

Appendix I

Texts for Listening

Unit 1

Let's Be Friends

Ding Dong Ding

The school bell rang.

After the break time, all the children entered the class and were waiting for the teacher to come.

Suddenly they could hear a scream, 'Ouch!' outside the classroom.

Hearing the sound a few children peeped out of the room.

They saw Raghu walking towards the class rubbing his arm.

His eyes brimmed with tears.

'Ah! Ah...Ah!' Hari followed Raghu laughing.

As soon as they entered the class, a few girls and boys flocked around Raghu.

'Hey! Raghu, what happened? Why are you crying?' a girl asked.

'Hari pinched me!'

'Oh! he is really bad.' said Swapna rubbing her nose.

As the children were talking, the teacher entered the class.

The children went back to their seats.

- Anonymous

Unit 2

Karate Kitten

Kiran heard a shout, 'Kiran!', 'Kiran!'

'Oh! Rohit! Why are you late today?'

Kiran ran towards Rohit.

'I am about to go home. Come on, let's play for a while and then go.'

'I'm sorry Kiran, I'm not interested in playing now,' said Rohit.

'Why? What happened to you? Are you alright?'

'I am alright Kiran. But my father...'

'What happened to your father?'

'He got an injury on his head today,' said Rohit.

‘Has he met with an accident!’ exclaimed Kiran.
‘No, it’s not an accident, it’s only an incident,’ replied Rohit.
‘Our new pet Kitten is the cause.’
‘What! A kitten is the cause of the injury!’
‘Yes, it’s a long story.’
‘Tell me quickly. It’s already late.’
‘No, I’ll tell you tomorrow. I should go home. My father may be waiting for me.’
‘Alright. Bye, Rohit.’
‘Bye Kiran’
Both of them left the park.

Unit 3

Together We Live

Gopanna returned home tired and sat in the varandah.
‘Sita! ... Sita! ... bring me a glass of water,’ he called his wife.
Laxmi, his daughter searched for water and found all the vessels empty.
‘There is no water *Nanna*. *Amma* has gone to bring water from Rajanna’s mango garden.’
‘Oh, did she go there? It is far away...’
Gopanna leaned against the wall and closed his eyes.
‘Look, *Nanna*, *Amma* is coming,’ shouted Laxmi.
Sita brought a half-filled pot.
‘So you have brought little water,’ Gopanna asked his wife.
‘Yes, it’s very hard for me to fetch even this much of water. Thank God! At least we’ve got half pot today. There was a long queue. There is no guarantee that tomorrow we will get even this much,’ said Sita.
‘Nowadays life has become miserable.
No rains, no water, no cultivation...
No food ... dry... everything dried up,’ said Gopanna sadly.
‘What shall we do now? Our cattle also have no food and water. We must do something,’ said Sita.
Then Gopanna slowly got up, jerked his towel and walked towards the gram panchayat.

Unit 4

A Big Surprise

Lalitha came from the school.

She put her school bag in the cupboard.

Her mother was busy in the kitchen.

Lalitha searched for her father. '*Amma*, where is *Nanna*?' she asked her mother.

'In the garden,' replied her mother.

Lalitha ran to the garden.

'Oh! *Nanna*, you are here.'

'Yes dear come on!'

'Nanna, why are you digging the soil?'

'I want to sow some seeds,' replied her father.

'Great! What seeds will you sow now?'

'Um... brinjal, lady's finger, beans, many other seeds'

'Oh! *Nanna*, I like tomatoes. Do you have tomato seeds also?'

'Yes, I know you like tomatoes. So I've brought them more.'

'*Nanna*, *Nanna*, please give me tomato seeds, I'll sow them.'

'Sure, why not?'

'But *Nanna*, when will tomatoes grow?' asked Lalitha.

'Wait, wait! First sow tomato seeds here.'

'Then!' said Lalitha.

'Pour water regularly.'

'Then!'

'The seeds will grow into plants.'

'Next!'

'In a few months you'll see many tomatoes in our garden.'

'Wonderful, *Nanna*! Then I'll have tomato curry, tomato pickle, tomato soup...' clapped Lalitha.

Unit 5

The Food We Eat

‘Harsha! Chitra! Wake up. It’s already half past seven, we are getting late,’ shouted Dr. Aruna.

‘Just five minutes, mom, please...’

‘No, there is no time for us. Breakfast is ready and I am waiting at the table. Hurry up children! Let’s have our breakfast.’

‘Mom! What have you prepared for breakfast today?’

‘Idli and a glass of milk with millets in it.’

‘Oh! No, mom, I don’t want to eat those big white tablets and that raagi malt,’ said Chitra.

‘Why no? It’s good for health and moreover I don’t have time to prepare anything else, dear.’

‘But, why?’

‘Well, today I have to attend an important school programme. I’m in a hurry.’

‘What? A school function?’

‘Yes, I am supposed to give a speech today at Govt. Primary School Gopalapatnam. No more questions dear, get ready soon. It’s already 8 o’clock.’

Unit 6

The Witty Nasruddin

Nasruddin was a famous witty man. He delighted people with his sense of humour. He was very simple and kind. Here are a few jokes of Nasruddin.

1. ‘How old are you Nasruddin?’

‘Forty!’

‘But you said the same last time I asked you, two years ago.’

‘Yes, I always stand by what I have said!’

2. One day Nasruddin was addressing the community.

‘Dear community, I cannot remember anything to tell you,’ he said.

His son, a clever boy sitting under the chair, stood up and said, ‘If you cannot remember what to tell us, can’t you remember how to get down from that place?’

3. One day Nasruddin asked a wealthy man for some money.

‘What do you want it for?’

‘To buy an elephant.’

‘If you have no money you will not be able to maintain an elephant.’

‘I asked for money, not advice.’

Unit 7

I Was Bad at Cricket

I walked slowly to the crease.

My pads and helmet were too big for me.

‘Ha! Ha! Indians are sending in kids,’ commented one spectator. Others laughed...

This was my first big game.

I took a deep breath.

I didn’t look at any one.

All I saw was the ball.

The first ball was right on the middle stump.

I didn’t swing the bat very hard.

I simply let the ball hit the bat.

There was no need for anyone to run.

The ball crossed the fence.

Four runs!

The spectators cheered up and clapped.

I made my fast bowlers look like slow bowlers.

Every strike of mine was a six or a four.

I made my first century. Our team won the match.

Unit 8

Will Power

Rahul came back from school. He threw his bag, went to the bed room weeping.

‘What happened Rahul?’ asked his father.

‘Everyone in my class is teasing me. They are calling me a crippled boy. Therefore, I don’t like the school. I won’t go to school,’ Rahul said.

Rahul’s father sat beside him.

‘Stop weeping, Rahul! Though, you can’t walk properly like others, you’re a nice boy,’ said his father.

‘No, Daddy! I can’t play cricket or kabaddi like others,’ said Rahul.

‘You may not play outdoor games like cricket, but you are good at chess and carroms. One day you may become a champion. Nobody will compete with you,’ Rahul’s father patted Rahul.

‘Of course, Daddy! But our teachers are also not happy with my performance. Though I’m interested in studies, I could not get good marks,’ Rahul said sadly.

‘Don’t worry Rahul. You are learning many things in school. You can sing well, play chess and carroms. You need not worry about marks. You can become what you want to be in your life. Have you ever heard of Stephen Hawking?’

‘No, I haven’t.’

‘I’ll tell you something about him. You know he could n’t move any of his body parts; yet he has become a world famous scientist. This shows disability is not a curse. Cheer up, my boy.’