

Unit - 2



Warm Up



Use the following tongue twisters in a 'Game of Telephone', where each student whispers the phrase to the next. The student who finishes the last says it aloud to the class. Let the students fill in the table given with what they listen to. They can get the help of their teacher.

1. Six sleek swans swam swiftly southwards.
2. Four furious friends fought for the phone.
3. Green glass globes glow greenly.
4. Six slimy snails sailed silently.
5. Scissors sizzle, thistles sizzle.
6. He threw three free throws.
7. Tommy Tucker tried to tie Tammy's Turtles tie.
8. I wish you were a fish in my dish.
9. Five frantic frogs fled from fifty fierce fishes.
10. Big black bugs bleed blue black blood but baby black bugs bleed blue blood.



Hope you ended with a delightfully tangled whole new tongue twisters.



The Night the Ghost Got In

James Grover Thurber

Prose

Imagination of odd things always leads to absolute humour. Read the lesson and enjoy the narrator's experience with his grandfather who creates chaos and laughter with his imaginative stories.

The ghost that got into our house on the night of November 17, 1915, raised such a **hullabaloo** of misunderstandings that I am sorry I didn't just let it keep on walking, and go to bed. Its advent caused my mother to throw a shoe through a window of the house next door and ended up with my grandfather shooting a **patrolman**. I am sorry, therefore, as I have said, that I ever paid any attention to the footsteps.

They began about a quarter past one o'clock in the morning, a rhythmic, quick-cadenced walking around the dining-room table. My mother was asleep in one room upstairs, my brother-Herman in another, grandfather was in the **attic**, in the old walnut bed which, as you will remember, once fell on my father. I had just stepped out of the bathtub and was busily rubbing myself with a towel when I heard the steps. They were the steps of a man walking rapidly around the dining-table downstairs. The light from the bathroom shone down the back-steps, which dropped directly into the dining-room; I could see the faint shine of plates on the plate-rail; I couldn't see the table. The steps kept going round and round the table; at regular intervals a board creaked,

when it was trod upon. I supposed at first that it was my father or my brother Roy, who had gone to Indianapolis but were expected home at any time. I suspected next that it was a burglar. It did not enter my mind until later that it was a ghost.

- a. Where was the author when he heard the noise?
- b. What did the narrator think the unusual sound was?

After the walking had gone on for perhaps three minutes, I tiptoed to Herman's room. 'Psst!' I hissed, in the dark, shaking him. 'Aw'p', he said, in the low, hopeless tone of a despondent beagle – he always half suspected that something would 'get him' in the night. I told him who I was. 'There's something downstairs!' I said. He got up and followed me to the head of the back staircase. The steps had ceased. Herman looked at me in some alarm: I had only the bath towel around my waist. He wanted to go back to bed, I gripped his arm.

'There's something down there!' I said. Instantly the steps began again, circled the dining-room table like a man running, and started up the stairs towards us, heavily, two at a time. The light still shone palely down the stairs; we saw nothing coming; we only heard the steps. Herman rushed to his room and **slammed** the door. I slammed shut the door at the stairs top and held my knee against it.

After a long minute, I slowly opened it again. There was nothing there. There was no sound. None of us ever heard the ghost again.

The slamming of the doors had aroused mother: she peered out of her room. 'What on earth are you boys doing?' she demanded. Herman ventured out of his room. 'Nothing,' he said, **gruffly**, but he was, in colour, a light green. 'What was all that running around downstairs?' said mother. So she had heard the steps, too! We just looked at her. 'Burglars!' she shouted, **intuitively**. I tried to quieten her by starting lightly downstairs.



'Come on, Herman,' I said.

'I'll stay with mother,' he said. 'She's all excited.'

I stepped back onto the landing.

'Don't either of you go a step,' said mother. 'We'll call the police.' Since the phone was downstairs, I didn't see how we were going to call the police -- nor did I want the police -- but mother made one of her quick, incomparable decisions. She flung up a window of her bedroom which faced the bedroom windows of the house of a neighbour, picked up a shoe, and **whammed** it through a pane of glass across

the narrow space that separated the two houses. Glass tinkled into the bedroom occupied by a retired engraver named Bodwell and his wife. Bodwell had been for some years in rather a bad way and was subject to mild 'attacks'. Almost everybody we knew or lived near had some kind of attacks.

c. What were the various sounds the brothers heard when they went downstairs?

d. Who were the narrator's neighbours?

It was now about two o'clock of a moonless night; clouds hung black and low. Bodwell was at the window in a minute, shouting frothing a little, shaking his fist. 'We'll sell the house and go back to Peoria,' we could hear Mrs. Bodwell saying. It was some time before mother 'got through' to Bodwell. 'Burglars!' she shouted. 'Burglars in the house!' Herman and I hadn't dared to tell her that it was not burglars but ghosts, for she was even more afraid of ghosts than of burglars. Bodwell at first thought that she meant there were burglars in his house, but finally he quieted down and called the police for us over an extension phone by his bed. After he had disappeared from the window, mother suddenly made as if to throw another shoe, not because there was further need of it but, as she later explained, because the thrill of heaving a shoe through a window glass had enormously taken her fancy. I prevented her.

The police were on hand in a commendably short time: a Ford sedan full of them, two on motorcycles, and a patrol wagon with about eight in it and a few reporters. They began banging at our



front door. Flashlights shot streaks of gleam up and down the walls, across the yard, down the walk between our house and Bodwell's. 'Open up!' cried a hoarse voice. 'We're men from Headquarters!' I wanted to go down and let them in, since there they were, but mother wouldn't hear of it. 'You haven't a stitch on,' she pointed out. 'You'd catch your death.' I wound the towel around me again. Finally the cops put their shoulders to our big heavy front door with its thick **bevelled** glass and broke it in: I could hear a **rending** of wood and a splash of glass on the floor of the hall. Their lights played all over the living-room and crisscrossed nervously in the dining-room, stabbed into hallways, shot up the front stairs and finally up the back. They caught me standing in my towel at the top. A heavy policeman bounded up the steps. 'Who are you?' he demanded. 'I live here,' I said.

e. How did the Bodwells react, when a shoe was thrown into their house?

f. What did the Bodwells think when they heard the mother shout?

The officer in charge reported to mother. 'No sign of nobody, lady,' he said. 'Musta got away – whatt'd he like?' 'There were two or three of them,' mother said, 'whooping and carrying on slamming doors.' 'Funny,' said the cop. 'All ya windows and door was locked on the inside tight as a tick.'

