SECTION FOUR

4.1 History of Novel

The eighteenth century has gifted English literature two entirely new forms which are without any traces in the ancient classical heritage. One of those was 'The Periodical Essay' and the other was 'NOVEL'. Both of these forms, especially 'novel', caught the spirit of the eighteenth century as the age of intellectual, sentimental and realistic plane and tried to instruct the readers, which would help them to a more purposeful and virtuous life. Since the time of its origin, novel has been gaining popularity and growing gradually. Today, it is recognized as the most dominant literary genre.

A novel is a relatively long narrative fiction which describes intimate human experiences normally in a prose form. The present English word 'novel' is derived from the Italian 'novella', meaning 'new'. A novel narrates a story embellishing it with more details of time, place, nature, people and their minds, their gestures and activities. It creates the picture of the society of that time. Novel makes life easier to understand than in drama and poetry. In modern era novel has adopted literary prose.

The novel as a literary genre has a history of about two thousand years.Among the early precursors of novel a collection of tales known as Greek Romances dating from the second to sixth century may top the list. These imaginative and delightful stories of ideal love and marvellous adventures profoundly affected the creative writing for the next thousand years. Though novel in the modern era usually makes use of a literary prose the earlier threads of the genre can be found in Virgil's Ecologues or Malory's 'Morte De Arthur' or Geoffrey Chaucer's 'The Canterbury Tales'.

Murasaki Shikibu's 'Tale of Genji' (1010) has been described as the world's first novel. The European novel is often said to begin with 'Don Quixote' by Spanish writer Miguel de Cervantes which was published in two parts between 1605 and1615. In the 18th century, the appearance of newspaper and magazines attracted a large number of readers from the middle class. These new readers had little interest in romances and tragedies, which were appreciated by the upper class. Thus, need for a new type of literature arose that would express the new ideas of the 18th century. The 18th century new literature was characterized by the spirit of realism and denial of romantic features like enthusiasm, passion and imagination. The foreground for the novel was prepared by all these factors. After 1740, novel originated as the literary form in England. Increase in trade and commerce, along with the Industrial Revolution, had given rise to the middle class. A class of people had emerged to occupy an elite status. The realistic picture of everyday life and problems of common people depicted in the novels appealed to the newly educated class and was regarded by them as respectable reading material.

Thus, novel as a form appears to have been designed for both to voice the aspirations of the middle and lower classes and meet their longings. The spread of machines could provide a time to the educated middle class for reading and discussions about the books. Drama and poetry were the two literary forms that were fading away. Novel was a combination of some features of them and some new features were added to the form. It was the prominent form in the eighteenth century and onwards to encompass the social, political and cultural happenings and scientific progress.

'The Pilgrim's Progress' by John Bunyan (1678) and 'Oroonoku' by Aphra Behn (1688) initiated the plenteous and colourful tradition of English novel and was followed by Daniel Defoe (Robinson Crusoe, Mall Flanders), and Jonathan Swift ('Gulliver's Travels' – a famous satire). Other major novelists of 18th century are Samuel Richardson, ('Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded' and 'Clarissa,' both epistolary novels), Henry Fielding, Lawrence Sterne and Tobias Smollett. The tradition was enriched by many other stalwart novelists such as Charles Dickens, Walter Scott, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Horace Walpole, Thomas Hardy, Willkie Collins and H.G. Wells. The 20th century is marked by the modern topics and innovative styles and techniques and widened angles of the views by the novelists like E.M. Forster, James Joyce, Joseph Conrad, Henry James, George Orwell, Graham Greene, D.H. Lawrence, William Golding and Anthony Burgess. They widened the circumference of the genre by writing political, social, psychological and other modern issues in their novels. There are immigrant authors like Salman Rushdie (India), V.S. Naipaul (Trinidad), Kazuo Ishigura (Japan) and many others.

The contribution of women novelists to this great pageant cannot be neglected. The novel of manners 'Evelina' by Frances Burney, Gothic novels by Ann Radcliffe, a novel based on Science of the age 'Frankenstein' by Mary Shelley are landmark novels. Jane Austen has been ruling over the minds of the people through her novels. Bronte sisters Emily and Charlotte have created their own place by their incomparable works 'The Wuthering Heights' and 'Jane Eyre'. Mary Ann Evans alias George Eliot wrote the novels reflecting psychological insight. Virginia Woolf is the pioneer of the Stream of Consciousness technique in English novel. Agatha Christie created her own place by writing many novels based on crime. Hercule Poirot and Miss Marple are the evergreen detectives created by her.Harper Lee, Margaret Atwood, Toni Morrison and Alice Walker have elevated the tradition further to prosperity.

Indian Scenario :

'Rajmohan's Wife', by Bankim Chandra Chattopadhyaya serialized in 'The Indian Field' was the first novel in English written by an Indian. The period after that is marked by few more novels written by the Indian writers. These novels bore either nationalistic virtues or social issues as their main framework. Mulkraj Anand, R.K. Narayan and Raja Rao were the major trio who prevailed in the period after that. Novelists like Anita Desai, Nayantara Sahgal and Arun Joshi and Manohar Malgaonkar changed the current of Indian English novel through their works. Amitav Ghosh, Vikram Seth and Upamanyu Chatterjee ameliorated the Indian novel in English by adding new features to it. Recent years have witnessed the dazzling performance by Indian novelists like Salman Rushsie, Arvind Adiga, Arundhati Roy, Kiran Desai and Kiran Nagarkar. The tradition of Indian

English novel has undergone a vital change since its birth and it has undoubtedly very bright future.

Novella :

• A Novella, the word originated from the Italian word 'novelle', is a type of prose fiction which is shorter than a full length novel and longer than short stories. It is a well-stuctured yet short narrative, often satiric or realistic in tone. It usually focuses on one incident or issue with one or two main characters and takes place at a single tradition. Some of the famous novellas in English are –

• 'The Heart of Darkness' by Joseph Conrad

• 'The Turn of the Screw' by Henry James

• 'Billy Budd' by Hermann Melville

• 'Death in Venice' by Thomas Mann

• 'Seize The Day' by Saul Bellow

• 'Pearl' by John Steinbeck

Elements of Novel/ Novella

There are six elements essential of 'Novel' or "Novella'. All these factors may be related to one another in the work by an author.

Theme : Theme is the central idea in the novel which can be expressed in a nutshell. It is a philosophical statement or a truth which the writer has put forth through the narration of the series of events in the story and characters acting in the particular setting.

Plot : Plot is essentially the story or the course of events that make up the theme. It is created by the conflict either internal (inside the mind of the character) or external (with other characters or entities). Plot may be simple (one plot) or complex (consisting the interweaving of many subplots).

Character : Characterization is related to the plot as the course of events take place because of the certain behaviour of the characters.

Depiction of character can range from a thumbnail sketch to deep, wordy, highly detailed verbal sketch. The important character may have been described in its every aspect by the writer. The minor characters are not given much importance. The reader follows the actions of one main character throughout the novel. This character is referred to as the 'protagonist'. Protagonist (main character) is in conflict with a character or an entity or a force (internal or external) which is known as antagonist.

Setting : Setting is the background in which the story takes place.

There are several aspects of the setting. It includes place, period, time, climate or weather and lifestyle. Plot and character are the two major elements that are affected due to setting.

Conflict : The struggle between the opposite forces in the story is called 'conflict.' Conflict in the story provides interest and curiosity about the plot.

Language / Style : The language and the techniques used by the author for the narration of the course of events is known as the 'style'.

An author can use extensive vocabulary and high phrases or he may be laconic and would write only to the point or he may mix both according to the requirement for meeting his purpose. He may use linguistic devices to make the narrative effective. All these factors decide the 'texture' of the narration and create an impact on the readers.

Types of Novel

Realistic novel : The realistic novel is a fiction that gives the effect of realism. Sometimes this is also called a novel of manner. It can be characterized by its complex characters with mixed motives that are rooted in the social class. The characters in the realistic novel interact with other characters and undergo plausible and everyday experiences.

Picaresque novel : The word 'picaresque' is originated from the Spanish word 'picaro,' which means a rogue. A picaresque novel narrates the adventures of the protagonist, who is an eccentric or a disreputable person, in an episodic form.

Historical novel : A historical novel is a novel set in a period earlier than that of the writing.

Epistolary novel : The word 'epistolary' derives from the Latin word 'epistola,' which means a letter. The epistolary novel is that in which the writer presents the narrative through a series of correspondence or other documents. Although letters are the most common basis for epistolary novel, diary entries are also a popular form of this type.

Gothic novel : The novels that include terror, mystery, horror, thriller, supernatural, doom, death or decay or haunted buildings are called The Gothic novels.

Autobiographical novel : The autobiographical novel is the novel based on the life of the author. However, the author changes the places and names of characters or even may change or avoid certain details of his life. It may or may not be in the first person narration.

Allegorical novel : An allegory is a story that bears more than one level of meaning. The surface meaning of such novel is different from the symbolic meaning of it. The symbolic meaning of an allegory may be political, religious, historical or philosophical.

Utopian/ Dystopian novel : Utopia is an imaginary community or society possessing the ideal qualities. It is a common literary theme, especially in science fiction or speculative fiction.

Psychological novel : Psychological novel is the work of fiction that treats the internal life of the protagonist or even the other characters as much as the external factors.

Stream of Consciousness novel : Stream of consciousness is a phrase coined by William James in his treatise 'Principles of Psychology.' (1890). It means the flow of the thoughts. Incidents in the plot are in the sequence of their occurrences. The novelist narrates them as they enter the mind of the character.

'Bildungsroman' novel : The German word 'bildungsroman' indicates growth. The fictional biography or autobiography is concerned with the growth of the protagonist's mind, spirit and characters from their childhood to adulthood.

In the first half of the 20th century a cult of 'pulp magazines' became popular in which fantastic fiction for the general entertainment of the masses was printed on the cheap pulp paper. The pulp fiction era provided a building ground for the detective novels and science fiction.

Science fiction is a genre of speculative fiction dealing with imaginative concepts such as futuristic setting, futuristic science and technology, space travel, time travel, parallel universes and extraterrestrial life. Science fiction often explores the potential consequences of scientific and other innovations. 'Frankenstein' by Mary Shelly (1823) is considered the first novel

based on science and technology. The genre flourished in the second half of the 19th century.

Detective fiction is a subgenre of crime fiction and mystery fiction in which an investigator or a detective–either professional or amateur–investigates a crime, often a murder.

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BRAINSTORMING

(1) Match the columns:

A	B
(a) Murasaki Shikibu	(1) Cervantes
(b) Novella	(2) Bankimchandra Chattopadhyaya
(c) Don Quixote	(3) Tale of Genji
(d) Rajmohan's Wife	(4) New

(2) Pick out the odd element from the group.

(i) Arun Joshi, Vikram Seth, Graham Greene, Kiran Nagarkar

(ii) Place, Period, Theme, Climate, Lifestyle

(iii) Theme, Plot, Character, Novella

(3) Complete the following statements:

(i) The two types of conflicts that the plot may have are.....

(ii) The word 'picaresque' is originated from.....

(iii) The epistolary novel presents the narrative through.....

(iv) In the eighteenth century middle class could get the time for reading and discussing the novels because.....

(4) Write short notes on:

(i) Style of the novel

(ii) Stream of consciousness novel

(iii) Novella

(iv) Indian tradition of novels.

❑❑❑

4.2 To Sir, with Love

***Eustace Edward Ricardo Braithwaite (1912 to 2016)**, known as E. R. Braithwaite, was a Guyanese-born British-American novelist, writer, teacher and diplomat, best known for his stories of social conditions and racial discrimination against black people. He was the author of one of the famous 1959 autobiographical novels, 'To Sir, with Love'.*

He also wrote 'A Kind of Homecoming', about his tour of Africa, 'A Choice of Straws', a novel set in London, and 'Reluctant Neighbors', a memoir and treatise about racism. Braithwaite's numerous writings primarily deal with the difficulties of being an educated black man, a black social worker, a black teacher, and simply a human being who found himself in a set of inhumane circumstances.

'To Sir, with Love' is an autobiographical novel. The narrator is an engineer, but to make both ends meet, he accepts the job of a teacher in a rough London East End school. The school is full of troublemaker students who were rejected from other schools for their behaviour. At the beginning, the narrator is ridiculed and bullied by the students, but later his calm demeanor and desire to see them succeed gradually earn him their respect.

Characters

Major Characters

- Ricky Braithwaite, Narrator
- Gillian Blanchard
- Mrs. Dale-Evans
- Denham
- Pamela Dare
- Mr. Florian

Minor Characters

- Bob Belmont
- Jacqueline Bender
- Clinty
- Selma Drew
- Hackman
- Moira Joseph
- Palmer
- Euphema Phillips
- Jane Purcell
- Larence Seales
- Jess Belmont
- Buckley
- Josy Dawes
- Patrick Fernman
- Tich Jackson
- Monica Page
- Barbera Pegg
- Potter
- Sapiano
- Theo Watson

Summary of the Novel

'To Sir, with Love' is a work of fiction based on the life of the author, E.R. Braithwaite. The main character, E. R. Braithwaite, works as an engineer in an oil refinery. He served in the Royal British Air Force in the war. After the war, being a black person, he was unable to find employment. As a last resort, he applied in a school to become a teacher. Surprisingly, he is accepted at the Greenslade School in London's East End, and is set to teach the senior classes of the school.

