

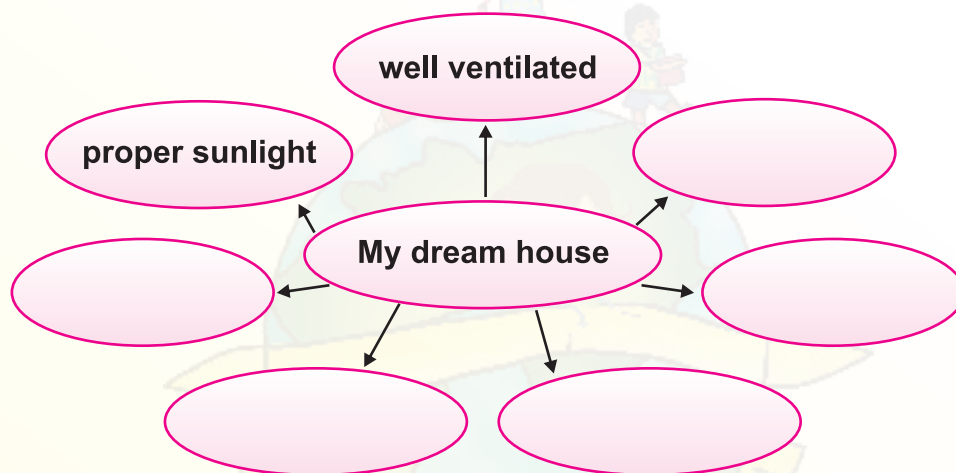
Drama

13 UNIT

D.1 Villa For Sale

by Sacha Guitry

1. If you could buy your dream house today what are some specific features you would want for your house? Write them in the bubbles below.



2. Discuss with your partner the similarities and dissimilarities in your dream house.
3. Now, read the Play.

List of Characters

Maid

Juliette

Gaston

Jeanne

Mrs Al Smith

The scene represents the salon of a small villa near Nogent-sur-Marne.

*When the curtain rises, the **MAID** and **JULIETTE** are **discovered**.*

discovered : seen on the stage as the curtain is raised



Maid: Won't Madame be sorry?

Juliette: Not at all. Mind you, if someone had bought it on the very day I placed it for sale, then I might have felt sorry because I would have wondered if I hadn't been a fool to sell at all. But the sign has been hanging on the gate for over a month now and I am beginning to be afraid that the day I bought it was when I was the real fool.



Maid: All the same, Madame, when they brought you the 'For sale' sign, you wouldn't let them put it up. You waited until it was night. Then you went and hung it yourself, Madame.

Juliette: I know! You see, I thought that as they could not read it in the dark, the house would belong to me for one night more. I was so sure that the next day the entire world would be fighting to purchase it. For the first week, I was annoyed every time I passed that 'Villa for Sale' sign. The neighbours seemed to look at me in such a strange kind of way that I began to think the whole thing was going to be much more of a **sell** than a sale. That was a month ago and now I have only one thought, that is to get the **wretched** place off my hands. I would sacrifice it at any price. One hundred thousand francs if necessary and that's only twice what it cost me. I thought I would get two hundred thousand but I suppose I must cut my loss. Besides, in the past two weeks, four people almost bought it, so I begin to feel as though it no longer belongs to me. Oh! I'm fed up with the place. Because nobody really wants it! What time did those agency people say the lady would call?

Maid: Between four and five, Madame.

Juliette: Then we must wait for her.

Maid: It was a nice little place for you to spend the weekends, Madame.

Juliette: Yes . . . but times are hard and business is as bad as it can be.

Maid: In that case, Madame, is it a good time to sell?

Juliette: No, perhaps not. But still. . . there are moments in life when it's the right time to buy, but it's never the right time to sell. For fifteen years everybody has had money at the same time and nobody has wanted to sell. Now nobody has any money and nobody wants to buy. But still. . . even so . . . it would be funny if I couldn't manage to sell a place here, a stone's throw from Joinville, the French Hollywood, when all I'm asking is a **paltry** hundred thousand!

sell : disappointment due to failure or trickery.

wretched : extremely bad or unpleasant

paltry: an amount, too small to be considered important or useful.



Maid: That reminds me, there is a favour I want to ask you, Madame.

Juliette: Yes, what is it, my girl?

Maid: Will you be kind enough to let me off between nine and noon tomorrow morning?

Juliette: From nine till noon?

Maid: They have asked me to play in a film at the Joinville Studio.

Juliette: You are going to act for the cinema?

Maid: Yes, Madame.

Juliette: What kind of part are you going to play?