Downstairs, we could hear the tromping of the other police. Police were all over the place; doors were **yanked** open, drawers were yanked



open, windows were shot up and pulled down, furniture fell with dull thumps. A half-dozen policemen emerged out of the darkness of the front hallway upstairs. They began to ransack the floor; pulled beds away from walls, tore clothes off hooks in the closets, pulled suitcase and boxes off shelves. One of them found an old **zither** that Roy had won in a pool tournament. 'Looky here, Joe,' he said, strumming it with a big paw. The cop named Joe took it and turned it over. 'What is it?' he asked me. 'It's an old zither our **guinea pig** used to sleep on,' I said. It was true that a pet guinea pig we once had would never sleep anywhere except on the zither, but I should never have said so. Joe and the other cop looked at me a long time. They put the zither back on a shelf.

'No sign o' nothing,' said the cop who had first spoken to mother, 'The lady seems hysterical.' They all nodded, but said nothing; just looked at me. In the small silence we all heard a creaking in the attic. Grandfather was turning over in bed. 'What's that?' snapped Joe. Five or six cops sprang for the attic door before I could intervene or explain. I realized that it would be bad if they burst in on grandfather unannounced, or even announced. He was going through a phase in which he believed that General Meade's men, under steady hammering by Stonewall Jackson, were beginning to retreat and even desert.

When I got to the attic, things were pretty confused. Grandfather had evidently jumped to the conclusion that the police were deserters from Meade's army, trying to hide away in his attic. He bounded out of bed wearing a long flannel

nightgown over long woolen pants, a nightcap, and a leather jacket around his chest. The cops must have realized at once that the indignant white-haired old man belonged to the house, but they had no chance to say so. 'Back, ye cowardly dog!' roared grandfather. 'Back t' the lines ye goodaam Lily-livered cattle!' With that, he fetched the officer who found the zither a flat – handed smack alongside his head that sent him sprawling. The others beat a retreat, but not enough; grandfather grabbed zither's gun from its holster and let fly. The report seemed to crack the rafters; smoke filled the attic. A cop cursed and shot his hand to his shoulder. Somehow, we all finally got downstairs again and locked the door against the old gentleman. He fired once or twice more in the darkness and then went back to bed. 'That was grandfather,' I explained to Joe, out of breath. 'He thinks you're deserter.' 'I'll say he does,' said Joe.

- g. What was the grandfather wearing?
h. What conclusions did grandfather jump to when he saw the cops?

The cops were reluctant to leave without getting their hand on somebody besides grandfather; the night had been distinctly a defeat for them. Furthermore, they obviously didn't like the 'layout'; something looked – and I can see their viewpoint – phony. They began to poke into things again. A reporter, a thin-faced, wispy man, came up to me. I had put on one of mother's dress, not being able to find anything else. The reporter looked at me with mingled suspicion and interest. 'Just what the hell is the real lowdown here, Bud?' he asked. I decided to be frank

with him. 'We had ghosts,' I said. He gazed at me a long time as if I were a slot machine into which he had, without results, dropped a coin. Then he walked away. The cops followed him, the one grandfather shot holding his now-bandaged arm, cursing and blaspheming. 'I'm gonna get my gun back from that old bird,' said the zither-cop. 'Yeh,' said Joe, 'You – and who else?' I told them I would bring it to the station house the next day.



'What was the matter with that one policeman?' mother asked, after they had gone. 'Grandfather shot him,' I said. 'What for?' she demanded. I told her he was a deserter. 'Of all things!' said mother. 'He was such a nice-looking young man.'

Grandfather was fresh as a daisy and full of jokes at breakfast next morning. We thought at first he had forgotten all about what had happened, but he hadn't. Over his third cup of coffee, he glared at Herman and me. 'What was the idea of all the cops tarryhootin' around the house last night?' he demanded. 'None of you bothered to leave a bottle of water beside my bed. Do you ever realize what it cost for a thirsty man to look for water in the dining room last night?', he complained. He had us there.

- i. Were the policemen willing to leave the house?
- j. What made the reporter gaze at the author?

About the Author



James Grover Thurber (1894–1961) was an American cartoonist, author, humorist, journalist, playwright, and celebrated wit. He

was best known for his cartoons and short stories published mainly in The New Yorker magazine, such as "The Catbird Seat", and collected in his numerous books. He was one of the most popular humorists of his time, as he celebrated the comic frustrations and eccentricities of ordinary people.



Glossary

hullabaloo (v) - lot of loud noise made by people who are excited.

patrolman(n) - a patrolling police officer.

attic(n) - a space or room inside or partly inside the roof of a building

slammed(v) - shut a door or window forcefully and loudly.

gruffly(adv.) - sadly

intuitively(adv.) - without conscious reasoning, instinctively

whammed(v) - struck something forcefully

bevelled(v) - reduced to a slopping edge

rending(v) - tearing to pieces

yanked(v) - pulled with a jerk

zither(n) - a musical instrument consisting of a flat wooden sound box with numerous strings stretched across it, placed horizontally and played with fingers

guinea pig(n) - a domesticated tailless South American rodent originally raised for food

hysterical(adj.) - affected by wildly uncontrolled emotion

creaking(v) - making a squeaking sound when being moved

indignant(adj.) - feeling or showing anger or annoyance at what is perceived as unfair treatment

holster(n) - a holder made of leather for carrying handgun

rafter(n) - a beam forming part of the internal framework of a roof

deserter(n) - a person who leaves the armed force without permission.

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



1. Why was the narrator sorry to have paid attention to the footsteps?
2. Why did Herman and the author slam the doors?
3. What woke up the mother?
4. What do you understand by the mother's act of throwing the shoe?
5. Why do you think Mrs. Bodwell wanted to sell the house?



6. How did the cops manage to enter the locked house?
7. Why were the policemen prevented from entering grandfather's room?
8. Who used the zither and how?
9. Mention the events that the grandfather imagined.

B. Answer the following questions in about 100-150 words.

1. Describe the funny incident that caused the confusion in the house.
2. Narrate the extensive search operation made by the policemen in the house.



George Maede was an Army officer who served during the American civil war. Stonewall Jackson was a Confederate General, who fought against Maede.



Vocabulary

Slang Expression:

Slang is a type of language consisting of words and phrases that are regarded as very informal and more common in speech than in writing. They are typically restricted to a particular context or group of people.

C. Look at the following expressions from the text. With the help of your teacher rewrite them in standard English. One has been done for you.

1. 'Musta got away - - whatt'd he like?	Must got away - what was he like?'
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2. 'Looky here, Joe	
3. 'No sign o' nothing'	
4. 'Back t' the lines ye goodaam'	
5. 'What was the idee of all them cops tarryhootin' round the house last night.'	

Singular and Plural Forms.

In this lesson, we find plural forms such as furniture, houses, windows, burglars, boxes, shelves, policemen. You may notice that these words have taken up different suffixes to form plurals. This is because English words have different origins.

