

Bengaluru Central University [BCU]
Additional English
I Semester (All UG Courses)

Pre-reading activities:

- i) Prepare a write up on your childhood memories.*
- ii) Discuss in groups how your childhood memories have shaped your personality now.*
- iii) Prepare charts on the beauty and utilities of trees. Put the charts on the bulletin boards of your college.*

LIKE a huge Python, winding round and round
The rugged trunk, indented deep with scars,
Up to its very summit near the stars,
A creeper climbs, in whose embraces bound
No other tree could live. But gallantly
The giant wears the scarf, and flowers are hung
In crimson clusters all the boughs among,
Where on all day are gathered bird and bee;
And oft at nights the garden overflows
With one sweet song that seems to have no close,
Sung darkling from our tree, while men repose.

When first my casement is wide open thrown
At dawn, my eyes delighted on it rest;
Sometimes, and most in winter,—on its crest
A gray baboon sits statue-like alone
Watching the sunrise; while on lower boughs
His puny offspring leap about and play;
And far and near kokilas hail the day;
And to their pastures wend our sleepy cows;
And in the shadow, on the broad tank cast
By that hoar tree, so beautiful and vast,
The water-lilies spring, like snow enmassed.

But not because of its magnificence
Dear is the Casuarina to my soul:
Beneath it we have played; though years may roll,
O sweet companions, loved with love intense,
For your sakes, shall the tree be ever dear.

Blend with your images; it shall arise
In memory, till the hot tears blind mine eyes!
What is that dirge-like murmur that I hear
Like the sea breaking on a shingle-beach?
It is the tree's lament, an eerie speech,
That haply to the unknown land may reach.

Unknown, yet well-known to the eye of faith!
Ah, I have heard that wail far, far away
In distant lands, by many a sheltered bay,
When slumbered in his cave the water-wraith
And the waves gently kissed the classic shore
Of France or Italy, beneath the moon,
When earth lay tranced in a dreamless swoon:
And every time the music rose,—before
Mine inner vision rose a form sublime,
Thy form, O Tree, as in my happy prime
I saw thee, in my own loved native clime.

Therefore I fain would consecrate a lay
Unto thy honor, Tree, beloved of those
Who now in blessed sleep for aye repose, —
Dearer than life to me, alas, were they!
Mayst thou be numbered when my days are done
With deathless trees—like those in Borrow dale,
Under whose awful branches lingered pale
“Fear, trembling Hope, and Death, the skeleton,
And Time the shadow;” and though weak the verse
That would thy beauty fain, oh, fain rehearse,
May Love defend thee from Oblivion's curse.

Toru Dutt

Glossary:

Indent	: broken into the edge or surface.
Cluster	: number of things of the same kind growing closely together.
Repose	: to take rest.
Casement	: windows.

Puny	: small and weak.
enmassed	: in a mass, all together.
Dirge	: song sung at a burial or for a dead person.
Eerie	: causing a feeling of mystery or fear.
Haply	: by chance, perhaps.
Wraith	: apparition of a person seen shortly before or after the death.
Consecrate	: set apart as sacred or for a special purpose
Shingle-beach	: referred as rocky beach or pebble beach.
Blent	: a simple past tense and past participle of blend.
Sublime	: of very great excellence or beauty.
Clime	: a region considered with reference to its climate.
Borrow-dale	: the yew trees
Fain	: glad
Oblivion	: the state of being unaware or unconscious of what is happening around one.

Comprehension I

I. Answer the following questions in a sentence or two.

- 1) What is the vivid description of the tree that the poet reveals?
- 2) What is 'the creeper' compared to in the poem?
- 3) How does the enmassed snow appear in the shadow of casuarina tree?
- 4) What is the elegiac murmur that the poet hears?
- 5) According to the poetess, what is in trance?

Comprehension II

II. Answer the following questions in a paragraph or a page.

- 1) Write a short note on the images of the casuarinas tree at dawn as portrayed by the poet.
- 2) What kind of feelings does the poet arouse describing the tree and why?

