



Reading A: The Accidental Tourist

Reading B: Father Returning Home (Poem)

Reading C: Kathmandu



Travel and Tourism

Look at the pictures and answer the questions that follow.







- 1. What are these pictures about?
- 2. Have you ever visited such places?
- 3. In what way are these places worth visiting?

Oral Discourse: Description - Describe a place that you have visited recently.

A Reading

The Accidental Tourist

They say that the world today is a small place because travel has become easy, but not everybody finds it easy to travel. Here, the author reflects humorously his experience as a traveller.

Of all the things I am not very good at, living in the real world is perhaps the most outstanding. I am constantly filled with wonder at the number of things that other people do without any evident difficulty that are pretty much beyond me. I cannot tell you the number of times that I have gone looking for the lavatory in a cinema, for instance, and ended up standing in an alley on the wrong side of a self locking door. My particular speciality now is returning to hotel desks two or three times a day and asking what my room number is, I am, in short, easily confused.

I was thinking about this the last time we went en famille on a big trip. It was at Easter, and we were flying to England for a week. When we arrived at Logan Airport in Boston and were checking in, I suddenly remembered that I had recently joined British Airways' frequent flyer programme. I also remembered that I had put the card in my carry-on bag. And here's where the trouble started.



The zip on the bag was jammed. So I pulled on it and yanked at it, with grunts and frowns and increasing consternation. I kept this up for some minutes but it wouldn't budge, so I pulled harder and harder, with more grunts. Well, you can guess what happened. Abruptly the zip gave way. The side of the bag flew open and everything within – newspaper cuttings and other loose papers, a 14-ounce tin of pipe tobacco, magazines, passport, English money, film – was extravagantly ejected over an area about the size of a tennis court.

I watched dumbstruck as a hundred carefully sorted documents came raining down in a fluttery cascade, coins bounced to a variety of noisy oblivions and the now-lidless tin of tobacco rolled crazily across the concourse disgorging its contents as it went.

"My tobacco!" I cried in horror, thinking what I would have to pay for that much tobacco in England now that another Budget had come and gone, and then changed the cry to "My finger!" as I discovered that I had gashed my finger on the zip and was shedding blood in a lavish manner. (I am not very good around flowing blood generally, but when it's my own—well, I think hysterics are fully justified). Confused and unable to help, my hair went into panic mode.

It was at this point that my wife looked at me with an expression of wonder – not anger or exasperation, but just simple wonder – and said, "I can't believe you do this for a living."

But I'm afraid it's so. I always have catastrophes when I travel. Once on an aeroplane, I leaned over to tie a shoelace just at the moment someone in the seat ahead of me threw his seat back into full recline, and found myself pinned helplessly in the crash position. It was only by clawing the leg of the man sitting next to me that I managed to get myself freed.

On another occasion, I knocked a soft drink onto the lap of a sweet little lady sitting beside me. The flight attendant came and cleaned her up, and brought me a replacement drink, and instantly I knocked it onto the woman again. To this day, I don't know how I did

it. I just remember reaching out for the new drink and watching helplessly as my arm, like some cheap prop in one of those 1950s horror movies with a name like 'The Undead Limb', violently swept the drink from its perch and onto her lap.

The lady looked at me with the stupefied expression you would expect to receive from someone whom you have



repeatedly drenched, and uttered an oath that started with "Oh", finished with "sake" and in between had some words that I have never heard uttered in public before, certainly not by a nun.

This, however, was not my worst experience on a plane flight. My worst experience was when I was writing important thoughts in a notebook ('buy socks', 'clutch drinks carefully', etc.), sucking thoughtfully on the end of my pen as you do, and fell into conversation with an attractive young lady in the next seat. I amused her for perhaps 20 minutes with a scattering of urbane bons mots, then retired to the lavatory where I discovered that the pen had leaked and that my mouth, chin, tongue, teeth and gums were now a striking, scrub-resistant navy blue, and would remain so for several days.

So you will understand, I trust, when I tell you how much I ache to be suave. I would love, just once in my life, to rise from a dinner table without looking as if I have just experienced an extremely localised seismic event, get in a car and close the door without leaving 14 inches of coat outside, wear light-coloured trousers without discovering at the end of the day that I have at various times sat on chewing gum, ice cream, cough syrup and motor oil. But it is not to be.