While reading the novel, we have to understand that the time period in which the story takes place is very important. Braithwaite finds that even though he considers himself British and has served in the Royal Air Force (RAF), the English do not consider him to be one of them. This leads Braithwaite to feel bitter about the English and colonialism, as well as about his white students.

Braithwaite's teaching position starts out roughly and is embarrassed time and again. He considers his students disrespectful, ill-mannered and mischievous while his students consider him to be an arrogant outsider, unfamiliar with the social environment in which they have grown up. The students harass him from day one, slamming their desks during his lecture, using foul language, and bullying him to a great extent. Even the girl students do not spare a moment to harass Braithwaite. In a reaction to that Braithwaite verbally scolds the girls for acting in an unladylike manner and being unruly in the class.

When he understands that his outburst has not gained him any respect and co-operation from the students, he changes his teaching and handling tactics and he decides to interact with them as though they are adults and respectable persons. He requires every girl be referred to as 'Miss' and that his students call him 'Sir.' At first, the students find this level of deference ridiculous and unnecessary; however, they come around after only a few weeks, completely changing both their hygiene and their attitudes towards one another. This marks the success of Braithwaite in handling the students in a very amicable way.

To increase the class cultural exposure, he takes them on field trips and excursions to museums and theatres, to everyone's surprise many of the students have never been. A white female teacher, Gillian Blanchard, accompanies the class on these excursions; this marks the beginning of a friendship between Blanchard and Braithwaite. Similarly, Braithwaite's relationship with his students is tested many a times.

Although his students frequently disappoint and hurt him, he learns to forgive them, the students constantly surprise him with their maturity, empathy and knowledge.

Another facet of the story which greatly affects its narrative lies is the heavy history of colonialism, its dark consequences, mental and physical trauma that increases Braithwaite's hatred and wrath for British. He constantly feels the prejudicial effects of colonialism while living in England after World War II, and these negative experiences frequently shape his thoughts and actions. Braithwaite is surprised and shocked by the conditions in which these students live, and also the physical trauma of the war that can be seen throughout his teaching environment.

Theme of the Novel

Students-teacher relationship, prejudice and racism are the major themes of the novel.

E. R. Braithwaite gets a job of a teacher in a rather rough and notorious school. He finds that the students belong to a background that is not suitable for learning and their overall development and progress. He notices that the students are in no mood to change their attitude and behaviour. Braithwaite with his novel and creative ideas, innovative techniques and understanding the students' psychology, ultimately wins their hearts in no time. Though he was bullied, harassed, mentally and physically tortured many times, he didn't lose his patience and continued implementing his novel ideas and techniques that helped him to bring a significant change in his students' lives.

The racism prevalent in Great Britain during the mid-1940s, the time period during which 'To Sir, with Love' takes place, is of primary significance in the novel. The narrator cites repeated incidents in which he experiences the racism of white Britons, including encounters on the bus, at job interviews, at Greenslade school, when searching for housing, at a restaurant with his girl friend and so on.

At the outset, Braithwaite is struck by the unexpectedness of such prejudice. He was brought up in British Guiana and he viewed himself as a British citizen, not as a black British citizen in a British colony. When he served Great Britain in the Royal Air Force, that gave him respect and esteem in the society. The day he left the job, he finds himself to be an outsider.

Braithwaite's extensive experience and education was of no use in job interviews, where he is informed that the job has already been filled or he is overqualified for it. This heightens Braithwaite's sense of betrayal for the British. Interestingly, he never lashes out physically and only rarely does he do so verbally. He exhibits patient endurance at times, and at others he describes the way the rage inside him is transforming into hatred so strong that he desires to hurt those who treat him unfairly. As a result of such experiences, Braithwaite finds the students at the Greenslade school to be a bit notorious and rough in behaviour but with proper care and treatment, all the students would surely achieve success and desired goals in their lives.

Synopsis of the Extract

In this extract, Braithwaite recounts the half-yearly report of the Students' Council, in which the students of the school report to the faculty and other students on what they have been studying thus far. Braithwaite's class representatives speak knowledgeably about their coursework and place a considerable amount of emphasis on how much they have learnt about different people, cultures, customs, and the importance of international and interracial cooperation.

Miss Joseph and Denham, both students of Braithwaite's class, preside over the meeting. At the outset, Mr. Florian, the headmaster, addresses the meeting with a lengthy, but well-received presentation. One after another, each class gives a brief report of their progress, through their chosen representatives, on what they have been studying in each subject so far. A panel of teachers is chosen for each class to answer any questions regarding the report submitted by the class. The lowest class

begins first, and it is obvious that as the students progress through the ranks there is 'a marked development in their ability to express themselves'. Mr. Braithwaite's class, being the oldest, was the last to present their report.

Miss Joseph begins the highest class's proceedings by clarifying that the common theme underlying all their studies this term is the interdependency of mankind. Potter speaks in the field of math, focusing on how greater understanding in the world is fostered by the use of common weights and measures. Miss Pegg and Jackson speak on geography, and Miss Dare and Fernman discuss the subject of physiology, with Fernman stealing the show by exhibiting a model of a human skeleton and stressing the class conclusion that "basically all people were the same." Miss Dodd reports on history, and Miss Joseph on domestic science. Denham creates a stir by speaking on the required subject of P.T. and games, complaining that the class 'was ill-conceived and pointless.'

Mr. Weston, Mrs. Dale-Evans, and Miss Phillips are chosen at random to answer students' questions arising from the senior presentations. When Denham pursues his inquiry on the necessity of requiring all students to take P.T., Mr. Weston responds quite ridiculously, trying to bluster his way out of the subject, and offering no coherent argument. Unexpectedly, the quiet and hesitant Miss Phillips steps in and gives a sturdy defense of the practice, and Denham, knowing that he has been outwitted, has no choice but to respectfully cease his heated protest. Braithwaite is immensely satisfied with the progress of the students of his class.

To Sir, with Love

Chapter 17

The half-yearly report of the Students' Council was on November 15th, and was one of the important days in the calendar of Greenslade School. I had heard quite a deal about these occasions and became as excited as the children as the day approached. It was entirely their day, arranged, presented and controlled by them. I observed the activities of my class as they prepared for it, noting with pride the business-like way in which tasks were allocated and fitted into a neat programme. There were whispered conferences with members of other classes in the arrangement of it. On that day there was no assembly. The children arrived smartly dressed and polished, and Miss Joseph and Denham, who seemed to be the important officials for the occasion, moved about among their colleagues ensuring that each one was ready to play his (her) part.

A bell was rung at 10.00 a.m. and everyone **trooped** into the auditorium to sit together in classes. Miss Joseph and Denham, the two most senior students, sat on the stage, one on each side of Mr. Florian, who, as soon as everyone was seated and silent, stood and addressed the school. He spoke at length, reiterating the aims and policy of the school and of the important contribution each child could make to the **furtherance** of those aims. He gave praise wherever it was indicated, but insisted that there was yet a great deal to be done, by themselves, towards a general

improvement in conduct, cleanliness and the pursuit of knowledge. As I listened I realised that this man was in no way remote from his school; his remarks all showed that he identified himself with it and everyone in it. He then wished them success with the Council Meeting and left the stage to tremendous applause.

Things now moved quickly into gear. First, Miss Joseph stood up, and gave a short explanation of the Council's purpose and its activities. Each class would report, through its representatives, on the studies pursued during the half year which began after Easter, a representative having been chosen for each subject. When all the classes had completed their reports a panel of teachers would be invited to occupy the stage and answer questions from the body of the hall on matters arising out of the various reports. The selection of the panel, as with everything else, was entirely at the **discretion** of the children and no members of the staff knew either how many or which teachers would be invited to sit. The reports began with the lowest or youngest class first. These were mainly twelve-year-olds who had joined the school the previous summer. Most of them were shy and rather frightened at standing up before the entire school, but nevertheless they managed it creditably; they had been newly introduced to the difficulties of seeking information for themselves, so their report was understandably rather short.

Class after class was represented, and it was obvious that with each succeeding term there was a marked development in their ability to express themselves. Much of the work was rather elementary, but to them it loomed large because they understood it and something of its relationship to themselves. Throughout all the reports, the emphasis was on what they understood rather than on what they were expected to learn. When the turn of my class came I sat up anxiously. From the list he held in his hand, Denham called out the names of the representatives, together with the subjects on which they would report.

Potter — Arithmetic

Sapiano — Nature Study

Miss Pegg and Jackson — Geography

Miss Dare and Fernman — Physiology

Miss Dodd — History

Denham — P.T. and Games

Miss Joseph — Domestic Science

I felt terribly pleased and proud to see the confident courtesy with which Denham used the term 'Miss' in addressing each of the senior girls; I felt sure that this would in itself be something for the younger ones to aim at, a sort of badge of young adulthood. As their names were called they walked up to the stage and took their seats with **commendable gravity**. Miss Joseph then gave a short **address**. She said that their lessons had a particular bias towards the brotherhood of mankind, and that they had been learning through each subject how all mankind was interdependent in spite of geographical location and differences in colour, races and creeds. Then she called on Potter. Potter went on to speak of the work they had done on weights and measures; of the

relationship between the kilogramme and the pound, the metre and the foot. He said that throughout the world one or other of those two methods was either in use or understood, and that it was a symbol of the greater understanding which was being accomplished between **peoples**. Sapiano spoke of the study the class had made of pests, especially black rot on wheat, boll weevil on cotton, and the Colorado beetle on potatoes. He showed how many countries had pooled their knowledge and results of research on the behaviour, breeding habits and migration of these pests, and were gradually reducing the threat they represented to these important products. Miss Pegg and Jackson divided the report on Geography between them. Jackson spoke first on the distribution of mineral deposits and vegetable produce over the earth's surface, how a country rich in one was often deficient in the other; and of the interchange and interdependence which inevitably followed. Miss Pegg dealt with human relationships, stressing the problems facing the post-war world for feeding, clothing and housing its populations. She also made a reference to the thousands of refugees, stateless and unwanted; and to the efforts and programmes of U.N.I.C.E.F. Fernman as usual had a trump card up his sleeve. When called he made a signal to someone off-stage, and Welsh and Alison appeared bearing a skeleton between them, together with a sort of gallows.

When this arrangement had been set up there was the skeleton hanging from a hook screwed into the top of its skull, gently revolving at the end of a cord. This was somewhat in the nature of comic relief, and the school showed its approval by laughing uproariously. But **levity** soon evaporated when Fernman began to speak; his voice was clear and precise and he had a strong sense of the dramatic. Calmly he told them that it was a female skeleton; that was a fact and could easily be proved. But he could not say with any assurance whether she had been Chinese or French or German or Greek; nor could he say if she had been brown or white or a mixture of both. And from that, he said, the class had concluded that basically all people were the same; the trimmings might be different but the foundations were all laid out according to the same blue-print. Fernman was wonderful; he had them eating out of his hand. Miss Dare's contribution was something of an anti-climax after Fernman's performance, and she seemed to realise it. She spoke about the problems which all humanity has to face in terms of sickness and disease, and of the advantages gained by interchange of knowledge, advice and assistance.

Miss Dodd reported on the period of History the class had studied – the Reformation in England. She told of the struggles of men of independent spirit against clerical domination and of their efforts to break from established religious traditions. From those early beginnings gradually grew the idea of tolerance for the beliefs and cultures of others, and the now common interest in trying to study and understand those cultures. Denham's report was a bit of a shock. He severely criticised the general pattern of P.T. and games, emphasising the serious

limitations of space obtaining and the effect of that limitation on their games activities. He complained that the P.T. was ill-conceived and pointless, and the routine monotonous; he could see no advantage in doing it; a jolly good game was far better. Apparently he was voicing the opinions of all the boys, for they cheered him loudly. When the reports were over, Denham called two children at random from the audience and asked them to write the name of each teacher, including the Head on a slip of paper.

