

G.C.E. Ordinary Level



Appreciation of English Literary Texts



G.C.E. (ORDINARY LEVEL)

APPRECIATION OF ENGLISH LITERARY TEXTS

From Year 2007

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION
MAHARAGAMA
SRI LANKA

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National Anthem of Sri Lanka

Srī Lanka māthā

Apa Sri..... Lanka, namō namō namō namō māthā

Sundara siri barinī, surandi athi sōba māna Lanka

Dhanya dhanaya neka mal palathuru piri jaya bhoomiya ramya

Apa hata sapa siri setha sadana jeevanaye māthā

Piliganu mana apa bhakthi pooja namō namō māthā

Apa Sri..... Lanka, namō namō namō namō māthā

Obavē apa vidyā - Obamaya apa sathyā

Obave apa shakthi - Apa hada thula bhakthi

Oba apa ā lōke - Apa gē anu prānē

Oba apa jeevana vē - Apa mukthiya oba vē

Nava jeevana ve demine nithina apa pubudu karan māthā

Gna nā veeryā vadavamina ragena yanu mana jaya bhoomi karā

Eka mavakage daru kala bavina

Yamu yamu vee nopama

Prē ma vadā sama bhē da duraradā namo namo matha

Apa Sri..... Lanka, namō namō namō namō māthā

Preface

This new "Appreciation of English Literary Texts" for G.C.E.(O/L) will be implemented from year 2007 onwards, and the students who offer this subject are expected to sit for the examination for the first time in year 2008.

The need for a revision of the current syllabus was felt as an urgent need for the improvement of the subject in the school system, and at the same time there was a need for a syllabus revision since the present syllabus has been used for more than ten years. It was established from feedback received from the school system that both the teachers and the students were waiting eagerly for some new experience with regard to literature. With the revised syllabus, it is expected that they will be exposed to a whole new world of creative writing and literary exploration.

The syllabus consists of works of English as well as non-English writers who write in English, providing the students an opportunity to get themselves exposed to the world of Literature in English. The Macmillan edition of the prescribed novels should be used in the classroom.

This Anthology contains all the prescribed texts except the novels.

Village by the Sea – Anita Desai (Penguin Edition)

or

Jane Eyre – Charlotte Bronte (Macmillan abridged version)

Students will be tested on 'The Village by the Sea' or 'Jane Eyre' at the G.C.E.O/L Examination. But School Based Assessment must be done by the teachers on one of the following novels suggested for reading for enjoyment –

Les Miserables – Victor Hugo (Macmillan abridged version)

Great Expectations – Charles Dickens (Macmillan abridged version)

Huckleberry Finn – Mark Twain (Macmillan abridged version)

It is our hope that this Anthology would help the teachers and students to explore Literature in English with interest, and subsequently to improve their language.

FOREWORD

"Appreciation of English Literary Texts" for G.C.E Ordinary Level" is the textbook prescribed for the prose, verse and drama sections of the syllabus of the G.C.E Ordinary Level Literary Appreciation (English).

The syllabus for the G.C.E. O/L Literature has been revised in accordance with the new curriculum reforms, effective from the year 2007.

This book has been compiled by the Department of English of the National Institute of Education and published by the Educational Publications Department.

I take this opportunity to thank the officers of the Educational Publications Department who helped in numerous ways to publish the Appreciation of English Literary Texts, G.C.E Ordinary Level textbook for 2008, which was first published in 2006.

Any suggestions leading to the qualitative improvement of this book will be much appreciated.

N. Dharmasena,
Commissioner General of Educational Publications.

Educational Publications Department,
"Isurupaya"
Battaramulla.
Date: 2007. 04. 11

G.C.E. (O/L) Syllabus for Appreciation of English Literary Texts From Year 2007

Poetry

Theme : Nature

The Sea – J. Reeves

The Lake Isle of Innisfree – W. B. Yeats

She dwelt among the untrodden ways – William Wordsworth

A Minor Bird – Robert Frost

War and violence

Charge of the Light Brigade – Tennyson

Anthem for Doomed Youth – Wilfred Owen

Where have all the flowers gone – Pete Seeger

Anne Frank huis – Andrew Motion

Life

Leave Taking – Cecil Rajendra

The Seven Ages of Man – Shakespeare

Paying Calls – Thomas Hardy

Mid Term Break – Seamus Heaney

Society

Wedding Photographs – Jean Arasanayagam

The Garden of Love – William Blake

A Worker Reads History – Bertolt Brecht

Night Mail – W. H. Auden

Humour

Parrot – Alan Brownjohn

The Pigtail – William Makepeace Thackeray

Matilda – Hilaire Belloc

Father William – Lewis Carroll

Poems for Extra Reading – (not to be tested on)

An extract from "Michael" – William Wordsworth
The Lamb – William Blake
She walks in Beauty – Lord Byron
Bury me in a Free Land – Frances Ellen Watkins Harper
Those Winter Sundays – Robert Hayden

Novels

Village by the Sea – Anita Desai (Penguin Edition)
or
Jane Eyre – Charlotte Bronte (Macmillan abridged version)

Students will be tested on "The Village by the Sea" or 'Jane Eyre' at the G.C.E. (O/L) Examination. But School Based Assessment must be done by the teachers on one of the following novels suggested for reading for enjoyment.

Les Miserables – Victor Hugo (Macmillan abridged version)
Great Expectations – Charles Dickens (Macmillan abridged version)
Huckleberry Finn – Mark Twain (Macmillan abridged version)

Short Stories and Non-fiction

Monkeys – Punyakante Wijenaikē
The Gift of the Magi – O. Henry
Life and Death of Cholmondeley (edited) Gerald Durrell
'The Dark Years' – An extract from Nelson Mandela's autobiography 'Long Walk to Freedom'

Drama

Villa for Sale – Sacha Guitry
Everyman - A morality play

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Nature

THE SEA – J.Reeves

The sea is a hungry dog.
Giant and grey.
He rolls on the beach all day.
With clashing teeth and shaggy jaws
Hour upon hour he gnaws
The rumbling, tumbling stones,
And "Bones, bones, bones, bones!"
The giant sea-dog moans,
Licking his greasy paws.

And when the night wind roars
And the moon rocks in the stormy cloud,
He bounds to his feet and snuffs and sniffs,
Shaking his wet side over the cliffs,
And howls and hollos long and loud.

But one quiet day in May or June,
When even the grass on the dune
Play no more their reedy tune,
With his head between his paws
He lies on the sandy shores,
So quiet, so quiet, he scarcely snores.

The Lake Isle of Innisfree – W.B. Yeats

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean - rows I will have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee; loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore:
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

She Dwelt among the Untrodden Ways William Wordsworth

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Besides the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love;

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
-Fair as a star, when only one
is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

A Minor Bird – Robert Frost

I have wished a bird would fly away,
And not sing by my house all day:

Have clapped my hands at him from the door
When it seemed as if I could bear no more.

The fault must partly have been in me.
The bird was not to blame for his key.

And of course there must be something wrong
In wanting to silence any song.

War and violence

Charge of the Light Brigade – Tennyson

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
 Rode the six hundred.
'Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!' he said:
Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
 Someone had blundered.
Their's not to make reply
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
 Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air
Sabring the gunners there
Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke
 Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Canon to left of them
Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of hell
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!

All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the light Brigade!
Noble six hundred!

Anthem for Doomed Youth – Wilfred Owen

What passing – bells for these who die as cattle?
-Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
Can patter out their hasty orisons.
No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells;
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,-
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.
What candles may be held to speed them all?
Not in the hands of boys but in their eyes
Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes.
The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;
Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

WHERE Have All The Flowers Gone

Words and music by Pete Seeger
Performed by Pete Seeger and Tao Rodriguez-Seeger

Where have all the flowers gone?
Long time passing
Where have all the flowers gone?
Long time ago
Where have all the flowers gone?
Girls have picked them every one
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone?
Long time passing
Where have all the young girls gone?
Long time ago
Where have all the young girls gone?
Taken husbands every one
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young men gone?
Long time passing
Where have all the young men gone?
Long time ago
Where have all the young men gone?
Gone for soldiers every one
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the soldiers gone?
Long time passing
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Long time ago
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Gone to graveyards every one
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the graveyards gone?
Long time passing
Where have all the graveyards gone?
Long time ago
Where have all the graveyards gone?
Covered with flowers every one
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Anne Frank huis – Andrew Motion

Even now, after twice her lifetime of grief
and anger in the very place, whoever comes
to climb these narrow stairs, discovers how
the bookcase slides aside, then walks through
shadow into sunlit rooms, can never help

but break her secrecy again. Just listening
is a kind of guilt: the Westerkirk repeats
itself outside, as if all time worked round
towards her fear, and made each stroke
die down on guarded streets. Imagine it-

three years of whispering and loneliness
and plotting, day by day, the Allied line
in Europe with a yellow chalk. What hope
she had for ordinary love and interest
survives her here, displayed above the bed

as pictures of her family; some actors;
fashions chosen by Princess Elizabeth,
And those who stoop to see them find
Not only patience missing its reward,
But one enduring wish for chances

Like my own: to leaves as simply
As I do, and walk at ease
Up dusty tree-lined avenues, or watch
A silent barge come clear of bridges
Settling their reflections in the blue canal.

Life

Leave – taking – Cecil Rajendra

The only joy
of his old age
he often said
was his grandson

Their friendship
straddled
eight decades
three generations

They laughed, played, quarreled, embraced
watched television together
and while the rest had
little to say to the old man
the little fellow was
a fountain of endless chatter.

When death rattled
the gate at five
one Sunday morning
took the old man away
others trumpeted their
grief in loud sobs
and lachrymose blubber

He never shed a tear
Just waved one of his
small inimitable goodbyes
to his grandfather
and was sad the old man
could not return his gesture

The Seven Ages of Man – William Shakespeare

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

Paying Calls – Thomas Hardy

I went by footpath and by stile
 Beyond where bustle ends,
Strayed here a mile and there a mile
 And called upon some friends

On certain ones I had not seen
 For years past did I call,
And on others who had been
 The oldest friends of all.