Maid: A maid, Madame. They prefer the real article. They say maids are born; maids not made maids. They are giving me a hundred francs a morning for doing it.

Juliette: One hundred francs!

Maid: Yes, Madame. And as you only pay me four hundred a month, I can't very well refuse, can I, Madame?

Juliette: A hundred francs! It's unbelievable!

Maid: Will you permit me, Madame, to tell you something I've suddenly thought of?

Juliette: What?

Maid: They want a cook in the film as well. They asked me if I knew of anybody suitable. You said just now, Madame, that times were hard. ... Would you like me to get you the engagement?

Juliette: What?

Maid: Every little helps, Madame. Especially, Madame, as you have such a funny face.

Juliette: Thank you.

Maid (*taking no notice*). They might take you on for eight days, Madame. That would mean eight hundred francs. It's really money for nothing. You would only have to peel potatoes one minute and make an omlette the next, quite easy. I could show you how to do it, Madame.

Juliette: But how kind of you. ... Thank God I'm not quite so hard up as that yet!

Maid: Oh, Madame, I hope you are not angry with me ?

Juliette: Not in the least.

Maid: You see, Madame, film acting is rather looked up to round here. Everybody wants to do it. Yesterday the butcher didn't open his shop, he was being shot all the morning. Today, nobody could find the four policemen, they were taking part in



Monsieur Milton's fight scene in his new film. Nobody thinks about anything else round here now. You see, they pay so well. The manager is offering a thousand francs for a real beggar who has had nothing to eat for two days. Some people have all the luck! Think it over, Madame.

Juliette: Thanks, I will.

Maid: If you would go and see them with your hair slicked back the way you do when you are dressing, Madame, I am sure they would engage you right away. Because really, Madame, you look too comical!

Juliette: Thank you! *(The bell rings.)* I am going upstairs for a moment. If that is the lady, tell her I will not be long. It won't do to give her the impression that I am waiting for her.

Maid: Very good, Madame. *(Exit JULIETTE, as she runs off to open the front door.)* Oh, if I could become a **Greta Garbo**! Why can't I? Oh!

(Voices heard off, a second later, the MAID returns showing in GASTON and JEANNE.)

Maid: If you will be kind enough to sit down, I will tell Madame you are here.

Jeanne: Thank you.

(Exit MAID)

Gaston: And they call that a garden! Why, it's a yard with a patch of grass in the middle.

Jeanne: But the inside of the house seems very nice, Gaston.

Gaston: Twenty-five yards of **Cretonne** and a dash of paint... you can get that anywhere.

Jeanne: That's not fair. Wait until you've seen the rest of it.

Gaston: Why should I? I don't want to see the kitchen to know that the garden is a myth and that the salon is impossible.

Jeanne: What's the matter with it?

Gaston: Matter? Why, you can't even call it a salon.

Jeanne: Perhaps there is another.

Gaston: Never mind the other. I'm talking about this one.

Jeanne: We could do something very original with it.

Gaston: Yes, make it an annex to the garden.

Jeanne: No, but a kind of study.

Gaston: A study? Good Lord! You're not thinking of going in for studying are you?

Jeanne: Don't be silly! You know perfectly well what a modern study is.



Gaston: No, I don't.

Jeanne: Well ... er... it's a place where ... where one gathers ...

Gaston: Where one gathers what?

Jeanne: Don't be aggravating, please! If you don't want the house, tell me so at once and we'll say no more about it.

Gaston: I told you before we crossed the road that I didn't want it. As soon as you see a sign 'Villa for Sale', you have to go inside and be shown over it.

Jeanne: But we are buying a villa, aren't we?

Gaston: We are not.

Jeanne: What do you mean: 'We are not'? Then we're not looking for a villa?

Gaston: Certainly not. It's just an idea you've had stuck in your head for the past month.

Jeanne: But we've talked about nothing else....

Gaston: You mean you've talked about nothing else. I've never talked about it. You see, you've talked about it so much that you thought that we are talking. ... You haven't even noticed that I've never joined in the conversation. If you say that you are looking for a villa, then that's different!

Jeanne: Well... at any rate ... whether I'm looking for it or we're looking for it, the one thing that matters anyway is that I'm looking for it for us!

Gaston: It's not for us ... it's for your parents. You are simply trying to make me buy a villa so that you can put your father and your mother in it. You see, I know you. If you got what you want, do you realize what would happen? We would spend the month of August in the villa, but your parents would take possession of it every year from the beginning of April until the end of September. What's more they would bring the whole tribe of your sister's children with them. No! I am very fond of your family, but not quite so fond as that.

Jeanne: Then why have you been looking over villas for the past week?