These slips were folded and placed in a hat, juggled vigorously, and then withdrawn one by one. The names were called: Mr. Weston, Mrs. Dale-Evans, Miss Phillips Denham and Miss Joseph led the others off the stage and the teachers took their seats, Weston big and bushily untidy between the two women. Then the questioning began. I believe I would have gone a long way to see what followed; it was an experience which I shall not easily forget. The questions were mostly from the two top classes, probably because the young children were either too timid or too uninformed to formulate their questions. The teachers had no briefing, and were often caught out stammering in their indecision. But here again, I received a big surprise. The frilly, seemingly brainless Miss Euphemia Phillips proved to be the coolest and best informed of the three. She dealt with questions put to her with **candour** and authority, and would often intervene skillfully to assist one of the others without causing embarrassment. Weston cut a very ridiculous figure. In the face of Denham's blunt criticisms and Fernman's **adroit** questioning, he found himself completely **nonplussed** and tried to bluster his way out with a show of offended dignity. He could not effectively support the P.T. exercises, for which he was partly responsible, as having any definite physical advantage. Denham was a trained boxer, and insisted that such exercises were only advantageous if practised daily and for more sustained periods; P.T. twice weekly for twenty minutes was a waste of time, he asserted. Once again Miss Phillips took the reins and her stock promptly shot up a hundredfold. She reminded the school that every subject, including P.T. and games, had been carefully considered and fitted into the teaching timetable so that each student received maximum benefit from it. The school with its limited facilities must be considered in terms of the greatest good for the greatest number, and it would be beyond anyone's powers to please everybody. 'Some of you,' she concluded, fixing Denham with innocent eyes, 'are fortunate in your own fine physical development and do not really need the few meagre helpings of P.T. and games which this school can offer; try to remember that there are others for whom our programme is ideally suited. It may be that some of you older boys might even be able to help in that respect.' Denham was not to be put off by these sugary remarks, and rose in reply. 'Then why do we have to do P.T.? Why don't they take only the kids who need it? The rest of us can have a game of football or something, 'stead of doing a lot of daft things that's no good to us!' This was a

poser, but she came right back at him, her baby-blue eyes twinkling in her delight at this crossing of staves. 'Let's say it is as much an exercise of the mind as it is of the body, Denham. The whole timetable in this school is meant to help you in the world after you leave here, and doing what you are told in spite of not liking it, is part of the training. I feel sure that you will see the point in that.' That stopped him. Poor Denham knew that he'd been outwitted but he could do nothing about it and sat looking rather rueful, while Miss Phillips' smile broadened; this frilly, innocent-looking puss had gobbled her canary without leaving the tiniest feather.

I began to understand how it was that so slight a creature could cope so effectively with her class. Soon after this, as the morning ended, the Head went on to the stage and closed the proceedings, expressing his pride in all the children and his deep appreciation of their efforts.

- E. R. Braithwaite

trooped: moved together in large numbers

furtherance: the advancement of a scheme or interest

discretion: the freedom to decide what should be done in a particular situation

commendable: deserving praise

gravity: here extreme importance, seriousness

address: a formal speech

peoples: the members of different nations, communities or ethnic group

levity: the treatment of a serious matter with humour

candour: quality of being open and honest

adroit: clever or skilful

nonplussed: surprised or confused

poser: a problem or question that is difficult to solve or answer

BRAINSTORMING

CHARACTER

(A1) (i) Which one among the following is a teacher in the extract? Select the correct one. Also cite a couple of lines from the extract in support of your answer.

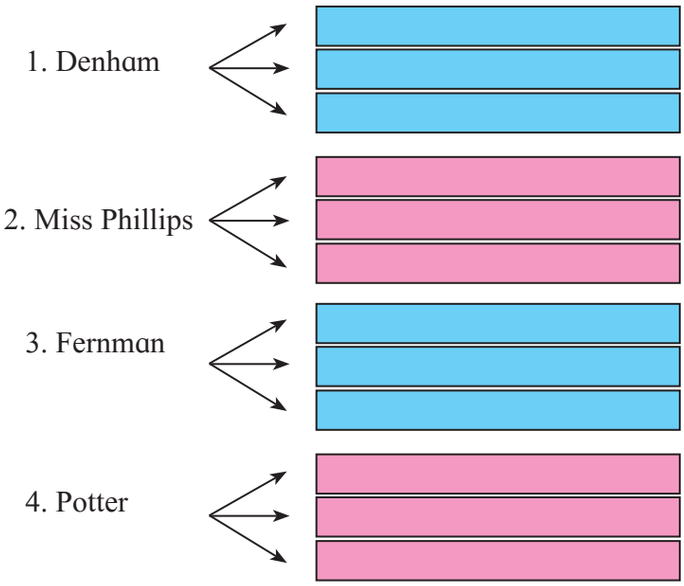
(a) Denham

(b) Miss Joseph

(c) Sapiano

(d) Dale-Evans

(ii) Complete the table highlighting the various traits of the major characters in the extract.



(iii) The narrator played a crucial role in bringing a significant change in the students. Explain the statement by citing some references from the extract.

(iv) Fernman brought a comic relief in the Students' Council programme. Explain.

(v) Give a brief character-sketch of –

(a) Denham

(b) Miss Joseph

(c) The Narrator

(d) Miss Dare

(e) Miss Phillips

(vi) Compare the following characters :

Miss Joseph and Denham	Fernman and Miss Dare
.....	.....
.....	.....
.....	.....
.....	.....
Miss Phillips and Denham	**Narrator and the Head of the school**
.....	.....
.....	.....
.....	.....
.....	.....

PLOT

(A2) (i) Arrange the incidents in correct sequence as per their occurrence in the extract.

(a) Denham was outwitted by Miss Phillips.

(b) The head of the school closed the proceedings.

(c) Denham asserted that P.T. periods were a waste of time.

(d) The slips were folded and placed in a hat.

(e) Fernman was as usual a trump card.

(f) Denham called out the names of the representatives.

(g) Students' Council was held every year on November 15th.

(ii) Describe in brief the purpose of organising the half-yearly report programme of Students' Council.

(iii) Write in your words the entire half-yearly report programme of Students' Council.

(iv) Describe the question-answer session that took place at the end of the extract.

(v) Describe the discussion that took place between Miss Joseph and Denham.

SETTING

(A3) (i) Which event took place in the extract? Choose the correct one. Give reason/s to support your answer.

(a) Annual Sports Day on November 15th

(b) Annual Social and Cultural Gathering on November 15th

(c) Half-yearly report of Students' Council on November 15th

(d) Farewell Programme on November 15th

(ii) The event in the extract was held at the _____ . Choose the correct alternative. Give reason/s to support your answer.

(a) author's house

(b) auditorium of the school

(c) market

(d) garden

(iii) The incidents in the extract occured at a particular place. Explain the significance of that place in your own words.

(iv) Explain how the setting of the extract contributes to the theme of the novel.

THEME

(A4) (i) 'When the turn of my class came I sat up anxiously'.

Why was the narrator anxious? Explain the statement by citing suitable references from the extract.

(ii) Select two statements that describe the theme of the extract:

(a) Half-yearly report of the Students' Council was not an important event for the students and teachers of school.

(b) The writer was immensely pleased to notice the progress of his students.

(c) The students showed a remarkable change in their behaviour and were progressing in all the subjects.

(d) The head of the institution was against conducting such activities in the school.

(iii) The relationship between the teacher and the students is highlighted in the extract. Illustrate with suitable examples from the extract.

(iv) Explain in brief the theme of the extract.

(v) Describe the atmosphere of the school described in the extract.

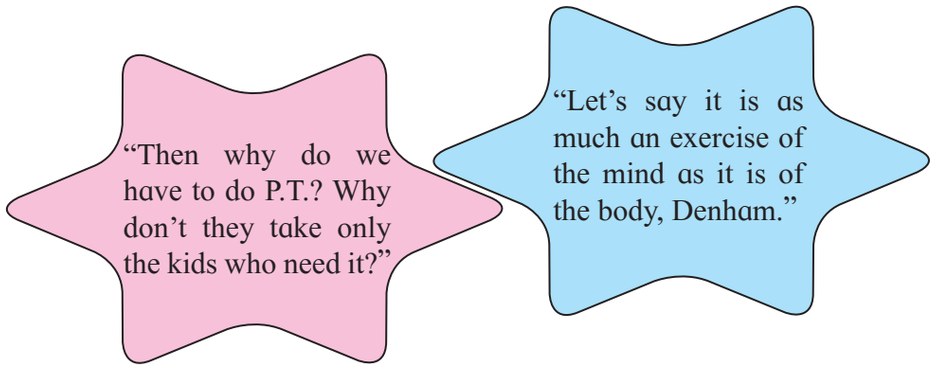
LANGUAGE

(A4) (i) Explain the following statements that enrich the language and create a powerful impact.

(a) Miss Phillips is transformed into a very convincing personality.

(b) There are many features of language that contribute the smooth sailing of the plot.

(ii) Following are some dialogues of the major characters in the extract. Find out who the speaker is, his/her tone, the style, significance etc. of the dialogues.

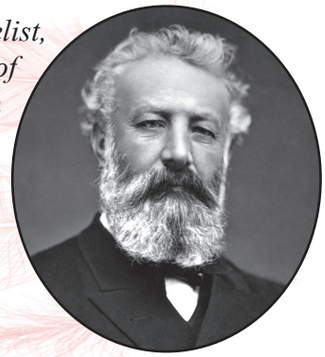


❑❑❑

4.3 Around the World in Eighty Days

Jules Gabriel Verne (1828 to 1905) *was a French novelist, poet, and playwright. Verne wrote widely popular series of adventure novels including Journey to the Center of the Earth (1864), Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea (1870), and Around the World in Eighty Days (1873).*

Verne is generally considered a major literary author in France and most of Europe, Verne has been the second most-translated author in the world.



Characters

Major Characters

- Phileas Fogg
- Passepartout
- Aouda
- Detective Fix

Minor Characters

- Sir Francis Cromarty
- John Bunsby
- The Reform Club Members
- The Parsee Guide
- Colonel Stamp Proctor
- Mr. Camerfield
- Mr. Mandiboy
- Elder William Hitch
- Mudge
- Captain Speedy

Theme

The novel is full of adventure and the excitement which the readers come across and enjoy from the beginning to the end. Phileas Fogg, the major character in the novel, accepts the challenge to go around the world in eighty days and in accomplishing this feat he goes through various lands and meets with diverse adventures. Thus the novel proceeds at a fast pace and there is always some excitement resulting from the various encounters. The beauty of the novel is that the writer takes the readers to a journey of many hair-raising incidents and exciting, adventurous, thrilling yet beautiful places in the world.

The most important feature of this adventure novel is 'Time'. It illustrates repeatedly that time is fickle, and either

works for or against them. In many cases, time foils their plans, when the delays build up and ships and trains leave without them that sometimes land the characters in trouble. In the end, Fogg wins the bet as he gained a day when crossing the International Date Line. The ultimate message is that no one can control time; time will work the way it wants to work, and humans are at its mercy.

Before his journey around the world, Fogg lived a solitary life. He closed himself off to others and cared little about the way he was perceived by other people. By the end of the trip, though, he recognizes the importance of human connections, both in the form of love, with Aouda, and friendship and loyalty, with Passepartout. Above all, this new understanding and appreciation is the greatest thing he has gained from this trip.

Though he has the opportunity to double his fortune, Fogg's motivation to embark on such a crazy adventure has little to do with the money. Instead, he wants to preserve his honour and prove his worth to the men of the Reform Club, to show that he can do what he sets out to do. Fogg spends nearly all of his money along the way, showing that riches are not what he is truly out for. For Phileas Fogg, honour is more important than money.

Throughout the entire trip, Fogg and his group encounter various obstacles standing in their way. These challenges allow them to use their quick thinking to come up with innovative solutions to even the most complicated of problems, relaying the message that no problem is unsolvable. It is not only Fogg who shows his clever wit in coming up with solutions; Passepartout, too, shows his ingenuity in multiple situations.

Plot

Around the World in Eighty Days begins at the Reform Club in England with Phileas Fogg, Thomas Flanagan, Samuel Fallentin, and John Sullivan sitting by a fireplace reading newspapers. We are introduced to Fogg, a very precise man who regularly goes to the Reform Club every evening.

At the Reform Club, Fogg, Flanagan, Fallentin, and Sullivan are talking about a recent bank robbery. This conversation leads to a wager. Fogg is quite sure he can travel around the world in eighty days, while Sullivan doesn't believe it can be done. Sullivan, Flanagan, and Fallentin think Fogg is not considering the unexpected; all of the men accept the wager for twenty-thousand pounds.

This is the beginning of the entire plot and from then on we see how Fogg goes around the world and we witness the amazing adventures that he has with his companions. The main plot is based on Fogg's travels, while other such plots merely support the central theme. Fix, the detective, follows Fogg all over. He believes that Fogg is the bank robber who has robbed a great sum from the bank of England. He puts obstacles in Fogg's path just so that he can arrest him whenever he gets the warrant from England. The suspicion that Fogg might be a clever gentleman robber is the sub-theme of the book and the author makes the reader also suspicious. Passepartout too wonders whether his master might be a robber though in his heart he has ample trust in Fogg's integrity.

The plot moves ahead with Fogg striving through various obstacles to reach London in time. He goes through Brindisi, Suez, Bombay (Now Mumbai), Calcutta (Now Kolkata), Hong Kong, Yokohama, San Francisco, New York and finally Liverpool. Fix arrests Fogg at Liverpool and this delays Fogg a bit. He thinks that he has missed the deadline and hasn't reached London in time when in reality he reached a full day earlier. Thus Fogg wins the wager and in the course of his travels, finds himself a worthy charming, beautiful wife too.