It was the time of midsummer
 When they had used to roam;
But now, though tempting was the air,
 I found them all at home.

I spoke to one and other of them
 By mound and stone and tree
Of things we had done ere days were dim,
 But they spoke not to me.

Mid - Term Break – Seamus Heaney

I sat all morning in the college sick bay.
Counting bells knelling classes to a close.
At two o' clock our neighbours drove me home.

In the porch I met my father crying-
He had always taken funerals in his stride –
And big Jim Evans saying it was a hard blow.

The baby cooed and laughed and rocked the pram
When I came in, and I was embarrassed
By old men standing up to shake my hand

And tell me they were 'sorry for my trouble';
Whispers informed strangers I was the eldest,
Away at school, as my mother held my hand

In hers and coughed out angry tearless sighs.
At ten o'clock the ambulance arrived
With the corpse, stanced and bandaged by the
nurses.

Next morning I went up to the room. Snowdrops
And candles soothed the bedside; I saw him
For the first time in six weeks. Paler now

Wearing a poppy bruise on his left temple,
He lay in the four foot box as in his cot.
No gaudy scars, the bumper knocked him clear.

A four foot box, a foot for every year

Society

Wedding Photographs (an extract) – Jean Arasanayagam

"Have you any wedding photographs," I ask achchi,
"No nothing," answers my mother-in-law,

It all happened well over a half century ago,
No, there are no reminders of traditional poses
Framed behind glass but I see them both,
Pata, achchi seated on that velvet-covered divan
Beneath the flower decked manaverai,
Achchi's slender neck, she was only sixteen and small,
So fragile, weighed down by that thali of twenty
Gold sovereigns.

That marriage bed, once strewn with flowers
Vacated by Pata's death, the bed dismantled,
Cast aside, its purpose over.

In that dawn, so distant now,
Childbride my mother-in-law woke from sleep
still swathed in folds of vermilion marriage silk
Her jewels warmed against her body,
That heirloomed heritage adorning flower-fragrant
Flesh, her loosened hair with its crushed jasmines
Flowing over her shoulders, wandering alone in the garden
Dew glistening on her white feet
Silver toe-rings misted over,
Whispering below her breath
"Now I am a woman
I will carry on the sacred traditions
Worship the gods and goddesses at my shrine
Bring forth sons and daughters"

Did she regret that her playtime was now over?
We sit face to face, musing over each other's
Lives, thinking of gnarled feet **stepping** over the shambles
Of a ruined house, of our spent lives, of age and passing
time.

"I was an orphan," achchi said,
Who then gave her that ritual bath of milk and honey,
Who braided her hair with fresh white jasmines,
Who painted henna patterns on her hands and
On the soles of her feet?

"Jewels I had," she continued,
Attiyal with rubies, emeralds, brilliants,
Gold bangles, earrings, mukutti with pearls,
With rubies and diamonds, houses, I had properties, so
much land,

I lacked nothing, I followed the sacred rituals,
Walked round the yaham with its everlasting
Flame, I remained faithful unto death to Pata,
He was handsome with his milk white skin
And slender limbs, I was so young,
He was twenty years older.

The Garden of Love – William Blake

I went to the Garden of Love,
And saw what I never had seen:
A Chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,
And "Thou shalt not" writ over the door;
So I turned to the Garden of Love,
That so many sweet flowers bore;

And I saw it was filled with graves,
And tombstones where flowers should be;
And priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,
And binding with briars my joys and desires.

A Worker Reads History – Bertolt Brecht

Who built the seven gates of Thebes?
The books are filled with names of kings.
Was it kings who hauled the craggy blocks of stone?
And Babylon, so many times destroyed,
Who built the city up each time? In which of Lima's houses
That city glittering with gold, lived those who built it?
In the evening when the Chinese wall was finished
Where did the masons go? Imperial Rome
If full of arcs of triumph. Who reared them up? Over whom
Did the Caesar triumph? Byzantium lives in song,
Were all her dwellings palaces? And even in Atlantis of the legend
The night the sea rushed in,
The drowning men still bellowed for their slaves.

Young Alexander conquered India.
He alone?
Caesar beat the Gauls.

Was there not even a cook in his army?
Philip of Spain wept as his fleet
Was sunk and destroyed. Were there no other tears?
Frederick the Great triumphed in the Seven Years War. Who
Triumphed with him?

Each page a victory,
At whose expense the victory ball?
Every ten years a great man,
Who paid the piper?

So many particulars
So many questions

Night Mail – W.H.Auden

This is the Night Mail crossing the Border
Bringing the cheque and the postal order
Letters for the rich, letters for the poor,
The shop at the corner, the girl next door.
Pulling up Beattock, a steady climb:
The gradient's against her, but she's on time
Past cotton-grass and moorland boulder
Shovelling white steam over her shoulder,
Snorting noisily, as she passes
Silent miles of wind – bent grasses.

Birds turn their heads as she approaches,
Stare from the bushes at her blank – faced coaches.
Sheep-dogs can not turn her course;
They slumber on with paws across.
In the farm she passes no one wakes,
But a jug in a bedroom gently shakes.

Dawn freshens, the climb is done.
Down towards Glasgow she descends
Towards the steam tugs yelping down the glade of cranes,
Towards the fields of apparatus, the furnaces

Set on the dark plain like gigantic chessmen.
All Scotland waits for her:
In the dark glens, beside the pale-green sea lochs
Men long for news.

Letters of thanks, letters from banks,
Letters of joy from the girl and the boy,
Receipted bills and invitations
To inspect new stock or visit relations,
And applications for situations
And timid lovers' declarations
And gossip, gossip from all the nations,

News circumstantial, news financial,
Letters with holiday snaps to enlarge in,
Letters with faces scrawled in the margin,
Letters from uncles, cousins, and aunts,
Letters to Scotland from the South of France,
Letters of condolence to Highlands and Lowlands
Notes from overseas to Hebrides.
Written on paper of every hue,
The pink, the violet, the white and the blue,
The chatty, the chatty, the boring, adoring,
The cold and official and the heart's outpouring
Clever, stupid, short and long,
The typed and the printed and the spelt all wrong

Thousands are still asleep
Dreaming of terrifying monsters,
Or of friendly tea beside the band at Cranston's or Crawford's:
Asleep in working Glasgow, asleep in well-set Edinburgh
Asleep in granite Aberdeen,
They continue their dreams,
And shall wake soon and long for Letters,
And none will hear the postman's knock
Without a quickening of the heart,
For who can bear to feel himself forgotten?

Humour

Parrot – Alan Brownjohn

Sometimes I sit with both eyes closed,
But all the same, I've heard;
They're saying "He won't talk because
He is a thinking bird."

I'm olive green and sulky, and
The family say, "Oh yes,
He's silent but he is listening
He thinks more than he says"

"He ponders on the things he hears,
Preferring not to chatter!"
And this is true, but why it's true
Is quite another matter.

I'm working on some shocking things
In order to surprise them,
And when my thoughts are ready I'll
Certainly not disguise them!

I'll wait and see and choose a time
When everyone is present,
And clear my throat and raise my beak
And give a squawk and start to speak
And go on for about a week
And it will not be pleasant

The Pigtail – William Makepeace Thackeray

THERE lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pigtail wore:
But wondered much and sorrowed more
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face.
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, 'The mystery I've found-
I'll turn me round' – he turned him round;
But still it hung behind him.

Then round, and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain – it mattered not a pin –
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right, and left, and round about,
And up, and down, and in, and out,
He turned ; but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
Alas! Still faithful to his back
The pigtail hangs behind him.

Matilda – Hillaire Belloc

Matilda told such dreadful lies,
It made one gasp and stretch one's eyes;
Her aunt, who, from her earliest youth,
Had kept strict regard for truth,
Attempted to believe Matilda;
The effort very nearly killed her
And would have done so, had not she
Discovered this infirmity.
For, once towards the close of day,
Matilda, growing tired of play
And finding she was left alone,
Went tiptoe to the telephone
And summoned the immediate aid
Of London's Noble Fire Brigade
Within an hour the gallant band
Were pouring in on every hand,
From Putney, Hackney Downs and Bow,
With courage high and hearts a-glow
They galloped, roaring through the town,
"Matilda's house is burning down"
Inspired by British cheers and loud
Proceeding from the frenzied crowd,
They ran their ladders through a score
Of windows on the ball-room floor;
And took peculiar pains to souse
The pictures up and down the house,
Until Matilda's aunt succeeded
In showing them they were not needed
An even then she had to pay
To get the men to go away!

It happened that a few weeks later
Her aunt was off to the Theatre
To see that interesting play
The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.

She had refused to take her niece
To hear this entertaining piece:
A deprivation just and wise
To punish her for telling lies.
That night a fire did break out-
You should have heard Matilda shout!
You should have seen her screen and bawl,
And throw the widow up and call
To people passing in the street-
(The rapidly increasing heat
Encouraging her to obtain
Their confidence)- but it was all in vain!
For every time she shouted "Fire!"
They only answered "Little Liar!"
And therefore when her aunt returned,
Matilda and the house were burned.

You are Old, Father William
Lewis Carroll

"Repeat You are old, Father William," said the
Alice folded her hand and began:--
"You are old, father William," the young man said
"And your hair has become very white:
And yet you incessantly stand on your head-
Do you think at your age, it is right?"

"In my mouth," father William replied to his son,
"I feared it would injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door-
Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment – one shilling the box –
Allow me to sell you a couple."

You are old," said the youth, and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak –
Pray, how did you manage to do it?

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life."

◦ "You are old," said the youth; one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose –
What made you so awfully clever?"

