



A TEXT BOOK OF ENGLISH B
RAPID READER &
A BOOK ON ESP
XI and XII



West Bengal Council of Higher Secondary Education

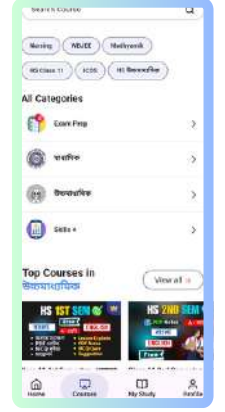
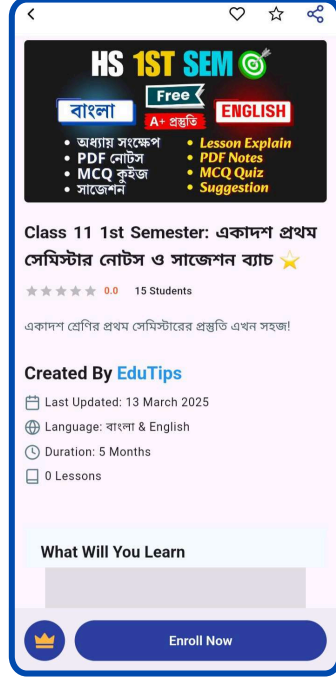
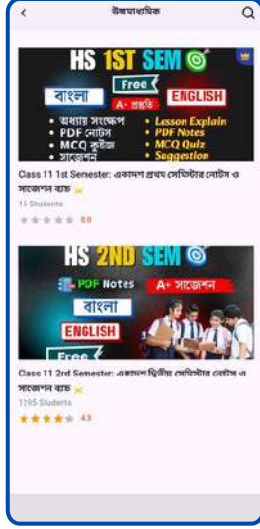
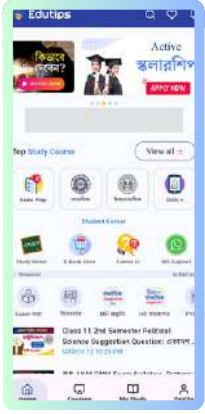
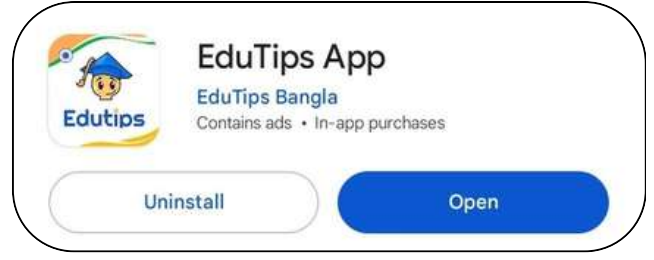




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উচ্চ মাধ্যমিক প্রথম সেমিস্টার প্রস্তুতি

HS 1ST SEM

Free

বাংলা ENGLISH

A+ প্রস্তুতি

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- সাজেশন
- Lesson Explain
- PDF Notes
- MCQ Quiz
- Suggestion

Class 11 1st Semester: একাদশ প্রথম সেমিস্টার নোটস ও সাজেশন ব্যাচ ★





MACBETH





Chapter 1

When Duncan was the king of Scotland, there lived a brave General who was looked up to with high esteem throughout Scotland for his great valour and skill in wars. He was also a close relative of the old king. He was Macbeth, the Thane of Glamis. Of late, he defeated a rebel army assisted by the troops of Norway in great numbers — he emerged as “valour’s minion” and “Bellona’s bridegroom” — his valour and courage demanded praise from all and sundry.

The two Scottish Generals, Macbeth and Banquo, were returning from the great battle. There was thunder and lightning. On the way they were stopped by the strange appearance of three figures that looked like women, except that they had beards, and their withered skin and wild dresses made them look like unearthly creatures. They were dancing, they were singing :

“Fair is foul, and foul is fair
Hover through the fog and filthy air.”

As they saw the two Generals, the first witch saluted Macbeth with the title of ‘Thane of Glamis’. The general was scarcely startled to find himself known by such creatures. The second witch addressed him as the ‘Thane of Cawdor’ to which he had no pretensions; and the third told him, “You will be the king of Scotland hereafter.” Such a prophetic greeting might well amaze him for he knew that as long as the king’s sons survived, he could scarcely hope to succeed to the throne. By this time, Banquo was curious to know the reason why the witches had little to say about him whereas they kindled hope in the heart of his dearest friend. So the witches turned towards Banquo and told him in somewhat riddling terms: to be lesser than Macbeth and greater, not so happy, but much happier. They also prophesied that although Banquo would never reign as the king of Scotland, yet his successors would be the kings. And then they turned into thin air and vanished, by which the Generals realized the weird sisters to be witches.

While they stood there pondering on the strangeness of this adventure, there arrived certain envoys from the king, who were empowered to confer upon Macbeth the title of the Thane of Cawdor. It was an event so miraculously corresponding with the prediction of the witches that Macbeth stood there wrapped in amazement, unable to respond to the





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greetings of the envoys, Ross & Angus. Hopes began to swell in his heart with this Thane of Cawdorship and he was now thinking of the prediction of the third witch. Turning to Banquo, he said, “Do you not hope that your children shall be the kings of the future, since, what the witches promised to me has so wonderfully come to pass?” “That hope,” replied Banquo, “might enkindle you to aim at the throne, but oftentimes these ministers of darkness tell us truths in little things, to betray us into deeds of greatest consequence.”

However, the prophecies of the witches had sunk too deep into the mind of Macbeth. He told his wife about the strange prediction of the three witches, and also its partial accomplishment. Lady Macbeth spurred on the reluctant purpose of Macbeth who felt compunction at the thoughts of blood. She did not cease to represent the murder of the king as a step absolutely necessary to the fulfillment of the flattering prophecy. It happened that at this time King Duncan came to visit Macbeth’s castle along with his two sons, Malcolm and Donalbain and numerous Thanes and attendants to honour Macbeth for his triumph against the rebels.

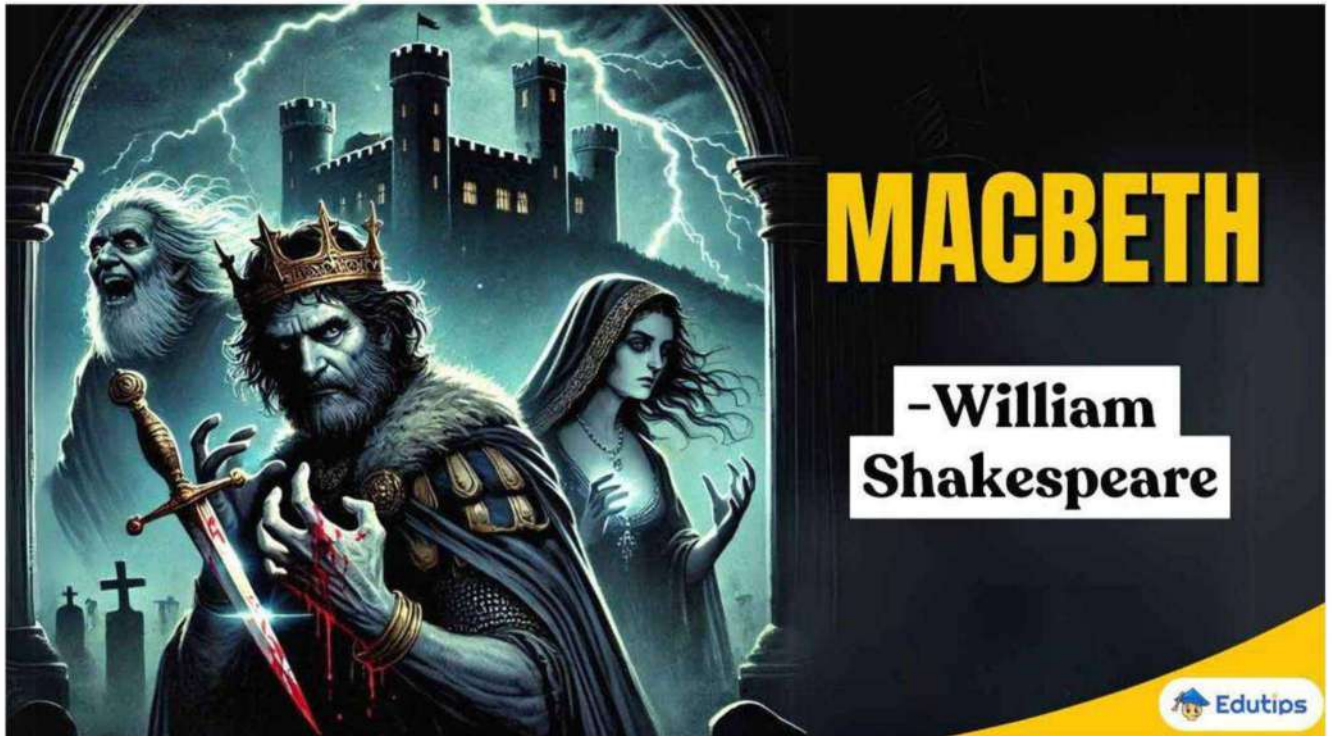
Inverness, the castle of Macbeth was pleasantly situated on a hill and the air about it was sweet and wholesome. The nests that the swallows or the martlets had built under all the jutting friezes and buttresses of the building. The king was extremely pleased as he entered the palace not only for its wonderful ambience but also due to the attention and respect of his hostess, Lady Macbeth, who had developed the art of camouflaging her treacherous purposes with smiles and charming etiquette.