Now on planes when the food is delivered, my wife says: "Take the lids off the food for Daddy" or "Put your hoods up, children. Daddy's about to cut his meat." Of course, this is only when I am flying with my family. When I am on my own, I don't eat, drink or lean over to tie my shoelaces, and never put a pen anywhere near my mouth. I just sit very, very quietly, sometimes on my hands to keep them from flying out unexpectedly and causing liquid mischief. It's not much fun, but it does at least cut down on the laundry bills.

I never did get my frequent flyer miles, by the way. I never do. I couldn't find the card in time. This has become a real frustration for me. Everyone I know – everyone – is forever flying off to Bali first class with their air miles. I never get to collect anything. I must fly 100,000 miles a year, yet I have accumulated only about 212 air miles divided between twenty-three airlines.

This is because either I forget to ask for the air miles when I check in, or I remember to ask for them but the air line then manages not to record them, or the check-in clerk informs me that I am not entitled to them. In January, on a flight to Australia – a flight for which I was going to get about a million air miles – the clerk shook her head when I presented my card and told me I was not entitled to any.

"Why?"

"The ticket is in the name of B. Bryson and the card is in the name of W. Bryson."

I explained to her the close and venerable relationship between Bill and William, but she wouldn't have it.

So I didn't get my air miles, and I won't be flying to Bali first class just yet. Perhaps just as well, really, I could never go that long without eating.

- Bill Bryson

About the author

William Mc Guire "Bill" Bryson, (born on December 8, 1951) is a best-selling American author of humorous books on travel, as well as books on the English language and on science. Born an American, he was a resident of Britain for most of his adult



life before returning to the US in 1995. In 2003 Bryson moved back to Britain. Bryson shot to prominence in the United Kingdom with the publication of *Notes From A Small Island* (1995), *An Exploration of Britain*, for which he made an accompanying television series. He received widespread recognition again with the publication of *A Short History of Nearly Everything* (2003), which popularised scientific questions for a general audience.

Glossary

alley (n) : a narrow passage-way between or behind buildings

en famille (adv) : with one's family

grunt (n) : a short low sound in the throat to show pain and anger

yank (v) : pull with a jerk budge (v) : move slightly

consternation (n) : surprise, shock or anxiety

extravagantly (adv) : very extremely

oblivion (n) : a state in which one is not aware of what is happening

around.

concourse (n): the open central area in a large public building (here, in

the airport)

disgorging (v) : pour something out in large quantities

exasperation (n) : irritation

catastrophe (n) : a sudden event that causes many people to suffer

perch (n) : a place or position urbane (adj) : polished and cultured

bons mots (n) : clever remarks

suave (adj) : sophisticated, polite

seismic event (n.phr) : a powerful happening like an earthquake

I. Answer the following questions.

- 1. How did the card of British Airways' frequent flyer programme trouble the narrator?
- 2. The narrator's wife looked at him with an expression of wonder. What might be the reason?
- 3. The narrator lamented that he had met with many catastrophes in his travel. What were they? Do you think they were real catastrophes?
- 4. How did the narrator free himself from the crash position?
- 5. Do you think the narrator's hands were like some cheap prop? If yes, what made you think so?
- 6. Why did the narrator's wife say to the children, "Take the lids off the food for Daddy"?
- 7. Did the narrator do all the awkward things intentionally or accidentally? Give your reasons.
- 8. What kind of person was the narrator? How can you justify your opinion?

II. Here is a list of actions in the story. Put a tick (\checkmark) against the actions performed by the narrator.

Yanked the bag – zip

Gashed finger on the zip

Tied a shoe lace

Clawed the leg of a woman

Knocked a soft drink

Sucked the end of a pencil

Ate tobacco

Stored letters

Leaned back in the plane

Presented a photo



Read the following sentence and observe the underlined word.

Living in the real world is perhaps most outstanding.

What meaning does the underlined word convey in the sentence?

As you perhaps know, **outstanding** is a compound word, containing **out** and **standing**.