I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father; "don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!"

Poems for Extra Reading

An extract from Michael - William Wordsworth

There is a comfort in the strength of love;
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
Would overset the brain, or break the heart;
I have conversed with more than one who well
Remember the old man, and what he was
Years after he had heard this heavy news.
His bodily frame had been from youth to age
Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks
He went, and still looked up to sun and cloud,
And listened to the wind, and, as before,
Performed all kind of labor for his sheep,
And for the land, his small inheritance.
And to that hollow dell from time to time
Did he repair, to build the Fold of which
His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet
The pity which was then in every heart
For the old Man - and 'tis believed by all
That many and many a day he thither went,
And never lifted up a single stone.

There, by the Sheepfold, sometimes was he seen
Sitting alone or with his faithful Dog,
Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.
The length of full seven years, from time to time,
He at the building of his Sheepfold wrought,
And left the work unfinished when he died.
Three years, or little more, did Isabel
Survive her husband : at her death the estate
Was sold and went into a stranger's hand.

The Cottage which was named The Evening Star
Is gone-the plowshare has been through the ground
On which it stood; great changes have been wrought
In all the neighborhood: yet the oak is left

That grew beside their door; and the remains
Of the unfinished Sheepfol may be seen
Beside the boisterous brook of Greenhead Ghyll.

The Lamb - William Blake

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee, clothing of delight, Softest clothing, wooly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee;
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and he is mild;
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.

Little Lamb, God bless thee!
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

She Walks in Beauty - Lord Byron

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace

Which waves every raven tress,
Of softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

Bury Me In A Free Land-

-Frances Ellen Watkins Harper

Make me a grave where'er you will,
In a lowly plain, or a lofty hills,
Make it among earth's humblest graves
But not in a land where men are slaves.

I could not rest if around my grave
I heard the steps of a trembling slave:
His shadow above my slent tomb
Would make it a place of fearful gloom

I could not rest if I heard the tread
Of a coffin gang to the shambles led,
And the mother's shriek of wild despair
Rise like a curse on the trembling air.

I could not sleep if I saw the lash
Drinking her blood at each fearful gash,
And I saw her babes torn from her breast,
Like trembling doves from their parent nest.

I'd shudder and start if I heard the bay
Of blood - hounds seizing their human prey,

And I heard the captive plead in vain
As they bound afresh his galling chain.

If I saw young girls from their mother's arms
Bartered and sold for their youthful charms,
My eyes would flash with a mournful flame,
My death – paled cheek grow red with shame.

I would sleep, dear friends, where bloated might
Can rob no man of his dearest right;
My rest shall be calm in any grave
Where none can call his brother a slave.

I ask no monument proud and high
To arrest the gaze of the passers – by;
All that my yearning spirit craves,
Bury me not in a land of slaves

Those Winter Sundays – Robert Hayden

Sundays too my father go up early
and put his clothes on in the blueblack cold,
then with cracked hand that ached
from labor in the weekday weather made
banked fires blaze. Not one every thanked
him

I'd wake and hear the cold splintering,
breaking,
When the rooms were warm, he'd call,
and slowly would rise and dress,
fearing the chronic angers of that house.

Speaking indifferently to him,
who had driven out the cold
and polished my good shoes as well.
What did I know, what did I know
of love austere and lonely offices?

Monkeys – Punyakante Wijenaikē

The sun was right overhead and the rock was warm. Its heat bounced off and touched him even through the heavy folds of his yellow robe. The robe hindered free movement, but nevertheless he managed to clamber up, so strong was his desire to see this monkeys. At last he sat on the rock surface. The monkeys, running barefoot like him, did not appear to suffer from the sun. They jumped and frisked, their furry bodies accustomed to heat. Their mothers and fathers watched them from a dignified distance.

He brought out the black begging bowl hidden in the folds of his yellow robe.

'Here, here,' he called to the baby monkeys.

They came to eat out of his hand. A simple diet, bits of left over food for which he had gone a begging at noon with the older monks. It was his sole meal for the day, for at night even samaneras did not eat. From his meagre meal he had managed to save two slices of bread and a plantain. He now broke these into pieces and fed the monkeys. He peeled off the yellow skin from the plantain and let them nibble at the pulp. He loved the feel of their tiny lips tugging at his food. They were his playmates, his sole toys. The mother monkeys sat by, watchful, on the sunwarmed rock, while the fathers went back to swinging on the branches. The small beady eyes of the young monkeys shone into his and their little tufts o hair blew in the wind, reminding him that his own head was shaven.

No one in the hermitage knew about this daily meeting with the monkeys. Each day, at this time, he stole away from his disciplined life during his sole leisure hour twelve between noon to one o'clock, - just to be with his monkeys instead of resting from the heat of the sun, as he should be.

Now, he stretched out on the rock, ignoring the scorching sun. The little monkeys clambered all over him. They pulled his robes, tickled his bald scalp, brushed his cheeks with their long tails. One or two of the

mother monkeys came near. Suddenly he wished he was a baby monkey with a monkey mother who allowed him to tug at her pink breasts, drink her warm milk. Gingerly he put out a hand and touched a nipple. but the mother monkey giggled, chattered and sprang back into the troupe.

He shaded his eyes with his hand and wondered about his own mother. She had died at his birth. The Head priest of the hermitage had told him so. His grief stricken father had gifted him, as a babe, to the hermitage to be trained as a monk. 'His horoscope must be very bad to have him kill his mother at birth.'

And so he had lived in the hermitage in the forest, knowing only the yellow robed hermit monks and now he was six years old. He had been content until the monkeys came into his life. Now when he was with the monkeys, he was not a young priest but a child with his playmates. When he touched the monkeys and they touched him, he touched love. And he had never known love until now. No one in the hermitage touched him with love. Compassion, understanding, yes, but not love.

When the sun grew stronger he knew it was time to return to the hermitage, to return home. He got up reluctantly and the monkeys scrambled back to their mothers. How he wished he could follow them up into the cool of the treetops, swinging from branch to branch as on a giant trapeze, naked yet warm with love, carefree and happy. He wished he could make the treetops his home because the sun only filtered in there through green leaves, not like the scorching of the earth.

He sighed as he slid down to earth. He straightened and adjusted his robes. He went sadly, leaving the monkeys laughing and screaming in the treetops. He went back to silence and obedience.

He was tired. He had been up from four in the morning and now he was sleepy. Every morning the hermitage woke before the sun came into the sky. Everyone washed their faces in the cold darkness and mist that rose around the hills. The ice - cold water of the stream at that hour was invigorating. It shook the sleep out of his eyes. But now he was sleepy.

He tried to sit down to his meditations but found it difficult to concentrate on the breath coming in and out at the tip of his nostrils. He kept falling asleep.

The next day he rose again to the summons of the temple bell. He memorized the stanzas for the day rapidly enough but, once again, meditation was difficult. He found it difficult to keep his mind on his breathing, knowing that in a little while, he would witness the glory of the sunrise over the hills.

It was the birds who warned him of it. Quickly he opened his eyes a little bit and saw the first pale pink streaks of light growing longer and then turning gold in colour. The birds grew stronger in their announcement of daylight. They chirped and sang.

And then, suddenly, the sun exploded in a burst of scarlet splendour. Quickly he closed his eyes. Now he could concentrate on his breathing. But the temple bell summoned him to his daily tasks.

First he went and worshipped the Buddha sitting still with half closed eyes on his slab of cold cement. He removed the dead flowers that had lain fresh and fragrant only the night before and threw them into the dustbin. He arranged freshly plucked flowers and cleaned out the black oil and poured fresh clear oil into the clay lamps and lit fresh incense sticks. It was his duty, as the youngest samanera, to keep the altar clean and fresh. Then he swallowed his breakfast of gruel made out of boiled rice and coconut milk, mixed with green leaves of the Hathavariya creeper that grew on the hermitage wall.

His stomach full again after a night of fasting, he went and sat next to his guru, the Chief Priest, to learn his letters. Then he helped to clean out the spittoons of the older monks and boil water for drinking in a clay urn. After which he sat again with the Chief Priest, learning, memorizing religious verses, until it was time to go – begging for his noon meal. He followed the older monks, his head bent low over his black bowl, waiting patiently until food was put into it. They went down the forest footpath, down into the valley and from house to house. Climbing back

to the hermitage he could feel his friends the monkeys calling to him from the treetops. But he dared not lift his eyes to them for fear the other priests would see.

After the noon meal, when the heat of the sun became unbearable and the monks were resting, he ran off into the forest to climb his rock again, this time his bowl filled with some sweetmeats given him by a householder. He was trembling with tiredness because he had got up before the sun. But the sight of his monkeys banished the weariness. He even dozed off on the rock surface. He had to be careful where he lay down for the surface was cratered with depressions in which wild flowers and cactuses grew. He fell asleep despite the discomfort of the unyielding rock surface and the monkeys clambered all over his little body, chattering and giggling.

The Chief Priest was tolerant of his youngest samanera as he nodded off to sleep after the afternoon meditation. But in the evening, when the boy went to bathe in the pool, he took a peek at his own face reflected in the water and he saw the face of a monkey grinning at him above his head. Quickly he put his hand and stirred the water into ripples and the monkey vanished.

Later, while he was sweeping the compound with an ekelbroom he stopped to watch the sun set. Sunset was the opposite of sunrise; Brilliant hues fading into soft pastel shades which gave way to darkness. And then he became aware of dark shapes in the treetops – small mischievous eyes blinking and looking down at him. But he dared not raise his eyes from his sweeping.

He feared that he looked up the monkeys might come down from the trees and run about the temple compound looking for tidbits. How had they followed him here? Did they follow his smell?