Tired of his long journey the king went early to bed. It was the middle of the night. Now over half the world Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse sleeping men’s minds, and none but the wolf or the murderer is out for hunt. This was the time when Lady Macbeth woke up to plot the murder of the king. She would not have undertaken a deed so abhorrent to her sex, and she was well aware of her husband’s nature that was too full of the milk of human kindness to execute a contrived murder. She knew that her husband was ambitious but he was not prepared for the height of crime which commonly accompanies inordinate ambition. She had won his consent about the murder, but she doubted his resolution, and she feared that the natural tenderness of his disposition would defeat the purpose. So, armed with a dagger, she approached the king’s chamber. There she found Duncan in sound sleep and as she viewed him earnestly, there was something in his face which resembled her own father. Thus she had not the courage to proceed further.



RAPID READER

MACBETH



MCQ Questions

1. What was Macbeth's profession?

- a) King
b) General ✓
c) Farmer
d) Merchant

2. For what qualities was Macbeth admired in Scotland?

- a) Intelligence and diplomacy
b) Kindness and compassion
c) Valour and skill in wars ✓
d) Wealth and power

3. Who was the king of Scotland when the story begins?

- a) Macbeth
b) Banquo
c) Duncan ✓
d) Cawdor

4. What title did Macbeth already hold before the witches' prophecies?

- a) Thane of Cawdor
b) Thane of Glamis ✓
c) King of Scotland
d) None of the above

5. What supernatural beings did Macbeth and Banquo encounter?

- a) Fairies
b) Angels
c) Witches ✓
d) Ghosts

6. What was the first prophecy made by the witches to Macbeth?

- a) He would be Thane of Cawdor. ✓
b) He would be King of Scotland.
c) His children would be kings.
d) He would defeat the Norwegian army.

7. How did Banquo react to the witches' prophecies?

- a) He was overjoyed.
b) He was suspicious. ✓
c) He was indifferent.
d) He was angry.

8. What did the witches prophesy for Banquo's descendants?

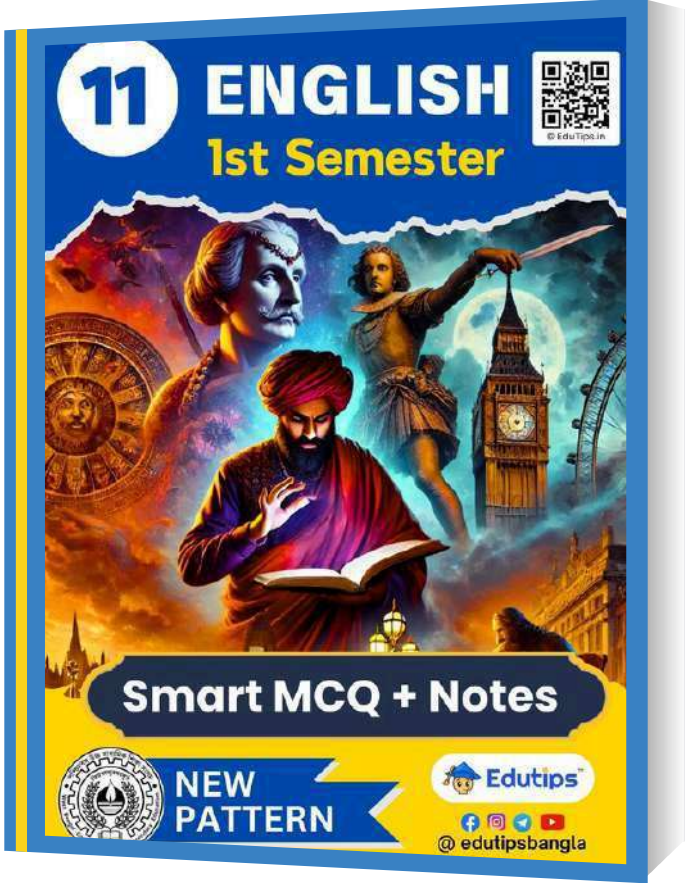
- a) They would be powerful nobles.
b) They would be kings of Scotland. ✓
c) They would be cursed.
d) They would live long lives.

9. What was Macbeth's reaction to the news of becoming Thane of Cawdor?

একাদশ ENGLISH প্রথম সেমিস্টার

Smart MCQ Notes

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MACBETH

She returned to confer with her husband. He thought that there were strong reasons against the murder. Macbeth was not only a subject but also a close relative to Duncan. Besides, he had been a host to the king; so his duty would be to protect the king from the threat of the murderers, not to bear the dagger himself. He also considered how just and merciful a king this Duncan had been, how clear of offence to his subjects, how loving to his nobility that his subjects are doubly bound to avenge his death. Moreover, by the favours of the king, Macbeth stood high in the opinion of all sorts of men, and how would those honours be stained by the reputation of so foul a murder!

In these conflicts of the mind Lady Macbeth found that her husband had resolved to proceed no further. But she was a woman not easily shaken from her purpose. She began to pour in at his ears words tinged with a “valour of her tongue” infusing a portion of her own spirit into his mind, assigning reason upon reason why he should not shrink from the resolution he had earlier undertaken, and how the action of one short night would give to all their nights and days to come sovereign power and royalty! She even accused him of cowardice and fickleness for reverting to his decision. She also told him how practicable it would be to lay the guilt of the deed on the drunken grooms who were sleeping outside the king’s chamber.

So Macbeth took the dagger in his hand, and softly stole in the dark to the room where Duncan slept. As he advanced towards the bed-chamber he visualized another dagger hanging in the air with the handle pointed towards him and there were drops of blood on the tip and the blade of the dagger. Macbeth tried to grasp the dagger, but it faded into the air. To his realisation it was only a mere phantasm created from his hot and oppressed brain for the business he had in hand.

Overcoming this fear, Macbeth entered Duncan’s room, and slew the hapless king. Just as he was about to leave the room, one of the grooms, who was sleeping adjacent to the chamber, laughed in his sleep, and the cried out, “Murder” for which both of the grooms woke up; but then, one of them said, “God bless us!” and the other responded, “Amen”, and went off to sleep. Macbeth also tried to say “Amen”, but the word seemed to be stuck in his throat, and he could not utter it. He felt that he heard a voice which said, “Sleep no more; Macbeth murders sleep, the innocent sleep, that nourishes life. Glamis has murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more. Macbeth shall sleep no more.”

Macbeth thus returned to his wife who by now started to think that he had failed in his objective. He came in such distracted a state that she reproached for his want of





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resoluteness, and sent him to wash his hands of the blood that stained them. Meanwhile she took the dagger to stain the cheeks of the grooms with blood in order to make it seem their guilt.

Day broke, and with it the discovery of the murder, and though Macbeth and his wife showed their utmost grief, and the evidence of murder was sufficiently strong against the grooms, yet the entire suspicion fell upon Macbeth. Duncan's two sons fled immediately. Malcolm, the eldest, sought for refuge in the English court, while Donalbain, the youngest son, fled to Ireland. With the death of the king, the throne being vacated, and the sons being unavailable, Macbeth who was the next claimer was crowned the king of Scotland. Thus the prediction of the weird sisters was literally accomplished.

Macbeth and his queen could not forget the prophecy of the weird sisters that though Macbeth would be the king, the children of Banquo, and not of Macbeth, would be the kings after him. The thought, that they had defiled their hands with blood by committing regicide, only to place the posterity of Banquo upon the throne had rankled within them. So Macbeth decided to kill Banquo and his son Fleance to nullify the prediction of the weird sisters. To solemnise the kingship a banquet was arranged. All the chief Thanes along with Banquo and Fleance were invited. Macbeth appointed some hired assassins and beset them on the way Banquo and his son were supposed to pass. The assassins pounced upon them and killed Banquo, but Fleance managed to escape.

Meanwhile, Macbeth and his wife played the role of perfect hosts with affable and graceful manners that conciliated everyone present in the banquet. Macbeth discoursed freely with the Thanes and noblemen and regretted the absence of his dearest friend Banquo. No sooner did he lament for his friend whom he was missing in the banquet, than Macbeth saw the ghost of Banquo occupying the seat reserved for him. At this horrible sight, his cheeks became white with fear, and he stood quite unmannered and unnerved with his eyes fixed upon the ghost. His queen and all other nobles saw nothing, but perceived him gazing upon an empty chair. They took it to be a fit of distraction, and Lady Macbeth even reproached him, and told him that it was the same fancy which made him see the dagger in the air when he was about to murder Duncan. But Macbeth continued to visualize the ghost of Banquo, and gave no heed to all the noblemen could say, and addressed the ghost with distracted words. Lady Macbeth, fearing the dreadful secret would be disclosed, in great haste dismissed the guests, excusing the infirmity of Macbeth as a disorder he was often troubled with.