D. Complete the given tabular column with the suitable plural forms.

chair	-	
box	-	
eskimo	-	
lady	-	
radius	-	
formula	-	
child	-	
deer	-	
loaf	-	
hero	-	



Listening

E. Listen to the story and answer the following.

1. The rich man was from....
 - a Nagaland
 - b Thailand
 - c Finland
2. Where did Chulong catch the bird?
3. Why did Chulong catch the bird?
4. What will happen to the bird in imprisonment?
5. What did the bird suggest Chulong, in exchange for its freedom?
6. Did Chulong want to earn money honestly?
7. What were Chulong's plans for the bird?
8. Who is wise according to you?
9. Was the bird a crow?
10. What were the three rules given by the bird?



Speaking

F. Quiz: Who am I ?

Let us play this game in class

- ❖ Who Am I? is a guessing game where players use 'yes' or 'no' questions to guess the identity of a famous person.

Questions are based upon the traits and characteristics of a person which everyone will be able to identify.

- ❖ Divide the class into groups. One group should decide the personality while the other group should ask 'yes' or 'no' type questions. To win the game, a team needs to find out the person within 10 clues.

Sample questions to ask. Answers must be 'yes' or 'no' only.

- ❖ Are you a male (female)?
- ❖ Are you a famous personality?
- ❖ Are you a singer (dancer, actor)?
- ❖ Are you a historical figure?
- ❖ Are you young (old)?
- ❖ Are you alive now?
- ❖ Does your name start with '___' ?
- ❖ Is he/she ____ ?

G. Use this passage to play the game. You can collect information on other famous personalities and play too.

Charlie Chaplin was born on April 16, 1889, in London England. His birth name was Charles Spencer Chaplin, though he had many nicknames growing up such as Charlie, Charlot, and The Little Tramp. His father, Charles Chaplin, and his mother, Hannah Chaplin, were inducted into the music hall of fame, leading the way to his exposure even as a young boy. His first onstage moment was when he was 5 years old; he sang a song that was intended to be sung by his own mother; she had become ill at the

*Listening text is on page 213

time of the performance, so little Charlie Chaplin stood instead and performed for his mother.



Charlie Chaplin came to the United States in 1910, at the age of 21. He was brought to New York, which was known to be a great place to start out for anyone trying to become a professional actor. Two years later, in 1913, Chaplin signed his very first contract at Keystone and it was no time before he headed to Hollywood. His first movie premiered in 1914, "Making a Living," and went on to make over 35 movies total in that year alone. Charlie Chaplin grew to become one of the most popular and successful actors of all time. The moment that really kicked off his long career was in 1921 when he starred in, and produced, his first full length film called "The Kid." From then on, most people all

over the world knew Charlie Chaplin and loved his movies. He had a great career and life, dying on December 25, 1977, in Vevey, Switzerland. He had apparently died of natural causes in his sleep from old age.



Reading

Read the following incident carefully to answer the questions that follow

The Tie that does not Bind

"Oh, so you're going abroad? Can you bring me back.....?" I've been asked to bring back a vaccine for a course. Once I searched the suburbs of Paris for two days for a special brand of ceramic paint. Having spent a lot of money for Cartier lighter refills, I had them confiscated at the airport just before boarding because the gas might be dangerous in the air.

Now, two months before a trip, I stop talking to people so they won't suspect I'm about to travel. But someone always catches me." I've heard you're going to New York, and I want you to get something for me. It's just a little thing you can find anywhere. I don't know exactly how much it costs, but it shouldn't be much. We'll settle up when you get back".

What Gilson asked me to buy was, in fact a little thing: a tie. But not just any tie. He wanted a tie with a small embroidered G. Any colour would do, as long as it had his initial. Look , this is a special flight, I explained . We are only staying Saturday through Tuesday. On the day we arrived I didn't have time to think about the tie, but strolling around on Sunday I did see



ties bearing various letters in more than one shop window. They were cheap, just a dollar, but all the shops were closed.

On Monday, lunch lasted the whole afternoon. Then it was Tuesday morning, time to leave. It was only when I saw our airport bus waiting outside the hotel that I remembered the tie.

I told the group to go on. I would get a taxi to the airport. And so I went in search of a nearby shop where I had seen ties.

But I couldn't find it. I walked further down the street—one, two, three blocks - all in vain. Back at the hotel, a bit anxious now, I took my suitcase, got a taxi and asked the driver to rush to the street where I had seen them.

The driver stopped at each shop we passed so I could look from the window. The stores had all sorts of ties, but not the kind I was looking for.

When I finally thought I had located the right shop, I decided to go in and check. The driver refused to wait. Parking was prohibited, he said. I promised to double the fare, jumped out and ran into the shop. Was I going to miss the plane just for a damned tie?

The salesman was unbearably slow. When I realized that the smallest change I had was a ten dollar note, I grabbed ten ties of different colours so I wouldn't have to wait for change. I rushed out with the ties in a paper bag.

On the street I looked around. The taxi had vanished, taking my suitcase. What is more, I was going to miss the plane.

I ran to the corner, and hope flared up again: the taxi was waiting in the next street. Quick to the airport! As I settled down inside the taxi. I sighed with relief. Gilson was going to have enough initialized ties to last him a lifetime.

When I reached the airport, I paid the taxi driver the double fare and grabbed my suitcase. Panting, I boarded the plane under the reproachful gaze of the other passengers, all primly seated with their seat belts fastened. Ready to take off. Departure had been delayed because of me.

"At least I hope you found your tie", said one who knew the story.

"I did", I answered triumphantly.

After making myself comfortable, I reached for the paper bag to show the ties.

I had left it behind; in the taxi.

Fernando Sabino.

H. Read the incident again and answer the following questions.

1. What was the writer always asked to do whenever he planned to go abroad?
2. What did Gilson want the writer to bring for him?
3. When did the writer remember the fact that he had to buy something for Mr. Gilson?
4. Why were the other passengers in the flight gazing at the writer?
5. What is the humour element in the above incident?

I. Suggesting titles:

Title summarises the story. Each paragraph is a part of the story. Look at the following expressions and find out the paragraphs that best suit these expressions.

1. Oh, No! But it happens!
2. Don't let out your travelling dates
3. Anyway, people will be people
4. Search begins
5. Things are not that easy
6. Hurry invites worry

J. Look at the following situations the writer was in. He could have avoided the situation and saved himself. Glance through the write up again and comment on what the writer should have done in the following situations.

- ❖ Gilson asked the writer to bring a tie.
- ❖ On the day of arrival, the writer had no time to think about the tie.
- ❖ The writer remembered about the tie when the bus was leaving for the airport.
- ❖ The writer walked down in search of the shop.
- ❖ The writer rushed out with the tie in a paper bag.

K. State whether the following statements are true or false.

1. The narrator searched for three days to buy ceramic paint.
2. The author was going to New York.
3. Gilson asked the narrator to buy a tie.
4. The taxi driver took away the narrator's suitcase.