As the sun rose and the pure light of early morning sharpened the outlines of the branches the following day, he saw his monkeys, hordes of them, waiting and watching him. Now they came boldly down, some jumping, some climbing and they walked all over the hermitage compound, startling the priests out of their morning meditations. He

was bewildered. Why had they followed him here, why? Now his secret was a secret no more. His hidden love was out in the open. The monkeys plucked the fruit and berries grown by the Chief Priest and flung them down at his feet. One even hung on the bell rope and rang the temple bell. The other priests were laughing at the invasion of the monkeys but not the Chief Priest. He looked grave.

After the monkeys had run all over the compound chasing him, they climbed back screaming and laughing into the treetops. And it was then he saw the Chief Priest look at him sadly. The Chief Priest took him by the hand and led him into an inner room where the monkeys could not follow him nor could he watch them and closed the door. There was no window in this room open to the sky and the trees.

He tried to understand the advice of the Chief Priest. He must not allow monkeys to dominate him, follow him here to the temple. He must not play with them or feed them, for then they would always follow him. Nor must he spend so much time looking at the sunrise and sun set.

"You are yet a child and are drawn to nature. But the natural life is not what we are seeking, my child. We are seeking to withdraw from life itself, not to be born again. Time will pass and you will grow into a young monk and a true son of the Buddha. Our family will be the Sangha the brethren, not chattering monkeys. Therefore it is not too early to start training yourself not to be distracted by those who leap from tree to tree, chattering, laughing, but clinging mindlessly. They are only monkeys but you have been gifted with the mind of a man. You must seek to liberate yourself from bondage. My son, always remember how fortunate you are to be born a man."

He refrained from going to his rock that day and the next. He could hear his monkeys call him, screaming, crying but he did not go to them. If he went on playing with them, feeding them and loving them, they would always haunt him. They would not let him go. And so, with a sad last look, he turned away from the trees and the birds and the muted brilliance of the failing light of day. He must remember, he was, after all, born a man.

The Gift Of The Magi

-O.Henry

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at \$8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young." The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid \$30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to \$20, though, they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a gray cat walking a gray fence in a gray backyard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only \$1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only \$1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him.

Something fine and rare and sterling-something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an \$8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mne. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take your hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practised hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain simple and chase in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation—as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value—the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends—a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do—oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty – seven cents?"

At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit for saying a little silent prayer about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two—and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

"Jim, darling," She cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again—you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice—what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim, laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental labor.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you—sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. May be the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of this trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della for ten seconds. Let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year – what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy: and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs—the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jewelled rims—just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. O all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

The Life and Death of Cholmondeley **- Gerald Durrel**

Shortly before we left our hilltop hut at Bakebe and travelled down to our last camp at Kumba*, we had with us a most unusual guest in the shape of Cholmondeley, known to his friends as Chumley.

Chumley was a full-grown chimpanzee. His owner, a District Officer, was finding the ape's large size rather awkward and wanted to send him to London Zoo as a present, so that he could visit the animal when he was back in England on leave. He wrote asking us if we would mind taking Chumley back with us when we left and depositing him at his new home in London, and we replied that we would not mind at all. I don't think that either John or myself had the least idea how big Chumley was. I know that I visualized an ape about three years old, standing about three feet high. I got a rude shock when Chumley moved in.

He arrived in the back of a small van, seated in a huge crate. When the doors of his crate were opened and Chumley stepped out with all ease

and self-confidence of a film star, I was considerably shaken. Standing on his bowlegs in a normal slouching chimp position, he came up to my waist.

He stood on the ground and surveyed his surroundings with a shrewd glance, and then he turned to me and held out one of his soft, pink-palmed hands to be shaken, with exactly that bored expression that one sees on the faces of professional hand shakers.

He seated himself in a chair, dropped his chain on the floor, and then looked hopefully at me. It was quite obvious that he expected some sort of refreshment after his tiring journey. I roared out to the kitchen for someone to make a cup of tea, for I had been warned that Chumley had a great liking for the cup that cheers.

As I poured the tea and milk into Chumley's mug and added three tablespoons of sugar, he watched me with a glittering eye and made soft "ooing" noises to himself. I handed him the mug and he took it carefully in both hands. He tested the tea carefully with one lip stuck out, to see if it was too hot. As it was, he sat there and blew on it until it was the right temperature and then he drank it down.

Chumley's crate was placed about fifty yards from the hut (next to a great gnarled tree stump to which I attached his chain) From there he could get a good view of everything that went on in and around the hut, and as we were working he would shout comments to me and I would reply.

That night, when I carried Chumley's food and drink of tea out to him, he greeted me with loud "hoo hoos" of delight, and jogged up and down, beating his knuckles on the ground. Before he touched his dinner, however, he seized one of my hands in his and carried it to his mouth.

With some trepidation I waited as he carefully put one of my fingers between his great teeth and very gently bit it. Then I understood: in the chimpanzee world, to place your finger between another ape's teeth is a greeting and a sign of trust. To place a finger in such a vulnerable position shows your confidence in the other's friendliness.

* Kumba (KOOM ba): a City near the west coast of Africa in Cameroon.

His manners were perfect. He would never grab his food and start guzzling, as the other monkeys did, without first giving you a greeting, and thanking you with a series of his most expressive " hoo hoos ". Then he would eat delicately and slowly, pushing those pieces he did not want to the side of his plate with his fingers. His only breach of table manners came at the end of a meal, for then he would seize his empty mug and plate and hurl them as far as possible.

Not long after Chumley's arrival he suddenly went off his food, lost all his interest in life, and would spend all day crouched in his crate. He would refuse all drink except about half a mugful of water a day. I was away at the time, and frantic message from John brought me hurrying back. On my return I tried everything I knew to tempt Chumley to eat for he was growing visibly thinner.

One evening before I went to take Chumley for his walk I opened a tin of Ryvita biscuits and concealed a dozen or so in my pockets. When we had walked some distance, Chumley sat down and I sat beside him. As we both examined the view I took a biscuit from my pocket and started to eat it. He watched me. I think he was rather surprised that I did not offer him any, as I usually did, but finished it up and smacked my lips appreciatively. He moved nearer, and started to go through my pockets, which was in itself a good sign. He had not done that since the first day he had been taken ill. He found a biscuit, got it out, sniffed it, and then to my delight, ate it up. I knew he was going to be all right.

The day of our departure from Bakebe dawned, and when Chumley saw the lorry arrive to load the collection he realized he was in for one of his favourite sports, a lorry ride

It was not long after we settled in at Kumba that Sue arrived. She was the youngest chimp I had ever seen: she could not walk and was the proud possessor of four teeth only.

The only times she screamed, clenching her little fists and kicking her legs in fury were when I showed her the bottle and then discovered it was too hot for her to drink straight away. This was a crime, and Sue let you know it:

Her face, hands, and feet were pink, and she had a thick coat of wiry black hair.

Chumley was, I think, a little jealous of Sue, but he was too much of a gentleman to show it. Not long after her arrival, the London Zoo's official collector arrived, and with great regret I handed Chumley over to be transported to England. I did not see him again for over four months, and then I went to visit him in the sanatorium at Regent's park.

I did not think that he would recognize me. But recognize me he did, for he whirled around his room like a dervish when he saw me and then came rushing across to give me his old greeting gently biting my finger.

When the time came to go, he shook hands with me and watched my departure through the crack in the door.

I never saw Chumley again, but I know his history: he became a great television star, doing his act in front of the cameras like an old trouper. Then his teeth started to worry him, and so he was moved from the monkey house back to the sanatorium to have an operation. One day feeling bored with life, he broke out and sallied forth across Regent's park. When he reached the main road he found a bus conveniently at hand, so he swung himself aboard. His presence caused such horror among the occupants of the bus that he got excited and forgot himself so far as to bite someone. If only people would realize that to scream and panic is the best way of provoking an attack from any wild animal! Leaving the bus and its now bloodstained passenger, Chumley walked down the road. When a member of the sanatorium staff arrived on the scene, he took his keeper's hand and walked back home.

After he was branded as not safe and sent back to the monkey house. But he had not yet finished with publicity, for some time latter he had to go back to the sanatorium for yet more treatment on his teeth, and he decided to repeat his little escapade. He broke open his cage and set off once more across Regent's Park. At Gloucester Gate he looked about hopefully for a bus, but there was not one in sight. But there were some cars parked there

and Chumley approached them and beat on the doors vigorously, in the hope that the occupants would open up and offer him a lift. Chumley loved a ride. But the foolish humans misunderstood his actions: there he was asking for a lift, and all they could do was to wind up their windows and yell for help. Before he had time to explain his mission to the car owners, a panting posse of keepers arrived, and he was bundled back to the Zoo. Chumley had escaped twice, and they were not going to risk it happening again. From being a fine, intelligent animal, good enough to be displayed on television, he had suddenly become a fierce and untrustworthy monster, who might escape again and bite some worthy citizen. To avoid this risk, Chumley was sentenced to death and shot.

Edited by Prof. Rajiva Wijesinha

The Dark Years – Nelson Mandela

-This is an extract taken from Nelson Mandela's autobiography entitled "Long Walk to Freedom". This particular extract was selected because it seems to reveal Mandela's humanity at its most intense. It shows the human being within him. Here we see a son denied access to his mother at her deathbed and a father deprived of attending his son's funeral. Mandela's revolutionary spirit was part of his humanity because he felt strongly for his people who suffered at the hands of the white leadership. He is a man who was forced to be revolutionary.-

Time may seem to stand still for those of us in prison, but it did not halt for those outside. I was reminded of this when I was visited by my mother in spring 1968. I had not seen her since the end of the Rivonia Trial. Change is gradual and incremental, and when one lives in the midst of one's family, one rarely notices differences in them. But when one doesn't see one's family for many years at a time, the transformation can be striking. My mother suddenly seemed very old.

She had journeyed all the way from the Transkei, accompanied by my son Makgatho, my daughter Makaziwe and my sister Mabel. Because I had four visitors and they had come a great distance, the authorities extended the visiting time from half an hour to forty-five minutes.