Here the word 'outstanding' means very important.

Look for such compound words, if any, in the lesson.

- I. Prepare a list of five such words and find their meanings with the help of a dictionary/ your teacher.
 - 1.
 - 2.
 - 3.
 - 4.
 - 5.
- II. Read the following sentences and observe the underlined words.
 - 1. I don't eat, drink or lean over to tie my shoe laces.
 - 2. I just remember reaching out for the new drink.

In the first sentence 'drink' means 'take in' or 'consume'. In the second sentence 'drink' means 'beverage'. The word 'drink' is a homonym. A homonym is a word that is spelt and pronounced like another word but has another meaning.

Here is a list of words. Use them in sentences to give two different meanings.

fair	bank	left
saw	bear	right
interest	like	can
row	minute	second

III. Read the following sentences.

'The zip on the bag was jammed. So I pulled on it and yanked at it, with grunts and frowns.'

Here the underlined word 'grunt' is a short low sound in the throat to show annoyance, pain and disinterest. It is a sound-word.

Here are a few other sound words. Find out their meanings with the help of a dictionary / your teacher.

Sl. No.	Word	Meaning
1	babble	
2	bark	
3	groan	
4	grumble	
5	moan	
6	mumble	
7	murmur	
8	mutter	
9	shout	
10	shriek	
11	whisper	



Passive Voice

Here are two sentences taken from the text 'Kathmandu'.

- 1. A corpse is being cremated on its banks.
- 2. Tibetan prints and silver jewellery can be bought here.

In both the sentences the agent of the action is not mentioned. In these two sentences the subjects are passive because something is being done to them rather than they are doing something.

In the first sentence the subject 'A corpse' is followed by the helping verb 'is', be form 'being' and the past participle form of the verb 'cremate'.

In the second sentence the subject 'Tibetan prints and silver jewellery' is followed by the helping verb 'can', be form 'be' and the past participle form of the main verb 'buy'.

As you can see, the agent of the passive voice is not mentioned, when it is unknown, not considered important, not desirable to inform or so obvious from the context. Passive voice is generally used (when we want) to emphasize the activity rather than the doer.

Now, pick out the sentences in the Passive voice from the text "The Accidental Tourist".

Here are some sentences in the passive voice. Read them carefully and say which domain they belong to. One has been done for you.

Sl. No.	Sentences of Passive Voice	Domain (context)		
1.	Tendulkar has been caught.	cricket commentary		
2.	Patrons are asked not to smoke.			
3.	Our planet is wrapped in a mass of gases.			
4.	The news is read by Pragathi.			
5.	Examinations have been postponed.			
6.	The suspect has been acquitted of the charge.			



Read this letter.

St. Paul's Avenue, Boston. 9th March.

Dear W. Bryson,

Hope you are doing well by the grace of God.

I always remember the days we spent at different tourist places last summer.

Here is an important matter I would like to bring to your notice. Very recently when I was on my journey, the airport clerk examined my ticket and travel cards and pointed out that the card with me was your card.

I think the exchange of our cards might have taken place when we met at the hotel recently.

Hope you will check and send my card at the earliest.

Anyhow, here with I enclose your card.

With best regards.