- 3) What are the ways in which the poet has created the right atmosphere in the poem?

Comprehension III

III. Answer the following questions in a page or two.

- 1) Toru Dutt was an expert in revealing the mystery of womankind in the poem "Our Casuarina Tree." Elaborate the statement.
- 2) 'Bi-Culturalism pervades Toru Dutt's "Our Casuarina Tree."

About the poet:

Toru Dutt- The pride of Indian womanhood was born in Rambagan, Calcutta on March 4th, 1856 brought up

in an atmosphere of 'sweetness and light' and from her early childhood, she inherited the cultural and literary values. The knowledge of Sanskrit made a deep impression on her young mind and an ardent lover of India's glorious past. She was very pious and had deeply read the Hindu religion and myths credited with being the first Indian English poet extensively to use Indian myths. Toru Dutt is one of the most talented poets in Indo-Anglian literature. Her poetry comprises 'A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields' consisting of her translations of

French poetry into English and 'Ancient Ballads' and 'Legends of Hindustan' which compiles her translations and adaptations from Sanskrit literature. She has also written the poem 'A Sea of Foliage'.

About the text:

The poem was published in 1881. Toru Dutt celebrates the majesty of the casuarina tree that she used to see by her window in the garden. She remembers her happy childhood days spent under it. She revives her memories with her beloved siblings. The memory of the tree is the only link she has been left with, about her past and the cheerfulness of that memory is what makes her relive her childhood.

THE LETTER

- **Dhumketu**

- i) *To grow old, alone and helpless, is one of the worst factor to befall a human being. Discuss.*
- ii) *In this day of electronic communication, ask the students to compose a letter to any of their family members staying away from them.*
- iii) *Can human nature change as you age? Can repentance for your past make you a better person?*

In the grey sky of early dawn stars still glowed, as happy memories light up a life that is nearing its close. An old man was walking through the town, now and again drawing his tattered clothes tighter to shield his body from the cold and biting wind. From some houses came the sound of grinding mills, and the sweet voices of women singing at their work, and the sounds helped him along his lonely way. Except for the occasional bark of a dog, the distant steps of a workman going early to work, or the screech of a bird disturbed before its time, the whole town was wrapped in deathly silence. Most of its inhabitants were still in the arms of sleep, the sleep which grew more and more profound on account of the intense winter cold; for the cold used sleep to extend its sway over all things even as a false friend lulls his chosen victim with caressing smiles. The old man, shivering at times but fixed of purpose, plodded on till he came out of the town-gate on to a straight road. Along this he now went at a somewhat slower pace, supporting himself on his old staff.

On one side of the road was a row of trees, on the other side the town's public garden. The sky was darker now and the cold more intense, for the wind was blowing straight along the road, on which they fell like frozen snow, only the faint light of the morning star. At the end of the garden stood a handsome building of the newest style and the light gleamed threw the crevices of its closed doors and windows.

Beholding¹ the wooden arch of this building, the old man was filled with the joy that the pilgrim feels when he first sees the goal of his journey. On the arch hung an old board with the newly painted letters "Post Office." The old

man went in quietly and squatted on the veranda. The voices of two or three people busy and their routine work could be faintly heard through the wall.

“Police Superintendent,” a voice called sharply. The old man started at the sound, but composed himself again to wait. But for the faith and love, that warmed him, he could not have borne the bitter cold.

Name after name rang out from within as the clerk read out the English addresses in the letters and flung them to the waiting postmen. From long practise he had acquired great speed at reading out the titles - Commissioner, Superintendent, Diwan Sahib 2 and Librarian - and in flinging the letters out.

In the midst of this procedure a jesting voice from inside called, “Coachman Ali!” The old man got up, raised his eyes to heaven in gratitude and stepping forward put his hands to the door.

“Gokul Bhai!”