I had not seen my son and daughter since before the trial and they had become adults in the interim, growing up without me. I looked at them with amazement and pride. But though they had grown up, I am afraid I still treated them more or less as the children they had been when I went to prison. They may have changed, but I hadn't

My mother had lost a great deal of weight, which concerned me. Her face appeared haggard. Only my sister Mabel seemed unchanged. While it was a great pleasure to see all of them and to discuss family issues, I was uneasy about my mother's health.

I spoke to Makgatho and Maki about my desire for them both to pursue further schooling and asked Mabel about relatives in the Transkei. The time passed far too quickly. As with most visits, the greatest pleasure often lies in the recollection of it, but this time, I could not stop worrying about my mother. I feared that it would be the last time I would ever see her.

Several weeks later, after returning from the quarry, I was told to go to head office to collect a telegram. It was from Makgatho, informing me that my mother had died of a heart attack. I immediately made a request to the commanding officer to be permitted to attend her funeral in the Transkei, which he turned down. 'Mandela,' he said, 'while I know you are a man of your world and would not try to escape, I cannot trust your own people, and we fear that they would try to kidnap you.' It added to my grief that I was not able to bury my mother, which was my responsibility as her eldest child and only son.

Over the next few months I thought about her a great deal. Her life had been far from easy. I had been far from easy. I had been able to support her when I was practising as an attorney but, once I went to prison, I was unable to help her. I had never been as attentive as I should have been.

A mother's death causes a man to look back on and evaluate his own life. Her difficulties, her poverty, made me question once again whether I had taken the right path. That was always the conundrum: Had I made the right choice in putting the people's welfare even before that of my own family? For a long time, my mother had not understood my commitment to the struggle. My family had not understood my commitment to the struggle.

had not asked for or even wanted to be involved in the struggle, but my involvement penalized them.

But I came back to the same answer. In South Africa it is hard for a man to ignore the needs of the people, even at the expense of his own family. I had made my choice and, in the end, she had supported it. But that did not lessen the sadness I felt at not being able to make her wife more comfortable or the pain of not being able to lay her to rest.

In the early hours of the morning of 12 May 1969 the security police woke Winnie at our home in Orlando and detained her without charge under the 1967 Terrorism Act, which gave the government unprecedented powers of arrest and detention without trial. The raid, I later learned, was part of a nationwide crackdown in which dozens of others were detained, including Winnie's sister. The police dragged Winnie away while Zeni and Zindzi clung to her skirts. She was placed in solitary confinement in Pretoria, where she was denied bail and visitors; over the next weeks and months she was relentlessly and brutally interrogated.

When Winnie was finally charged six months later – I managed to send instructions for her to be represented by Joel Carlson, a long-time antiapartheid lawyer. Winnie and twenty two others were charged under the Suppression of Communism Act attempting to revive the ANC. Later, George Bizos and Arthur Chaskalson, both members of the Rivonia team, joined the defence. In October, seventeen months after her arrest, the state withdrew its case without explanation, and Winnie was released. Within two weeks, she was again banned, and placed under house arrest. She immediately applied for permission to visit me but was rebuffed.

There was nothing I found so agonizing in prison as the thought that Winnie was in prison too. I put a brave face on the situation, but inwardly I was deeply disturbed and worried. Nothing tested my inner equilibrium as much as the time that Winnie was in solitary confinement. Although I often urged others not to worry about what they could not control, I was unable to take my own advice. I had many sleepless nights. What were the authorities doing to my wife? How would she bear up? Who was looking after our

daughters? Who would pay the bills? It is a form of mental torture to be constantly plagued by such questions and not have the means to answer them.

Brigadier Aucamp allowed me to send letters to Winnie, and relayed one or two from her. Normally, prisoners awaiting trial are not permitted mail, but A camp permitted it as a favour to me. I was grateful, but knew the authorities had not granted permission out of altruism: they were reading our letters, hoping to glean some information that would assist their case against Winnie.

During this time I experienced another grievous loss. One cold morning in July 1969, three months after I learned of Winnie's incarceration, I was called to the main office on Robben Island and handed a telegram. It was from my youngest son, Makgatho, and only a sentence long. He informed me that his elder brother, my first and oldest son, Madiba Thembekile, whom we called Thembi, had been killed in a motor accident in the Transkei. Thembi was then twenty-five, and the father of two small children.

What can one say about such a tragedy? I was already overwrought about my life, I was still grieving for my mother, and then to hear such news... I do not have words to express the sorrow, or the loss I felt. It left a hole in my heart that can never be filled.

I returned to my cell and lay on my bed. I do not know how long I stayed there, but I did not emerge for dinner. Some of the men looked in, but I said nothing. Finally, Walter came to me and knelt beside my bed, and I handed him the telegram. He said nothing, but only held my hand. I do not know how long he remained with me. There is nothing that one man say to another at such a time.

I asked the authorities for permission to attend my son's funeral. As a father, it was my responsibility to make sure that my son's spirit would rest peacefully. I told them they could send a security cordon with me, and that I would give my word that I would return. Permission was denied. All I was permitted to do was write a letter to Thembi's mother, Evelyn, in which I did my best to comfort her and tell her that I shared her suffering.

I thought back to one afternoon when Thembi was a boy and he came to visit me at a safe house in Cyrildene that I used for secret ANC work. Between my underground political work and legal cases, I had not been able to see him for some time. I surprised him at home and found him wearing an old jacket of mine that came to his knees. He must have taken some comfort and pride in wearing his father's clothing, just as I once did with my own father's. When I had to say good-bye again, he stood up tall, as if he were already grown, and said, 'I shall look after the family while you are gone.'

Extract from "Long Walk to Freedom" by Nelson Mandela reprinted by kind permission of Little, Brown Book Group.

EVERY MAN

My abridged edition adapted from the text at
<http://www.fordham.edu/halsall/basis/everyman.html>

("Everyman is a late -15th-century English morality play. Called by Death, Everyman can persuade none of his friends – Beauty, Kindred, Worldly Goods – to go with him, except Good Deeds.")

Messenger : Listen to this moral play about the summoning of Everyman. It shows how, at the end of our lives, we are shown to be transitory. You will see how Friendship , Kin, Worldly Goods and Possessions, Strength and Beauty will fade you as a flower in May. You will see how our heavenly King calls Everyman to a general reckoning. Listen to what he says:

God: Everyman lives only for their own pleasure, and yet their own life is not assured. The more patient I am , the worse they are from year to year. Therefore I will have a reckoning of Everyman's person. If I leave the people alone, they will become worse than beasts. They devour one another with jealousy, forget charity to their fellow men, and become preoccupied with material possessions. Therefore I must do justice on Everyman . Death , my Mighty Messenger, where are you?

Death : I am here, ready to do your bidding.

God : Go to Everyman and tell him in my name that he must take a journey that he cannot escape and he'd better bring a reckoning without delay.

Death : Ah, I see Everyman walking over there; meeting me is the last thing on his mind, for he is preoccupied with his own self and possessions. He will dread standing before the Lord, heaven's King. Everyman, stand still, where are you going so cheerfully? Have you forgotten your maker?

Everyman : Who wants to know?

Death : I have been sent to you from heaven by God.

Everyman : What does God want from me?

Death : He must have a reckoning from you right away.

Everyman : O Death, you've come when I least expected you. Save me – I'll give you whatever you want if you'll be kind to me – a thousand dollars if you'll leave me alone and come back another day.

Death : Everyman, that may not be . I stop not for gold, riches, pope nor emperor. Many have offered me gifts, but that is not my way. Come, be quick.

Everyman : What? Not even a warning? To even think of you makes my heart sick. I'm not ready to give a reckoning ! Come back in a few years and I might be more prepared. Please spare me until I'm better prepared.

Death : It's no use to cry, weep or pray. But see if any of your friends might accompany you. For death waits for no man. All living creatures must die for Adam's sin.

Everyman : O God in heaven, have mercy on me ! Shall I have no company to join me on this journey?

Death : See if any are so daring as to accompany you on this journey.

Everyman : I have no one to help me on my journey ! I wish I'd never been born ! I fear great pain, and I don't know what to do ! Who might come with me ? Maybe Friendship; we've been close for years. Surely he'll help me. I'll speak to him right away.

Friendship : Hello, Everyman, why do you look so sad ? If something is wrong, please tell me that I may help you.

Everyman : Yes , dear Friendship, yes I am in real trouble !

Friendship : My true friend, tell me what's wrong; I will never forsake you, through thick and through thin, you can count on me.

Everyman : Then you truly are a friend indeed; you have never disappointed me before.

Friendship : And I never will ; I swear, even if you were to go to hell, I would stay with you.

Everyman : I have been commanded to go on a journey – among, hard, dangerous journey to give a reckoning before God, the high judge. Please come with me as you promised.

Friendship : That's tough luck. But if I were to accompany you, it would be painful to me and the very thought scares me.

Everyman : Indeed, Death was with me here

Friendship : If Death were the messenger, then I will not go with you. I would not go on that journey even for my own father !

Everyman : But, my friend, you promised !

Friendship : Not even our friendship can persuade me to go.

Everyman : You won't come, Friendship ? You're forsaking me ?

Friendship : Yes , I'm sorry, but I leave you in God's hands.

Everyman : Where else have I to turn for help if even Friendship fails me? I know – I'll go to my family. My kinsmen will help me for blood is thicker than water. Kindred, are you there ?

Kindred : In riches or poverty, you can always depend on kin.

Everyman : God has called me to give account for my life, how I've lived and spent my days, and my ill deeds. Please come and help me give account.

Kindred : What ! But you're so young and merry ! Take heart ! But, no, I won't go with you.

Everyman : My Cousin, will you go with me ?

Cousin : No. I have a cramp in my toe.