MACBETH

Macbeth and his wife had their sleeps affected with terrible dreams, and the blood of Banquo troubled them not more than the escape of Fleance, whom they now looked upon as father to a line of kings who would keep their posterity on the throne. With these miserable thoughts they found no peace, and Macbeth decided to visit the heath once more in search of the three weird sisters to know his final outcome.

He found them in a cave near the heath where they were engaged in preparing their dreadful charms by which they conjured up infernal spirits to reveal his futurity. Their horrid ingredients were toads, bats, and serpents, the eye of a newt, the tongue of a dog, the leg of a lizard, the wing of a night-owl, the scale of a dragon, the tooth of a wolf, the mummy of a witch, the root of poisonous hemlock, the gall of a goat, the liver of a Jew, and the finger of a dead child. All these were set on to boil in a huge cauldron, which was cooled with baboon's blood; to the potion they poured in the blood of a sow that had eaten her young, and they threw into the flame the grease that had sweaten from a murderer's gibbet. By these charms they invoked the infernal spirits to answer their questions.

Macbeth demanded to know from them whether he would have his doubts resolved by them or by their masters, the Spirits. He was not daunted by the ceremonies that he saw and boldly said, "Where are they? Let me see them." So they called the Spirits. There were three of them. The first one looked like an armed head, and he called Macbeth by name and told him, "Beware of the Thane of Fife." Macbeth thanked him for the caution. He was jealous of Macduff, the Thane of Fife.

The second Spirit arose in the likeness of a bloody child. He called Macbeth by name, and told him to have no fear of death, but to laugh and scorn at the power of man born naturally of a woman's womb. He advised him to be bold, bloody and resolute. "Then live Macduff," remarked the king, "What need do I fear of you, Macduff? But yet I will make assurance doubly sure. You shall not live so that I may tell the pale-hearted Fear that it lies, and sleep in spite of thunder."

The third spirit arose in the form of a crowned child with a tree in his hand. He also called Macbeth by name, and comforted him against conspiracies, and told him that he should never be vanquished, until the wood of Birnam to Dunsinane Hill would come.

"Who can unfix the forest, and move it from its earth-bound roots?" said the king. "I see I shall live the usual period of man's life, and not be cut off by a violent death. But my heart throbs to know one thing: tell me, if you can tell me so much, if Banquo's issue shall ever reign this kingdom?"





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Here the cauldron sank into the ground, and a noise of music was heard, and eight shadows, like kings, passed by Macbeth, and Banquo was the last figure, all smeared with blood, and Banquo smiled at Macbeth. Banquo bore a glass which showed the figures of many more, and pointed to the images. Macbeth realized that these were the posterity of Banquo, who would reign after him in Scotland. The three witches danced with a sound of soft music, and making a show of duty and welcome to Macbeth, vanished in the air.

The first news that Macbeth got soon after coming out of the witches' cave was that Macduff, the Thane of Fife, had fled to England, to join the army which was forming against him under the leadership of Malcolm to displace Macbeth, and set Malcolm, the right heir, upon the throne of Scotland. Stung with rage, Macbeth set upon the castle of Macduff. Macduff's wife and children, whom the Thane had left behind in Scotland, were brutally slaughtered.

These merciless activities had gradually alienated the nobility from Macbeth. Many fled to join Malcolm and Macduff, who were now approaching with a powerful army, which had been raised in England, and the rest secretly wished success to their arms, though for fear of Macbeth they could not take active part. Everybody hated Macbeth, the tyrant. Nobody honoured him, but all suspected him, and he began to envy the condition of Duncan, who now slept soundly in his grave, against whom treason had done its worst. Neither steel nor poison, domestic malice nor foreign levies, could hurt him any longer.

Meanwhile the Queen, who had been the sole partner in his wickedness, in whose bosom he could sometimes seek a momentary repose from those terrible dreams which afflicted them both, passed away. Unable to bear the remorse of guilt she began to suffer from somnambulism and she ultimately died. Macbeth was left alone; he grew careless of life and longed for death. The near approach of Malcolm's army roused in him what remained of his ancient courage, and he determined to die with armour on his back. The hollow promises of the three witches had also filled in him a kind false confidence, and he remembered the prophecies of the spirits that no one born of a woman's womb could kill him. He also believed in the soothsaying that he could never be vanquished until Birnam wood would come to Dunsinane, which he thought was impossible. So he shut himself up in his own castle, which was thought to be absolutely impregnable, and waited for Malcolm to invade it.





MACBETH

Finally, a day came, when a messenger approached him, pale and trembling with fear, almost unable to report to Macbeth that which he had seen, and yet he averred that, as he stood on the hill for his watch, he chanced to see the Birnam and perceived the wood to be moving. “Liar”, roared Macbeth, “if you speak false, you shall be hanged alive upon the next tree, till famine ends your life.”

By now Macbeth had begun to doubt the equivocal sayings of the three spirits. He never feared of being vanquished till Birnam wood should advance towards Dunsinane, and now the wood did move. “However,” said Macbeth, “if this which he vouches be true, let us take arms and move out. There is no fleeing from hence, nor staying in here. I begin to be weary of the sun, and wish my life is at an end.” Saying these he sallied forth upon the besiegers who had now reached the castle.

The strange sight of the moving wood was easily solved. When the besieging army advanced towards the castle through the wood of Birnam, Malcolm, like an astute general, instructed all his soldiers to hew down a bough and bear it before them so that they could conceal the actual number of invaders to Macbeth. This marching of soldiers with boughs in their hands had appeared, from a distance, like a moving wood, and the messenger was evidently frightened. Thus the words of the spirits brought to pass, in a sense different from that in which Macbeth understood, and so he lost his confidence.

A fierce skirmish took place, in which Macbeth slaughtered all those who challenged him, until he faced Macduff, and remembering the caution of the spirit who had counselled him to stay away from the Thane of Fife, he would have turned back, but Macduff who had been seeking him through the whole fight, opposed his turning, and a fierce contest ensued. Macduff reproached him and called him a tyrant, murderer, hell-hound and a villain for brutally slaughtering his wife and his innocent children by hired murderers. Then Macbeth remembered the words of the spirit, and boldly proclaimed, “I bear a charmed life which must not yield to a man born naturally of a woman.” At this Macduff snubbed him and declared that he was never, as the ordinary man is naturally born, but was untimely taken out from his mother’s womb.

Macbeth lost his strength and resoluteness. He lamented, in future a man should never believe the lying equivocations of witches and juggling spirits, who deceive us in words that have double meanings; and while they keep their promise literally, they disappoint us





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by providing different meanings. He then refused to fight against Macduff. Macduff who abhorred him, scornfully told him that they would imprison him and demonstrate him to the laity as a tyrant, quite like the way monsters are displayed. “Never.” said Macbeth, “I will not live to kiss the ground before young Malcolm’s feet.” His valiance returned with despair and he threw upon Macduff who after a great struggle overpowered him and severed his head and presented it to the young and lawful new king. Malcolm, then, ascended the throne amid acclamations of the noblemen and the people of Scotland.

Word Notes

- Esteem** : respect and admiration
- Thane** : the title given to a royal official in medieval Scotland
- Prophesied** : predicted
- Envoy** : messenger
- Spurred** : encouraged
- Compunction** : a feeling of guilt that prevents wrong-doing
- Freize** : wooden fabric
- Abhorrent** : detestable
- Inordinate** : excessive
- Phantasm** : what exists in the imagination.
- Somnambulism** : sleep-walking
- Impregnable** : unable to be captured
- Skirmish** : a brief fight
- Vouches** : confirms that something is true or accurate
- Reproached** : scolded
- Equivocations** : use of language with double meanings



Column A	Column B
<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. The first prophecy for Macbeth 2. The second prophecy for Macbeth 3. The third prophecy for Macbeth 4. The king of Scotland 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> a) He will be king hereafter b) Thane of Glamis c) Duncan d) Thane of Cawdor

Answer b d a c

Column A	Column B
<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Macbeth's wife 2. The place where Macbeth's castle was located 3. The Thane who fled to England 4. The way Macduff was born, according to Macbeth 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> a) Inverness b) Macduff c) Untimely taken from his mother's womb d) Lady Macbeth