Synopsis of the Extract

As soon as Fogg, Aouda and Passepartout arrive in Liverpool, Fix arrests Fogg. Phileas is thrown in jail. Several hours later, though, Fix learns that another man was responsible for the bank robbery, and he releases Fogg, who orders a special train. However, he arrives in London late, making everyone disappointed.

Phileas and company are now broke, the deadline for the bet has passed, and there's nothing to do but go home and pout. Phileas locks himself in his room and, for the first time, allows himself to be seriously depressed. Aouda and Passepartout are so worried that they too can't eat or sleep.

The following evening Fogg apologizes to Aouda for being unable to provide for her comfort as a result of losing the bet. She in turn proposes marriage to him, and he joyfully agrees. Passepartout is sent to engage a clergyman, he runs off to get a reverend to marry Fogg and Aouda the next day (which they all think is Monday). While running to grab the nearest preacher (to marry Phileas and Aouda), Passepartout finds out that it's actually Sunday, not Monday, like the group has been thinking. By travelling eastward around the world, Phileas Fogg, master calculator and obsessive organizer, has forgotten the time he's gained by journeying through all those time zones.

He learns that their journey through the time zones had gained them a day and that they are not at all late. Passepartout races home, grabs Phileas by the collar, shoves him into a cab, and deposits him at the club. Phileas presents himself with minutes to spare and effectively wins the bet. He's rich once more, but more important (as he says to himself), he has won the heart of a "charming" woman.

Around the World in Eighty Days

Chapter XXXIV

In which Phileas Fogg at last reaches London

Phileas Fogg was in prison. He had been shut up in the Custom House, and he was to be transferred to London the next day.

Passepartout, when he saw his master arrested, would have fallen upon Fix had he not been held back by some policemen. Aouda was **thunderstruck** at the suddenness of an event which she could not understand. Passepartout explained to her how it was that the honest and courageous Fogg was arrested as a robber. The young woman's heart revolted against so **heinous** a charge, and when she saw that she could attempt to do nothing to save her protector, she wept bitterly.

As for Fix, he had arrested Mr. Fogg because it was his duty, whether Mr. Fogg was guilty or not.

The thought then struck Passepartout, that he was the cause of this new misfortune! Had he not concealed Fix's **errand** from his master? When Fix revealed his true character and purpose, why had he not told Mr. Fogg? If the latter had been warned, he would no doubt have given Fix proof of his innocence, and satisfied him of his mistake; at least, Fix would not have continued his journey at the expense and on the heels of his master, only to arrest him the moment he set foot

on English soil. Passepartout wept till he was blind, and felt like blowing his brains out.

Aouda and he had remained, despite the cold, under the **portico** of the Custom House. Neither wished to leave the place; both were anxious to see Mr. Fogg again.

That gentleman was really ruined, and that at the moment when he was about to attain his end. This arrest was **fatal**. Having arrived at Liverpool at twenty minutes before twelve on the 21st of December, he had till a quarter before nine that evening to reach the Reform Club, that is, nine hours and a quarter; the journey from Liverpool to London was six hours.

If anyone, at this moment, had entered the Custom House, he would have found Mr. Fogg seated, motionless, calm, and without **apparent** anger, upon a wooden bench. He was not, it is true, **resigned**; but this last blow failed to force him into an outward **betrayal** of any emotion. Was he being **devoured by** one of those secret rages, all the more terrible because contained, and which only burst forth, with an irresistible force, at the last moment? No one could tell. There he sat, calmly waiting—for what? Did he still **cherish** hope? Did he still believe, now that the door of this prison was closed upon him, that he would succeed?

However that may have been, Mr. Fogg carefully put his watch upon the table, and observed its advancing hands. Not a word escaped his lips, but his look was singularly set and stern. The situation, in any event, was a terrible one, and might be thus stated: if Phileas Fogg was honest he was ruined; if he was a **knave**, he was caught.

Did escape occur to him? Did he examine to see if there was any practicable outlet from his prison? Did he think of escaping from it? Possibly; for once he walked slowly around the room. But the door was locked, and the window heavily barred with iron rods. He sat down again, and drew his journal from his pocket. On the line where these words were written, "21st December, Saturday, Liverpool," he added, "80th day, 11.40 a.m.," and waited.

The Custom House clock struck one. Mr. Fogg observed that his watch was two hours too fast.

Two hours! Admitting that he was at this moment taking an express train, he could reach London and the Reform Club by a quarter before nine p.m. his forehead slightly wrinkled.

At thirty-three minutes past two he heard a singular noise outside, then a hasty opening of doors. Passepartout's voice was audible, and immediately after that of Fix. Phileas Fogg's eyes brightened for an instant.

The door swung open, and he saw Passepartout, Aouda, and Fix, who hurried towards him.

Fix was out of breath, and his hair was in disorder. He could not speak. "Sir," he stammered, "Sir-forgive me-most-unfortunate resemblance-robber arrested three days ago-you are free!"

Phileas Fogg was free! He walked to the detective, looked him steadily in the face, and with the only rapid motion he had ever made in his life, or which he ever would make, drew back his arms, and with the **precision** of a machine, knocked Fix down.

"Well hit!" cried Passepartout, "**Parbleu**! that's what you might call a good application of English fists!"

Fix, who found himself on the floor, did not utter a word. He had only received his desserts. Mr. Fogg, Aouda, and Passepartout left the Custom House without delay, got into a cab, and in a few moments descended at the station.

Phileas Fogg asked if there was an express train about to leave for London. It was forty minutes past two. The express train had left thirty-five minutes before. Phileas Fogg then ordered a special train.

There were several rapid locomotives on hand; but the railway arrangements did not permit the special train to leave until three o'clock.

At that hour Phileas Fogg, having stimulated the engineer by the offer of a generous reward, at last set out towards London with Aouda and his faithful servant.

It was necessary to make the journey in five hours and a half; and this would have been easy on a clear road throughout. But there were forced delays, and when Mr. Fogg stepped from the train at the terminus, all the clocks in London were striking ten minutes before nine.

Having made the tour of the world, he was behind-hand five minutes. He had lost the wager!

Chapter XXXV

In which Phileas Fogg does not have to repeat his orders to Passepartout twice

THE dwellers in Saville Row would have been surprised the next day, if they had been told that Phileas Fogg had returned home. His doors and windows were still closed, no appearance of change was visible.

After leaving the station, Mr. Fogg gave Passepartout instructions to purchase some provisions, and quietly went to his **domicile**.

He bore his misfortune with his habitual **tranquillity**. Ruined! And by the **blundering** of the detective! After having steadily **traversed** that long journey, overcome a hundred obstacles, braved many dangers, and still found time to do some good on his way, to fail near the goal by a sudden event which he could not have foreseen, and against which he was unarmed; it was terrible! But a few pounds were left of the large sum he had carried with him. There only remained of his fortune the twenty thousand pounds deposited at Barings, and this amount he owed to his friends of the Reform Club. So great had been the expense of his tour that, even had he won, it would not have enriched him; and it is probable that he had not sought to enrich himself, being a man who rather laid wagers for honour's sake than for the stake proposed. But this wager totally ruined him.

Mr. Fogg's course, however, was fully decided upon; he knew what remained for him to do.

A room in the house in Saville Row was set apart for Aouda, who was overwhelmed with grief at her protector's misfortune. From the words which Mr. Fogg dropped, she saw that he was meditating some serious project.

Knowing that Englishmen governed by a fixed idea sometimes resort to the desperate **expedient** of suicide,

Passepartout kept a narrow watch upon his master, though he carefully concealed the appearance of so doing.

He had found a bill from the gas company.

First of all, the worthy fellow had gone up to his room, and had extinguished the gas burner, which had been burning for eighty days. He had found in the letter-box a bill from the gas company, and he thought it more than time to put a stop to this expense, which he had been doomed to bear.

The night passed. Mr. Fogg went to bed, but did he sleep?Aouda did not once close her eyes. Passepartout watched all night, like a faithful dog, at his master's door.

Mr. Fogg called him in the morning, and told him to get Aouda's breakfast, and a cup of tea and a chop for himself. He desired Aouda to excuse him from breakfast and dinner, as his time would be absorbed all day in putting his affairs to rights. In the evening he would ask permission to have a few moment's conversation with the young lady.

Passepartout, having received his orders, had nothing to do but obey them. He looked at his **imperturbable** master, and could scarcely bring his mind to leave him. His heart was full, and his conscience tortured by **remorse**; for he accused himself more bitterly than ever of being the cause of the **irretrievable** disaster. Yes! if he had warned Mr. Fogg, and had betrayed Fix's projects to him, his master would certainly not have given the detective passage to Liverpool, and then—

Passepartout could hold in no longer.

"My master! Mr. Fogg!" he cried, "why do you not curse me? It was my fault that—"

"I blame no one," returned Phileas Fogg, with perfect calmness. "Go!"

Passepartout left the room, and went to find Aouda, to whom he delivered his master's message.

"Madam," he added, "I can do nothing myself—nothing! I have no influence over my master; but you, perhaps—"

"What influence could I have?" replied Aouda. "Mr. Fogg is influenced by no one. Has he ever understood that my gratitude to him is overflowing? Has he ever read my heart? My friend, he must not be left alone an instant! You say he is going to speak with me this evening?"

"Yes, madam; probably to arrange for your protection and comfort in England."

"We shall see," replied Aouda, becoming suddenly **pensive**.

Throughout this day (Sunday) the house in Saville Row was as if **uninhabited**, and Phileas Fogg, for the first time since he had lived in that house, did not set out for his club when Westminster clock struck half-past eleven.

Why should he present himself at the Reform? His friends no longer expected him there. As Phileas Fogg had not appeared in the saloon on the evening before (Saturday, the 21st of December, at a quarter before nine), he had lost his wager. It was not even necessary that he should go to his bankers for the twenty thousand pounds; for his antagonists already had his cheque in their hands, and they had only to fill it out and send it to the Barings to have the amount transferred to their credit.

Mr. Fogg, therefore, had no reason for going out, and so he remained at home. He shut himself up in his room, and busied himself putting his affairs in order. Passepartout continually ascended and descended the stairs. The hours were long for him. He listened at his master's door, and looked through the keyhole, as if he had a perfect right so to do, and as if he feared that something terrible might happen at any moment. Sometimes he thought of Fix, but no longer in anger. Fix, like all the world, had been mistaken in Phileas Fogg, and had only done his duty in tracking and arresting him; while he, Passepartout. . . . This thought haunted him, and he never ceased cursing his miserable folly.

Finding himself too wretched to remain alone, he knocked at Aouda's door, went into her room, seated himself, without speaking, in a corner, and looked **ruefully** at the young woman. Aouda was still pensive.

About half-past seven in the evening Mr. Fogg sent to know if Aouda would receive him, and in a few moments he found himself alone with her.

Phileas Fogg took a chair, and sat down near the fireplace, opposite Aouda. No emotion was visible on his face. Fogg returned was exactly the Fogg who had gone away; there was the same calm, the same impassibility.

He sat several minutes without speaking; then, bending his eyes on Aouda, "Madam," said he, "will you pardon me for bringing you to England?"

"I, Mr. Fogg!" replied Aouda, checking the pulsations of her heart.

"Please let me finish," returned Mr. Fogg. "When I decided to bring you far away from the country which was so unsafe for you, I was rich, and counted on putting a portion of my fortune at your disposal; then your existence would have been free and happy. But now I am ruined."

"I know it, Mr. Fogg," replied Aouda; "and I ask you in my turn, will you forgive me for having followed you, and—who knows?—for having, perhaps, delayed you, and thus contributed to your ruin?"

"Madam, you could not remain in India, and your safety could only be assured by bringing you to such a distance that your persecutors could not take you."

"So, Mr. Fogg," resumed Aouda, "not content with rescuing me from a terrible death, you thought yourself bound to secure my comfort in a foreign land?"

"Yes, madam; but circumstances have been against me. Still, I beg to place the little I have left at your service."

"But what will become of you, Mr. Fogg?"

"As for me, madam," replied the gentleman, coldly, "I have need of nothing."

"But how do you look upon the fate, sir, which awaits you?"

"As I am in the habit of doing."

"At least," said Aouda, "want should not overtake a man like you. Your friends—"

"I have no friends, madam."

"Your relatives—"

"I have no longer any relatives."

"I pity you, then, Mr. Fogg, for solitude is a sad thing, with no heart to which to confide your griefs. They say, though, that

misery itself, shared by two sympathetic souls, may be borne with patience."

"They say so, madam."

"Mr. Fogg," said Aouda, rising and seizing his hand, "do you wish at once a kinswoman and friend? Will you have me for your wife?"