Everyman : Tell me the truth – will you go with me, or stay behind ?

Kindred : Stay behind ? You'd better believe it ! Farewell, I'll see you later.

Everyman : All my life I have loved riches; may be now they'll help me. My goods and possessions have made my heart light before; I'll speak

to them in this distress. Where are you, my goods and riches?

Goods : Here sir ; if you have any trouble or adversity in the world, I can help.

Everyman : It is something else that grieves me ; I am sent to give an account before the highest judge of all . All my life you've given me pleasure, therefore, come with me and speak to God for me. They say that money can make all wrongs right.

Goods :No, Everyman, I sing another song, I follow no man in such voyages. If I did go with you, it would go worse for you because you set your hope on me. I have made you forget that this day of reckoning would come. Your love for me will be your undoing.

Everyman : Yes , I have loved you, and had great pleasure in the good things your treasures have provided for me.

Goods :That is to your damnation, for love of money goes against eternal love. If you had loved me more moderately and shared some of me with the poor, you would not be in this trouble and sorrow.

Everyman : Curse you, false hope ! You deceived me, you traitor, and caught me in your trap ! Oh , who shall go with me on my journey ? Friendship, though he promised to be true, left me alone. Kindred, though he spoke pleasantly, also refused to go with me . Then I went to the possessions that meant the most to me and they said that my love for them may send me to hell ! It's my own fault, I alone am to blame . Who might help me now ? I can ask Good Deeds, but she is so weak that she hasn't the strength to speak much less accompany me. Yet I have nothing to lose by asking. Good Deeds, where are you ? Please say you'll go with me or else I'm forever damned. Help me to make a reckoning before the redeemer and king.

Good-Deeds : Everyman, I am sorry for your fall , and I would help you if I were stronger and more able.

Everyman : Good -Deeds , at least give me some advice.

Good – Deeds : I'll be happy to, although I'm not able to get on my feet; I have a sister named Knowledge who will go with you in your dreadful reckoning.

Knowledge : Everyman, I will go with you, and be your guide. in your need, I'll stay by your side. We'll go together to the cleansing river of Confession.

Everyman : Oh, glorious river that cleans all filth, wash me so that no sin is seen on me. I come with Knowledge for my redemption, I repent with hearty and full contrition. I am commanded to make a journey and give account to God. Oh, Please Mother of Salvation, I beg of you to help my Good Deeds.

Confession : I know your sorrow well, Everyman; since you have come to me with knowledge, I will comfort you as best I can. I will give you a precious jewel called Penance ; it shall punish your body and cancel out your adversity.

Everyman : Oh , God, heavenly Figure, good and right Vision, who descended in a pure virgin to redeem Everyman who was forfeited by Adam's disobedience – Oh, blessed God, forgive my great offence and have mercy on me !

Knowledge : Everyman, I leave you in the hands of our Savior to ensure your reckoning.

Good –Deeds : I thank God , now I can turn and go ; I am delivered from my sickness and sorrow and now I am able to go with Everyman and help him declare his good deeds.

Everyman : Welcome , my Good –Deeds; now I hear your voice and I weep for the very sweetness of your love.

Knowledge : Don't be sad anymore, but be glad. God has seen your confession from his throne. Put on this garment which is wet with your tears of repentance that he may remember your tears when you come to your journey's end. Now you must lead three more mighty persons on your journey.

Everyman : Who are they?

Good-Deeds : Discretion, Strength and Beauty.

Knowledge : Also you must call your Five Senses as your counselors.

Good-Deeds : You must have them always ready at all hours

Everyman : My friends, come here and be present – Discretion, Strength, my Five Senses and Beauty.

Strength : We will bring him all here, to help and comfort, believe me.

Discretion : So we will go with him all together.

Strength : And I, Strength, will by you stand in distress, and help you in any fight.

Five Senses : Through thick and through thin, we will not depart from you in good times or bad.

Beauty : Even to death, I will stay with you, whatever may happen.

Knowledge : Everyman, listen to me: Go to Priesthood, I advise you, he will give you the holy sacrament and ointment, then return here to us. We will wait for you here.

Five Senses : Yes, Everyman, there is no emperor, king, duke, nor baron, that is greater in importance than the least priest, for he bears the keys and therefore has the cure for man's redemption. God gave that cure out of his own heart with great pain. In this earthly life there are seven sacraments.

Everyman : I will receive holy communion.

Five Senses : Everyman, that is the best that you can do: God will bring you to salvation, for Priesthood exceeds all other things: he teaches us the Holy Scriptures.

Knowledge : When priests are good then it is true: when Jesus hung on the cross with great pain, he gave, out of his blessed heart, that same sacrament in great torment. But that sacrament is not for sale and those

priests who take money for giving the sacraments have God's curse on them for being such a sinful example.

Everman : Now may Jesus help me. I have received the sacrament for my redemption, blessed be you who gave me the suggestion! And now, friends, let us go on without further delay. I thank you for waiting for me so patiently. Oh, dear, my legs are so tired I can barely stand! I'm sorry, but I can't go a step further, I must creep into this cave and rest.

Beauty : But, alas! This is a grave!

Everyman : Yes, there shall you consume more and less.

Beauty : And what, should I smother here? I'm out of here, goodbye, I'm taking my things and leaving.

Strength : Everyman, this is no longer any fun, I'm leaving as well.

Everyman : He that trusts in his Strength will find that it deceives him in the end. Both Strength and Beauty have forsaken me, although they promised me so faithfully.

Discretion : Everyman, I will also be leaving you alone now that Strength has gone.

Everyman : Why, Discretion, why must you abandon me, too?

Discretion : When Strength goes, I follow him.

Everyman : Everything fails except God alone: Beauty, Strength, and Discretion: for when Death blows his blast, they all run from me as fast as they can.

Five Senses : Everyman, I must be going, too: I am following the others. Here I leave you.

Everyman : Oh Jesus, help, all have forsaken me!

Good-Deeds : Not all, Everyman I will stay with you. I will never abandon you. You will find me a good friend when you need one.

Everyman : Thank you, Good-Deeds: now I see who my real friends are: the rest have forsaken me, every one, although I loved them better than my Good-Deeds. Knowledge, will you forsake me too?

Knowledge : Yes, Everyman, I will leave when you go to death: but not until I see what happens to you.

Everyman : I think it's time for me to go, to make my reckoning and pay my debts, I see my time is up. Heed my example, everyone, how those I loved best left me, every one except my Good-Deeds who stayed til the end.

Good-Deeds : Don't be afraid, I will speak for you.

Everyman : Here I plead, Oh God, have mercy! Into your hands I commend my soul. Receive it, Lord, that it may not be lost, As you bought me, so defend me and save me from the fiend so that I may appear with the angels and be saved on the day of doom.

Knowledge : Now he has suffered so that we all shall endure; Good-Deeds shall make all certain. Now he has ended, I think I hear angels singing and making great joy and melody where Everyman's soul shall be received.

Angel : Come, beloved of Jesus: Hereabove you shall go.

Doctor : You who hear, this is the moral: Forsake pride, for he deceives you in the end. And remember Beauty, Five Senses, Strength, and Discretion: they all abandoned Everyman in the end, except his Good-Deeds. But beware, if your Good Deeds are small before God, you will have no help at all. No excuse will be found there for Everyman, and what shall he do then? For after death no man may make amends, for then even mercy and pity will forsake him if his reckoning is not clear when he comes.

This ends the moral play of Everyman.

“ EVERYMAN ”

Glossary of Terms

- 1) reckoning a judgement: where God judges the good and bad deeds of man.
- 2) Adam's sin refers to the 1st act of disobedience against God by Adam, which led to the entrance of sin into the world.
- 3) redemption the action of being saved from error or evil.
- 4) contrition the repentance of past sins after confessing them.
- 5) salvation deliverance from sin and its consequences, selection for eternal life.
- 6) penance voluntary self-punishment as a visible sign of repentance.
- 7) Holy sacrament refers to the bread and wine which are shared during a church service, symbolizing the body and blood of Christ.
- 8) baptism a ritual conducted at birth, which symbolizes admission to the Church.
- 9) confirmation a ritual where a Christian affirms belief and is admitted as full member of the church
- 10) communion the ritual of the church where bread and wine are shared.
- 11) Holy extreme unction a ritual where holy oil is applied or the dying
- 12) Holy scriptures The Holy Bible.

VILLA FOR SALE – Sacha Guitry

CHARACTERS

GASTON

JEANNE

JULIETTE

MRS. AL SMITH

A MAID

The scene represents the salon of small villa near Norgent-Sur-Marne. When the curtain rises, the **MAID** and Juliette are discovered.

MAID Won't madame be sorry?

JULIETTE Not at all. Mind you, if someone had bought it on the very day I placed it for sale, then I might have felt sorry because I would have wondered if I hadn't been a fool to sell at all. But the sign has been hanging on the gate for over a month now and I am beginning to be afraid that the day I bought it was when I was the real fool.

MAID. All the same, Madame, when they brought you the For sale' sign, you wouldn't let them put it up. You waited until it was night. Then you went and hung it yourself, Madame.

JULIETTE. I know! You see, I thought that as they could not read it in the dark, the house would belong to me for one night more. I was so sure that the next day the entire world would be fighting to purchase. For the first week, I was annoyed every time I passed that 'Villa for sale' sign. The neighbours seemed to look at me in such a strange kind of way that I began to think the whole thing was going to be much more of a sell than a sale. That was a month ago and now I have only one thought, that is to get the wretched place off my hands. I would sacrifice it at any price. One hundred thousand francs if necessary and that's only twice what it cost me. I thought I would get two hundred thousand but I suppose I must cut my loss. Besides, in the past two weeks, four people almost bought it, so I begin to feel as though it no longer belongs to me. Oh! I'm fed up with the place. Because nobody really wants it! What time did those agency people say the lady would call ?