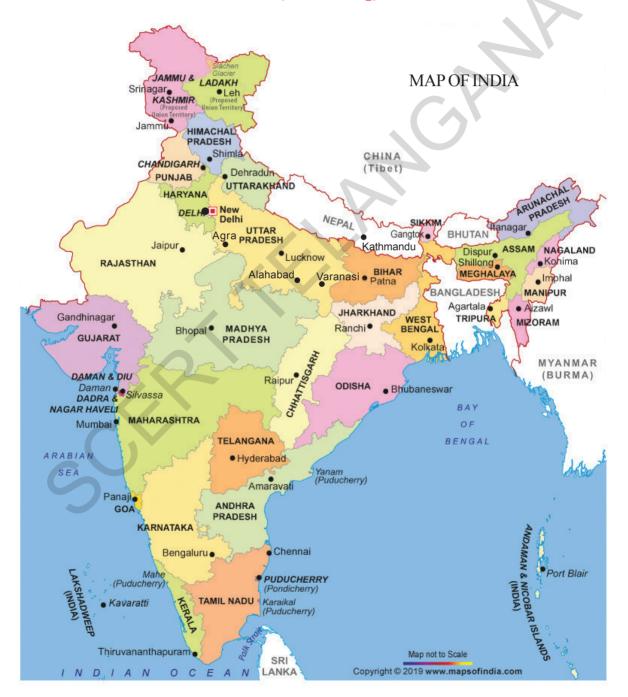
Yours affectionately,

Bill Bryson

To Mr. W. Bryson, 7-18-02, St. John's Avenue, Washington. Imagine that you were W. Bryson and write a reply to Bill Bryson expressing his regret for this blunder.



I. On the following map, mark the route, which the author thought of but did not take, to Delhi. (C. Reading)



II. Find out the possible routes (by rail, road or air) from Kathmandu to New Delhi / Mumbai / Kolkata / Chennai/ Hyderabad.



Listening

Listen to the speech on "Tourism in India" by your teacher and answer the following questions.

- 1. Who is the speaker of this speech?
- 2. What is the occasion mentioned in this speech?
- 3. What role does the Government play for the development and promotion of tourism?
- 4. Which thing holds the key to the growth of tourism according to the speaker?
- 5. What, according to the speaker, would ensure provision of a better quality of life to our own citizens?



Oral Activity

or pilgrim centre that you visited during holidays.

igs in mind.

- 1. What place did you visit?
- 2. When did you visit that place?
- 3. What did you see there?
- 4. What were the interesting things you found there?
- 5. What facilities were there?
- 6. How did you enjoy yourself?
- 7. Does the place have any historical importance?

B Reading

Father Returning Home



My father travels on the late evening train
Standing among silent commuters in the yellow light
suburbs slid past his unseeing eyes
His shirt and pants are soggy and his black raincoat
Stained with mud and his bag stuffed with books
Is falling apart. His eyes dimmed by age
fade homeward through the humid monsoon night.
Now I can see him getting off the train

Like a word dropped from a long sentence.

He hurries across the length of the grey platform,

Crosses the railway line, enters the lane,

His chappals are sticky with mud, but he hurries onward.

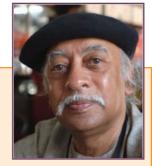
Home again, I see him drinking weak tea,
Eating a stale chapati, reading a book.
He goes into the toilet to contemplate
Man's estrangement from a man-made world.
Coming out he trembles at the sink,
The cold water running over his brown hands,
A few droplets cling to the greying hairs on his wrists.
His sullen children have often refused to share
Jokes and secrets with him. He will now go to sleep
Listening to the static on the radio, dreaming
Of his ancestors and grandchildren, thinking
Of nomads entering a subcontinent through a narrow pass.



- Dilip Chitre

About the poet

Dilip Purushottam Chitre (17 September 1938 – 10 December 2009) was one of the foremost Indian writers and critics to emerge in the post Independence India. Apart from being a very important bilingual writer, writing in Marathi and English, he was



also a painter and filmmaker. His *Ekun Kavita or Collected Poems* were published in the nineteen nineties in three volumes. *As Is, Where Is selected English poems (1964-2007)* and "*Shesha*" English translation of selected Marathi poems both published by *Poetrywala* are among his last books published in 2007. He is also an accomplished translator and has prolifically translated prose and poetry. He started his professional film career in 1969 and has since made one feature film, about a dozen documentary films, several short films in the cinema format, and about twenty video documentary features. He also scored the music for some of them.



Glossary

commuters (n) : passengers soggy (adj) : wet and soft

stale (adj) : no longer fresh contemplate (v) : think seriously estrangement (n) : separation

sullen (adj) : silent and bad tempered

static (n): (here) noise that disturbs the signals of radio

nomads (n) : members of a tribe moving with their animals from a place

to a place.

subcontinent (n): (here) India

I Answer the following questions.