“Yes, who is there?”

“You called out coachman Ali's name didn't you? Here I am. I have come for my letter.”

“It's a mad man, sir, who worries us by calling everyday for letters that never come,” said the clerk to the postmaster.

The old man went back slowly to the bench on which he had been accustomed to sit for five long years.

Ali had been a clever shikari. As his skill increased so did his love for the hunt, till at last it was as impossible for him to pass a day without hunting as it is for the opium-eater to forgo his daily portion. When Ali sighted the earth-brown partridge, almost invisible to other eyes, the poor bird, they said, was as good as in his bag. His sharp eyes saw the hare crouching. Even when the dogs failed to see the creature cunningly hidden in the yellow brown scrub, Ali's eyes would catch the sight of his ears; and in another moment it was dead. Besides this he would often go out with his friends, the fishermen.

But when the evening of his life was drawing in, he left his old ways and suddenly took a new turn. His only child, Miriam married and left him. She went off with a soldier into his regiment in the Punjab, and for the last five years he had no news of this daughter for whose sake alone he dragged along a

cheerless existence. Now he understood the meaning of love and separation. He could no longer enjoy the sportsman's pleasure and laughter at the bewildered terror of the young partridges bereft of their parents.

Although the hunter's instinct was in his very blood and bones, such loneliness had come into his life since the day Miriam had gone away, that now, forgetting his sport, he would become lost in the admiration of the green cornfield. He reflected deeply and Diwan Sahib, a senior government official came to the conclusion that the whole universe is built up through love and that the grief of separation is inescapable. And seeing this, he sat down under a tree and wept bitterly. From that day he had risen each morning at 4 o' clock to walk to the post office. In his whole life he had never received a letter, but with a devout serenity born of hope and faith, he persevered and was always the first to arrive.

The post office, one of the uninteresting buildings in the world, became his place of pilgrimage. He always occupied a particular seat in a particular corner of the building, and when the people got to know his habit they laughed at him. The postmen began to make a game of him. Even though there was no letter for him they would call out his name for the fun of seeing him jump up and come to the door. But with a boundless faith and infinite patience, he came every day, and went away empty-handed.

While Ali waited, peons would come for their firms' letters and he would hear them discussing their masters' scandals. These smart young peons in their spotless turbans and creaking shoes were always eager to express themselves. Meanwhile, the door would be thrown open and the post-master, a man with a face as sad and as inexpressive as a pumpkin, would be seen sitting on his chair inside. There was no glimmer of animation in his features; such men usually prove to be village schoolmasters, office clerks or postmasters.

One day, he was there as usual and did not move from his seat when the door was opened.

“Police Commissioner!” the clerk called out, and a young fellow stepped forward briskly for the letters. “Superintendent!” Another voice called. Another peon came. And so the clerk, like a worshipper of Vishnu, repeated his customary thousand names.

At last they had all gone. Ali got up too and saluting the post-office as though it housed some precious relic, went off. A pitiable figure a century behind his time.

“That fellow,” asked the post-master “is he mad?”

“Who sir? Oh, yes,” answered the clerk “no matter what the weather is he has been here every day for the last five years. But he doesn't get many letters.”

“I can well understand that! Who does he think will have time to write a letter every day?”

“But he is a bit touched sir. In the old days he committed many sins; and maybe he shed some blood within sacred precincts and is paying for it now,” the postman added in support of his statement.

“Mad-men are strange people,” the postmaster said.

“Yes. Once I saw a postman in Ahmedabad who did absolutely nothing but make little heaps of dust. And another had a habit of going to the river bed in order to pour water on a certain stone everyday!”

“Oh! That's nothing” chimed in another. “I knew one madman who paced up and down all day long, another who never ceased declaiming poetry and a third who would slap himself on the cheek and then begin to cry because he was being beaten.”