Gaston: I have not been looking over them, you have, and it bores me.

Jeanne: Well...

Gaston: Well what?

Jeanne: Then stop being bored and buy one. That will finish it. We won't talk about it any more.

Gaston: Exactly!

Jeanne: As far as that goes, what of it? Suppose I do want to buy a villa for papa and mamma? What of it?

Gaston: My darling. I quite admit that you want to buy a villa for your father and mother. But please admit on your side that I don't want to pay for it.

Jeanne: There's my dowry.

Gaston: Your dowry! My poor child, we have spent that long ago.

Jeanne: But since then you have made a fortune.

Gaston: Quite so. I have, but you haven't. Anyway, there's no use discussing it. I will not buy a villa and that ends it.

Jeanne: Then it wasn't worth while coming in.

Gaston: That's exactly what I told you at the door.

Jeanne: In that case, let's go.

Gaston: By all means.

Jeanne: What on earth will the lady think of us.

Gaston: I have never cared much about anybody's opinion. Come along.

*(He takes his hat and goes towards the door. At this moment **JULIETTE** enters.)*

Juliette: Good afternoon, Madame... Monsieur....

Jeanne: How do you do, Madame?

Gaston: Good day.

Juliette: Won't you sit down? *(They all three sit.)* Is your first impression a good one?

Jeanne: Excellent.

Juliette: I am not in the least surprised. It is a most delightful little place. Its appearance is modest, but it has a charm of its own. I can tell by just looking at you that it would suit you admirably, as you suit it, if you will permit me to say so. Coming from me, it may surprise you to hear that you already appear to be at home. The choice of a frame is not so easy when you have such a delightful **pastel** to place in it. *(She naturally indicates **JEANNE** who is flattered.)* The house possesses a great many advantages. Electricity, gas, water, telephone, and drainage. The bathroom is beautifully fitted and the roof was entirely repaired last year.

Jeanne: Oh, that is very important, isn't it, darling?

Gaston: For whom?

Juliette: The garden is not very large . . . it's not long and it's not wide, but...

Gaston: But my word, it is high!



pastel : a drawing made with pastels which are powdered paints in the form of small sticks, for easy holding.

Juliette: That's not exactly what I meant. Your husband is very witty, Madame. As I was saying, the garden is not very large, but you see, it is surrounded by other gardens. . . .

Gaston: On the principle of people who like children and haven't any can always go and live near a school.

Jeanne: Please don't joke, Gaston. What this lady says is perfectly right. Will you tell me, Madame, what price you are asking for the villa?

Juliette: Well, you see, I must admit, quite frankly, that I don't want to sell it any more.

Gaston : (*rising*) Then there's nothing further to be said about it.

Juliette: Please, I...

Jeanne: Let Madame finish, darling.

Juliette: Thank you. I was going to say that for exceptional people like you, I don't mind giving it up. One arranges a house in accordance with one's own tastes - if you understand what I mean - to suit oneself, as it were - so one would not like to think that ordinary people had come to live in it. But to you, I can see with perfect assurance, I agree. Yes, I will sell it to you.

Jeanne: It's extremely kind of you.

Gaston: Extremely. Yes ... but ...er... what's the price, Madame?

Juliette: You will never believe it...

Gaston: I believe in God and so you see ...

Juliette: Entirely furnished with all the fixtures, just as it is, with the exception of that one little picture signed by Carot. I don't know if you have ever heard of that painter, have you ?

Gaston: No, never.

Juliette: Neither have I. But I like the colour and I want to keep it, if you don't mind. For the villa itself, just as it stands, two hundred and fifty thousand francs. I repeat, that I would much rather dispose of it at less than its value to people like yourselves, than to give it up, even for more money, to someone whom I didn't like. The price must seem...

Gaston: Decidedly excessive....

Juliette: Oh, no!

Gaston: Oh, yes, Madame.

Juliette: Well, really, I must say I'm...

Gaston: Quite so, life is full of surprises, isn't it?

Juliette: You think it dear at two hundred and fifty thousand? Very well, I can't be fairer than this: make me an offer.

Gaston: If I did, it would be much less than that.

Juliette: Make it anyway.

Gaston: It's very awkward ... I...

Jeanne: Name some figures, darling ..., just to please me.

Gaston: Well I hardly know ... sixty thousand....

Jeanne: Oh!

Juliette: Oh!

Gaston: What do you mean by 'Oh!'? It isn't worth more than that to me.

Juliette: I give you my word of honour, Monsieur, I cannot let it go for less than two hundred thousand.

Gaston: You have perfect right to do as you please, Madame.