- MAID** Between four and five , Madame.
- JULIETTE** Then we must wait for her.
- MAID** It was a nice little place for you to spend the weekends, Madame.
- JULIETTE** Yes..... but times are hard and business is as bad as it can be.
- MAID** In that case, Madame, is it a good time to sell?
- JULIETTE** No, Perhaps not... But still..... there are moments in life when it's the right time to buy, but it's never the right time to sell. For fifteen years everybody has had money at the same time and nobody has wanted to sell. Now nobody has any money and nobody wants to buy. But still..... even so..... It would be funny if I couldn't manage to sell a place here, a stone's throw from Joinville, the French Hollywood, when all I'm asking is a paltry hundred thousand!
- MAID** That reminds me, there is a favour I want to ask you, Madame.
- JULIETTE** Yes, what is it, my girl?
- MAID** Will you be kind enough to let me off between nine and noon tomorrow morning?
- JULIETTE** From nine till noon?
- MAID** They have asked me to play in a film at the Joinville Studio.
- JULIETTE** You are going to act for the cinema ?
- MAID** Yes, Madame.
- JULIETTE** What kind of part are you going to play ?
- MAID** A maid, Madame. They prefer the real article. They say maids are born maids not made maids. They are giving me a hundred francs a morning for doing it.

- JULIETTE** One hundred francs!
- MAID** Yes, Madame. And as you only pay me four hundred a month, I can't very well refuse, can I, Madame?
- JULIETTE** A hundred francs! It's unbelievable!
- MAID** Will you permit me, Madame, to tell you something I've suddenly thought of?
- JULIETTE** What?
- MAID** They want a cook in the film as well. They asked me if I knew of anybody suitable. You said just now, Madame, that times were hard ... Would you like me to get you the engagement?
- JULIETTE** What ?
- MAID** Every little helps, Madame. Especially, Madame, as you have such a funny face.
- JULIETTE** Thank you.
- MAID** (taking no notice). They might take you on for eight days, Madame. That would mean eight hundred francs. It's really money for nothing. You would only have to peel potatoes one minute and make an omlette the next, quite easy. I could show you how to do it, Madame.
- JULIETTE** But how kind of you.... Thank God I'm not quite so hard up as that yet!
- MAID** Oh, Madame, I hope you are not angry with me?
- JULIETTE** Not in the least.
- MAID** You see, Madame, film acting is rather looked up to round here .Everybody wants to do it. Yesterday the butcher didn't open his shop, he was being shot all the morning. Today, nobody could find the four policemen, they were taking part in Monsieur Milton's fight scene in his new film. Nobody thinks about anything else round here now.

You see, they pay so well. The manager is offering a thousand francs for a real beggar who has had nothing to eat for two days. Some people have all the luck! Think it over, Madame.

JULIETTE

Thanks, I will.

MAID

If you would go and see them with your hair slicked back the way you do when you are dressing, Madame, I am sure they would engage you right away. Because really, Madame, you look too comical!

JULIETTE

Thank you ! (The bell rings.) I am going upstairs for a moment. If that is the lady tell her I will not be long. It won't do to give her the impression that I am waiting for her.

MAID

Very good, Madame. (Exit **JULIETTE**, as she runs off to open front door.) Oh, if I could become a Greta Garbo ! Why can't I ? Oh!

(Voices heard off. A second later, the MAID returns showing in **GASTON** and **JEANNE**)

MAID

If you will be kind enough to sit down , I will tell Madame you are here.

JEANNE

Thank you

(Exit **MAID**.)

GASTON

And they call that a garden! Why, it's a yard with a patch of grass in the middle.

JEANNE

But the inside of the house seems very nice, Gaston.

GASTON

Twenty -five yards of cretonne and a dash of paint... you can get that anywhere.

JEANNE

That's not fair. Wait until you've seen the rest of it.

GASTON

Why should I ? I don't want to see the kitchen to know that the garden is a myth and that the salon is impossible.

JEANNE

What's the matter with it?

GASTON

Matter ? Why, you can't even call it a salon.

- JEANNE** Perhaps there is another.
- GASTON** Never mind the other. I'm talking about this one.
- JEANNE** We could do something very original with it.
- GASTON** Yes, make it an annex to the garden.
- JEANNE** No, but a kind of study.
- GASTON** A study ? Good Lord ! You're not thinking of going in for studying are you?
- JEANNE** Don't be silly ! You know perfectly well what a modern study is.
- GASTON** No, I don't
- JEANNE** Well er it's a place where..... where one gathers.....
- GASTON** Where one gathers what ?
- JEANNE** Don't be aggravating, please! If you don't want the house, tell me so at once and we'll say no more about it.
- GASTON** I told you before we crossed the road that I didn't want it. As soon as you see a sign 'Villa for sale', you have to go inside and be shown over it. It's a perfect mania with you
- JEANNE** What do you mean by a mania?
- GASTON** You women are so curious... you can't resist the pleasure of sticking your noses into another woman's bath room... Especially if you don't know her. The truth is you are eternal; hoping to ferret out some cold cream which is better than the one you use yourself.
- JEANNE** Oh dear ! Oh dear! Are we looking for a Villa or are we not?
- GASTON** We are not
- JEANNE** What do you mean : 'We are not'? Then we're not looking for a villa?

- GASTON** Certainly not. It's just an idea you've had stuck in your head for the past month.
- JEANNE** But we've talked about nothing else.....
- GASTON** You mean you've talked about nothing else. I've never talked about it. You see, you've talked about it so much that you thought that we are talking... You haven't even noticed that I've never joined in the conversation. If you say that you are looking for a villa, then that's different!
- JEANNE** Well... at any rate... Whether I'm looking for it or we're looking for it, the one thing that matters anyway is that I'm looking for it for us!
- GASTON** It's not for us....it's for your parents. You are simply trying to make me buy a villa so that you can put your father and your mother in it. You see, I know you. If you got what you want, do you realize what would happen? we would spend the month of August in the villa, but your parents would take possession of it every year from the beginning of April until the end of September. What's more they would bring the whole tribe of your sister's children with them. No! I am very fond of your family, but not quite so fond as that.
- JEANNE** Then why have you been looking over villas for the past week?
- GASTON** I have not been looking over them, you have, and it bores me.
- JEANNE** Well...
- GASTON** Well what?
- JEANNE** Then stop being bored and buy one. That will finish it. We won't talk about it any more.
- GASTON** Exactly!
- JEANNE** As far as that goes, what of it? Suppose I do want to buy a villa for papa and mamma?
What of it?

- GASTON** My darling. I quite admit that you want to buy a villa for your father and mother. But please admit on your side that I don't want to pay for it.
- JEANNE** There's my dowry.
- GASTON** Your dowry! My poor child, we have spent that long ago.
- JEANNE** But since then you have made a fortune.
- GASTON** Quite so, I have, but you haven't. Anyway, there's no use discussing it. I will not buy a villa and that ends it.
- JEANNE** Then it wasn't worth while coming in.
- GASTON** That's exactly what I told you at the door.
- JEANNE** In that case, let's go.
- GASTON** By all means.
- JEANNE** What on earth will the lady think of us.
- GASTON** I have never cared such a damned little about anybody's opinion. Come along.
(He takes his hat and goes towards the door. At this moment **JULIETTE** enters.)
- JULIETTE** Good afternoon, Madame..... Monsieur.....
- JEANNE** How do you do, Madame?
- GASTON** Good day.
- JULIETTE** Won't you sit down? (They all three sit.) Is your first impression a good one?
- JEANNE** Excellent.
- JULIETTE** I am not in the least surprised. It is a most delightful little place. Its appearance is modest, but it has a charm of its own. I can tell by just looking at you that it would suit

you admirably, as you suit it, if you will permit me to say so. Coming from me, it may surprise you to hear that you already appear to be at home. The choice of a frame is not so easy when you have such a delightful pastel to place in it. (She *naturally indicates JEANNE who is flattered.*) The house possesses a great many advantages. Electricity, gas, water, telephone, and drainage. The bathroom is beautifully fitted and the roof was entirely repaired last year.

- JEANNE** Oh, that is very important, isn't it, darling?
- GASTON** For whom?
- JULIETTE** The garden is not very large... it's not long and it's not wide, but....
- GASTON** But my word, it is high!
- JULIETTE** That's not exactly what I meant. Your husband is very witty, Madame. As I was saying, the garden is not very large, but you see, it is surrounded by other gardens...
- GASTON** On the principle of people who like children and haven't any can always go and live near a school.
- JEANNE** Please don't joke, Gaston. What this lady says is perfectly right. Will you tell me, Madame what price you are asking for the villa?
- JULIETTE** Well, you see, I must admit, quite frankly, that I don't want to sell it any more.
- GASTON** (rising). Then there's nothing further to be said about it.
- JULIETTE** Please, I
- JEANNE** Let madame finish, darling.
- JULIETTE** Thank you, I was going to say that for exceptional people like you, I don't mind giving it up. One arranges a house in accordance with one's own tastes - if you understand

what I mean – to suit oneself, as it were – so one would not like to think that ordinary people had come to live in it. But to you, I can see with perfect assurances, I agree. Yes, I will sell it to you.

- JEANNE** It's extremely kind of you.
- GASTON** Extremely. Yes... but.. er what's the price, Madame?
- JULIETTE** You will never believe it.....
- GASTON** I believe in God and so you see...
- JULIETTE** Entirely furnished with all the fixtures, just as it is, with the exception of that one little picture signed by Carot. I don't know if you have ever heard of that painter, have you?
- GASTON** No, never
- JULIETTE** Neither have I. But I like the colour and I want to keep it, if you don't mind. For the villa itself, just as it stands, two hundred and fifty thousand francs. I repeat, that I would much rather dispose of it at less than its value to people like yourselves, than to give it up, even for more money, to someone whom I didn't like. The price must seem....
- GASTON** Decidedly excessive....
- JULIETTE** Oh, no!
- GASTON** Oh, yes, Madame.
- JULIETTE** Well, really, I must say I'm....
- GASTON** Quite so, life is full of surprises, isn't it?
- JULIETTE** You think it dear at two hundred and fifty thousands? Very well, I can't be fairer than this: make me an offer.
- GASTON** If I did, it would be much less than that.
- JULIETTE** Make it anyway.
- GASTON** It's very awkward.....I.....