Mr. Fogg, at this, rose in his turn. There was an **unwonted** light in his eyes, and a slight trembling of his lips. Aouda looked into his face. The sincerity, **rectitude**, firmness, and sweetness of this soft glance of a noble woman, who could dare all to save him to whom she owed all, at first astonished, then **penetrated** him. He shut his eyes for an instant, as if to avoid her look. When he opened them again, "I love you!" he said, simply. "Yes, by all that is holiest, I love you, and I am entirely yours!"

"Ah!" cried Aouda, pressing his hand to her heart.

Passepartout was summoned and appeared immediately. Mr. Fogg still held Aouda's hand in his own; Passepartout understood, and his big, round face became as **radiant** as the tropical sun at its **zenith**.

Mr. Fogg asked him if it was not too late to notify the Reverend Samuel Wilson, of Marylebone parish, that evening.

Passepartout smiled his most genial smile, and said, "Never too late."

It was five minutes past eight.

"Will it be for to-morrow, Monday?"

"For to-morrow, Monday," said Mr. Fogg, turning to Aouda.

"Yes; for to-morrow, Monday," she replied.

Passepartout hurried off as fast as his legs could carry him.

Chapter XXXVI

In which Phileas Fogg's name is once more at a premium on 'change'.

It is time to relate what a change took place in English public opinion when it **transpired** that the real bankrobber, a certain James Strand, had been arrested, on the 17th day of December, at Edinburgh. Three days before, Phileas Fogg had been a criminal, who was being desperately followed up by the police; now he was an honourable gentleman, mathematically pursuing his eccentric journey round the world.

The papers resumed their discussion about the wager; all those who had laid bets, for or against him, revived their interest, as if by magic; the "Phileas Fogg bonds" again became negotiable, and many new wagers were made. Phileas Fogg's name was once more **at a premium** on 'Change.

His five friends of the Reform Club passed these three days in a state of feverish suspense. Would Phileas Fogg, whom they had forgotten, reappear before their eyes! Where was he at this moment? The 17th of December, the day of James Strand's arrest, was the seventy-sixth since Phileas Fogg's departure, and no news of him had been received. Was he dead? Had he abandoned the effort, or was he continuing his journey along the route agreed upon? And would he appear on Saturday, the 21st of December, at a quarter before nine in the evening, on the threshold of the Reform Club saloon?

The anxiety in which, for three days, London society existed, cannot be described. Telegrams were sent to America

and Asia for news of Phileas Fogg. Messengers were dispatched to the house in Saville Row morning and evening. No news. The police were ignorant what had become of the detective, Fix, who had so unfortunately followed up a false scent. Bets increased, nevertheless, in number and value. Phileas Fogg, like a racehorse, was drawing near his last turning-point. The bonds were quoted, no longer at a hundred below par, but at twenty, at ten, and at five; and paralytic old Lord Albemarle bet even in his favour.

A great crowd was collected in Pall Mall and the neighbouring streets on Saturday evening; it seemed like a multitude of brokers permanently established around the Reform Club. Circulation was impeded, and everywhere disputes, discussions, and financial transactions were going on. The police had great difficulty in keeping back the crowd, and as the hour when Phileas Fogg was due approached, the excitement rose to its highest pitch.

The five antagonists of Phileas Fogg had met in the great saloon of the club. John Sullivan and Samuel Fallentin, the bankers, Andrew Stuart, the engineer, Gauthier Ralph, the director of the Bank of England, and Thomas Flanagan, the brewer, one and all waited anxiously.

When the clock indicated twenty minutes past eight, Andrew Stuart got up, saying, "Gentlemen, in twenty minutes the time agreed upon between Mr. Fogg and ourselves will have expired."

"What time did the last train arrive from Liverpool?" asked Thomas Flanagan.

"At twenty-three minutes past seven," replied Gauthier Ralph; "and the next does not arrive till ten minutes after twelve."

"Well, gentlemen," resumed Andrew Stuart, "if Phileas Fogg had come in the 7:23 train, he would have got here by this time. We can, therefore, regard the bet as won."

"Wait; don't let us be too hasty," replied Samuel Fallentin. "You know that Mr. Fogg is very eccentric. His punctuality is well known; he never arrives too soon, or too late; and I should not be surprised if he appeared before us at the last minute."

"Why," said Andrew Stuart nervously, "if I should see him, I should not believe it was he."

"The fact is," resumed Thomas Flanagan, "Mr. Fogg's project was absurdly foolish. Whatever his punctuality, he could not prevent the delays which were certain to occur; and a delay of only two or three days would be fatal to his tour."

"Observe, too," added John Sullivan, "that we have received no intelligence from him, though there are telegraphic lines all along is route."

"He has lost, gentleman," said Andrew Stuart, "he has a hundred times lost! You know, besides, that the China the only steamer he could have taken from New York to get here in time arrived yesterday. I have seen a list of the passengers, and the name of Phileas Fogg is not among them. Even if we admit that fortune has favoured him, he can scarcely have reached America. I think he will be at least twenty days behind-hand, and that Lord Albemarle will lose a cool five thousand."

"It is clear," replied Gauthier Ralph; "and we have nothing to do but to present

Mr. Fogg's cheque at Barings to-morrow."

At this moment, the hands of the club clock pointed to twenty minutes to nine.

"Five minutes more," said Andrew Stuart.

The five gentlemen looked at each other. Their anxiety was becoming intense; but, not wishing to betray it, they readily assented to Mr. Fallentin's proposal of a rubber.

"I wouldn't give up my four thousand of the bet," said Andrew Stuart, as he took his seat, "for three thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine."

The clock indicated eighteen minutes to nine.

The players took up their cards, but could not keep their eyes off the clock. Certainly, however secure they felt, minutes had never seemed so long to them!

"Seventeen minutes to nine," said Thomas Flanagan, as he cut the cards which Ralph handed to him.

Then there was a moment of silence. The great saloon was perfectly quiet; but the murmurs of the crowd outside were heard, with now and then a shrill cry. The pendulum beat the seconds, which each player eagerly counted, as he listened, with mathematical regularity.

"Sixteen minutes to nine!" said John Sullivan, in a voice which betrayed his emotion.

One minute more, and the wager would be won. Andrew Stuart and his partners suspended their game. They left their cards, and counted the seconds.

At the fortieth second, nothing. At the fiftieth, still nothing.

At the fifty-fifth, a loud cry was heard in the street, followed by applause, hurrahs, and some fierce growls.

The players rose from their seats.

"Here I am, gentlemen!"

At the fifty-seventh second the door of the saloon opened; and the pendulum had not beat the sixtieth second when Phileas Fogg appeared, followed by an excited crowd who had forced their way through the club doors, and in his calm voice, said, "Here I am, gentlemen!"

Chapter XXXVII

In which it is shown that Phileas Fogg gained nothing by his tour around the world, unless it were happiness Yes; Phileas Fogg in person.

The reader will remember that at five minutes past eight in the evening—about five and twenty hours after the arrival of the travellers in London—Passepartout had been sent by his master to engage the services of the Reverend Samuel Wilson in a certain marriage ceremony, which was to take place the next day.

With his hair in disorder, and without his hat, he ran...

Passepartout went on his errand enchanted. He soon reached the clergyman's house, but found him not at home. Passepartout waited a good twenty minutes, and when he left the reverend gentleman, it was thirty-five minutes past eight. But in what a state he was! With his hair in disorder, and without his hat, he ran along the street as never man was seen to run before, overturning passers-by, rushing over the sidewalk like a waterspout.

In three minutes he was in Saville

Row again, and staggered back into Mr. Fogg's room.

He could not speak.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Fogg.

"My master!" gasped Passepartout—"marriage—impossible—"

"Impossible?"

"Impossible—for to-morrow."

"Why so?"

"Because to-morrow—is Sunday!"

"Monday," replied Mr. Fogg.

"No—to-day is Saturday."

"Saturday? Impossible!"

"Yes, yes, yes, yes!" cried Passepartout. "You have made a mistake of one day! We arrived twenty-four hours ahead of time; but there are only ten minutes left!"

Passepartout had seized his master by the collar, and was dragging him along with irresistible force.

Phileas Fogg, thus kidnapped, without having time to think, left his house, jumped into a cab, promised a hundred pounds to the cabman, and, having run over two dogs and overturned five carriages, reached the Reform Club.

The clock indicated a quarter before nine when he appeared in the great saloon.

Phileas Fogg had accomplished the journey round the world in eighty days!

Phileas Fogg had won his wager of twenty thousand pounds!

How was it that a man so exact and **fastidious** could have made this error of a day? How came he to think that he had arrived in London on Saturday, the twenty-first day of December, when it was really Friday, the twentieth, the seventy-ninth day only from his departure?

The cause of the error is very simple.

Phileas Fogg had, without suspecting it, gained one day on his journey, and this merely because he had travelled constantly eastward; he would, on the contrary, have lost a day had he gone in the opposite direction, that is, westward.

In journeying eastward he had gone towards the sun, and the days therefore diminished for him as many times four minutes as he crossed degrees in this direction. There are three hundred and sixty degrees on the circumference of the earth; and these three hundred and sixty degrees, multiplied by four minutes, gives precisely twenty-four hours—that is, the day unconsciously gained. In other words, while Phileas Fogg, going eastward, saw the sun pass the **meridian** eighty times, his friends in London only saw it pass the meridian seventy-nine times. This is why they awaited him at the Reform Club on Saturday, and not Sunday, as Mr. Fogg thought.

And Passepartout's famous family watch, which had always kept London time, would have betrayed this fact, if it had marked the days as well as the hours and the minutes!

Phileas Fogg, then, had won the twenty thousand pounds; but, as he had spent nearly nineteen thousand on the way, the **pecuniary** gain was small. His object was, however, to be victorious, and not to win money. He divided the one thousand pounds that remained between Passepartout and the unfortunate Fix, against whom he cherished no **grudge**. He deducted, however, from Passepartout's share the cost of the gas which had burned

in his room for nineteen hundred and twenty hours, for the sake of regularity.

That evening, Mr. Fogg, as tranquil and **phlegmatic** as ever, said to Aouda: "Is our marriage still agreeable to you?"

"Mr. Fogg," replied she, "it is for me to ask that question. You were ruined, but now you are rich again."

"Pardon me, madam; my fortune belongs to you. If you had not suggested our marriage, my servant would not have gone to the Reverend Samuel Wilson's, I should not have been apprised of my error, and—"

"Dear Mr. Fogg!" said the young woman.

"Dear Aouda!" replied Phileas Fogg.

It need not be said that the marriage took place forty-eight hours after, and that Passepartout, glowing and dazzling, gave the bride away. Had he not saved her, and was he not entitled to this honour?

The next day, as soon as it was light, Passepartout rapped vigorously at his master's door. Mr. Fogg opened it, and asked, "What's the matter, Passepartout?"

"What is it, sir? Why, I've just this instant found out—"

"What?"

"That we might have made the tour of the world in only seventy-eight days."

"No doubt," returned Mr. Fogg, "by not crossing India. But if I had not crossed India, I should not have saved Aouda; she would not have been my wife, and—"

Mr. Fogg quietly shut the door.

Phileas Fogg had won his wager, and had made his journey around the world in eighty days. To do this he had employed every means of conveyance—steamers, railways, carriages, yachts, trading-vessels, sledges, elephants. The eccentric gentleman had throughout displayed all his marvellous qualities of coolness and exactitude. But what then? What had he really gained by all this trouble? What had he brought back from this long and weary journey?

Nothing, say you? Perhaps so; nothing but a charming woman, who, strange as it may appear, made him the happiest of men!

Truly, would you not for less than that make the tour around the world?

***

thunderstruck : extremely surprised and shocked

heinous : very wicked

errand : a short journey to take a message, buy or deliver goods

portico : a roof supported by columns, especially., one forming an entrance to a large building

fatal : causing or ending in death

apparent : clearly seen or understood, obvious

resigned : having or showing acceptance of something unpleasant

betrayal : an act in the way that is not worthy of the trust

be devoured by : (here) be destroyed by

cherish : love and protect with care

knave : a dishonest man

precision : accuracy

parbleu : Frech expression meaning 'by God!'

domicile : a person's place of residence

tranquility : peace

blundering : a stupid or careless mistake

traversed : (in mountain climbing) walked across a steep climbing up or down

expedient : a means of achieving an aim, which may not be fair

imperturbable : not easily troubled or worried, calm

remorse : deep regret for having done something wrong

irretrievable : something that cannot be put right

pensive : thinking deeply about something

uninhabited : with no people living there

ruefully : regretting something because it has bad results

unwonted : not usual or expected, unusual

rectitude : morally correct behaviour and attitude, righteousness

penetrated : to be understood or realized by something, entered one's consciousness or emotions

radiant : shining or glowing brightly

zenith : The point in the sky directly above the observer

transpired : to become known

at a premium : above a normal or usual value

fastidious : selecting carefully, choosing only what is good

meridian : any imaginary circle round the earth that passes through both the north and the south poles

pecuniary : of or involving money

grudge : a feeling of intense dislike, ill-will, envy or resentment

phlegmatic : not easily made angry or upset

BRAINSTORMING

CHARACTER

(A1) (i) Which one among the following is not a major character of the novel? Justify. (Select the correct one.)