5. Departure was delayed because of the author.
6. The author left the ties in the taxi.



Writing

L. How to Write a Good Speech

1. Have an inspiring OPENING and ENDING.
2. Appropriate(suitable)TONE of VOICE. (e.g.) sincere for a serious issue, humour for comedy etc
3. Adapt speech for PURPOSE and AUDIENCE. (e.g.) teenagers, mixed audience, teachers, children etc
4. Organise IDEAS logically and do not confuse the audience.
5. Use EMOTIVE language to CONVINCE your audience that what you are saying should be listened to.

(e.g.) Even if they put us in chains, torture us and leave us to bleed we will not move. Blood will be our victory!

6. Use RHETORICAL QUESTIONS – asking a question for persuasive effect with out expecting a play (because the answer is obvious) Eg: Was he not a good man? (knowing that the audience agree anyway)

7. Make sure you are writing in the CORRECT PERSON

(e.g.) I believe that ... I knew him well ...

8. Use interesting facts and figures (e.g.) 200000 people... with diagrams or charts to help your audience visualize it.



RHETORIC is the art of using eloquence (grand, effective speech) for persuasive effect in public speaking.

It was taught in medieval universities and included techniques such as elaborate figures of speech (e.g. simile, metaphor), memorisation and delivery (how it was said). The Romantics said it was in sincere and far too grand. Today we use it to describe writing that PERSUADES the reader.

M. Write a speech for your school Literary Association celebration with the given lead.

1) Opening	
2) Purpose	
3) Audience	
4) Language – Some Good Describing Words (Adverbs And Adjectives), Emotive Words, Imagery etc.	
5) Ending	



Grammar

Articles

A, An and The are called Articles.

We use a or an with singular nouns only.

(e.g.) A girl, An orange

We use a with singular nouns and adjectives which begin with a consonant sound.

(e.g.) A computer, A unit (*yu+nit*), A wonderful artist

We use an with singular nouns and adjectives which begin with a vowel sound.

(e.g.) An artist, An M.L.A. (*em.el.a*), An honest shopkeeper

NOTE

Words beginning with consonant letters do not always begin with consonant sounds. Similarly words beginning with vowel letters do not always begin with vowel sounds.

(e.g.) Honour (*sounds like – onour*) European (*sounds like yu-ropean*)

We use **the** when a person, an animal, a plant, a place, a thing is mentioned for a second time.

(e.g.) I bought a book this morning. I am reading **the** book now.





We use **the** when it is clear to the listener or reader which person, animal, place, or thing we are referring to.

(e.g.) **The** judge found him not guilty.

We use **the** when there is only one such thing.

(e.g.) **The** earth goes round the sun.

We usually use **the** before ordinal numbers.

(e.g.) I live on **the** third floor.

We use **the** before some proper nouns such as :

(e.g.) **The** Indian Ocean, **The** Arabian Sea

We use **the** before names of most buildings, landmarks, monuments and natural wonders.

(e.g.) **The** Park Hotel, **The** Taj Mahal

We use **the** before names of places containing **of**

(e.g.) **The** Republic of China.

The names of places ending in plurals.

(e.g.) **The** Andaman and Nicobar Islands, **The** Netherlands.

Some proper nouns are not preceded by an article.

- ♦ the names of continents - Africa, Asia
- ♦ the names of countries - Belgium, India
- ♦ the names of towns and cities. – Tokyo, Chennai
- ♦ the names of streets - Ritchie Street.

Some nouns can be counted and they are called as countable nouns; some cannot be counted and they are called uncountable nouns.

We use **a** or **an** only before countable nouns.

(e.g.) **A** leaf fell off the tree. (countable)

Rain can cause flooding (uncountable)

We use **the** with uncountable nouns, when it is clear to the reader which things we are referring to. We do not use **the** with uncountable nouns when we are talking in general. (Uncountable nouns do not take the plural forms).

(e.g.) **The** rice in this super market is good. Rice is the staple food of Asians.

The word **some** can be used with both countable and uncountable nouns in the following ways.

(e.g.) I want **some** apples.

I want **some** papers.



A. Nagarajan and Dhanalakshmi want to buy a new house. They have come to see a house for sale. Complete the conversation below by adding a, an or the.

- Nagarajan** : Well, here we are, No.8, Kaveri Street. I think this is _____ house we saw online. What do you think of _____ location?
- Dhanalakshmi** : It is in _____ nice neighbourhood. And it's close to the railway station.
- Nagarajan** : And _____ bus stop is not too far away.
- Dhanalakshmi** : How many rooms are there?
- Nagarajan** : There are three rooms, _____ kitchen and _____ balcony.
- Dhanalakshmi** : There is _____ lawn behind _____ house, right?
- Nagarajan** : That's right _____ lawn is actually quite large. Did you see any photos of _____ living room, online? What does it look like?
- Dhanalakshmi** : _____ living room looks great. It looks bright and airy. It has _____ nice view of _____ hills. But _____ kitchen looks _____ little small.
- Nagarajan** : And, I remember you said there isn't _____ store room, right?
- Dhanalakshmi** : No, but there is _____ attic, where we can store things.
- Nagarajan** : I hope this house is _____ better option.
- Dhanalakshmi** : Let's wait for _____ real estate agent. She said, she would be here at three o'clock.
- Nagarajan** : Look. There she is!

B. Few articles are missing in the given passage. Edit the passage given below by adding suitable articles wherever necessary.

My neighbourhood is very interesting place. My house is located in apartment building downtown near many stores and offices. There is small supermarket across street, where my family likes to go shopping. There is also post office and bank near our home. In our neighbourhood there is small, Green Park where my friends and I like to play on weekends and holidays. There is small pond near park and there are many ducks in park. We always have great time. In addition there is elementary school close to our home where my little brother studies in third grade. There are so many things to see and do in my neighbourhood that's why I like it. It's really great place.

Prepositional Phrases

These prepositions are formed by a two-word or a three-word combination such as according to, along with, at the time of, because of, owing to, instead of etc. These kinds of prepositions are used frequently in our day to day life.

Examples

Preposition	Meaning	Example
according to	as stated by, on the authority of	According to the weatherman, we can expect more cold weather this week.
along with	together with	We have to give importance to Physical Education along with all the academic subjects.
because of	on account of	We stayed at home because of the bad weather.
owing to	because of	I can't accept your invitation owing to a previous engagement.
instead of	in place of, substituting for	I wish I were going to the party instead of my brother.
in the event of	in case of	The match will be stopped in the event of heavy rain.

C. Refer to the dictionary to find out the meaning of the following prepositions and match them with the correct meaning.