Answer d a b c

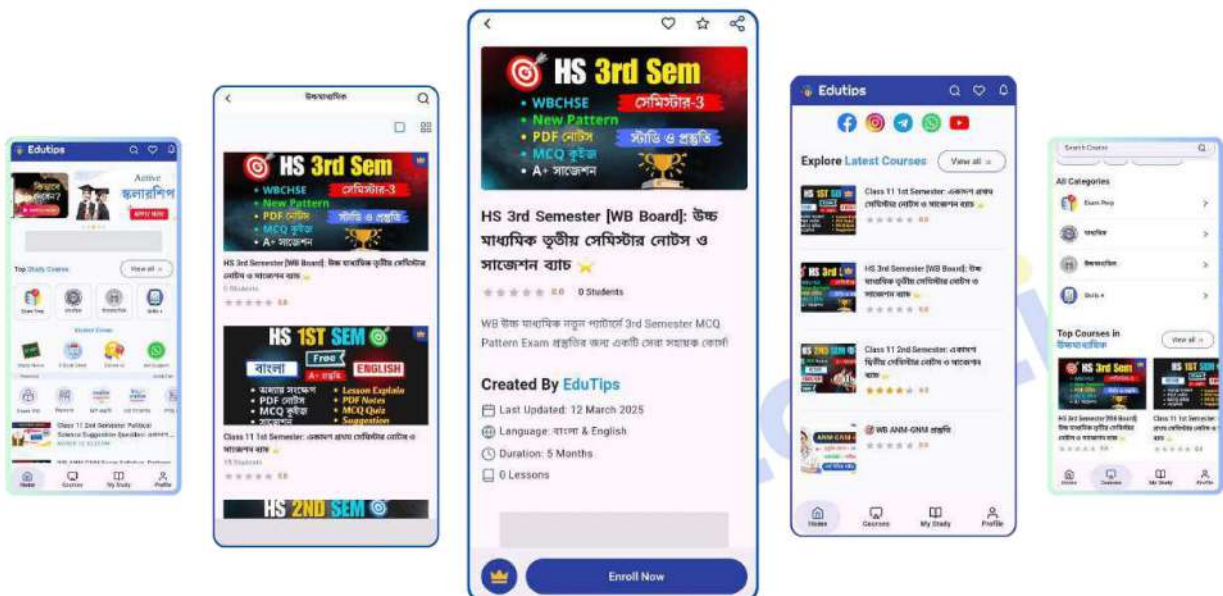
Column A	Column B
<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. The final outcome of the battle between Macbeth and Macduff 2. The reason for Macbeth's initial reluctance to kill Duncan 3. The person who first suggested the murder of Duncan 4. The ultimate ruler of Scotland after Macbeth's death 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> a) His conscience and loyalty to Duncan b) Malcolm c) Macbeth's defeat and death d) Lady Macbeth

Answer c a d b



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উচ্চমাধ্যমিক সেমিস্টার প্রস্তুতি, নোট সাজেশন স্টাডি মকটেস্ট পাবে:





OTHELLO





Chapter 2

Long time ago in Venice there was a rich Senator who was known as Brabantio. He had a beautiful daughter, the gentle Desdemona. She was sought by various suitors, both of her clime and complexion, but she found none of her choice. The noble lady, who regarded the heart more than the appearance and complexion of man, had chosen the person of her affections—a Moor, a dark complexioned nobleman, whom her father loved deeply and often invited him to their mansion. The noble Moor, Othello, was a valiant soldier and by his heroics in bloody wars against the Turks, he had been raised to the rank of the General and was highly esteemed and revered throughout the state.

Othello had been a great traveller and Desdemona was all the more keen to listen to the stories of adventure that Othello recollected from his experiences in the battles, sieges and encounters, the perils he had been exposed to, his hair-breadth escapes when he entered a breach, or marched up to the mouth of a cannon and how he had been captivated by the insolent enemy and sold as a slave, how he demeaned himself in that state, and escaped. Desdemona listened with rapt attention of all these accounts, added to the narration of the strange things Othello had seen in foreign countries: the vast wilderness and romantic caverns, the quarries, the rocks and lofty mountains that touched the clouds, the savage nations, the cannibals who are man-eaters, and a race of people in Africa whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders. These stories enticed Desdemona so much that even if she was called for any household affairs, she would finish off the work with all haste and return to Othello with greedy ear to devour his discourse. At the end of his stories Desdemona would always sigh and then thank him and wished that if he had a friend who loved her, he had only to teach him, how to tell his story, and that would woo her. Upon this hint, delivered not with more frankness than modesty, and blushes, which Othello could not but understand and he spoke more openly of his love and thus gained the consent of the generous and gorgeous lady Desdemona to marry him.

Their marriage, which though was privately solemnized, could not be kept a secret for long. When the news reached Brabantio, he appealed to the Duke of Venice and prayed for justice against Othello accusing him of casting spell and witchcraft to seduce the gentle Desdemona, winning her heart and marrying her without taking the consent of her father.

Meanwhile, the state of Venice was in urgent need of Othello. The Senate received a news that the Turks had set sail a fleet with mighty preparation for hostility and they were moving





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towards the island of Cyprus with the intent to regain it from the Venetians. In this state of emergency, Othello was deemed as the most competent General to defend Cyprus against the invasion of the Turks. Hence, Othello was summoned before the Senate. He was therefore called to the Senate both as a candidate for a noble employment and esteem as well as a culprit, charged with offences by Senator Brabantio.

The old Senator was heard with utmost patience in the assembly of the Senators and the infuriated father accused Othello in outrageous manner. Hence, when Othello was called upon for his defence, he had only to narrate a simple story of his love, which he did so in such artless eloquence that even the Duke had to confess that a tale so told would have won his daughter too. And the spells and conjurations which Othello had used in his courtship plainly appeared to have been no more than the honest arts of wooing and the only witchcraft which he had used is the skill of telling a soft tale to win a lady's heart.

The statement of Othello was confirmed by Desdemona who appeared in court and acknowledged that she was bound by duty to Brabantio for her life and education. But now she has a higher duty to perform for her lover and husband Othello, quite like her mother had done years ago in preferring Brabantio above her father. Unable to maintain his plea, Brabantio accepted the Moor as his son-in-law and told him that with all his heart he would keep her away from him. He was also glad that he had no other child, for this behaviour of Desdemona would have made him a tyrant and hang clogs on them for desertion. He even warned Othello about Desdemona who had deceived her father and might also deceive him.

After the trial, Othello readily went to the war in Cyprus along with Desdemona as she refused to stay with her father any more. She boldly declared, "I loved the Moor to live with him". So the newly married couple set sail for Cyprus. But, as soon they landed in Cyprus, the news arrived that a violent tempest had dispersed the Turkish fleet and the island was, thus, secure. But the war, which Othello was to suffer, was now beginning and the enemies, which malice stirred up against Desdemona, proved in their nature more deadly than strangers or infidels.

Among the friends of Othello, no one possessed his confidence more than Cassio. He was a young Florentine soldier, amorous, and of pleasing nature which attracted the women. He was handsome and eloquent. Any married man of advanced years having a young, beautiful wife would be much alarmed of such a person except Othello who was free from jealousy, as he was noble and incapable of suspecting him to be infidel. He had used





OTHELLO

Cassio in his love affair with Desdemona for Othello feared that he lacked the amorous qualities of Cassio that would please ladies, and so would often depute Cassio to court for him; such innocent simplicity being rather an honour than a blemish to the character of the valiant Moor. It was therefore no wonder if, next to Othello, the gentle Desdemona loved and trusted Cassio. Hence, the marriage of this couple made little difference to their relationship with Cassio. He frequented their house, and his free and rattling talk was endearing to Othello for he himself was of a serious temper.

Othello had of late promoted Cassio to the rank of Lieutenant, a place of trust and nearest to the General. The promotion gave great offence to Iago, an elder nobleman, who thought he had a better claim than Cassio and would often scorn at Cassio to be a person befitting for the company of ladies, and knew little of the art of warfare. Iago hated Cassio. He also hated Othello for favouring Cassio and also for an unjust suspicion that the Moor was too fond of Emilia, Iago's wife. From these imaginary provocations, Iago conceived a scheme of revenge that would involve Cassio, Othello and Desdemona in one common ruin.

Iago was crafty. He studied human mind deeply. He knew that of all the kinds of afflictions that torment man, the pains of jealousy were the most unbearable and had the sorest sting. He thought if he could succeed in making Othello envious of Cassio, then it would be an excellent plot of revenge which might culminate in the death of Cassio or Othello or both, he cared not.