Juliette: I tell you what I will do. I will be **philanthropic** and let you have it for two hundred thousand.

Gaston: And I will be equally good-natured and let you keep it for the same price.

Juliette: In that case, there is nothing more to be said, Monsieur.

Gaston: Good day, Madame.

Jeanne: One minute, darling. Before you definitely decide, I would love you to go over the upper floor with me.

Juliette: I will show it to you with the greatest pleasure. This way, Madame. This way, Monsieur. . .

Gaston: No, thank you . . . really... I have made up my mind and I'm not very fond of climbing stairs.

Juliette: Just as you wish, Monsieur. (To **JEANNE**.) Shall I lead the way?

Jeanne: If you please, Madame.

(Exit **JULIETTE**)

Jeanne (to her husband): You're not over-polite, are you?



Gaston: Oh, my darling! For Heaven's sake, stop worrying me about this **shanty**. Go and examine the bathroom and come back quickly.

(Exit JEANNE following JULIETTE)

Gaston (to himself): Two hundred thousand for a few yards of land . . . She must think I'm crazy. . . .

(The door bell rings and, a moment later, the MAID re-enters showing in Mrs Al Smith)

Maid: If Madame would be kind enough to come in.

Mrs Al Smith: See here now, I tell you I'm in a hurry. How much do they want for this house?

Maid: I don't know anything about it, Madame.

Mrs Al Smith: To start off with, why isn't the price marked on the signboard? You French people have a cute way of doing business! You go and tell your boss that if he doesn't come right away, I'm going. I haven't any time to waste. Any hold up makes me sick when I want something. *(MAID goes out.)* Oh, you're the husband, I suppose. Good afternoon. Do you speak American?

Gaston: Sure . . . You betcha.

Mrs Al Smith: That goes by me. How much for this house?

Gaston: How much?... Well... Won't you sit down?

Mrs Al Smith: I do things standing up.

Gaston: Oh! Do you?

Mrs Al Smith: Yes! Where's your wife?

Gaston: My wife? Oh, she's upstairs.

Mrs Al Smith: Well, she can stay there. Unless you have to consult her before you make a sale?

Gaston: Me? Not on your life!

Mrs Al Smith: You are an exception. Frenchmen usually have to consult about ten people before they get a move on. Listen! Do you or don't you want to sell this house?

Gaston: I? ... Oh, I'd love to!

Mrs Al Smith: Then what about it? I haven't more than five minutes to spare.

shanty : a crudely built hut, cabin or house



- Gaston:** Sit down for three of them anyway. To begin with, this villa was built by my grandfather...
- Mrs Al Smith:** I don't care a darn about your grandfather!
- Gaston:** Neither do I. ... But I must tell you that... er...
- Mrs Al Smith:** Listen, just tell me the price.
- Gaston:** Let me explain that...
- Mrs Al Smith:** No!
- Gaston:** We have electricity, gas, telephone...
- Mrs Al Smith:** I don't care! What's the price?
- Gaston:** But you must go over the house...
- Mrs Al Smith:** No!... I want to knock it down and build a bungalow here.
- Gaston:** Oh, I see!
- Mrs Al Smith:** Yep! It's the land I want. I have to be near Paramount where I'm going to shoot some films.
- Gaston:** Oh!
- Mrs Al Smith:** Yep. You see I'm a big star.
- Gaston:** Not really?
- Mrs Al Smith:** (*amiably*): Yes! How do you do? Well now, how much?
- Gaston:** Now let's see. ... In that case, entirely furnished, with the exception of that little picture by an unknown artist ... it belonged to my grandfather and I want to keep it. ...
- Mrs Al Smith:** Say! You do love your grandparents in Europe!
- Gaston:** We have had them for such a long time!
- Mrs Al Smith:** You folk are queer. You think about the past all the time. We always think about the future.
- Gaston:** Everybody thinks about what he's got.
- Mrs Al Smith:** What a pity you don't try and copy us more.
- Gaston:** Copies are not always good. We could only imitate you and imitations are no better than parodies. We are so different. Think of it.... Europeans go to America to earn money and Americans come to Europe to spend it.