(a) Phileas Fogg (b) Aouda (c) James Strand (d) Jean Passepartout

(ii) Complete the table highlighting the various traits of the major characters in the extract.

Phileas Fogg	.....
Aouda	.....
Passepartout	.....
Detective Fix	.....

(iii) Phileas Fogg is as cool as a cucumber whereas Passepartout is as crazy as a loon. Explain the statement by citing some references from the extract.

(iv) Detective Fix tried hard but could not fix the charge of robbery on Fogg. Explain the statement from the point of view of Fix.

(v) Describe the character sketch of Aouda from Fogg's point of view.

PLOT

(A2) (i) Arrange the incidents in correct sequence as per their occurrence in the extract.

(a) Aouda accepted Fogg's proposal of marriage.

(b) When set free, the first thing that Fogg did was he knocked Fix down.

(c) As a part of duty, Fix arrested Fogg.

(d) At the fifty-seventh second, Fogg entered the Reform Club Saloon.

(ii) There is a sudden twist in the climax of the novel. Explain by citing some lines and relevant examples from the extract.

(iii) Which of the following is an appropriate reason for Phileas Fogg starting his journey around the world?

(a) Fellow members bet Fogg

(b) Fogg bets his fellow members

(c) Fogg wants to marry Aouda

(d) Fogg committed robbery

SETTING

(A3) (i) Which of the following are used as a means of transport in the novel? How do they help the character/s in the extract?

(a) Elephant (b) Horse

(c) Train (d) Steamer

(ii) The beginning of the extract is a scene in the prison at the custom house. From there the novel moves further from one place/spot to another. Pick and explain all the places/spots where the incident took place.

The most of the part of the setting of in the extract is in London. Explain how the setting of the extract is suited to the theme of the novel.

(iii) Describe the importance of the following places in the development of the plot and behaviour of the characters.

(a) Liverpool (b) London

(c) Reform Club (d) Saville Row

(e) Edinburgh

(iv) Select the correct options:

Which of the following place/s in India is/are not mentioned in the extract of the novel?

(a) Bombay (Now, Mumbai) (b) Allahabad

(c) Chennai (d) Calcutta (Now, Kolkata)

THEME

(A4) (i) Find and explain the significance of various exciting incidents in the extract.

(ii) Write 4-5 sentences on the 'Time' theme of the extract.

(iii) Write 4-5 sentences on the 'Morality' theme of the extract.

(iv) Write the central idea of the given extract of the novel, 'Around the World in Eighty Days'.

(v) Justice is served/done in the end. Explain.

LANGUAGE

(A5) (i) Elaborate the following quotes in the light of the extract of the novel, 'Around the World in Eighty Days'.

(a) 'Quitters never win and winners never quit'.

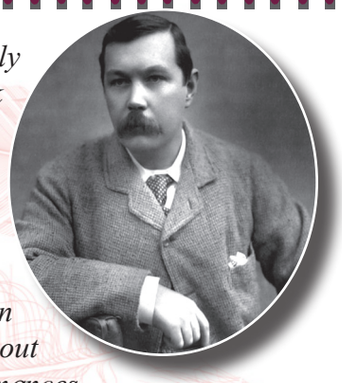
(b) 'Time is the only solution to problems'.

(ii) Following are some dialogues of the major characters in the extract. Find out who the speaker is, his/her tone, style, significance, etc., of the dialogue.

Dialogue	Speaker	Who said to Whom	Tone, Style, Significance etc.
"Why do you not curse me? It was my fault that–"			
"If Phileas Fogg had come in the 7:23 train, he would have got here by this time. We can, therefore, regard the bet as won."			
"Sir–forgive me–a most–unfortunate resemblance–robber arrested three days ago–you–are free!"			
" Will you pardon me for bringing you to England?"			
"It is for me to ask that question. You were ruined, but now you are rich again."			

❑❑❑

4.4 The Sign of Four



Sir Arthur Ignatius Conan Doyle *(22 May 1859 – 7 July 1930) was a British writer, who created the character Sherlock Holmes. Originally a physician, in 1887, he published A Study in Scarlet, the first of four novels and more than fifty short stories about Holmes and Dr. Watson. The Sherlock Holmes stories are generally considered milestones in the field of crime fiction. Doyle was a prolific writer; other than Holmes stories, his works include fantasy and science fiction stories about Professor Challenger and humorous stories about the Napoleonic soldier Brigadier Gerard, as well as plays, romances, poetry, non-fiction and historical novels. One of Doyle's early short stories, 'J. Habakuk Jephson's Statement', helped to popularise the mystery of the Mary Celeste. The Sign of Four is the second novel of Arthur Conan Doyle in which Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson solve the mystery of the hidden treasure and murder.*

Major Characters

- Sherlock Holmes
- John Watson
- Mary Morstan
- Major Sholto
- Thaddeus Sholto
- Tonga
- Toby

Outline of the Novel

The novel begins with Holmes and Dr. Watson engaged in a discussion when Mary Morstan, a young woman, who desires Holmes' advice, soon visits the two at their place. During the meeting, Mary tells that after her father disappeared under mysterious circumstances some ten years ago; she began receiving a large pearl in the mail on the same day of every year. She tells that she has received a letter instructing her to go, with the accompaniment of two friends, to Lyceum Theatre. The letter gives a hint that some injustice has been done to her. Holmes and Watson agree to accompany Mary. Soon Watson and Mary are attracted to one another.

When the three are heading to the Lyceum Theatre, Holmes, Watson, and Mary, they are whisked away in a darkened carriage to a strange house. Within, they find an eccentric gentleman named Thaddeus Sholto. He reveals that not only has Mary's father died, but also she is partial heir to a great hidden treasure. Thaddeus goes on to explain that his father always lived in fear of men with wooden legs, and on occasion struck out at perfect strangers who were so handicapped. On his deathbed, the elder Sholto revealed to his sons the existence of the treasure, but just before he could tell them where it was, the face of a bearded man appeared in the window, and the old man suffered a fatal heart attack.

The next morning, a note was found affixed to the body: it read "Sign of Four". Thaddeus proceeds to explain that after searching for years for the treasure, his brother Bartholomew discovered it in a hidden attack in the family house. On his deathbed, the brothers' father made them swear they would share the treasure with Mary Morstan, who has some unknown claim in the fortune. Thaddeus concludes by entreating the three to accompany him to the family estate where they will divide up the fortune.

When they arrived at the family estate, the three find a shaken housekeeper who claims that Bartholomew has not emerged from his locked room all day. Holmes and Watson peer through the keyhole of the room and find an unnatural grinning face leering at them. Breaking down the door, they find the body of Bartholomew, a poisoned thorn lodged in his neck. After investigating for some time, Holmes concludes that two persons, one of whom had a wooden leg, committed the crime. According to Holmes, the second person was an especially interesting individual. It also becomes apparent that the murderers have stolen the Agra treasure.

One of Holmes' deductions reveals that the wooden-legged man stepped in creosote during his escape. Following up on this lead, Holmes and Watson borrow a dog to follow the scent. Their search leads them to the edge of the Thames, where it is clear the two criminals hired a boat. Over the next few days, Holmes recruits his "Baker Street Irregulars," a gang of street urchins, to search the river for the boat. When these efforts fail, Holmes, in disguise, makes a search himself, and discovers that the boat–the Aurora–has been camouflaged.

That night, Holmes, Watson, and several officers pursue the Aurora in a police barge. They gradually overtake the boat, which contains a wooden-legged captain and a small pygmy native from the Andaman Islands. The native attempts to shoot Holmes with a blowpipe, and is consequently shot down by both Holmes and Watson. The Aurora runs a ground and the wooden-legged man becomes entrapped in the mud; subsequently, he is captured.

The wooden-legged man, whose name is Jonathan Small, is brought back to Baker Street, along with an iron box, which was found on the boat. Captain Small proceeds to relay the story of the Agra treasure, which began when he was stationed as a fortress gatekeeper in India. Small explains that he was approached by three Arab guards and offered a share in a great fortune if he would help them murder the man who carried it. Small agreed. When the man, an emissary from a wealthy Sheik, arrived, the three Arabs murdered the man as Small blocked his escape. The four conspirators hid the treasure, but soon after, were arrested for the murder of the emissary.

Small was sent to a penal colony on the Andaman Islands, where he managed to befriend a native, Tonga, who became his loyal companion. Small bribed two of the guards on the island, Sholto and Morstan

(Mary's father), into helping him escape in exchange for a share in the fortune. The two agreed, and Sholto left to bring back the treasure. After some time, it became apparent to Small that Sholto had betrayed him, and he escaped from the island with Tonga. After many years, Small had tracked down Sholto, and arrived just in time to see him die. After the death, Small affixed the note that was found on the body, as a reference to himself and his three Arab companions. When he returned to the Sholto estate, Tonga murdered Bartholomew and the two stole the treasure.

Small concludes his narrative by revealing that in the course of the chase on the Thames, he threw the treasure overboard. Small is taken to prison, and Watson, who has come to love Mary Morstan, proposes to her.

Theme of the novel : The theme of the novel revolves around the Agra treasure. Throughout the story, the appearance of the treasure leads to a direct and often tragic change in the lives of the characters. Because of this, it is important that the removal of the treasure would cause the characters to return to their previous position. In the case of Small, a convict, the re-emergence of the treasure leads him down a path that ends in murder; with the removal of the treasure, he is a prisoner once again. Mary Morstan is a charming young woman whom Watson contemplates marrying. With the prospect of Mary becoming an heiress, however, this possibility is removed. When it is discovered that the Agra treasure is gone, Mary returns to a position in which Watson can comfortably propose marriage. The shallowness of wealth and the destruction that can come through it is also seen prevailing throughout the novel. As the Agra treasure directly and adversely affects almost everyone. In the course of the story, the Sheik's emissary and Bartholomew are both murdered for the treasure, Tonga is killed while fleeing with it, and Small is sentenced to life imprisonment. Additionally, both Thaddeus and his father spent their lives constantly paranoid about wooden legged men, and about strangers in general. The Agra treasure even provides a "romantic conflict" for Dr. Watson, who feels that he cannot marry Miss Morstan for fear that he will appear to be after her money.

Plot of the Novel

The novel has a complex plot involving service in India, the Indian Rebellion of 1857, a stolen treasure, and a secret pact among four convicts ('the Four' of the title) and two corrupt prison guards.

According to Mary, in December 1878, her father had telegraphed her upon his safe return from India and requested her to meet him at the Langham Hotel in London. When Mary arrived at the hotel, she was told that her father had gone out the previous night and not returned. Despite all efforts, no trace was ever found of him. Mary contacted her father's only friend, Major John Sholto who was in the same regiment lived in England. But he denied knowing her father had returned. The second puzzle is that she has received six pearls in the mail from an anonymous benefactor, one per year since 1882 after answering an anonymous newspaper query inquiring for her. With the last pearl she received a letter remarking that she has been wronged and asking for a meeting. Holmes takes the case and soon discovers that Major Sholto had died in 1882 and that within a short span of time Mary began to receive the pearls, implying a connection. The only clue Mary can give Holmes is a map of a fortress found in her father's desk with the names of Jonathan Small, Mahomet Singh, Abdullah Khan and Dost Akbar.

Holmes, Watson, and Mary meet Thaddeus Sholto, the son of the late Major Sholto and the anonymous sender of the pearls. Thaddeus confirms the Major had seen Mary's father the night he died; they had arranged a meeting to divide a priceless treasure Sholto had brought home from India. While quarrelling over the treasure, Captain Morstan—long in weak health—suffered a heart attack. Not wanting to bring attention to the object of the quarrel—and also worried that circumstances would suggest that he had killed Morstan in an argument, particularly since Morstan's head struck the corner of the chest as he fell—Sholto disposed of the body and hid the treasure. However, he himself suffered from poor health and an enlarged spleen (possibly due to malaria, as a quinine bottle stands by his bed). His own health became worse when he received a letter from India in early 1882. Dying, he called his two sons and confessed to Morstan's death and was about to divulge the location of the treasure when he suddenly cried, "Keep him out!" before falling back and dying. The puzzled sons glimpsed a face in the window, but the only trace was a single footstep in the dirt. On their father's body is a note reading "The Sign of the Four". Both brothers quarrelled over whether a legacy should be left to Mary Morstan, and Thaddeus left his brother Bartholomew, taking a chaplet and sending its pearls to Mary. The reason he sent the letter is that Bartholomew has found the treasure and possibly Thaddeus and Mary might confront him for a division of it.