And everyone in the post office began to talk of lunacy. All working class people have the habit of taking periodic rests by joining in general discussion for a few minutes. After listening a while, the postmaster got up and said, “It seems as though the mad live in a world of their own making. To them perhaps we too appear mad. The mad-man's world is rather like the poet's, I should think!”

He laughed as he spoke the last words, looking at one of the clerks who wrote indifferent verse. Then he went out and the office became still again.

For several days Ali had not come to the post-office. There was no one with enough sympathy or understanding to guess the reason, but all were curious to know what had stopped the old man. At last he came again; but it was a struggle for him to breathe and on his face was clear signs of approaching end. That day he could not contain his impatience.

“Master Sahib”, he begged the post-master, “have you a letter from my Miriam?”

The postmaster wanted to get out to the country and was in a hurry.

“What a pest you are, brother!” he exclaimed.

“My name is Ali,” answered Ali absent-mindedly.

“I know! I know! But do you think we've got your Miriam's name registered?”

“Then please note it down, brother. It will be useful if a letter should come when I am not here. For how should the villager who had spent three-quarters of his life hunting know that Miriam's name was not worth a piece to anyone but her father?”

The postmaster was beginning to lose his temper. “Have you no sense?” he cried.

“Get away! Do you think we're going to eat your letter when it comes?” and he walked off hastily. Ali came out very slowly, turning after every few steps to gaze at the post office. His eyes were filled with tears of helplessness, for his patience was exhausted, even though he still had faith. Yet how could he still hope to hear from Miriam?

Ali heard one of the clerks coming up behind him, and turned to him

“Brother!” he said.

The clerk was surprised, but being a decent fellow he said, “Well!”

“Here, look at this!” and Ali produced an old tin box and emptied five golden guineas into the surprised clerk's hands. “Do not look so startled,” he continued.

“They will be useful to you, and they can never be to me. But will you do one thing?”

“What?”

“What do you see up there?” said Ali, pointing to the sky.

“Heaven.”

“Allah is there, and in His presence I am giving you this money. When it comes, you must forward my Miriam's letter to me.”

“But where---where am I supposed to send it?” asked the utterly bewildered clerk.

“To my grave.”

“What?”

“Yes. It is true. Today is my last day: my very last, alas! And I have not seen Miriam; I have had no letter from her.” There were tears in Ali's eyes as the clerk slowly left him and went on his way with the five golden guineas in his pocket.

Ali was never seen again, and no one troubled to inquire after him.

One day, however, trouble came to the postmaster. His daughter lay ill in another town, and he was anxiously waiting for news of her. The post was brought in, and the letters piled on the table. Seeing an envelope of the colour and shape he expected, the postmaster eagerly snatched it up. It was addressed to Coachman Ali, and he dropped it as though it had given him an electric shock. The haughty temper of the official had quite left him in his sorrow and anxiety, and had laid bare his human heart. He knew at once that this was the letter the old man had been waiting for: it must be from his daughter Miriam.

“Lakshmi Das!” called the postmaster, for such was the name of the clerk to whom Ali had given his money.

“Yes sir?”

“This is for your old coachman, Ali. Where is he now?”

“I will find out, sir.”

The postmaster did not receive his own letter all that day. He worried all night, and getting up at three, went to sit in the office. “When Ali comes at four o' clock,” he mused, “I will give him the letter myself.”

For now the postmaster understood Ali's heart and his very soul. After spending but a single night in suspense, anxiously waiting for news of his daughter, his heart was brimming with sympathy for the poor old man who had spent his nights in the same suspense for the last five years. At the stroke of five

he heard a soft knock on the door: he felt sure it was Ali. He rose quickly from his chair, his suffering father's heart recognizing another, and flung the door wide open.

“Come in, brother Ali,” he cried, handing the letter to the meek old man, bent double with age, who was standing outside. Ali was leaning on a stick, and the tears were wet on his face as they had been when the clerk left him. But his features had been hard then, and now they were softened by lines of kindness. He lifted his eyes and in them was a light so unearthly that the postmaster shrank back in fear and astonishment.

