

writing

1. Imagine that you are Jim. You have returned to your town after the war. In your diary record how you feel about the changes you see and the events that occur in your town. You could begin like this

25 December, 1919

It's Christmas today, but the town looks.....

Or

Suppose you are the visitor. You are in a dilemma. You don't know whether to disclose your identity and disappoint the old lady or let her believe that her dear Jim has come back. Write a letter to a friend highlighting your anxiety, fears and feelings.

2. Given below is the outline of a story. Construct the story using the outline.

A young, newly married doctor _____ freedom fighter
_____ exiled to the Andaman and Nicobar Islands by the
British _____ infamous Cellular Jail _____ prisoners
tortured _____ revolt by inmates _____ doctor
hanged _____ wife waits for his return _____
becomes old _____ continues to wait with hope and faith.

 *War is the greatest plague that can afflict humanity; it destroys religion, it destroys states, it destroys families.*

— Martin Luther

 *This book is to be neither an accusation nor a confession, and least of all an adventure, for death is not an adventure to those who stand face to face with it. It will try simply to tell of a generation of men who, even though they may have escaped shells, were destroyed by the war.*

— Erich Maria Remarque, author of *All Quiet on the Western Front*

The Ant and the Cricket

A fable is a story, often with animals as characters, that conveys a moral. This poem about an ant and a cricket contains an idea of far-reaching significance, which is as true of a four-legged cricket as of a 'two-legged one'. Surely, you have seen a cricket that has two legs!

A silly young cricket, accustomed to sing
Through the warm, sunny months of gay summer and spring,
Began to complain when he found that, at home,
His cupboard was empty, and winter was come.

Not a crumb to be found
On the snow-covered ground;
Not a flower could he see,
Not a leaf on a tree.

"Oh! what will become," says the cricket, "of me?"

At last by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet, and all trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly ant,
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant

Him shelter from rain,
And a mouthful of grain.
He wished only to borrow;
He'd repay it tomorrow;

If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.





Says the ant to the cricket, "I'm your servant and friend,

But we ants never borrow; we ants never lend.

But tell me, dear cricket, did you lay nothing by When the weather was warm?" Quoth the cricket, "Not I!

My heart was so light
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay."

"You sang, Sir, you say?

Go then," says the ant, "and dance the winter away."

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket,
And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.
Folks call this a fable. I'll warrant it true:
Some crickets have four legs, and some have two.

adapted from *Aesop's Fables*

glossary

accustomed to sing: used to singing; in the habit of singing

famine: scarcity of food; having nothing to eat

lay nothing by: save nothing

quoth: (old English) said