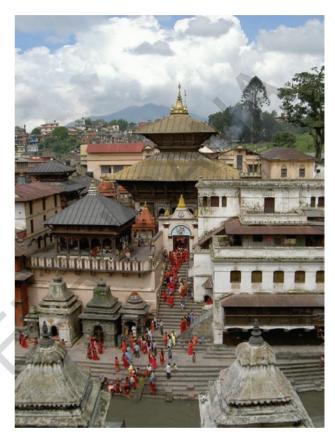
- 1. Is the father comfortable on the train?
- 2. What does 'the dress of the father' indicate?
- 3. 'A word dropped from a long sentence'. What does it refer to?
- 4. How can you say that the father is in a hurry to go home?
- 5. What might be the contemplation of the father in the toilet?
- 6. What image do you get from the line, 'A few droplets cling to the greying hairs on his wrists'?
- 7. Why is the father thinking of nomads?

C Reading

Kathmandu

I get a cheap room in the centre of town and sleep for hours. The next morning, with Mr. Shah's son and nephew. I visit the two temples in Kathmandu that are most sacred to the Hindus and the Buddhists.

At Pashupathinath (outside which a sign proclaims 'Entrance for the Hindus only') there is an atmosphere of 'febrile confusion'. Priests, hawkers, devotees, tourists, cows, monkeys, pigeons and dogs roam through the grounds. We offer a few flowers. There are so many worshippers that some people trying to get the priest's attention are elbowed aside by others pushing their way to the front. A princess of the Nepalese royal house appears; every one bows and makes way. By the main gate,



a party of saffron – clad Westerners struggle for permission to enter. The policeman is not convinced that they are 'the Hindus' (only the Hindus are allowed to enter the temple). A fight breaks out between two monkeys. One chases the other, who jumps onto a *shivalinga*, then runs screaming around the temples and down to the river, the holy Bagmati that flows below. A corpse is being cremated on its banks; washerwomen are at their work and children bathe. From a balcony a basket of flowers and leaves, old offerings now wilted, is dropped into the river. A small shrine half protrudes from the stone platform on the river bank. When it emerges fully, the goddess inside will escape, and the evil period of the *Kaliyug* will end on earth.

At the Boudhanath stupa, the Buddhist shrine of Kathmandu, there is, in contrast, a sense of stillness. Its immense white dome is ringed by a road. Small shops stand on its outer edge; many of these are owned by Tibetan immigrants; felt bags, Tibetan prints and silver jewellery can be bought here. There are no crowds; this is a haven of quietness in the



busy streets around.

Kathmandu is vivid, mercenary, religious, with small shrines to flower-adorned deities along the narrowest and busiest streets; with fruit sellers, flute sellers, hawkers of postcards; shops selling western

cosmetics, film rolls and chocolate; or copper utensils and Nepalese antiques. Film songs blare out from the radios, car horns sound, bicycle bells ring, stray cows low questioningly at motorcycles, vendors shout out their wares. I indulge myself mindlessly; buy a bar of marzipan, a corn-on-the-cob roasted in a charcoal brazier on the pavement (rubbed with salt, chilli powder and lemon); a couple of love story comics, and even a Reader's Digest. All this I wash down with *Coca Cola* and a nauseating orange drink, and feel much the better for it.

I consider what route I should take back home. If I were propelled by enthusiasm for travel per se, I would go by bus and train to Patna, then sail up the Ganges past Benaras to Allahabad, then up the Yamuna, past Agra to Delhi. But I am very exhausted and homesick; today is the last day of August. Go home, I tell myself: move directly towards home. I enter the Nepal Airlines office and buy a ticket for tomorrow's flight.

I look at the flute seller standing in a corner of the square near the hotel. In his hand is a pole with an attachment at the top from which fifty or sixty bansuris protrude in all directions, like the quills of a porcupine. They are of bamboo: there are cross-flutes and recorders. From time to time he stands the pole on the ground, selects a flute and plays for a few minutes. The sound rises clearly above the noise of the traffic and the hawkers' cries. He plays slowly meditatively, without excessive display. He does not shout out his wares. Occasionally he makes a sale, but in a curiously offhanded way as if this were incidental to his enterprise. Sometimes he breaks off playing to talk to the fruit seller. I imagine that this has been the pattern of his life for years.