Lakshmi Das had heard the postmaster's words as he came towards the office from another quarter. “Who was that, sir? Old Ali?” he asked. But the postmaster took no notice of him. He was staring with wide-open eyes at the doorway from which Ali had disappeared. Where could he have gone? At last he turned to Lakshmi Das. “Yes, I was speaking to Ali,” he said.

“Old Ali is dead, sir. But give me his letter.”

“What! But when? Are you sure, Lakshmi Das?”

“Yes, that is so,” broke in a postman who had just arrived. “Ali died three months ago.”

The postmaster was bewildered. Miriam's letter was still lying near the door; Ali's image was still before his eyes. He listened to Lakshmi Das' recital of the last interview, but he could still not doubt the reality of the knock on the door and the tears in Ali's eyes. He was perplexed. Had he really seen Ali? Had his imagination deceived him? Or had it perhaps been Lakshmi Das?

The daily routine began. The clerk read out the addresses- Police Commissioner, Superintendent, Librarian - and flung the letters deftly.

But the postmaster now watched them as eagerly as though each contained a warm, beating heart. He no longer thought of them in terms of envelopes and postcards. He saw the essential human worth of a letter.

That evening you could have seen Lakshmi Das and the postmaster walking with slow steps to Ali's grave. They laid the letter on it and turned back.

“Lakshmi Das, were you indeed the first to come to the office this morning?”

“Yes, sir, I was the first.”

“Then how.... No. I don't understand....”

“What, sir?”

“Oh, never mind,” the postmaster said shortly. At the office he parted from Lakshmi Das and went in. The newly-wakened father's heart in him was reproaching him for having failed to understand Ali's anxiety, for now he himself had to spend another night of restless anxiety. Tortured by doubt and remorse, he sat down in the glow of the charcoal sigri to wait.

Glossary:

Tattered	: Old and torn; in poor condition.
Crevice	: a deep line in an old person's face, or a deep fold in someone's body or a small, narrow crack or space, especially in the surface of rock
Jesting	: To say something intended to be funny.
Partridge	: a bird with a round body and a short tail that is sometimes hunted for food
Bereft	: Sad and lonely
Devout	: totally committed to a cause or belief.
Precincts	: an area in a town designated for specific or restricted use
Lunacy	: stupid behavior that will have bad results, mental illness
Brimming	: fill something so completely that it almost overflows.
Perplexed	: to confuse and worry someone slightly by being difficult to understand or solve
Reproaching	: expressing disapproval or disappointment. Or to criticize someone, especially for not being successful or not doing what is expected

Remorse : deep regret or guilt for a wrong committed or a feeling of sadness and being sorry for something you have done .

Comprehension I

I. Answer the following questions in a sentence or two.

- 1) Who was Ali? What peculiar obsession did he have?
- 2) What proved Ali's talent as a shikari?
- 3) When did Ali realize the pain of separation?
- 4) Why did the clerks and postmen consider Ali as a mad man?
- 5) Why is the post office said to be a pilgrim place for Ali?
- 6) Why did Ali give five gold coins to Lakshmi Das?
- 7) What bewildered and puzzled the postmaster?
- 8) "Tortured by doubt and remorse, he sat down in the glow of the charcoal sigri to wait." Who is tortured by doubt and remorse? Why? What is he waiting for?

Comprehension II

II. Answer the following questions in a paragraph or a page.

- 1) Why was visiting the post office a pilgrimage for the old man?
- 2) What are the instances cited which make one realize that Ali was an accomplished hunter?
- 3) The postmaster realizes his mistake but by then it is too late. What mistake has the postmaster made? How does he realize it?
- 4) What impression do you form about Coachman Ali after reading the story?