The arrival of the General and his lady in Cyprus, and receiving the news of the dispersion of enemy's fleet, created a sort of holiday mood in the island. Everybody was involved in feasting and merry making. Cassio had the direction of the guard that night with a charge from Othello to restrain the soldiers from drinking excessively. On that night Iago began his deep-laid plans of mischief. Under the guise of loyalty and love to the General, he lured Cassio to have a drink, which was a great fault for an officer on guard. Although Cassio resisted initially, yet he soon fell into the guile of Iago. He swallowed wine glass after glass and became drunk. Provoked by Iago, he praised the gentle lady Desdemona. He even told Iago, "She is a most exquisite lady." At the end he got involved in a scuffle. Montano, a worthy officer, who interfered to pacify the dispute, was wounded in the scuffle. Taking advantage of the situation Iago spread the alarm causing the castle-bell to be rung as if a dangerous mutiny had set in. The bell awakened Othello who dressed in haste came down to the scene of action and asked Cassio of the cause. By now, Cassio had regained some rationality, but was too ashamed to reply. Iago pretended to be reluctant to tell the truth, and, as if compelled by Othello, gave an account of the whole matter in such a manner that





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it seemed to make Cassio's offence less, but actually made it appear greater than it was. Consequently, Othello who was a strict observer of discipline was forced to take away the rank of lieutenant from Cassio. Thus, Iago's first artifice succeeded. He had now undermined his hated adversary Cassio and was successful to thrust him out of his place.

Cassio, whom this misfortune had entirely sobered, now lamented to his seeming friend Iago : "Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!" He despised himself. He thought how he could ask the General for his place again. Iago advised him to apply to the lady to mediate for him with her lord.

Cassio did as Iago advised him. Desdemona promised him that she would be his solicitor with her lord. She immediately set about for this cause in so earnest and pretty a manner that Othello, who was mortally offended with Cassio, could not put her off. When he pleaded delay because it was too soon to pardon such an offender, she insisted that it should be the next night, or the next morning to that at farthest. Then she showed how penitent and humbled poor Cassio was and that his offence did not deserve punishment of such magnitude. But Othello still hung back. So she said, "What! my lord, that I should have so much to do to plead for Cassio, Michael Cassio, that came a-courting for you, and oftentimes, when I have spoken in dispraise of you, has taken your part! I count this but a little thing to ask of you. When I mean to try your love indeed, I shall ask a weighty matter." Othello could deny nothing to such a pleader. He promised to receive Michael Cassio again in his favour, but only requested Desdemona to leave the time to him.

It happened that Othello and Iago had entered into the room where Desdemona was already present with Cassio who had been imploring her intercession. He departed through the opposite door as Othello entered and Iago, who was full of art, said in a low voice, as if to himself, "I like not that." Othello took no great notice of what he said. The interaction which immediately took place with Desdemona put it out of his head. But he recalled it later. When Desdemona departed from the scene Iago asked Othello, as if mere satisfaction of his thought, whether Cassio knew of the General's courtship with Desdemona. The General replied in affirmative and added that he had gone between them very often during the courtship. Iago raised his brow, as if he had got fresh light on some terrible matter, and remarked, "Indeed!". This brought into Othello's mind the words of Iago which he said while entering the room. Thus he began to think there was some meaning in that private meeting of Desdemona with Cassio. Othello deemed Iago to be a just man, full of love and





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honesty. So he urged Iago to speak out of what he knew. “And what,” said Iago, “if some thoughts very vile should have intruded into my breast?” he went on to say that it would be a pity if any trouble would arise to Othello out of his imperfect observations. So it would not be wise for Othello’s peace to know his thoughts. By then Othello’s curiosity was raised almost to distraction and Iago, as if in earnest care for Othello’s peace of mind, sought him to be cautious of jealousy. By the very caution he pretended to give him against suspicion. “I know,” said Othello, “that my wife is fair, loves company and feasting, is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well: but where virtue is, these qualities are virtuous. I must have proof before I think her dishonest.” Then Iago, as if glad that Othello was slow to believe ill of his lady, frankly declared that he had no proof. He begged Othello to observe her behaviour well particularly when Cassio was near by. He should not be jealous or too secure. Iago knew the dispositions of the Italian ladies better than Othello. He knew that in Venice the wives would let the world see their pranks but they dared not show their husbands. Iago craftily insinuated that Desdemona deceived her father in marrying with Othello, and carried it so closely, that old Brabantio thought that witchcraft had been used. Othello was much moved by this argument. He wondered if she could deceive her father, she might deceive her husband as well.

Iago begged apology for having moved him. But Othello urged him to go on. Iago pretended that he was reluctant to produce anything against Cassio whom he called his friend. However, he reminded Othello how Desdemona had rejected many suitable matches of her own clime and complexion and had married him, which showed unnatural in her, and proved her to have a strong will. So when better judgment returned, how probable it was that she would fall upon comparing Othello with the white complexioned young Italians of her countrymen. He, therefore, advised Othello to put off his reconciliation with Cassio a little longer. Meanwhile Othello should note with what earnestness Desdemona would solicit for Cassio. So mischievously the treacherous villain laid his plots to turn the gentle qualities of the innocent lady into her destruction, and make a net for her out of her own goodness to entrap her: first setting Cassio on to entreat her mediation, and then out of that very mediation contriving stratagems for her ruin.

Othello’s long conversation with Iago led him to restlessness. Neither poppy, nor the juice of mandragora, nor all the sleeping potions of the world, could once again restore to him that sweet rest which he had enjoyed only yesterday. His occupation sickened upon him. He no longer took delight in arms. His heart, that used to be roused at the sight of troops,





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would no longer stir at the sound of drums or the neighing of war-horses. He seemed to have lost all that pride and ambition which are the virtues of a soldier. Sometimes he thought his wife to be honest. Again he wondered that she was not. At times he thought Iago to be just, but at times he thought the contrary. Thus, he was torn to pieces with these distracting thoughts. Once he laid hold on Iago's throat, and demanded proof of Desdemona's guilt or threatened instant death for his having belied her. Iago feigned indignation that his honesty was misinterpreted to be a vice. He pointed out if Othello had not sometimes seen a handkerchief spotted with strawberries in the hand of Desdemona, and Othello acknowledged that it was his first gift to Desdemona. "That same handkerchief," said Iago, "did I see Michael Cassio this day wipe his face with." Othello replied, "If it be as you say, I will not rest till a wide revenge swallow them up: first, for a token of your fidelity, I expect that Cassio shall be put to death within three days; and for that fair devil, I will withdraw and devise some swift means of death for her."

Othello did not care to enquire how Cassio came by with the handkerchief of Desdemona. He passed death sentence upon both of them. Desdemona had never given such a present to Cassio; nor would this constant lady have ever wronged her husband with doing so naughty a thing as to give her lord's presents to another man. The shrewd Iago used his wife, Emilia, to steal the handkerchief from Desdemona, under pretence of getting the work copied, but in reality to drop it in Cassio's way, where he might find it, and give a handle to Iago's suggestion that it was Desdemona's present.

Soon after the meeting his wife, Othello pretended that he had a headache, and desired her to lend him her handkerchief to hold on to his temples. Desdemona did so, but Othello wanted the handkerchief which he gave her. Desdemona could not find it. "That's a fault," said Othello. "That handkerchief was given to my mother by an Egyptian woman. She was a charmer and could almost read the thoughts of people; she told her, while she kept it, it would make her amiable, and subdue my father entirely to her love; but, if she lost it, or made a gift of it, my father would loathe her as much as he had loved her." The lady said, "Is it possible?" Othello replied, "It is true. It is a magical handkerchief." Desdemona was ready to die with fear, for she plainly perceived that she had lost it, and with it, she feared, the love of her husband. She tried to divert him from too serious thoughts. She cheerfully told him that all his talk about the handkerchief was only to put her off from Cassio's suit and went on to praise him until Othello in perfect distraction burst out of the room. Then Desdemona began to suspect that her lord was jealous of Cassio.

When Othello and Desdemona met again, he accused her more plainly of being unfaithful, and





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of loving another man. Othello wept and told her that he could have borne all sorts of evils with fortitude-poverty, disease and disgrace, but her infidelity had broken his heart. He called her a weed that looked so fair and smelled so sweet that the sense ached at it. He wished she had never been born. When Othello left her, Desdemona was so stupefied with wonder at her husband's untrue suspicion of her, that a weightlike sleep came over her. She only desired that her attendant to make her bed, and to lay her wedding-sheets upon it. She said that when people teach their babies, they do it by gentle means and easy tasks, and Othello might have chided her so; for in good faith she was but a child when she was children.

Desdemona soon fell asleep. Othello entered the room full of dark purpose which he had meditated of putting her lady to death. When he saw her asleep he thought he would not shed her blood, but he was resolved that should die else she would live to betray more as she had done him. Then he kissed her for the last time and he wept but he said they were cruel tears.

Desdemona was awakened with his kisses. She looked upon Othello, and she saw him gnaw his lips and roll his eyes. She knew he was always fatal when he looked so. He told her to prepare for death and to say her prayers for he would not kill her soul. Desdemona begged for mercy, and to know her fault. Then he named Cassio and the handkerchief which, he said, she had given him, and as the guiltless lady was proceeding to clear herself, he suddenly would hear no more, but covering her up in the bed clothes, stifled her till she died.

At the same time Cassio came in, wounded and bleeding. Iago had set one of his men to assassinate him but the fellow was unable to kill Cassio. He was killed by Iago to prevent discovery. In his pockets were found certain letters which exposed the guilt of Iago and confirmed the innocence of Cassio who now came to Othello to beg apology and also to ask him the reason why Iago had been employed to murder him.