Preposition	Meaning
due to	as a substitute for
except for	in the interest of
with reference to	irrespective of
in spite of	added to
in addition to	because of
in place of	referring to
regardless of	with the exception of
for the sake of	disregarding the difficulty

D. Fill in the blanks by choosing the most appropriate prepositional phrase from the given options.

- Everything falls to the ground _____ earth's gravitational pull.
a. in addition to b. because of c. cause of
- The trial was conducted _____ the procedure of law.
a. in accordance with b. due to c. despite of



3. There is a temple right _____ my house.
a. in back of b. apart from c. in front of
4. As a _____ of his hard work, he achieved the target.
a. instead of b. result of c. apart from
5. Failure is often the _____ negligence.
a. effect of b. consequence of c. reason of
6. Children are given toys _____ sweets on Children's day.
a. on top of b. in addition to c. due to
7. The parents must be informed _____ any indiscipline conduct of their wards.
a. because of b. in case of c. in spite of
8. He didn't turn up _____ his busy schedule.
a. consequence of b. due to c. except for
9. Global warming is _____ the green house emission.
a. an effect of b. in spite of c. in addition to
10. _____ several warnings, he continued to swim.
a. due to b. in spite of c. because of

E. Edit the following passage by replacing the underlined incorrect words with correct prepositional phrases.

Janu is studying in class X. In the event of the teachers _____
she is a disciplined student. In addition to her poverty, she _____
is always neat. Many students like her in case of _____
her simplicity. According to her studies, she also _____
participates in sports. She gets on with everyone in case of _____
age and gender in the school. In opposition to taking leave, she ensures _____
that she completes the work given before she goes to school next day.



The Grumble Family

Lucy Maud Montgomery

Poem

The poet gives a vivid picture of neighbourhood scenes .Read to know how we should mend our ways.

There's a family nobody likes to meet;
They live, it is said, on Complaining Street
In the city of Never-Are-Satisfied,
The River of Discontent beside.

They growl at that and they growl at this;
Whatever comes, there is something amiss;
And whether their station be high or humble,
They are all known by the name of Grumble.

The weather is always too hot or cold;
Summer and winter alike they scold.
Nothing goes right with the folks you meet
Down on that gloomy Complaining Street.

They growl at the rain and they growl at the sun;
In fact, their growling is never done.
And if everything pleased them, there isn't a doubt
They'd growl that they'd nothing to grumble about!

But the queerest thing is that not one of the same
Can be brought to acknowledge his family name;
For never a Grumbler will own that he
Is connected with it at all, you see.





The worst thing is that if anyone stays
Among them too long, he will learn their ways;
And before he dreams of the terrible jumble
He's adopted into the family of Grumble.

And so it were wisest to keep our feet
From wandering into Complaining Street;
And never to growl, whatever we do,
Lest we be mistaken for Grumblers, too.

Let us learn to walk with a smile and a song,
No matter if things do sometimes go wrong;
And then, be our station high or humble,
We'll never belong to the family of Grumble!

About the author



L. M. Montgomery, (1874–1942) was a Canadian author best known for a series of novels beginning in 1908 with *Anne of Green Gables*. Montgomery went on to publish 20 novels as well as 530 short stories, 500 poems, and 30 essays. A prolific writer, Montgomery published over 100 stories between 1897 and 1907. Montgomery's work, diaries and letters have been read and studied by scholars and readers worldwide.





Glossary

discontent (adj.) - dissatisfaction with one's circumstances

amiss (adj.) - not quite right

growl (v) - make a low guttural sound in the throat

grumble (n) - a complaint about something in a bad-tempered way

gloomy (adj.) - depressing or frightening

queerest (adj.) - the strangest or the most unusual

acknowledge (v) - accept or admit the existence or truth of

terrible (adj.) - extremely bad or serious

wandering (v) - walking or moving in a leisurely or aimless way

A. Read the following lines from the poem and answer the questions given below.

1. *There's a family nobody likes to meet;*

They live, it is said, on Complaining Street

a. Where does the family live?

b. Why do you think the street is named as 'Complaining Street'?

2. *They growl at that and they growl at this;*

Whatever comes, there is something amiss;

a. What does the word 'growl' mean here?

b. Why do they find everything amiss?

3. *Nothing goes right with the folks you meet*

Down on that gloomy Complaining Street.

a. What is the opinion about the folks you meet down the street?

b. What does the word 'gloomy' mean here?

4. *The worst thing is that if anyone stays*

Among them too long, he will learn their ways;

a. What is the worst thing that can happen if anyone stays with them?

b. What are the ways of the Grumble family?





5. *And so it were wisest to keep our feet
From wandering into Complaining Street;*

- a. What is the wisest thing that the poet suggests?
- b. What does the phrase 'to keep our feet from wandering' refer to?

6. *Let us learn to walk with a smile and a song,
No matter if things do sometimes go wrong;*

- a. What does the poet expect everyone to learn?
- b. What should we do when things go wrong sometimes?

B. Answer the following questions in about 80-120 words.

1. Write a paragraph on 'The Grumble Family' and their attitude towards other folks.
2. If you were to live in the Complaining Street, how would you deal with the people who grumble?
3. From the poem 'The Grumble Family' what kind of behaviour does the poet want the readers to possess?

Literary devices:

Anaphora

An anaphora is a technique where several phrases (or verses in a poem) begin with the same word or words.

e.g. They growl at the rain and they growl at the sun;

Epithet

An epithet is an adjective or phrase expressing a quality or attribute regarded as characteristic of the person or the thing mentioned.

e.g. grumble family
complaining street

C. Answer the following:

1. And whether their station be high or humble,...
Pick out the alliteration from the above line.
2. Pick out the other examples for alliteration from the poem.
3. The weather is always too hot or cold;
Summer and winter alike they scold.
Nothing goes right with the folks you meet
Down on that gloomy Complaining Street.
Pick out the rhyming words and identify the rhyme scheme of the above lines.

Read and Enjoy

English Oddities

The English language is quite odd.
It must've been a different sort of sod,
Who thought this mess all out.
He really didn't know what talking was all about!

After all more than one mouse is mice,
But on my block we have houses not hice!
A goose can fly with a bunch of geese,
But in Canada I have not seen a herd of meese.

One man and a male friend make men,
Then you know as well as I that pan ain't ever pen.
I put a foot down and stand on both feet,
But I wear some boots and definitely not beet!

I pull a tooth and have a gap in my teeth,
But at the fair they have booths not beeth.
This is one and two or more are these,
And I get one kiss but I don't get several kесе!

How about a brother or a group of brethren?
Where as a lovely mother won't meet methren.
Then there's pronouns he, his, and him,
But you shan't say she, shis, and shim!

As you know it's tough with words like bough,
Whooping cough, and cookie dough,
And another thing you can start to hate,
Is how people take boats straight down the strait!

And why doesn't nose sound like lose?
Why, tell me, is it goose and moose, then choose?
I still haven't got a single, solitary clue,
And they tell me I've been talking since two!