Comprehension III

III. Answer the following questions in a page or two.

- 1) "Ali displays qualities of love and patience". Give evidence from the story to support the statement.
- 2) 'Pain of separation is a thing to be experienced rather than heard of'. Discuss.
- 3) Both Ali and the Postmaster are the two sides of the same coin. Explain.
- 4) 'One feels other's pain only when one goes through it himself'. Explain.

- 5) Discuss the incidents which led to the post master's change of heart and give reasons for it.

About the author:

Dhumketu (1892–1965) was the pen name of Gaurishankar Govardhandas Joshi, a prolific writer, who is considered one of the pioneers of the Gujarati short story. He published twenty-four collections of short stories, as well as thirty-two novels on historical and social subjects, plays and travelogues. His writing is characterized by a poetic style, romanticism and a powerful depiction of human emotions.

About the text:

The Letter is a short story of an old man (once an active hunter) Ali and his visit to the post office every day to check whether his daughter Miriam has written a letter to him. Miriam has been sent off to a distant place after her marriage, and there has been no communication from her for five long years. The story shows Ali's undying hope that Miriam will write to him one day and that one day his visits to the post office will not be futile. The postmaster and all the people working at the post office habitually make fun of Ali who comes every day to the post office expecting a letter from his daughter Miriam. Sadly, after a long wait of five years Ali dies before receiving Miriam's letter. At the end of the story, the postmaster understands Ali's plight and regrets making fun of him.

WHY I WANT A WIFE

- **Judy Brady**

Pre-reading activities:

- i) Evaluate the status of a wife in the present world.*
- ii) Is a wife given all the freedom that she deserves as a human in an educated society ?*
- iii) Who in your opinion should take the responsibility of home and children? Discuss*
- iv) What are the rights and duties of a couple in a family?*

I belong to that classification of people known as wives. I am a Wife. And not altogether incidentally, I am a mother.

Not too long ago a male friend of mine appeared on the scene fresh from a recent divorce. He had one child, who is, of course, with his ex-wife. He is looking for another wife. As I thought about him while I was ironing one evening, it suddenly occurred to me that I, too, would like to have a wife. Why do I want a wife?

I would like to go back to school so that I can become economically independent, support myself, and, if need be, support those dependent upon me. I want a wife who will work and send me to school. And while I am going to school, I want a wife to take care of my children. I want a wife to keep track of the children's doctor and dentist appointments and to keep track of mine too. I want a wife to make sure my children eat properly and are kept clean. I want a wife who will wash the children's clothes and keep them mended. I want a wife who is a good nurturant attendant to my children, who arranges for their schooling, makes sure that they have an adequate social life with their peers, takes them to the park, the zoo, etc. I want a wife who takes care of the children when they are sick, a wife who arranges to be around when the children need special care, because, of course, I cannot miss classes at school. My wife must arrange to lose time at work and not lose the job. It may mean a small cut in my wife's income from time to time, but I guess I can tolerate that. Needless to say, my wife will arrange and pay for the care of the children while my wife is working.

I want a wife who will take care of my physical needs. I want a wife who will keep my house clean. A wife who will pick up after my children, a wife who will pick up after me. I want a wife who will keep my clothes clean, ironed, mended, replaced when need be, and who will see to it that my personal things are kept in their proper place so that I can find what I need the minute I need it. I want a wife who cooks the meals, a wife who is a good cook. I want a wife who will plan the menus, do the necessary grocery shopping, prepare the meals, serve them pleasantly, and then do the cleaning up while I do my studying. I want a wife who will care for me when I am sick and sympathize with my pain and loss of time from school. I want a wife to go along when our family takes a vacation so that someone can continue to care for me and my children when I need a rest and change of scene.

I want a wife who will not bother me with rambling complaints about a wife's duties. But I want a wife who will listen to me when I feel the need to explain a rather difficult point I have come across in my course studies. And I want a wife who will type my papers for me when I have written them.