The discovery was like a thunderstroke to Othello who now felt he was no better than a murder, and that his lady was innocent and faithful. Extreme anguish made life intolerable and killed himself falling upon his sword and throwing himself upon the lifeless body of his dear wife.

These rash acts raised much passion of horror and amazement among the by standers. Othello had borne a fair reputation, and until he was wrought upon by the arts of a villain, he was indeed a loving and doting husband. He had loved Desdemona not wisely, but too well. When he was dead all his former merits and valiant acts were remembered. Iago was executed with strict tortures, and the state of Venice lamented for the demise of their renowned General Othello.





Word Notes

Siege : a military operation to capture a town

Insolent : rude and disrespectful

Anthropophagi : a mythical race of cannibals

Devour : read or listen to some story eagerly

Seduce : persuade someone to do something unwise

Conjuration : make some thing appear in the mind

Blemish : a small flaw

Dispersion : go in different direction

Intercession : the action of intervening on behalf of someone

Disposition : the natural qualities of a person’s character

Mandragora : a type of a plant whose root when eaten causes hallucination

Loathsomely : hatefully

Suit : the process of trying to win a woman’s affection with a view to marriage

Infidelity : disloyalty

Chided : scolded

Gnaw : cause pain

Wrought : made





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Chapter 3

The story begins at a time when France was divided into provinces or dukedoms. In one such province, there was a usurper, who had deposed and banished his elder brother, the lawful Duke.

The Duke, who was driven away from his kingdom by his younger brother, retired to the Forest of Arden along with his faithful followers. These people soon got accustomed to the lazy life of the forest and they felt it to be more relaxing than the life of a court. They led the life like that of Robin Hood of England, and to this forest many noble men came and spent their leisure time as they did in the golden age. In summer they took rest under the shade of the trees watching the playful sports of the forest-deer. They even felt sad that they had to kill those deer for food. In winter when the cold wind blew, the Duke suffered from cold but said, “These chilling winds which blow upon my body are true counsellors: they do not flatter, but represent truly to me my condition; and though they bite sharply, their tooth is nothing like as keen as that of unkindness and ingratitude.” He remarked that men might say against adversities but there are some uses of a poisonous toad. In this way the duke drew lessons from nature and he found tongues in trees, books in the flowing streams, sermons in stones and good in everything.

The banished Duke had a daughter named Rosalind and like her father, she was also thrown out of the dukedom. But, she still remained in the palace being the companion of Celia, the present duke’s daughter. The discord between the duke and his brother did not at all affect the friendship between the two cousin sisters. In fact, Celia tried to comfort Rosalind whenever she became sad thinking of her father.

One day, when Celia was talking to Rosalind in her usual kind manner, a messenger came with the news that there would be a wrestling match and they could go and watch that if they so wanted. Celia agreed to go thinking that it would amuse Rosalind.

During those times, wrestling matches were viewed by noble ladies and princesses being a favourite sport of princes. But here they thought that they would face a tragedy as a practised wrestler was to fight an inexperienced young man.

When the duke saw that both the ladies had come to watch such an uneven match between a professional wrestler and a young man, the duke asked them to dissuade the young man from fighting. At first Celia tried to resist the youth from taking up such an unequal challenge and then Rosalind by her kind words tried to change his mind from the ensuing fight. But after hearing the entreaties of the ladies, the youth became all the more determined to prove his valour in front of the fair ladies. He refused to listen to them but he said in such a





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graceful manner that both the ladies became more concerned of him. He said, “I am sorry to deny such fair and beautiful ladies anything.” He also said that he would like the ladies to wish for him and if he was defeated, he would not be ashamed and, even if he was killed there was no one to lament for him in this world. He said that he was only a person who filled up a space in this world and it would be better supplied if he vacated his space.

The wrestling match began. Celia wished that the youth would not be hurt during the bout. But Rosalind was more concerned. She had an inclination towards him because she felt pity for his friendless condition. She could easily equate her own friendless condition with the young man.

The inspiration that the youth got from the ladies worked wonders for him and he defeated his opponent in such a way that for some time he could not even talk. The duke Frederick was very pleased with the youth’s skill and courage and wanted to know more about him.

The youth introduced himself as Orlando, the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys. Sir Rowland de Boys was dead. But when he was alive, he was a friend of the banished Duke. So on hearing that Orlando was his son, the duke was displeased and wished he had been the son of someone else.

Rosalind was very happy to hear that Orlando was the son of one of her father’s favourite and confessed to Celia, “My father loved Sir Rowland de Boys, and if I had known that Orlando was his son, I would have added tears to my entreaties before he should have ventured.” The ladies went to him and seeing that he was sad due to the displeasure of the duke, spoke to him kindly and Rosalind even gave him her gold chain from her neck and said that had she not been out of fortune, she would have given him a more valuable gift.

When the cousin sisters were alone, they talked of the young wrestler. Celia thought that Rosalind must have fallen in love with Orlando and she said, “Is it possible that you should fall in love so suddenly?” Rosalind replied, “The duke, my father, loved his father dearly.” Celia then remarked that though her father had displeasure for young Orlando she herself did not feel so.

Frederick was enraged at the sight of Sir Rowland de Boys’ son. It reminded him of the many friends of the banished Duke. He was lately displeased with Rosalind as she was praised for her virtues and the people pitied her for her father. Now, all of a sudden, Frederick became angry and he entered the room of the ladies while they were still discussing about Orlando. So he ordered Rosalind to join her father in the forest. Celia pleaded in favour of her sister but the duke turned a deaf ear to any such requests, He said, “She is too subtle for you, her smoothness, her very silence, and her patience speak to the people, and they pity her. You are a fool to plead for her, for you will seem more bright and virtuous when she is gone; therefore don’t speak for her; and the decision that I have taken is irrevocable.”





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When Celia could not change her father's mind to keep Rosalind in the palace, she decided to accompany Rosalind to the Forest of Arden in search of the banished Duke. Before they set out, they decided to change their clothes as it would be unsafe for two young ladies to travel alone in rich attire. Rosalind thought that one could disguise herself as a male and since she was taller than Celia, she decided to dress as a country lad and Celia could dress as country lass; and they would introduce themselves as brother and sister. Rosalind would call herself Ganymede and Celia would be called Aliena.

In this disguise, with money and their jewels, they set out on their journey to the Forest of Arden, a long way from the duke's Frederick's kingdom. The lady Rosalind, Ganymede, in accordance to her dress put on an attitude to her sister, who left the luxury of the palace for their true love to each other. So they walked along, Rosalind showing a cheerful spirit as if he was the real Ganymede, the rustic and stout-hearted brother of the gentle village maiden, Aliena.

When they reached the Forest of Arden, they did not get the inn or food or the good accommodation that they had got till then. Ganymede who had hitherto cheered her sister confessed that she could cry out of fatigue and hunger. When Aliena declared that she could walk no further, Rosalind tried to find out where they could get rest and food. But they were certain that they were lost. Just then they met a countryman and asked him where they could get some food and a place to rest in exchange of money or gold. He said that he was the servant of a shepherd who was going to sell off his house and so they did not have much to entertain them. But if they wanted they were welcome to their house. They followed the man and bought the house and the sheep and also took the man to wait on them. Thus, they decided to stay till they could find the part of the forest where the banished Duke stayed with his followers.

The two sisters settled in their new cottage life very comfortably and fancied themselves to be the shepherd and shepherdess. Yet sometimes Ganymede remembered the youth Orlando and thought that he was so far away from her. But it soon came to light that he was also in the Forest of Arden following certain circumstances.

Orlando was the younger son of Sir Rowland de Boys and when he died he placed Orlando in the custody of his elder son requesting him to bring up his brother with proper care. Oliver, the elder brother, however, did not keep the request of his father and likewise did not educate Orlando in a school. Orlando, even without the care and help of his brother, grew up to be a fine man and Oliver hated him more for that. He was the one who had arranged for the fight as he wanted to get rid of his younger brother. But as fate would have it, Orlando won the wrestling match. Nevertheless, Orlando was sad at the disposition of his brother and being friendless he wished not to live.