- JEANNE** Name some figures, darling.....Just to please me.
- GASTON** Well I hardly know..... Sixty thousand....
- JEANNE**
- JULIETTE** Oh!
- GASTON** What do you mean by 'Oh !'? It isn't worth more than that to me.
- JULIETTE** I give you my word of honour, Monsieur, I cannot let it go for less than two hundred thousand.
- GASTON** You have perfect right to do as you please, Madame.
- JULIETTE** I tell you what I will do. I will be philanthropic and let you have it for two hundred thousand.
- GASTON** And I will be equally good-natured and let you keep it for the same price.
- JULIETTE** In that case, there is nothing more to be said, Monsieur.
- GASTON** Good day, Madame.
- JEANNE** One minute, darling. Before you definitely decide, I would love you to go over the upper floor with me.
- JULIETTE** I will show it to you with the greatest pleasure. This way, Madame. This way, Monsieur....
- GASTON** No, thank you..... really.... I have made up my mind and I'm not very fond of climbing stairs.
- JULIETTE** Just as you wish, Monsieur. (to Jeanne.) Shall I lead the way?
- JEANNE** If you please, Madame.
- (Exit **JULIETTE**)
- JEANNE** (to her husband.) You're not over polite, are you?
- GASTON** Oh, my darling! For Heaven's sake, stop worrying me about this shanty. Go and examine the bathroom and

come back quickly.
(Exit **JEANNE** following **JULIETTE**)

GASTON (to himself) Two hundred thousand for a few yards of land..... She must think I'm crazy.....

(The door bell rings and, a moment later, the **MAID** reenters showing in **MRS. AL SMITH**)

MAID If Madame would be kind enough to come in.

MRS. AL SMITH See here now, I tell you I'm in a hurry. How much do they want for this house?

MAID I don't know anything about it, Madame.

MRS. AL SMITH To start off with, why isn't the price marked on the signboard? You French people have cute way of doing business! You go and tell your boss that if he doesn't come right away, I'm going. I haven't any time to waste. Any hold up makes me sick when I want something (**MAID** goes out). Oh, you're the Husband, I suppose. Good afternoon. Do you speak American?

GASTON Sure You betcha

MRS. AL SMITH That goes by me. How much for this house.

GASTON How much? Well Won't you sit down?

MRS. AL SMITH I do things standing up.

GASTON Oh! Do you?

MRS. AL SMITH Yep! Where's your wife?

GASTON My wife? Oh, she's upstairs.

MRS. AL SMITH Well, she can stay there. Unless you have to consult her before you make a sale?

GASTON Me? Not on your life!

MRS. AL SMITH You are an exception. Frenchmen usually have to consult about ten people before they get a move on. Listen! Do you or don't you want to sell this house?

- GASTON** I? Oh, I'd love to!
- MRS. AL SMITH** Then what about it? I haven't more than five minutes to spare.
- GASTON** Sit down for three of them anyway. To begin with this villa was built by my grandfather
- MRS. AL SMITH** I don't care a darn about your grandfather!
- GASTON** Neither do I.... But I must tell you that er.
- MRS. AL SMITH** listen, just tell me the price.
- GASTON** Let me explain that
- MRS. AL SMITH** No!
- GASTON** We have electricity, gas, telephone
- MRS. AL SMITH** I don't care! What's the price?
- GASTON** But you must go over the house
- MRS. AL SMITH** No!..... I want to knock it down and build a bungalow here.
GASTON Oh! I see!
- MRS. AL SMITH** Yep! It's the land I want. I have to be near Paramount where I'm going to shoot some films.
- GASTON** Oh!
- MRS. AL SMITH** Yep! You see I'm a big star.
- GASTON** Not really?
- MRS. AL SMITH** (amiably) Yep! How do you do? Well now, how much?
- GASTON** Now let's see... In that case, entirely furnished, with the exception of that little picture by an unknown artist it belonged to my grandfather and I want to keep it

- MRS. AL SMITH** Say! You do love your grandparents in Europe!
- GASTON** We have had them for such a long time!
- MRS. AL SMITH** You folk are queer. You think about the past all the time. We always think about the future.
- GASTON** Everybody thinks about what he's got.
- MRS. AL SMITH** What a pity you don't try and copy us more.
- GASTON** Copies are not always good. We could only imitate you and imitations are no better than parodies. We are so different. Think of it..... Europeans go to America to earn money and Americans come to Europe to spend it.
- MRS. AL SMITH** Just the same, you ought to learn how to do business
- GASTON** We are learning now. We are practising
- MRS. AL SMITH** Well then, how much?
- GASTON** The house! Let me see I should say three hundred thousand francs ... The same for everybody, you know, Even though you are an American, I wouldn't dream of raising the price.
- MRS. AL SMITH** Treat me the same as anybody. Then you say it is three hundred thousand?
- GASTON** (to himself) 'Since you are dear bought - I will love you dear.'
- MRS. AL SMITH** Say you, what do you take me for?
- GASTON** Sorry. That's Shakespeare I mean cash
- MRS. AL SMITH** Now I get you..... cash down! Say! You're coming on.
- (She takes her cheque book from her bag)
- GASTON** (fumbling in a drawer) Wait..... I never know where they put my pen and ink
- MRS. AL SMITH** Let me tell you something, you'd better buy yourself a fountain pen with the monkey you get for the villa. What date is it today?

- GASTON** The twenty-fourth
- MRS. AL SMITH** You can fill in your name on the cheque your self. I live at the Ritz Hotel, Place Vendome. My lawyer is
- GASTON** Who
- MRS. AL SMITH** Exactly.
- GASTON** What?
- MRS. AL SMITH** My lawyer is Mr. Who, 5, Rue Cambon. He will get in touch with yours about the rest of the transaction Good-bye.
- GASTON** Good-bye.
- MRS. AL SMITH** When are you leaving?
- GASTON** Well er I don't quite know whenever you like.
- MRS. AL SMITH** Make it tomorrow and my architect can come on Thursday. Good-bye. I'm delighted.
- GASTON** Delighted to hear it, Madame. (She goes and he looks at the cheque) It's a very good thing in business when everyone is delighted!
- (At that moment, **JEANNE** and **JULIETTE** return)
- GASTON** Well?
- JEANNE** Well of course ... it's very charming
- JULIETTE** Of course, as I told you , it's not large place. I warned you. There are two large bedrooms and one small one.
- GASTON** Well now! That's something.
- JEANNE** (to her husband). You are quite right, darling. I'm afraid it would not be suitable. Thank you, Madame, we need not keep you any longer.
- JULIETTE** Oh, that's quite all right.
- GASTON** Just a moment, just a moment , my dear. You say there are two large bedrooms and a small one...

- JULIETTE** Yes, and two servants' rooms.
- GASTON** Oh! There are two servants' rooms in addition, are there?
- JULIETTE** Yes.
- GASTON** But that's excellent!
- JEANNE** Gaston, stop joking!
- GASTON** And the bathroom? What's that like?
- JULIETTE** Perfect! There's a bath in it...
- GASTON** Oh, there's a bath in the bathroom, is there?
- JULIETTE** Of course there is!
- GASTON** It's all very important. A bathroom with a bath in it. Bedrooms, two large and one small, two servants' rooms and a garden. It's really possible. While you were upstairs, I have been thinking a lot about your papa and mamma. You see, I am really unselfish, and then the rooms for your sister's children... Also, my dear, I've been thinking... and this is serious... about our old age... It's bound to come sooner or later and the natural desire of old age is a quiet country life... (To JULIETTE.) You said two hundred thousand, didn't you?
- JEANNE** What on earth are you driving at?
- GASTON** Just trying to please you, darling.
- JULIETTE** Yes, two hundred thousand is my lowest. Cash, of course.
- GASTON** Well, that's fixed. I won't argue about it. (*He takes out his cheque book.*)
- JEANNE** But there are so many things to be discussed before...
- GASTON** Not at all. Only one thing. As I am not arguing about the price, as I'm not bargaining with you... well you must be nice to me, you must allow me to keep this little picture which has kept me company while you and my wife went upstairs.

- JULIETTE** It's not a question of value...
- GASTON** Certainly not... Just as a souvenir...
- JULIETTE** Very well, you may keep it.
- GASTON** Thank you, Madame. will you give me a receipt please? Our lawyers will draw up the details of the sale please fill in your name... Let us see, it's the twenty-third, isn't it?
- JULIETTE** No, the twenty - fourth
- GASTON** what does it matter? One day more or less. (She signs the receipt and exchanges it for his cheque.) Splendid!
- JULIETTE** Thank you, Monsieur.
- GASTON** Here is my card. Good-bye, Madame. Oh, by the way, you will be kind enough to leave tomorrow morning, won't you?
- JULIETTE** Tomorrow! So soon?
- GASTON** Well, say tomorrow evening at the latest.
- JULIETTE** Yes, I can manage that. Good - bye Madame.
- JEANNE** Good day, Madame
- GASTON** I'll take my little picture with me, if you don't mind (He unhooks it) Just a beautiful souvenir, you know
- JULIETTE** Very well, I'll show you the garden, on the way out.
(Exit **JULIETTE**)
- JEANNE** What on earth have you done?
- GASTON** I? Made hundred thousand francs and a Corot!
- JEANNE** But how?
- GASTON** I'll tell you later.
- CURTAIN



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