I want a wife who will take care of the details of my social life. When my wife and I are invited out by my friends, I want a wife who will take care of the baby-sitting arrangements. When I meet people at school that I like and want to entertain, I want a wife who will have the house clean, will prepare a special meal, serve it to me and my friends, and not interrupt when I talk about things that interest me and my friends. I want a wife who will have arranged that the children are fed and ready for bed before my guests arrive so that the children do not bother us. I want a wife who takes care of the needs of my guests so that they feel comfortable, who makes sure that they have an ashtray, that they are passed the hors d'oeuvres, that they are offered a second helping of the food, that their wine glasses are replenished when necessary, that their coffee is served to them as they like it. And I want a wife who knows that sometimes I need a night out by myself.

I want a wife who is sensitive to my sexual needs, a wife who makes love passionately and eagerly when I feel like it, a wife who makes sure that I am satisfied. And, of course, I want a wife who will not demand sexual attention when I am not in the mood for it. I want a wife who assumes the complete responsibility for birth control, because I do not want more children. I want a wife who will remain sexually faithful to me so that I do not have to clutter up my intellectual life with jealousies. And I want a wife who understands that my sexual needs may entail more than strict adherence to monogamy. I must, after all, be able to relate to people as fully as possible.

If, by chance, I find another person more suitable as a wife than the wife I already have, I want the liberty to replace my present wife with another one. Naturally, I will expect a fresh, new life; my wife will take the children and be solely responsible for them so that I am left free.

When I am through with school and have a job, I want my wife to quit working and remain at home so that my wife can more fully and completely take care of a wife's duties.

My God, who wouldn't want a wife?

Glossary:

Rambling : Confusing

Hors de 'oeuvres : A small bit of appetizing food

Replenish : Refill

Comprehension I

I. Answer the following questions in a sentence or two.

1. When did the idea of having a wife for herself occur to the author's mind?
2. What does the author want to do after getting a wife?
3. What are the expected responsibilities of the wife with respect to her children?
4. "My wife must arrange to lose time at work and not lose the job". What does the author mean by this?
5. What is expected by the wife when a new wife is replaced in her position?

Comprehension II

II. Answer the following questions in a paragraph or a page.

1. Explain how a wife is expected to take care of both family and job?
2. What are the duties of a wife as a good host?

Comprehension III

III. Answer the following questions in a page or two.

1. “Why I want a wife” is a mirror to stereotypes of patriarchy. Substantiate.
2. What is Judy’s definition of a wife or of being a wife in Why I Want a Wife?

About the author:

Born in 1937 in San Francisco, Judy was a writer, editor, mother, environmentalist, breast cancer activist, and a self-described “cancer victim,” a label she used to emphasize the injustice of the cancer industrial complex. She played an active role in the feminist movement of the late 1960s, and was well-known for challenging conventional stereotypes of the “good” wife and mother with her famous essay “Why I Want a Wife,” which was first printed in the premiere issue of *Ms. Magazine* in 1972. She also co-founded San Francisco-based Green Action for Health and Environmental Justice and published essays in *Greenpeace Magazine* and *Women’s Review of Books*.

About the text:

The essay “Why I Want a Wife” by Judy Brady, is a very intense essay written by a great feminist writer of her time.

It speaks about how men expect too much from their wives. Brady shows this by listing all of the responsibilities expected from a mother and wife. The list she provides is rather mind-boggling, and proves that some of the things men require are just too demanding. The essay was written in 1971, and is about how a wife should conduct herself in the eyes of a male figure. When the essay was written, it had a great impact on the feminist movement of the early 1970’s. Many male figures of the time heckled and despised her essay, but for the women of the 1970’s it was a huge step towards their own freedom from what, at the time, was considered the norm. The tone of this essay is serious, but at the same time can be conceived as humorous, sarcastic, and even dramatic. It may have not have seemed very serious to men at the time, but woman could relate to this essay in more than one way.

