corrected the wrong forms of words.

I corrected the punctuation errors.

I added new words wherever necessary.

I corrected the misspellings.



GLOSSARY

argue(v): to disagree in talking or discussing

I wish you wouldn't *argue* with me all the time.

befriend(v): to be friendly towards someone who needs help, to act as a friend to

Alone in the big city he was *befriended* by an old lady.

bound(n): a long or high jump

brutally(adv): being cruel and violent, without human feelings

The protesters were *brutally* attacked by the criminals.

claw(v): to tear or scratch with a claw(a hooked nail of a beast)

The lion tamer was injured when a lion *clawed* his back.

convert(v): to change in form, character or belief

The college was *converted* to a deemed university.

drag(v): to move something heavy by pulling it along the ground

fierce(adj): frighteningly wild or violent

The children were frightened by the *fierce* lion at the zoo.

frantically(adv): in a hurry and a state of excitement

I have been working *frantically* all week to get it finished on time.

gasp(v): to take a short quick breath through the mouth

He *gasped* suddenly when he saw that the purse was missing.

holy(adj): related to God and religion and therefore morally good

People considered him a *holy* person.

liberty(n): the freedom to live as you wish or go where you want

limp(v): to walk slowly because of an injured or painful leg

After an accident in the school ground my friend *limped* back home.

panic(n): sudden strong feeling of fear
Panic spread through the crowd when terrorists opened fire unexpectedly.

perspire(v): to sweat

He was *perspiring* in the extreme heat of the sun.

pet(v): to fondle, treat as a pet or dear one, caress or touch lovingly

Animals love people who *pet* them.

pile(n): a set of things placed one over other

There lay a *pile* of books in the corner of the library.

placidly(adv): with a calm appearance
She could receive the shocking news quite *placidly*.

principle(n): moral rule

She is a woman of *principle*.

protrude(v): to stick out from somewhere

A small plant *protruded* from the crack in the wall.

relieve(v): to feel happy because you are no longer worried about something
His mother was *relieved* to see him happy again.

responsible(adj): answerable or accountable

The policeman who is *responsible* for this terrible mess.

sacred(adj): considered to be holy or divine deserving respect

The Ganges is considered to be a *sacred* river.

sickle(n): a tool consisting of a blade mounted in a short handle for cutting grass, grain etc. (a reaping-hook)

Sujatha mowed grass using a *sickle*.

snarl(v): to make a deep rough sound while showing the teeth in anger

The dogs *snarled* at each other.

trail(n): a path through the country side often made or used for a particular purpose

venerable(adj): deserving respect because of age, position and goodness
Satyjit Ray was one of India's *venerable* film-makers.

wander(v): to move around without any clear purpose or aim

Not knowing where to go, he *wandered* through the unfamiliar city.