- Adam Schmidt





Zigzag

Asha Nehemiah

Supplementary

The family that shelters a new pet is totally taken up by the commotions it creates at home. Read on the story to find out there is a turn of events when they get to know the reality



Dr. Ashok T. Krishnan's clinic usually sounded more like an ancient Chinese torture chamber than a child specialist's clinic. This was because the tiny children who were his patients left out a variety of blood -curdling yells and ear-splitting sobs.

'It's all because my patients were making so much noise and crying so loudly, ' he apologized to his wife one evening, 'that Somu couldn't hear me properly. He rang me in the clinic to ask whether we could keep Zigzag with us when he leaves for Alaska. And now Somu thinks I said "yes", even though I clearly said "no" ! I know you are busy getting your painting ready for your exhibition next w...'

'Zigzag!' interrupted their nine-year-old daughter Maya.

Isn't that Uncle Somu's prized giant green-and -gold fighting beetle. The one that spits deadly poison straight into its opponent's eye?'

'No , no,' corrected her older brother Arvind, eyes shining in pure delight. 'The beetle is called Spitfire. Zigzag must

be Uncle Somu's pet snake. The African sidewinder! You know, the one that slithers Zigzag all over his house!'

'You're both quite mistaken,' their father hastened to explain, seeing his wife's horrified expression. 'Zigzag is a most harmless, unusual and lovable bird. Apparently, it was bred by a genuine African witch doctor, who gifted it to Somu when he-----being a child specialist like me -----cured the witch doctor's son while he was touring the deepest jungles of equatorial Africa last month. Somu says the bird is an absolute treasure and a real help. It's his favourite pet, you know.'

Somu might be your best friend, but most of these so called "favourite" possessions that he has given us were absolute nuisances!' countered Mrs. Krishnan angrily. A talented artist, she applied a dab of yellow-ochre paint onto her painting titled Sunset at Marina, paused for a moment to survey the effect and then continued, 'Remember the rare insect-eating plant he brought back from the wettest corner of the Amazonian rainforest! He insisted that we keep it because it would eat the mosquitoes in the house and now that wretched plant requires a room heater to keep it alive in Chennai!'

'Ma!' protested Arvind, 'That's not really true. Uncle Somu's given us some really fabulous gifts.'



‘Right! Remember the tiny penknife he gave me last year, the one with a genuine shark’s tooth blade. That’s been really useful,’ Maya joined the protest.

‘No one but you, Maya,’ Mrs.Krishnan told her daughter sternly, ‘would describe a penknife that has cut open the pockets of three skirts and two pairs of jeans as *really useful*.’

‘And what about the **aboriginal** boomerang Uncle Somu brought us all the way from Australia?’ demanded Arvind. ‘You can’t deny that it was a great hit with everyone.’

‘Great hit indeed!’ Mrs.Krishnan didn’t bother to hide her **sarcasm** and continued, ‘Considering that the boomerang sliced through all the TV aerials in the neighbourhood, caused permanent damage to several cars in the parking lot, and knocked out our watchman cold, with the force you threw it.’

‘But Zigzag is different. Somu says we are sure to love Zigzag,’ soothed Dr.Krishnan, ‘because the bird can talk and sing in about twenty-one different languages - mostly African languages, of course. When it sings, it moves the listeners to tears.’

‘It’s Somu’s thoughtless ways that reduce me to tears!’ Mrs.Krishnan said irritably. ‘What a time to dump this multilingual, talking-singing bird on us. Here I’m tied up in knots trying to get my paintings together for the exhibition next week.’

‘May I take Zigzag to school, Papa?’ Arvind, as always, was planning ahead. ‘I want to display him in the science exhibition.’

‘When is Zigzag coming, Papa?’ Maya was jumping up and down, all excited.

‘Uncle Somu said he would send Zigzag with his old cook, Visu, sometime today. I’ll have to leave for my clinic now. There,’ he added as the doorbell rang, ‘that’s probably them!’

And indeed it was!

‘Come in, Zigzag, come in, dear!’ coaxed Visu, and in tottered the strangest, weirdest-looking bird the Krishnan family had ever seen.

About a foot and a half tall, its bald head was **fringed** with a crown of shocking pink feathers while the rest of its **plumage** was in various shades of the muddiest **sludgiest** brown. Its curved beak was sunflower-yellow and its eyes were the colour of cola held to sunlight.

‘This is Zigzag! Announced Visu with a flourish. ‘His full name is Ziggy-Zagga-king-of-the-Tonga. How I’m going to miss him! So beautifully he talks! He can even recite French Poetry!’

The object of all this praise was standing cool and unmoved, with an expression of almost-human **grumpiness** in his cola-coloured eyes.

Arvind, finding that Zigzag was sulkily refusing to say a word despite all



their efforts at striking a conversation, dashed into the kitchen to return with a plate heaped hurriedly with juicy fruit slices and some nuts.

Bored eyes brightened momentarily as Zigzag picked up a walnut. But refusing to speak, he dropped one wrinkled eyelid in a solemn wink and flew clumsily to deposit the nut on the enormous chandelier hanging from the ceiling. Bit by bit, and in total silence, all the fruit on the plate was transferred to the chandelier and on to the blades of the ceiling fan (now switched off).

Then perching comfortably on a curtain rod, Zigzag dropped one wizened eyelid in another solemn wink as he sank his beak into a plump guava.

‘Don’t worry, children,’ Visu comforted as he left, noticing how disappointed they looked when Zigzag stubbornly refused to say a single word to them even though they tried speaking to him in English, Hindi, Tamil and French. ‘Just wait till Zigzag settles down in this new home, then you can have a great time listening to him.’

As it happened, the children didn’t have to wait more than ten minutes to have a great time listening to Zigzag. For as soon as Visu left, Zigzag, still perched on the curtain rod, went off to sleep. And the moment he fell asleep, he began to SNORE!

And what a snore it was Kngrrwheeze!!! It began as a soft grumbly sort of rumble, much like that

which the stomach of a mildly hungry dinosaur might have made. Then it grew louder, and louder, and LOUDER until it sounded as if a herd of elephants with cold was trumpeting angrily in the room. KNGRRDRRWHEEZE!!!

Zigzag’s snore pounded their eardrums till their heads ached.

In vain did they try to wake the snoring bird. ‘Twenty-one languages, he’s supposed to know!’ snorted Mrs.Krishnan. ‘Yet this bird chooses to communicate only in snorish, snorese, snorian, snorihili, snoralu...’

‘I thought it was scientific fact that birds couldn’t snore,’ said Maya, trying to squirt water from a small water pistol at Zigzag to wake him and wetting most of the curtains, the walls and a sofa instead.