Bartholomew is found dead in his home from a poison dart and the treasure is missing. While the police wrongly take Thaddeus in as a suspect, Holmes deduces that there are two persons involved in the murder: a one-legged man, Jonathan Small, as well as another "small" accomplice. He traces them to a boat landing where Small has hired a steam launch named the Aurora. With the help of dog Toby that he sends Watson to collect from Mr. Sherman, the Baker Street Irregulars and his own disguise, Holmes traces the steam launch. In a police steam launch Holmes and Watson chase the Aurora and capture it, but in the process end up killing the "small" companion after he attempts to kill Holmes with a poisoned dart shot from a blow-pipe. Small tries to escape but is captured. However, the iron treasure box is empty; Small claims to have dumped the treasure over the side during the chase.

Small confesses that years before he was a soldier of the Third Buffs in India and lost his right leg in a swimming accident to a crocodile. After some time, when he was an overseer on a tea plantation, the Indian Rebellion of 1857 occurred and he was forced to flee for his life to the Agra fortress. While standing guard one night he was overpowered by two Sikh troopers, who gave him a choice of being killed or being an accomplice to waylaying a disguised servant of a Rajah who sent the servant with a valuable fortune in pearls and jewels to the British for safekeeping. The robbery and murder took place and the crime was discovered, although the jewels were not. Small got penal servitude on the Andaman Islands and, after 20 years, he overheard that John Sholto had lost much money gambling and cannot even sell his commission; therefore, he will have to resign. Small saw his chance and made a deal with Sholto and Arthur Morstan: Sholto would recover the treasure and in return send a boat to pick up Small and the Sikhs. Sholto double-crossed both Morstan and Small and stole the treasure for himself-after inheriting a fortune from his uncle. Small vowed vengeance and four years later escaped the Andaman Islands with an islander named Tonga after they both killed a prison guard. It was the news of his escape that shocked

Sholto into his fatal illness. Small arrived too late to hear of the treasure's location, but left the note which referred to the name of the pact between himself and his three Sikh accomplices. When Bartholomew found the treasure, Small planned to only steal it, but claims a miscommunication led Tonga to kill Bartholomew as well. Small claims the Agra treasure brought nothing but bad luck to anyone who came in touch with it—the servant who was murdered; Sholto living with fear and guilt; and now he himself is trapped in slavery for life—half his life building a breakwater in the Andaman Islands and the rest of his life digging drains in Dartmoor Prison.

Mary Morstan is left without the bulk of the Agra treasure, although she will apparently receive the rest of the chaplet. John Watson falls in love with Mary and it is revealed at the end that he proposed to her and she has accepted.

Synopsis of the Extract

Dr. Watson and Sherlock Holmes were discussing on general issues when they were interrupted by the arrival of Ms. Mary Morstan, who has a case for Sherlock to solve. Mary tells about her father's sudden disappearance on a trip many years ago. A few years later, an advertisement was published in a newspaper asking for her address, which she gave, and ever since then, on the same day of each year, she received a rare and expensive pearl. This continued for some more years but today, she received a letter asking to meet her. The letter warned Mary not to bring the police with her. Mary requests Holmes and Watson to accompany her to place so that they can figure out the secret behind it. Both agree to accompany her. Sherlock recommends Dr. Watson to read Winwood Reade's book 'Martyrdom of Man' and leaves the room in search of some references and facts that are essential for the case. After returning from his investigation, Sherlock shares his findings with Watson. He believes that the death of Major Sholto, Mary's father's only friend in London, has something to do with the mysterious pearls she has been receiving every year. Sherlock believed that the Sholto's heir knows that Mary has been wronged in some way, and may be seeking to rectify the problem. Later Mary arrives at Baker Street as planned. Both Sherlock and Watson accompany her to the appointment with the mysterious letter writer. Mary has brought a paper of her father's with her which she wasn't been able to decipher; she felt that the paper might be pertinent to the case in some way. It might help Holmes to decode the mystery and find the disappearance of her father. Sherlock examines the letter and puts it away for safe-keeping. He, Watson, and Mary go to the meeting; there, a person asks them any of them are police officers, which they deny. The person, who is apparently a servant of the person they are meeting, then drives them in carriage. The trio arrives in a 'less fashionable' part of London, aka a more rundown, working class neighbourhood. They are escorted inside a house by a servant.

The Sign of Four

Chapter II

The Statement of the Case

Miss Morstan entered the room with a firm step and an outward composure of manner. She was a young lady, small, dainty, well gloved, and dressed in the most perfect taste. There was, however, a plainness and simplicity about her costume which bore with it a suggestion of limited means. The dress was a sombre grayish beige, untrimmed and **unbraided**, and she wore a small turban of the same dull hue, relieved only by a suspicion of white feather in the side.

Her face had neither regularity of feature nor beauty of complexion, but her expression was sweet and amiable, and her large blue eyes were singularly spiritual and sympathetic. In an experience of women which extends over many nations and three separate continents, I have never looked upon a face which gave a clearer promise of a refined and sensitive nature. I could not but observe that as she took the seat which Sherlock Holmes placed for her, her lip trembled, her hand **quivered**, and she showed every sign of intense inward agitation.

"I have come to you, Mr. Holmes," she said, "because you once enabled my employer, Mrs. Cecil Forrester, to unravel a little domestic complication. She was much impressed by your kindness and skill."

"Mrs. Cecil Forrester," he repeated thoughtfully. "I believe that I was of some slight service to her. The case, however, as I remember it, was a very simple one."

"She did not think so. But at least you cannot say the same of mine. I can hardly imagine anything more strange, more utterly inexplicable, than the situation in which I find myself."

Holmes rubbed his hands, and his eyes glistened. He leaned forward in his chair with an expression of extraordinary concentration upon his clear-cut, hawk-like features. "State your case," said he, in brisk, business tones.

I felt that my position was an embarrassing one. "You will, I am sure, excuse me," I said, rising from my chair.

To my surprise, the young lady held up her gloved hand to detain me. "If your friend," she said, "would be good enough to stop, he might be of inestimable service to me." I relapsed into my chair.

"Briefly," she continued, "the facts are these. My father was an officer in an Indian regiment who sent me home when I was quite a child. My mother was dead, and I had no relative in England. I was placed, however, in a comfortable boarding establishment at Edinburgh, and there I remained until I was seventeen years of age. In the year 1878 my father, who was senior captain of his regiment, obtained twelve months' leave and came home. He telegraphed to me from London that he had arrived all safe, and directed me to come down at once, giving the Langham Hotel as his address. His message, as I remember, was full of kindness and love. On reaching London I drove to the Langham, and was informed that Captain Morstan was staying there, but that he had gone out the night before and had not yet returned. I waited all day without news of him. That night, on the advice of the manager of the hotel, I communicated with the police, and next morning we advertised in all the papers.

Our inquiries led to no result; and from that day to this no word has ever been heard of my unfortunate father. He came home with his heart full of hope, to find some peace, some comfort, and instead—" She put her hand to her throat, and a choking sob cut short the sentence.

"The date?" asked Holmes, opening his note-book. "He disappeared upon the 3rd of December, 1878. —nearly ten years ago. "His luggage?" "Remained at the hotel. There was nothing in it to suggest a clue,–some clothes, some books, and a considerable number of curiosities from the Andaman Islands. He had been one of the officers in charge of the convict–guard there."

"Had he any friends in town?"

"Only one that we know of,—Major Sholto, of his own regiment, the 34th Bombay Infantry. The major had retired some little time before, and lived at Upper Norwood. We communicated with him, of course, but he did not even know that his brother officer was in England."

"A singular case," remarked Holmes.

"I have not yet described to you the most singular part. About six years ago—to be exact, upon the 4th of May, 1882—an advertisement appeared in the Times asking for the address of Miss Mary Morstan and stating that it would be to her advantage to come forward. There was no name or address appended. I had at that time just entered the family of Mrs. Cecil Forrester in the capacity of governess. By her advice I published my address in the advertisement column. The same day there arrived through the post a small card-board box addressed to me, which I found to contain a very large and **lustrous** pearl. No word of writing was enclosed. Since then every year upon the same date there has always appeared a similar box, containing a similar pearl, without any clue as to the sender. They have been pronounced by an expert to be of a rare variety and of considerable value. You can see for yourselves that they are very handsome." She opened a flat box as she spoke, and showed me six of the finest pearls that I had ever seen.

"Your statement is most interesting," said Sherlock Holmes. "Has anything else occurred to you?"

"Yes and no later than to-day. That is why I have come to you. This morning I received this letter, which you will perhaps read for yourself."

"Thank you," said Holmes. "The envelope too, please. Postmark, London, S.W. Date, July 7. Hum! Man's thumb-mark on corner—probably postman. Best quality paper. Envelopes at six pence a packet.Particular man in his stationery. No address. 'Be at the third pillar from the left outside the Lyceum Theatre to-night at seven o'clock. If you are distrustful, bring two friends. You are a wronged woman, and shall have justice. Do not bring police. If you do, all will be in vain. Your unknown friend.' Well, really, this is a very pretty little mystery. What do you intend to do, Miss Morstan?"

"That is exactly what I want to ask you." "Then we shall most certainly go. You and I and—yes, why, Dr. Watson is the very man. Your correspondent says two friends. He and I have worked together before."

"But would he come?" she asked, with something appealing in her voice and expression. "I should be proud and happy," said I, fervently, "if I can be of

any service." " You are both very kind," she answered. "I have led a retired life, and have no friends whom I could appeal to. If I am here at six it will do, I suppose?"

"You must not be later," said Holmes. "There is one other point, however. Is this handwriting the same as that upon the pearl-box addresses?"

"I have them here," she answered, producing half a dozen pieces of paper.

"You are certainly a model client. You have the correct intuition. Let us see, now." He spread out the papers upon the table, and gave little darting glances from one to the other. "They are disguised hands, except the letter," he said, presently, "but there can be no question as to the authorship. See how the irrepressible Greeke will break out, and see the twirl of the finals. They are undoubtedly by the same person. I should not like to suggest false hopes, Miss Morstan, but is there any resemblance between this hand and that of your father?"

"Nothing could be more unlike."

"I expected to hear you say so. We shall look out for you, then, at six. Please allow me to keep the papers. I may look into the matter before then. It is only half-past three. **Au revoir**, then."

"Au revoir," said our visitor, and, with a bright, kindly glance from one to the other of us, she replaced her pearl-box in her bosom and hurried away. Standing at the window, I watched her walking briskly down the street, until the gray turban and white feather were but a speck in the sombre crowd.

"What a very attractive woman!" I exclaimed, turning to my companion. He had lit his pipe again, and was leaning back with drooping eyelids. "Is she?" he said, languidly. "I did not observe."

"You really are an automaton,—a calculating-machine!" I cried. "There is something positively inhuman in you at times." He smiled gently. "It is of the first importance," he said, "not to allow your judgment to be biased by personal qualities. A client is to me a mere unit,—a factor in a problem. The emotional qualities are antagonistic to clear reasoning. I assure you that the most winning woman I ever knew was hanged for poisoning three little children for their insurance-money, and the most repellant man of my acquaintance is a philanthropist who has spent nearly a quarter of a million upon the London poor."

"In this case, however—"

"I never make exceptions. An exception disproves the rule. Have you ever had occasion to study character in handwriting? What do you make of this fellow's scribble?"

"It is legible and regular," I answered. "A man of business habits and some force of character."

Holmes shook his head. "Look at his long letters," he said. "They hardly rise above the common herd. That *d* might be an *a*, and that l an *e*. Men of character always differentiate their long letters, however illegibly they may write. There is vacillation in his *k*'s and self-esteem in his capitals. I am going out now. I have some few references to make. Let me recommend this book, one of the most remarkable ever penned. It is Winwood Reade's 'Martyrdom of Man.' I shall be back in an hour."

I sat in the window with the volume in my hand, but my thoughts were far

from the daring speculations of the writer. My mind ran upon our late visitor, —her smiles, the deep rich tones of her voice, the strange mystery which overhung her life. If she were seventeen at the time of her father's disappearance she must be seven-and-twenty now,—a sweet age, when youth has lost its self-consciousness and become a little sobered by experience. So I sat and mused, until such dangerous thoughts came into my head that I hurried away to my desk and plunged furiously into the latest treatise upon pathology.

What was I, an army surgeon with a weak leg and a weaker banking-account that I should dare to think of such things? She was a unit, a factor,—nothing more. If my future were black, it was better surely to face it like a man than to attempt to brighten it by mere will-o'-the-wisps of the imagination.

Chapter III

In Quest of a Solution

It was half-past five before Holmes returned. He was bright, eager, and in excellent spirits,—a mood which in his case alternated with fits of the blackest depression.

"There is no great mystery in this matter," he said, taking the cup of tea which I had poured out for him. "The facts appear to admit of only one explanation."

"What! you have solved it already?"

"Well, that would be too much to say. I have discovered a suggestive fact, that is all. It is, however, very suggestive. The details are still to be added. I have just found, on consulting the back files of the Times, that Major Sholto, of Upper Norword, late of the 34th Bombay Infantry, died upon the 28th of April, 1882."

"I may be very **obtuse**, Holmes, but I fail to see what this suggests."