I find it difficult to tear myself away from the square. Flute music always does this to me: It is at once the most universal and most particular of sounds. There is no culture that does not have its flute – the reed neh, the recorder, the Japanese shakuhachi, the deep

bansuri of Hindustani classical music, the clear or breathy flutes of South America, the high-pitched Chinese flutes. Each has its specific fingering and compass. It weaves its own associations. Yet to hear any flute is, it seems to me, to be drawn into the commonality of all mankind, to be moved by music closest in its phrases and sentences to the human voice. Its motive force too is living breath: it too needs to pause and breathe before it can go on.

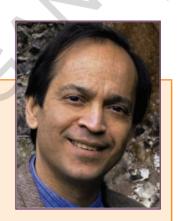
That I can be so affected by a few familiar phrases on the bansuri surprises me at first, for on the previous occasions that I have returned home after a long absence abroad, I have hardly noticed such details, and certainly have not invested them with the significance I now do.

- Vikram Seth,

(an extract from Heaven Lake)

About the author

Vikram Seth is an Indian poet, novelist, travel writer, librettist, children's writer, biographer and memoirist. He won the WH Smith Literary Award and the Commonwealth Writers Prize for his novel, *A Suitable Boy*. His travelogue "From Heaven Lake: Travels Through Sinkiang and Tibet" won the



Thomas Cook Travel Book Award. It was his first popular success. It offers an insight to Seth as a person, who is candid about the reality and effect of living abroad.

Glossary

febrile (adj) : having or showing a great deal of nervous excitement

mercenary (adj) : interested only in the amount of money that you can get

from a situation

antique (n) : a decorative object or piece of furniture that is valuable

because of its age

blare out (v) : sound loudly and harshly

low(v) : (of a cow) moo

 $\operatorname{marzipan}(n)$: a sweet yellowish paste of ground almonds, sugar, and egg

whites, used to coat large cakes or to make sweets

brazier (n) : a portable heater consisting of a pan or stand holding lighted

coals

nauseating (adj) : making you feel as if you are going to vomit

propel (v) : drive or push forwards

per se (adv) : by or of itself

offhanded (adj) : casual; not showing much interest in something

enterprise (n) : a business or company

breathy (adj) : (of a voice) having an audible sound of breathing

compass (n) : range or scope

I. Answer the following questions.

1. What is the belief at Pashupathinath temple about the end of Kaliyuga?

2. Why couldn't the narrator tear himself away from the square?

3. Compare and contrast the atmosphere in and around Baudhnath shrine with Pashupathinath temple.

4. Do you want to visit the places like *Kathmandu*? Why?



Imagine that you are the School Pupils' Leader of your school. Your school authorities asked you to plan a tour to an interesting and enchanting tourist place. Collect information about various places for better planning by interacting with your neighbours, friends and relatives who have been to various tourist places.

You may also consult a tourist guide / brochure issued by Toursim Department.

. Prep	pare questions to get the information required to complete the
1.	
2.	
3.	
4.	
5.	
6.	

Places visited	Importance of the place	Any other visiting places	Facilities (hotels/ choultries) available	Distance from your place	Mode of transport		Suitable season / time for visit	Things to be carried and amount incurred
			Fa		Road	Rail	S	an
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
						•		
							,	
				>				

II Analyse the data furnished in the table and present it before the class. Write about the best place you propose to visit and also speak to your team about the merits of the place.

Self Assessment

How well have I understood this unit?

Read and tick (✓) in the appropriate box.



Indicators	Yes	Somewhat	No
I read and understood the text:			
A. The Accidental Tourist			>
B. Father Returning Home	5		
C. Kathmandu			
I was able to prepare compound words and find out their meanings given under 'Vocabulary'.			
I was able to understand the homonyms and their usage			
given under 'Vocabulary'.			
I was able to find out the meanings of a few words related to			
sounds given under 'Vocabulary'.			
I was able to understand the domains of Passive voice			
given under 'Grammar'.			
I was able to write a reply letter expressing regret given			
under 'Writing'.			
I was able to find out the possible routes as suggested			
under 'Study Skills'.			
I listened to and understood the speech and answered the questions			
given under 'Listening'.			
I was able to complete the 'Project Work'.			