2. Paragraph Writing

Paragraph writing is a full and logical development of a single idea. The single idea maybe one in a series of related ideas which form the general subject matter of an Essay; so a paragraph is a subdivision of the main subject. Generally, a new paragraph begins when we introduce a new idea, time or place.

The structure of a paragraph is simple. The theme of the paragraph is often expressed in one sentence – generally the First. This sentence is called the **topic sentence** because it states the topic. The Topic sentence is supported by relevant information explaining or amplifying the stated topic.

A good paragraph must have unity, coherence & variety.

Unity:

Each paragraph usually deals with one idea or statement. All the sentences in the paragraph are logically connected to the central idea. This is known as the unity in the paragraph.

Coherence:

Coherence involves having the parts of a piece of writing in a meaningful order. The ideas in a paragraph must be so arranged as to make their logical relation clear. Ideas in a paragraph can be arranged in a logical order – either in the order of their occurrence or in the order of their importance.

Variety:

Variety is the spice of life. A standard paragraph maintains the interest of the reader. It avoids monotony by having many types of words, images, examples and sentences. The writer ensures that he uses both short and long sentences: and sentences of different structures.

Steps involved in developing a Paragraph:

- Think of a specific topic.
- Do brainstorming and collect idea
- Choose the topic sentence.
- Put the ideas in order around the topic sentence.
- Make your first and last sentences cryptic & effective.

Different types of paragraphs:

- **Descriptive:**

Describe: I am going to describe a sunset!

Sunset is the time of day when our sky meets the outer space solar winds. There are blue, pink, and purple swirls, spinning and twisting, like clouds of balloons caught in a whirlwind. The sun moves slowly to hide behind the line of horizon, while the moon races to take its place in prominence atop the night sky. People slow to a crawl, entranced, fully forgetting the deeds that must still be done. There is coolness, calmness, when the sun does set.

- **Narrative**

Narrate: I am going to narrate a story about the Apollo 11 space mission.

It was July 21, 1969, and Neil Armstrong awoke with a start. It was the day he would become the first human being to ever walk on the moon. The journey had begun several days earlier, when on July 16th, the Apollo 11 launched from Earth headed into outer space. On board with Neil Armstrong were Michael Collins and Buzz Aldrin. The crew landed on the moon in the Sea of Tranquility a day before the actual walk. Upon Neil's first step onto the moon's surface, he declared, "That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind." It sure was!

- **Persuasive**

Persuade: I am going to persuade my neighbors to buy tickets to the school fair.

The school fair is right around the corner, and tickets have just gone on sale. We are selling a limited number of tickets at a discount, so move fast and get yours while they are still available. This is going to be an event you will not want to miss! First off, the school fair is a great value when compared with other forms of entertainment. Also, your ticket purchase will help our school, and when you help the school, it helps the entire community. But that's not all! Every ticket you purchase enters you in a drawing to win fabulous prizes. And don't forget, you will have mountains of fun because there are acres and acres of great rides, fun games, and entertaining attractions! Spend time with your family and friends at our school fair. Buy your tickets now!

- **Argumentative**

Argue: I am going to present a logical argument as to why my neighbor should attend the school fair.

The school fair is right around the corner, and tickets have just gone on sale. Even though you may be busy, you will still want to reserve just one day out of an entire year to relax and have fun with us. Even if you don't have much money, you don't have to worry. A school fair is a community event, and therefore prices are kept low. Perhaps, you are still not convinced. Maybe you feel you are too old for fairs, or you just don't like them. Well, that's what my grandfather thought, but he came to last year's school fair and had this to say about it: "I had the best time of my life!" While it's true that you may be able to think of a reason not to come, I'm also sure that you can think of several reasons why you must come. We look forward to seeing you at the school fair!

Suggestive topics for writing paragraphs:

- That is why I prefer to live in a city.
- Good health is the most precious of all possessions.
- Sunday is my favorite day of the week.
- Journey on a Metro Train.
- Today banks offer a wide range of services to their customers.