"No? You surprise me. Look at it in this way, then. Captain Morstan disappears. The only person in London whom he could have visited is Major Sholto. Major Sholto denies having heard that he was in London. Four years later Sholto dies. Within a week of his death Captain Morstan's daughter receives a valuable present, which is repeated from year to year, and now culminates in a letter which describes her as a wronged woman. What wrong can it refer to except this deprivation of her father? And why should the presents begin immediately after Sholto's death, unless it is that Sholto's heir knows something of the mystery and desires to make compensation? Have you any alternative theory which will meet the facts?"

"But what a strange compensation! And how strangely made! Why, too, should he write a letter now, rather than six years ago? Again, the letter speaks of giving her justice. What justice can she have? It is too much to suppose that her father is still alive. There is no other injustice in her case that you know of."

"There are difficulties; there are certainly difficulties," said Sherlock Holmes, **pensively**. "But our expedition of to-night will solve them all. Ah, here is a four-wheeler, and Miss Morstan is inside. Are you all ready? Then we had better go down, for it is a little past the hour."

I picked up my hat and my heaviest stick, but I observed that Holmes took his revolver from his drawer and slipped it into his pocket. It was clear that he

thought that our night's work might be a serious one.

Miss Morstan was muffled in a dark cloak, and her sensitive face was composed, but pale. She must have been more than woman if she did not feel some uneasiness at the strange enterprise upon which we were embarking, yet her self-control was perfect, and she readily answered the few additional questions which Sherlock Holmes put to her.

"Major Sholto was a very particular friend of papa's," she said. "His letters were full of allusions to the major. He and papa were in command of the troops at the Andaman Islands, so they were thrown a great deal together. By the way, a curious paper was found in papa's desk which no one could understand. I don't suppose that it is of the slightest importance, but I thought you might care to see it, so I brought it with me. It is here."

Holmes unfolded the paper carefully and smoothed it out upon his knee. He then very methodically examined it all over with his double lens.

"It is paper of native Indian manufacture," he remarked. "It has at some time been pinned to a board. The diagram upon it appears to be a plan of part of a large building with numerous halls, corridors, and passages. At one point is a small cross done in red ink, and above it is '3.37 from left,' in faded pencil-writing. In the left-hand corner is a curious **hieroglyphic** like four crosses in a line with their arms touching.

Beside it is written, in very rough and coarse characters, 'The sign of the four,—Jonathan Small, Mahomet Singh, Abdullah Khan, Dost Akbar.' No, I confess that I do not see how this bears upon the matter. Yet it is evidently a document of importance. It has been kept carefully in a pocket-book; for the one side is as clean as the other."

"It was in his pocket-book that we found it."

"Preserve it carefully, then, Miss Morstan, for it may prove to be of use to us. I begin to suspect that this matter may turn out to be much deeper and more subtle than I at first supposed. I must reconsider my ideas." He leaned back in the cab, and I could see by his drawn brow and his vacant eye that he was thinking intently. Miss Morstan and I chatted in an undertone about our present expedition and its possible outcome, but our companion maintained his impenetrable reserve until the end of our journey.

It was a September evening, and not yet seven o'clock, but the day had been a dreary one, and a dense drizzly fog lay low upon the great city. Mud-coloured clouds drooped sadly over the muddy streets. Down the Strand the lamps were but misty splotches of diffused light which threw a feeble circular glimmer upon the slimy pavement. The yellow glare from the shop-windows streamed out into the steamy, vaporous air, and threw a murky, shifting radiance across the crowded thoroughfare. There was, to my mind, something **eerie** and ghost-like in the endless procession of faces which flitted across these narrow bars of light,—sad faces and glad, haggard and merry. Like all human kind, they flitted from the gloom into the light, and so back into the gloom once more. I am not subject to impressions, but the dull, heavy evening, with the strange business upon which we were engaged, combined to make me nervous and depressed. I could

see from Miss Morstan's manner that she was suffering from the same feeling. Holmes alone could rise superior to petty influences.

He held his open note-book upon his knee, and from time to time he jotted down figures and memoranda in the light of his pocket-lantern.

At the Lyceum Theatre the crowds were already thick at the side-entrances. In front a continuous stream of **hansoms** and four-wheelers were rattling up, discharging their cargoes of shirt-fronted men and beshawled, bediamonded women. We had hardly reached the third pillar, which was our **rendezvous**, before a small, dark, brisk man in the dress of a coachman accosted us.

"Are you the parties who come with Miss Morstan?" he asked.

"I am Miss Morstan, and these two gentlemen are my friends," said she.

He bent a pair of wonderfully penetrating and questioning eyes upon us. "You will excuse me, miss," he said with a certain dogged manner, "but I was to ask you to give me your word that neither of your companions is a police-officer."

"I give you my word on that," she answered.

He gave a shrill whistle, on which a street Arab led across a four-wheeler and opened the door. The man who had addressed us mounted to the box, while we took our places inside. We had hardly done so before the driver whipped up his horse, and we plunged away at a furious pace through the foggy streets.

The situation was a curious one. We were driving to an unknown place, on an unknown errand. Yet our invitation was either a complete hoax,—which was an inconceivable hypothesis,—or else we had good reason to think that important issues might hang upon our journey. Miss Morstan's demeanour was as resolute and collected as ever. I endeavoured to cheer and amuse her by **reminiscences** of my adventures in Afghanistan; but, to tell the truth, I was myself so excited at our situation and so curious as to our destination that my stories were slightly involved. To this day she declares that I told her one moving anecdote as to how a musket looked into my tent at the dead of night, and how I fired a double-barrelled tiger cub at it. At first I had some idea as to the direction in which we were driving; but soon, what with our pace, the fog, and my own limited knowledge of London, I lost my bearings, and knew nothing, save that we seemed to be going a very long way. Sherlock Holmes was never at fault, however, and he muttered the names as the cab rattled through squares and in and out by tortuous by-streets.

"Rochester Row," said he. "Now Vincent Square. Now we come out on the Vauxhall Bridge Road. We are making for the Surrey side, apparently. Yes, I thought so. Now we are on the bridge. You can catch glimpses of the river."

We did indeed get a fleeting view of a stretch of the Thames with the lamps shining upon the broad, silent water; but our cab dashed on, and was soon involved in a **labyrinth** of streets upon the other side.

"Wordsworth Road," said my companion. "Priory Road. Lark Hall Lane. Stockwell Place. Robert Street. Cold Harbor Lane. Our quest does not appear to take us to very fashionable regions."

We had, indeed, reached a questionable and forbidding neighbourhood. Long lines of dull brick houses were only relieved by the coarse glare and tawdry brilliancy of public houses at the corner. Then came rows of two-storied villas each with a fronting of miniature garden, and then again interminable lines of new staring brick buildings,—the monster tentacles which the giant city was throwing out into the country. At last the cab drew up at the third house in a new terrace. None of the other houses were inhabited, and that at which we stopped was as dark as its neighbours, save for a single glimmer in the kitchen window. On our knocking, however, the door was instantly thrown open by a servant clad in a yellow turban, white loose-fitting clothes, and a yellow sash. There was something strangely incongruous in this Oriental figure framed in the commonplace door-way of a third-rate suburban dwelling-house.

"The Sahib awaits you," said he, and even as he spoke there came a high piping voice from some inner room. "Show them in to me, **khitmutgar**," it cried. "Show them straight in to me."

- Sir Arthur Ignatius Conan Doyle

unbraided: untied

quivered: trembled or shook

lustrous: shining

Au revoir: good bye (in French)

obtuse: slow to understand

pensively: reflecting deeply

hieroglyphic: incomprehensible or difficult to understand

eerie: strange and frightening

hansoms: a horse-drawn cabs

rendezvous: a meeting at an agreed time and place (in French)

reminiscences: a story told about past event remembered by the narrator

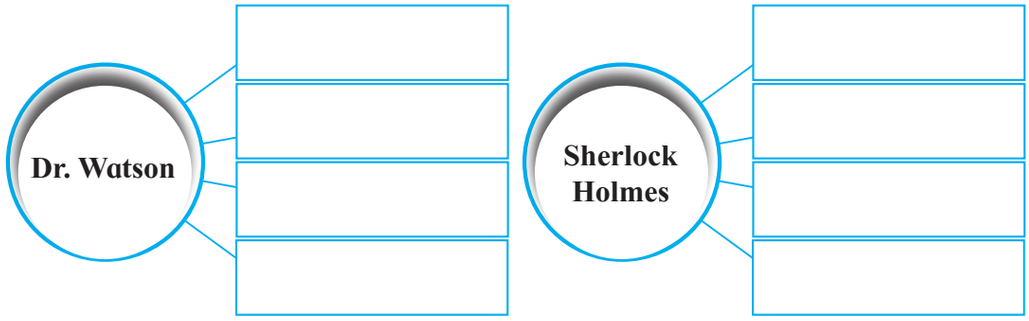
labyrinth: a maze, a complicated irregular network of passages or paths in which it is difficult to find one's way

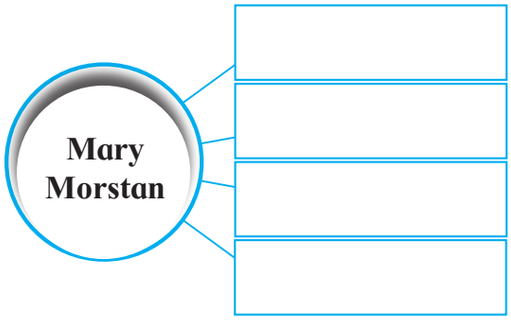
khitmutgar: a male servant

BRAINSTORMING

CHARACTER

(A1) (i) Read the extract again and complete the web by highlighting the qualities of the following characters:





(ii) Describe the character of Mary Morstan from Dr. Watson's point of view.

(iii) Sherlock Holmes is the leading character in the extract. Explain.

(iv) Dr. Watson, the narrator, is one of the major characters in the novel. Illustrate.

(v) Holmes is always one step ahead of Dr. Watson in solving cases. Elucidate.

PLOT

(A2) (i) Arrange the sentences in correct sequence as per their occurrence in the extract.

Jumbled Incidents	Correct Sequence
(1) Holmes put a revolver in his pocket. (2) Holmes gave Winwood's book 'Martydom of Man' to Dr. Watson. (3) Mary received a large and lustrous pearl through the post. (4) Mary's father was an officer in an Indian regiment. (5) Mary Morstan was a well-dressed young lady.	(a) ..... (b) ..... (c) ..... (d) ..... (e) .....

(ii) Discuss the importance of the following statements from the light of the extract.

a. The trio–Holmes, Dr. Watson and Mary decide to visit Lyceum Theatre.

b. Mary received Pearls every year on the same day.

c. Holmes carefully examined the paper given by Mary.

SETTING

(A3) (i) Cite various references (lines) from the extract that tell us about the time and period of the events.

Lines	Time and Period

(ii) How does the series of actions go from London to India? Explain by citing references from the extract.

(iii) The extract begins when Mary Morstan meets Sherlock Holmes at his house. After that Holmes, Dr.Watson and Mary visit some places in London. Explain in detail the various places mentioned in the extract.

(iv) Basically the setting of the extract is in London but it has some references of India, too. Explain how the settings of the extract contribute to the theme of the novel.

(v) Describe in brief the importance of the following places in the extract.

(a) London

(b) Lyceum Theatre

(c) Edinburgh

(d) Agra

(e) Andaman Islands

(vi) Complete:

Which places/cities in India and England are mentioned/have appeared in the extract? Also write about their importance.

India	Importance	London	Importance

THEME

(A4) (i) Write in brief the theme of the extract.

(ii) Write 4-5 sentences about the meeting of Miss Morstan with Holmes.

(iii) Write the central idea of the given extract of the novel, "The Sign of Four".

(iv) Give reasons :

Statement	Reason/s
(a) Miss Morstan plans to meet Sherlock Holmes	
(b) Miss Morstan gives the reference of Mrs. Cecil Forrester	
(c) It's a singular case	
(d) Holmes needed some references	
(e) Miss Morstan received a pearl every year	
(f) The coachman confirmed that neither of Miss Morstan's companion was a police officer	

LANGUAGE

(A5) (i) Elaborate the following lines in the light of the novel/extract, "The Sign of Four"–

(a) "You really are an automation– a calculating machine"

(b) "The letter speaks of giving her justice. What justice can she have?"

(c) "Our quest does not appear to take us to very fashionable regions."

(ii) Following are some dialogues of the major characters in the extract. Find out who the speaker is, his/her tone, style, significance, etc. of the dialogue.

Dialogue	Speaker	To whom it is said	Tone, Style, Significance etc.
"….you have once enabled my employer, Mrs. Cecil Forrester, to unravel a little domestic complication. She was much impressed by your kindness and skill."			
"You will, I am sure, excuse me."			
"Your statement is most interesting. Has anything else occurred to you?"			
"Are you the parties who come with Miss Morstan?"			
"The Sahib awaits you."			

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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3. E. R. Braithwaite for 'To Sir,With Love'

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NOTES

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