When Oliver heard of the victory news of his younger brother Orlando, his jealousy knew no bounds. He vowed to burn his brother alive in his chamber while he slept. This was overheard by one of the old servants of Sir Rowland and he, at once, set out to warn





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Orlando of his impending danger. He had a special affection for Orlando as he very much resembled his father. Hence, as soon as he saw Orlando, he broke into passionate exclamations: “O my gentle master, my sweet master, O you memory of old Sir Rowland! Why are you virtuous? Why are you gentle, strong and valiant? And why would you be so fond to overcome the famous wrestler? Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.” Orlando could not comprehend what the matter was and the servant explained to him the reason for his concern stating the plan of his brother to burn him in his own chamber. Adam, as the servant was named, advised Orlando to flee the place; and he, knowing very well that Orlando had no money, brought him whatever money he had saved for future use. Saying that, he gave the gold amounting to five hundred crowns to Orlando and requested Orlando to allow him to be his servant and promised that though he looked old he would take good care of Orlando and work for him. Orlando was pleased and grateful at the faithfulness of Adam whom he addressed as ‘good old man’ and at once they set out with the promise that he would find some work before they had spent the savings that Adam had given him. The two, master and servant, travelled long till they reached the Forest of Arden and they were also as tired and hungry as the two sisters had been. They tried in vain to find a shelter and food and at last, when Adam could go no further Orlando carried him in his arms to the shelter of a tree and cheered him saying, “Good old man, rest your weary limbs here awhile, and do not talk of dying!”

Orlando then searched for food and by chance came upon the company of the Duke and his friends. When Orlando reached there, it was dinner time. The Duke had sat down for dinner. Orlando, finding food, drew his sword to grab the food from the Duke and his men. He charged them not to touch a morsel. The Duke was kind and asked him the reason for his rude behaviour. He wanted to know if it was due to hunger or did he despise the courtesy known to civil men. Orlando replied that as he was dying of hunger he had thought that in this wild forest he had to put up such behaviour in order to get food. The Duke spoke to him kindly and asked him to sit down for dinner. Orlando then spoke of Adam and declared that though he was hungry he would not touch food unless Adam was fed. The Duke told him to bring his friend and said that they would wait for them. Orlando went quickly, brought the old man and then both of them along with the Duke had food to their satisfaction. Adam, on having food, regained his lost strength. After the dinner, the Duke asked Orlando about him and when he came to know that Orlando was his friend’s son, he took Orlando and Adam under his care.

After a few days while roaming in the forest, Ganymede and Aliena were surprised to see Rosalind’s name carved on the bark of the trees and love sonnets, all addressed to Rosalind, attached to them. When they were wondering how it was possible in the forest to have Rosalind’s name carved, they met Orlando and could easily recognize him as he was wearing the chain, given earlier by Rosalind, around his neck. But, Orlando could not recognize them because of their disguise. He discovered a likeness but there was a





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disposition in fair Rosalind which was missing in the youth. Rosalind, on the other hand, teased him saying that she was in search of a certain youth who had spoiled the bark of trees by writing the name of his ladylove and attaching love poems to that effect. She even declared that if she found the lover she would have given him some advice.

Orlando told them that it was he who had done all these things, and requested Rosalind to give him some advice. Rosalind asked him to come to their cottage to play a game in which Rosalind in her male attire would feign to be his ladylove with all sorts of feminine pranks and whims; and Orlando would woo her as a genuine lover. When he would experience the whimsicality of the young lady love, he would be ashamed of his love for her and thus be cured of love. So, as fixed, everyday Orlando came over to the cottage and wooed Ganymede as Rosalind; but it did not seem that Rosalind made any progress in curing Orlando of his love for Rosalind. Rather, she felt highly satisfied and amused to know how truly Orlando loved her.

The days passed pleasantly in this manner. Aliena, seeing Ganymede happy, did not remind her that the real reason for her coming to the forest was to find her father; though, by that time, from Orlando they had already got the location of the place where her father, the banished Duke, was residing. However, one day, Ganymede met her father but did not disclose to him her true identity. When asked about it she said that she came of a good lineage as he did. Never did the Duke suspect that she was his own daughter and had a royal lineage.

One morning, when Orlando was going to visit Ganymede, he saw a man lying asleep on the ground and a snake twisted round his neck. As he approached the snake glided away from the man. Then as Orlando went closer, he perceived a lioness in the bush, waiting for its prey to awake because lions don't attack the dead. When Orlando looked at the face of the man, he saw that the man was his own brother, Oliver, who had tried to get rid of him. He was about to go but brotherly affection prevented him to leave his brother in that danger. He fought the lioness and saved the life of his brother. Thus he saved the life of his brother from the venomous snake and the dangerous lioness, but before he could save his brother the lioness had torn one of his arms with her sharp claws.

While Orlando was engaged in the fight, his brother awoke and saw how the brother, he had despised and abused so much, fought with his life to save him from the lioness. He was full of remorse and after Orlando had killed the lioness, Oliver begged his mercy. Orlando seeing his brother repenting his deeds, readily forgave him and took him in his arms. But, as the wound made him weak, Orlando asked Oliver to give the message to Ganymede that he would not be able to visit her that day. Oliver went to their cottage and narrated to them the whole story. Moreover, he confessed his own misdeeds and also spoke of their reconciliation.





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The sincere sorrow of Oliver was so overwhelming, that Aliena at once fell in love with him. Oliver, on the other hand, saw how she pitied him for his distress over his misdeeds and he, also, at the same time, fell in love. In the meantime, when Oliver and Aliena were exchanging hearts, Ganymede, on hearing about Orlando's wounds, fainted. When she recovered, she tried to convince Oliver that she had feigned the swoon as Rosalind would have done had she heard about the wounds of Orlando. But Oliver was not convinced as he perceived how pale Ganymede had been and he said, "Well, if you did counterfeit, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man." Ganymede replied that it was exactly what she was doing and that she should have been a woman instead of being a man.

Oliver returned after a long time and told his brother of the swooning of Ganymede and also of his love towards the shepherdess, Aliena. He spoke in such a manner as if he had already decided upon his marriage to Aliena. He also said that he would stay there in the forest and be a shepherd. As regards his estate, he would give the same to Orlando as well as his home.

Orlando suggested that Oliver and Aliena should get married the next day and he would invite the Duke to their marriage. He also advised his brother to be quick to consult same with Aliena. When Oliver went to Aliena, Ganymede came to Orlando to enquire about his health.

Orlando and Ganymede talked of how Oliver and Aliena loved each other from their first sight and Orlando informed that his brother had gone to her to ask for her hand. They would get married the next day if Aliena was willing. He wished he could be also married on the same day to his fair Rosalind. Ganymede liked the proposal and said that if Orlando really loved Rosalind, he should have his wishes fulfilled. She said that she would try to bring Rosalind the next day by a special magical power which she had learnt from her uncle. When Ganymede said, "...put on your best clothes, and bid the Duke and your friends to your wedding; for if you desire to be married tomorrow to Rosalind, she shall be here"; the fond lover could not believe his ears.

The next morning, both Oliver and Orlando came to the Duke along with Aliena. The Duke, surprised to hear that it was his own daughter to be brought there, asked Orlando if really the miracle could be done. As Orlando strived to answer, Ganymede came to the Duke and asked if the Duke would give his daughter in the hands of Orlando and he agreed. Then, she asked Orlando whether he would marry Rosalind if she be brought there. He said that he would. The two sisters went inside the cottage and put off their disguises.

When all the persons were eagerly waiting for a miracle to happen, Rosalind and Celia entered in their personas and Rosalind threw herself on her knees to her father for his blessings. Rosalind then related the whole episode of her banishment from the palace and their adventure to the forest in search of her father. The Duke wept in joy to get back his





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own daughter and gave all of them his heartiest blessings. The two couples got married in the forest. The marriage did not have the splendour of the royals but it was the happiest marriage that could ever be imagined. As they were having their venison, and thought that there was nothing more to be wanted at that time, a messenger arrived to inform the Duke that his dukedom has been restored to him.

The Usurper, enraged at the flight of Celia, and hearing that men of great worth were following the banished Duke to join him in the forest, resolved to put an end to this misery. Thus, he brought a huge army to execute his design to kill his brother but as providence would have it, he was completely changed by a hermit whom he met as he entered the forest. He, thus changed, decided to spend the rest of his days in a religious house after returning the dukedom to his brother, the real owner of the dukedom. The first act of the penitence was to send the messenger to his brother to restore to him his domain, and the followers as well as the lands and revenues.

This news, as unexpected and as it was welcome, came at a time to enliven the festivity and rejoicings of the two marriages. Celia complemented her cousin on the good fortune, which had happened to the duke and wished her joy.

The Duke now had the opportunity to reward the true followers who had stayed with him in his adversity, and the worthy followers were pleased to return with him to the palace of their lawful Duke.

Word Notes

Usurper : a person who takes another person's title or position forcefully or illegally.

Deposed : removed from one's position Robin Hood of England

Adversities : difficulties

Discord : lack of agreement or harmony

Dissuade : advise not to do something

Ensuing : coming

Entreaties : requests

Valour : courage

Pleaded : requested

Attire : dress





A TEXT BOOK OF ENGLISH (B)

- Stout-hearted** : strong-minded
Fatigue : tiredness
Vowed : promised
Impending : going to happen very soon
Valiant : courageous
Comprehend : understand
Grab : snatch
Morsel : a small piece of food
Despise : to hate
Teased : disturbed by saying unpleasant words
Feign : pretend
Pranks and whims : mischievous acts
Woo : to offer love
Banished : ordered to leave the place
Lineage : ancestry or pedigree
Perceived : realised
Venomous : poisonous
Repenting : feeling sorry
Reconciliation : compromise
Overwhelming : highly surprising
Swoon : faint
Counterfeit : pretend
Strived : attempted
Personas : appearances
Venison : meat from a deer
Penitence : sorrow, regret
Domain : area
Revenues : income from properties
Enliven : to make lively
Complemented : thanked





THE STORY OF AN HOUR



Kate Chopin





Chapter 4

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.





Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will--as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been.

When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under her breath: "free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial.

She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him--sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg, open the door--you will make yourself ill. What are you doing Louise? For heaven's sake open the door."

"Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of





Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Some one was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

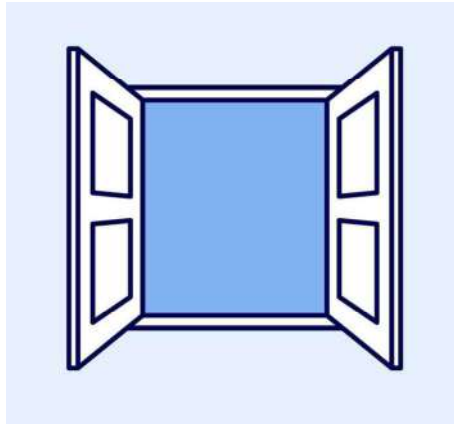
But Richards was too late.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease-- of joy that kills.





THE OPEN WINDOW



Saki





Chapter 5

"My aunt will be down presently, Mr. Nuttel," said a very self-possessed young lady of fifteen; "in the meantime you must try and put up with me."

Framton Nuttel endeavoured to say the correct something which should duly flatter the niece of the moment without unduly discounting the aunt that was to come. Privately he doubted more than ever whether these formal visits on a succession of total strangers would do much towards helping the nerve cure which he was supposed to be undergoing.

"I know how it will be," his sister had said when he was preparing to migrate to this rural retreat; "you will bury yourself down there and not speak to a living soul, and your nerves will be worse than ever from moping. I shall just give you letters of introduction to all the people I know there. Some of them, as far as I can remember, were quite nice."

Framton wondered whether Mrs. Sappleton, the lady to whom he was presenting one of the letters of introduction came into the nice division.

"Do you know many of the people round here?" asked the niece, when she judged that they had had sufficient silent communion.

"Hardly a soul," said Framton. "My sister was staying here, at the rectory, you know, some four years ago, and she gave me letters of introduction to some of the people here."

He made the last statement in a tone of distinct regret.

"Then you know practically nothing about my aunt?" pursued the self-possessed young lady.

"Only her name and address," admitted the caller. He was wondering whether Mrs. Sappleton was in the married or widowed state. An undefinable something about the room seemed to suggest masculine habitation.

"Her great tragedy happened just three years ago," said the child; "that would be since your sister's time."

"Her tragedy?" asked Framton; somehow in this restful country spot tragedies seemed out of place.

"You may wonder why we keep that window wide open on an October afternoon," said the niece, indicating a large French window that opened on to a lawn.





"It is quite warm for the time of the year," said Framton; "but has that window got anything to do with the tragedy?"

"Out through that window, three years ago to a day, her husband and her two young brothers went off for their day's shooting. They never came back. In crossing the moor to their favourite snipe-shooting ground they were all three engulfed in a treacherous piece of bog. It had been that dreadful wet summer, you know, and places that were safe in other years gave way suddenly without warning. Their bodies were never recovered.

That was the dreadful part of it." Here the child's voice lost its self-possessed note and became falteringly human. "Poor aunt always thinks that they will come back someday, they and the little brown spaniel that was lost with them, and walk in at that window just as they used to do. That is why the window is kept open every evening till it is quite dusk. Poor dear aunt, she has often told me how they went out, her husband with his white waterproof coat over his arm, and Ronnie, her youngest brother, singing 'Bertie, why do you bound?' as he always did to tease her, because she said it got on her nerves. Do you know, sometimes on still, quiet evenings like this, I almost get a creepy feeling that they will all walk in through that window -"

She broke off with a little shudder. It was a relief to Framton when the aunt bustled into the room with a whirl of apologies for being late in making her appearance.

"I hope Vera has been amusing you?" she said.

"She has been very interesting," said Framton.

"I hope you don't mind the open window," said Mrs. Sappleton briskly; "my husband and brothers will be home directly from shooting, and they always come in this way. They've been out for snipe in the marshes today, so they'll make a fine mess over my poor carpets. So like you menfolk, isn't it?"

She rattled on cheerfully about the shooting and the scarcity of birds, and the prospects for duck in the winter. To Framton it was all purely horrible. He made a desperate but only partially successful effort to turn the talk on to a less ghastly topic, he was conscious that his hostess was giving him only a fragment of her attention, and her eyes were constantly straying past him to the open window and the lawn beyond. It was certainly an unfortunate coincidence that he should have paid his visit on this tragic anniversary.

"The doctors agree in ordering me complete rest, an absence of mental excitement, and avoidance of anything in the nature of violent physical exercise," announced Framton, who laboured under the tolerably widespread delusion that total strangers and chance acquaintances are hungry for the least detail of one's





ailments and infirmities, their cause and cure. "On the matter of diet they are not so much in agreement," he continued.

"No?" said Mrs. Sappleton, in a voice which only replaced a yawn at the last moment. Then she suddenly brightened into alert attention - but not to what Framton was saying.

"Here they are at last!" she cried. "Just in time for tea, and don't they look as if they were muddy up to the eyes!"

Framton shivered slightly and turned towards the niece with a look intended to convey sympathetic comprehension. The child was staring out through the open window with a dazed horror in her eyes. In a chill shock of nameless fear Framton swung round in his seat and looked in the same direction.

In the deepening twilight three figures were walking across the lawn towards the window, they all carried guns under their arms, and one of them was additionally burdened with a white coat hung over his shoulders. A tired brown spaniel kept close at their heels. Noiselessly they neared the house, and then a hoarse young voice chanted out of the dusk: "I said, Bertie, why do you bound?"

Framton grabbed wildly at his stick and hat; the hall door, the gravel drive, and the front gate were dimly noted stages in his headlong retreat. A cyclist coming along the road had to run into the hedge to avoid imminent collision.

"Here we are, my dear," said the bearer of the white mackintosh, coming in through the window, "fairly muddy, but most of it's dry. Who was that who bolted out as we came up?"

"A most extraordinary man, a Mr. Nuttel," said Mrs. Sappleton; "could only talk about his illnesses, and dashed off without a word of goodby or apology when you arrived. One would think he had seen a ghost."

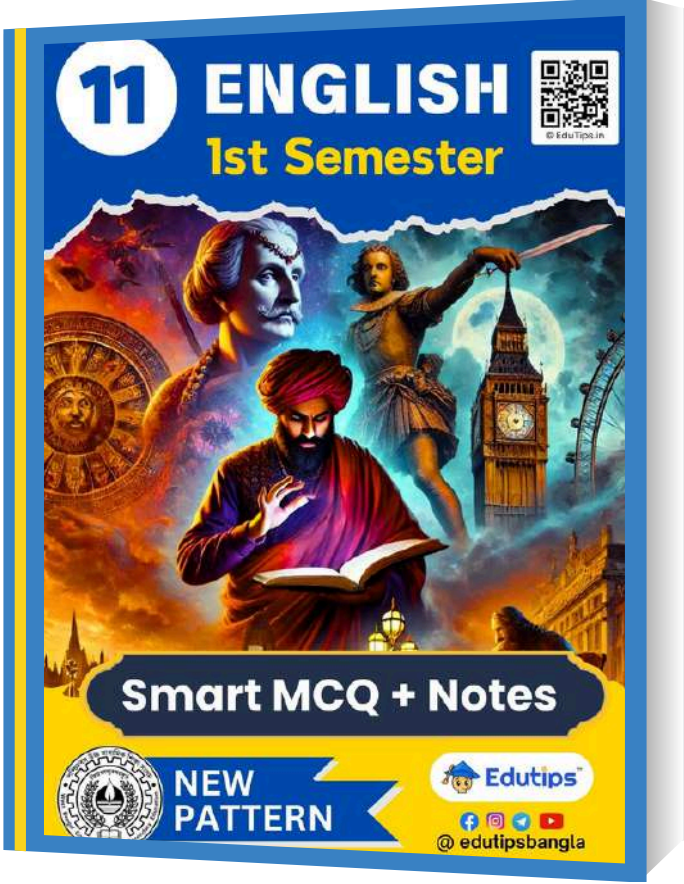
"I expect it was the spaniel," said the niece calmly; "he told me he had a horror of dogs. He was once hunted into a cemetery somewhere on the banks of the Ganges by a pack of pariah dogs, and had to spend the night in a newly dug grave with the creatures snarling and grinning and foaming just above him. Enough to make anyone lose their nerve."

Romance at short notice was her speciality.



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