‘African witch doctor’s birds don’t obey scientific rules.’ Arvind was annoyed that his best imitations of a raging lion, a hungry hyena and a ferocious dog had failed to draw Zigzag out of his deep slumber. Now he tried his loudest, most frightening coyote call.

But Zigzag slept on undisturbed. And snored on.

In total despair at their failure to wake Zigzag, or at least stop him snoring, they shut themselves in the bedroom that was furthest away from Mrs.Krishnan’s studio where Zigzag was creating the terrible din. Mrs.Krishnan was just unraveling a roll of cotton wool to stuff in her ears, when they heard their maid,

Lakshmi, shrieking as if she had been electrocuted.



Hearts hammering, they rushed to the studio to find Lakshmi dancing and clapping her hands excitedly as she yelled, 'We' ve been blessed! We've been truly blessed! It's raining papayas and bananas in this room!'

They froze in horror. Lakshmi had apparently switched on the fan on which Zigzag had left some fruit and nuts. Half-pecked fruit streamed off the fan, dampening even Lakshmi's enthusiasm as a guava landed on her cheek with a soft squish and one walnut hit her forehead with a loud smack. One slice of over-ripe papaya came whizzing off the fan and, as they watched it helplessly, it oh horrors splattered all over Mrs.Krishnan's unfinished masterpiece, sunset at Marina, spreading streaks of gooey orange pulp and shiny black seeds all over it.

Mrs.Krishnan groaned tragically and looked ready to shoot Zigzag, but he was saved by the bell. The telephone bell! They answered one call after another as all the neighbours rang upto demand what the awful KNGRRDRRWHEEZE sound was

and if they could please have some peace.

And through all this commotion, Zigzag slept on unconcerned. And snored on.

Finally, an exhausted Mrs.Krishnan rang up her husband. I'am going crazy with the sound of Zigzag snoring, plus all these angry telephone calls. And my beautiful painting...' Here her voice cracked. 'You know Mrs.Jhunjhunwala, the art critic who lives upstairs, well, she heard Zigzag snoring and had the cheek to telephone and ask me whether I could sing a little softly when I took my singing lessons. Please contact Somu and find out what we should do.'

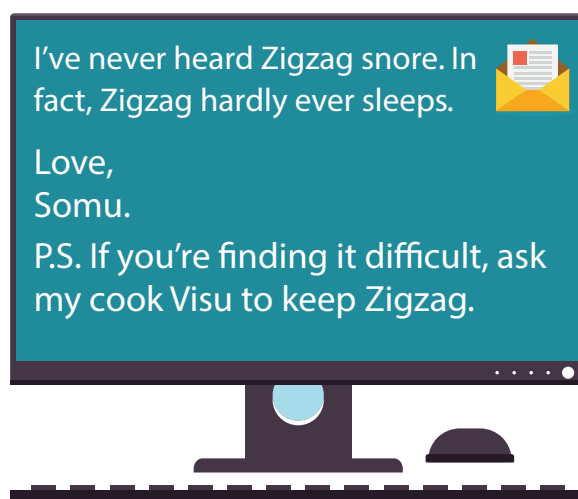
Dr.Krishnan came home as fast as he could after he had left an e-mail message for Somu, asking him for clear instructions on how to stop Zigzag from snoring.'

'Don't worry,' he reassured his downcast family. 'Somu will reply soon and we'll discover there's some ridiculously simple way to stop Zigzag from snoring.

Six days passed. Six frantic days of checking their e-mail day and night. Six torturous days of having the deafeningly loud KNGRRDRRWHEEZE resound in their home, most nerve wrackingly. Maya complained that she heard a permanent rumbling sound in her ears even when she was miles away from home and that her ears ached all the time. Arvind confessed that, for the first time in his life, he was actually looking forward to going to school considering it was as calm as a monastery compared to their house. Mrs. Krishnan had lost interest in painting.

Zigzag would sometimes wake up briefly when he wanted to eat some fruit, and sometimes he would sit on the veranda looking sulky and bored as he stared at the Sunset at Marina beach- the real view, not the painting lying forlorn in one corner, ruined by **streaks** of hardening papaya. Zigzag never spoke to anyone, though everyone tried several times, and in several languages, to speak to him kindly. He only slept. And snored.

On the seventh day, Dr.Somu's e-mail arrived. It was, as Dr.Krishnan predicted, ridiculously simple. It read:



‘That does it,’ said Mrs.Krishnan. ‘Find Visu! I will not keep Zigzag here another minute!’

‘Calm down, dear, I’m leaving for my clinic now. Can’t it wait till...’

‘No, it’s now!’ Mrs.Krishnan was adamant. ‘I’ve invited some friends and are experts to come home and choose my paintings for the exhibition. This feathered, snoring monster will drive us all mad!’

‘Come on then, Zigzag,’ called Dr.Krishnan nervously, wondering how he would locate Somu’s cook, Visu.

‘Er, why don’t you wait in the car, Zigzag?’ he suggested. When they reached his clinic, his heart sinking at the thought of Zigzag’s ear-shatteringly loud snore adding to the din of the sobs and shrieks produced by the tiny patients waiting for him.

But Ziggy-Zagga-King-of-the-Tonga was not accustomed to being kept waiting and was already making his way to the clinic where he perched himself on the nurse’s reception table.

‘Don’t you dare sleep!’ Dr.Krishnan warned Zigzag fiercely as he went towards his room.

He had hardly walked through the swinging half-door that separated his clinic from the waiting room when he heard a strange voice say, ‘You there in the blue T-shirt, don’t jump on the sofa. And you in the red dress, don’t swing on the curtain.’

It was Zigzag’s voice, clear and commanding. There was pin-drop silence in the room as everyone waited, open-mouthed, for Zigzag’s next sentence.

Dr.Krishnan was amazed! Gone was Zigzag’s bored and grumpy expression. Instead the bird looked happy and alert as it went about the job it had been trained for, first with the African witch doctor and then with Dr.Somu. Dr.Krishnan’s clinic, usually a noisy sea of tears and **tantrums**, was transformed into a calm, orderly



place as Zigzag efficiently soothed the frightened patients, scolded the naughty ones and made the crying ones smile. And if his yam-digging song and recitation of French poetry reduced the children to helpless laughter instead of tears, he didn't look as though he minded. And best of all, Zigzag never slept. Or snored. Even for a second!

Never had a morning passed so quietly and peacefully for Dr.Krishnan. When the last patient had left, he called Zigzag to his room. Zigzag flew in and sat on the table. Scratching the bird under its beak, Dr.Krishnan sighed and said, 'Somu was right, after all. You are an absolute treasure. I never realized what he meant when he called you *a great help*. Why didn't you tell me you'd prefer to be at my clinic instead of snoring like that to show you were bored? What do we do now? No one wants you back at home now; they want me to leave you with Visu.'

