GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE, PRAYAGRAJ.

SESSION: 2020-2021 WORKSHEET- 2

SUBJECT: ENGLISH LITERATURE

CLASS: 8(A B C D E) CHAPTER: The Hero

Note: Parents please ensure that the student reads the passage very carefully and answers the questions that follow.

Let's Read

Swami's father sat gloomily gazing at the newspaper on his lap. Swami rose silently and <u>tiptoed</u> away to his bed in the passage. Granny was sitting up in her bed, and remarked, "Boy, are you already feeling sleepy? Don't you want a story?"

Swami made wild <u>gesticulations</u> to silence his granny, but that good lady saw nothing. So Swami threw himself on his bed and pulled the blanket over his face.

Granny said, "Don't cover your face. Are you really very sleepy?" Swami <u>leant</u> over and whispered, "Please, please, shut up, Granny. Don't talk to me, and don't let anyone call me even if the house is on fire. If I don't sleep at once I shall perhaps die." He turned over, curled and snored under the blanket till he found his blanket pulled away.

Presently, Father came and stood over him. "Swami, get up," he said. He looked like an <u>apparition</u> in the semi-darkness of the passage, which was lit by a cone of light from the hall. Swami <u>stirred</u> and <u>groaned</u> as if in sleep .Father said, "Get up, Swami."

Granny pleaded, "Why do you disturb him?"

"Get up, Swami," he said for the fourth time, and Swami got up. Father rolled up his bed, took it under his arm, and said, "Come with me." Swami looked at his granny, hesitated for a moment, and followed his father into the office room.

On the way he threw a look of <u>appeal</u> at his mother and she said, "Why do you take him to the office room? He can sleep in the hall, I think."

"I don't think so," Father said, and Swami slunk behind him with bowed head.

"Let me sleep in the hall, Father," Swami pleaded. "Your office room is very dusty and there may be scorpions behind your law books."

"Can I have a lamp burning in the room?"

"No. You must learn not to be afraid of darkness. It is only a question of habit. You must <u>cultivate</u> good habits."

"Will you at least leave the door open?"

"All right. But promise you will not roll up your bed and go to granny's side at night. If you do it, mind you, I will make you the laughing stock of your school."

Swami felt cut off from humanity. He was pained and angry. He didn't like the strain of cruelty he saw in his father's nature. He hated the newspaper for printing the tiger's story. He wished that the tiger hadn't spared the boy, who didn't appear to be a boy after all but a monster.

As the night advanced and the silence in the house deepened, his heart beat faster. He remembered all the stories of devils and ghosts he had heard in his life. How often had his chum Mani seen the devil in the banyan tree at his street's end? And what about poor Munisami's father who spat out blood because the devil near the river's edge slapped his cheek when he was returning home late one night. And so on and on his thoughts continued. He was faint with fear. A ray of light from the street strayed in and cast shadows on the wall. Through the stillness all kinds of noises reached his ears- the ticking of the clock, rustle of trees, snoring sounds and some vague night insects humming. He covered himself so completely

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that he could hardly breathe. Every moment he expected the devils to come up to carry him away; there was the instance of his old friend in fourth class who suddenly disappeared and was said to have been carried off by a ghost to Siam or Nepal.

Q.1. Write the meanings of the underlined words (use dictionary) and learn the spellings.