Just then the telephone rang. It was Mrs.Krishnan, sounding very pleased with herself. 'You know Mrs.Jhunjhunwala, the art critic?' she chuckled. 'She doesn't want me to exhibit sunset at marina. She's bought it for herself, for ₹ 5,000!'

Isn't that the painting the papaya fell on

'Yes.' Mrs.Krishnan was laughing heartily now. I had left it in one corner and she chose to buy it, saying she loved my new technique of painting! She simply adored those streaky orangey bits! She launched into fresh gales of laughter. 'By the way,' she said when she sobered down, 'I don't think we were fair to Zigzag. Shall

we keep him with us at home, just on trial for another week?'

'Sure!', agreed a delighted Dr.Krishnan before he cleverly added. 'And I could always take him to the clinic every morning so that you can paint in peace at home.'

'My boy!' he confided to Zigzag after matters were satisfactorily settled, giving the bird a toffee from his desk. 'You have your own strange way of showing your genius. A Zigzag way, I'd call it, wouldn't you?'

But Ziggy - Zagga - King - of - the -Tonga, brought up on compliments as he was, didn't bother to reply. He just ate the toffee, paper wrapper and all, and then lowered one **crinkly** eyelid in a knowing wink.

About the author



Asha Nehemiah born in 1958 at Chennai has lived, studied and worked in 8 different cities and small towns and is now a resident of Bangalore. She has always been interested in writing. Her love for reading, led her to study Literature in college. If she had not been a writer, she would have been a teacher. Humour, fantasy, mystery and adventure are the strong elements in her work. She loves baking, walking, reading and travelling.



Glossary

aboriginal (adj.) - native, local

sarcasm (n) - use of irony to mock or convey contempt

fringed (v) - bordered

plumage (n) - a bird's feather collectively

sludgiest (adj.) - wet mud

grumpiness (adj.) - bad tempered

squirt (n) - spray

coyote (n) - a wolf like wild dog native to North America.

streaks (n) - line, strap.

tantrum (n) - outburst, flare-up.

crinkly (adj.) - wrinkly.



A. Identify the speaker / character.

1. Even though I clearly said no!
2. The one that spits deadly poison straight into its opponent's eyes.
3. Remember the tiny penknife he gave me last year.
4. It's Somu's thoughtless ways that reduce me to tears.
5. Come in, Zigzag, come in dear!

B. Read the story again and write how these characters reacted in these situations:

1. You're both quite mistaken.

Dr. Krishnan

Mrs. Krishnan

2. It's Somu's thoughtless ways that reduce me to tears.

Mrs. Krishnan

Dr. Krishnan

3. Just wait till Zigzag settles down in this new home.

Visu

Arvind and Maya

4. Zigzag hardly ever sleeps.

Somu

Dr. Krishnan

5. You are an absolute treasure.....

Dr. Krishnan

Zigzag

C. Complete the given tabular columns.

Arrival of Zigzag	Somu requested Dr. Krishnan to take care of his pet.	Mrs.Krishnan was not.....	She was worried about her
Life of Zigzag at Dr. Krishnan's residence	Zigzag perched on the curtain rod and	When their maid switched on the fan.....	Mrs. Krishnan was annoyed and called Mr. Krishnan to.....
The email about Zigzag	Dr. Krishnan	Somu's reply surprised the Krishnans.	The reply was.....
Zigzag at the clinic	When Zigzag entered the clinic he.....	Gone was Zigzag's bored and grumpy expression. The bird looked happy and alert.	After the family knew that zigzag must be kept busy they.....

D. Answer the following questions in one or two sentences:

1. Why did Dr. Ashok's cousin call him ?
2. Mention at least two expressions which show that Mrs. Krishnan was not willing to have Zigzag at home.
3. What are the pets did Somu have?
4. What was Mrs.Krishnan busy with?
5. What commotion did the boomerang cause in the neighborhood?
6. What happened when Somu left Zigzag with the Krishnans?
7. How did Zigzag communicate with the Krishnans?
8. What was the e-mail message sent to Somu by Dr.Krishnan?
9. What did Arvind confess?
10. Why did Mrs. Jhunjhunwala buy the painting?

E. Answer the following questions in about 100 - 150 words:

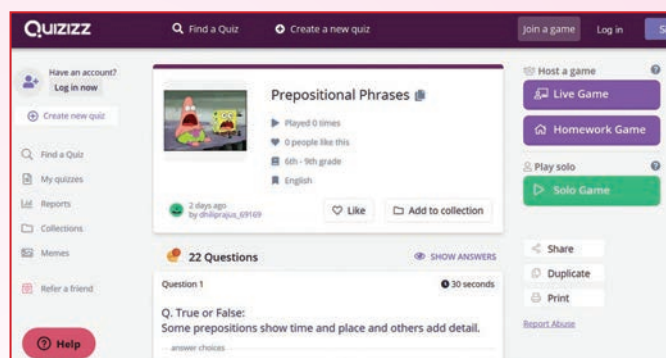
1. Write a passage in your own words on various commotions caused by Zigzag at Dr. Krishnan's residence.
2. What happened when Zigzag was taken to the clinic.
3. Narrate the story of Zigzag in your own words.



ICT CORNER

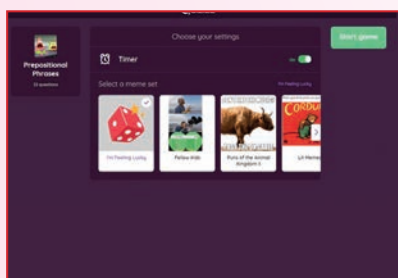
Grammar –Prepositional Phrases

- ❖ To learn the usage of prepositional phrases
- ❖ To practise prepositional phrases

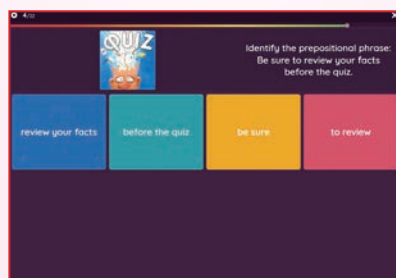


Steps

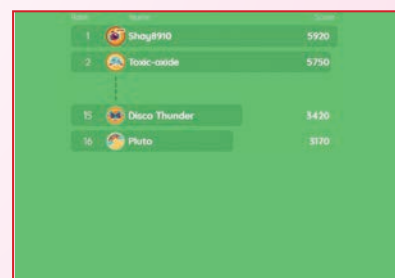
1. Type the URL link given below in your browser or scan the QR code.
2. Select solo , live or homework game.
3. Click Start Game then read the questions and select the correct option.
4. This Quiz can be played in teams or used as homework game.



Step 1



Step 2



Step 3



Download Link

Click the following link or scan the QR code to access the website.
<https://https://quizizz.com/admin/quiz/5c6d6beda26635001acac238/prepositional-phrases>

** Images are indicative only.