- Mrs Al Smith:** Just the same, you ought to learn how to do business
- Gaston:** We are learning now. We are practicing...
- Mrs Al Smith:** Well then, how much?
- Gaston:** The house! Let me see. ... I should say three hundred thousand francs. . . .
The same for everybody, you know. Even though you are an American, I wouldn't dream of raising the price.
- Mrs Al Smith:** Treat me the same as anybody. Then you say it is three hundred thousand?
- Gaston (to himself):** Since you are dear bought - I will love you dear.
- Mrs Al Smith:** Say you, what do you take me for?
- Gaston:** Sorry. That's Shakespeare. ... I mean cash. . . ,
- Mrs Al Smith:** Now I get you . . . cash down! Say! You're coming on.
(She takes her cheque book from her bag.)
- Gaston (fumbling in a drawer):** Wait... I never know where they put my pen and ink...
- Mrs Al Smith:** Let me tell you something, you'd better buy yourself a fountain pen with the money you get for the villa. What date is it today?
- Gaston:** The twenty- fourth.
- Mrs Al Smith:** You can fill in your name on the cheque yourself. I live at the Ritz Hotel., Place Vendome. My lawyer is...
- Gaston:** Who ...?
- Mrs Al Smith:** Exactly.
- Gaston:** What?
- Mrs Al Smith:** My lawyer is Mr. Who, 5, Rue Cambon. He will get in touch with yours about the rest of the transaction. Good-bye.
- Gaston:** Good-bye.
- Mrs. Al Smith:** When are you leaving?
- Gaston:** Well...er ... I don't quite know . . . whenever you like.
- Mrs. Al Smith:** Make it tomorrow and my architect can come on Thursday. Good-bye. I'm delighted.



Gaston: Delighted to hear it, Madame. *(She goes and he looks at the cheque.)* It's a very good thing in business when everyone is delighted!

(At that moment, JEANNE and JULIETTE return)

Gaston: Well?

Jeanne: Well... of course ...it's very charming. ...

Juliette: Of course, as I told you, it's not a large place. I warned you. There are two large bedrooms and one small one.

Gaston: Well now! That's something.

Jeanne: *(to her husband)*. You are quite right, darling. I'm afraid it would not be suitable. Thank you, Madame, we need not keep you any longer.

Juliette: Oh, that's quite all right.

Gaston: Just a moment, just a moment, my dear. You say there are two large bedrooms and a small one....

Juliette: Yes, and two servants' rooms.

Gaston: Oh! There are two servants' rooms in addition, are there?

Juliette: Yes.

Gaston: But that's excellent!

Juliette: Gaston, stop joking!

Gaston: And the bathroom? What's that like?

Juliette: Perfect! There's a bath in it. ...

Gaston: Oh, there's a bath in the bathroom, is there?

Juliette: Of course there is!

Gaston: It's all very important. A bathroom with a bath in it. Bedrooms, two large and one small, two servants' rooms and a garden. It's really possible. While you were upstairs, I have been thinking a lot about your papa and mamma. You see, I am really unselfish, and then the rooms for your sister's children. . . . Also, my dear, I've been thinking . . . and this is serious... about our old age. . . . It's bound to come sooner or later and the natural desire of old age is a quiet country life. . . .
(To **JULIETTE**:) You said two hundred thousand, didn't you?

Jeanne: What on earth are you driving at?

Gaston: Just trying to please you, darling.

Juliette: Yes, two hundred thousand is my lowest. Cash, of course.



Gaston: Well, that's fixed. I won't argue about it. *(He takes out his cheque book.)*

Juliette: But there are so many things to be discussed before...

Gaston: Not at all. Only one thing. As I am not arguing about the price, as I'm not bargaining with you . . . well, you must be nice to me, you must allow me to keep this little picture which has kept me company while you and my wife went upstairs.

Juliette: It's not a question of value...

Gaston: Certainly not . . . just as a **souvenir**...

Juliette: Very well, you may keep it.

Gaston: Thank you, Madame. Will you give me a receipt, please? Our lawyers will draw up the details of the sale. Please fill in your name. . . . Let us see, it's the twenty-third, isn't it?

Juliette: No, the twenty-fourth. . . .

Gaston: What does it matter? One day more or less. *(She signs the receipt and exchanges it for his cheque.)* Splendid!

Juliette: Thank you, Monsieur.

Gaston: Here is my card. Good-bye, Madame. Oh, by the way, you will be kind enough to leave tomorrow morning, won't you.

Juliette: Tomorrow! So soon?

Gaston: Well, say tomorrow evening at the latest.

Juliette: Yes, I can manage that. Good-bye Madame.

Jeanne: Good day, Madame.

Gaston: I'll take my little picture with me, if you don't mind? *(He unhooks it.)* Just a beautiful souvenir, you know. .

Juliette: Very well. I'll show you the garden, on the way out.

(Exit JULIETTE)

Jeanne: What on earth have you done?

Gaston: I? Made a hundred thousand francs and a Carot!

Jeanne: But how?

Gaston: I'll tell you later.

CURTAIN

souvenir : A thing that you keep to remind yourself of a place.

About the Author

Sacha Guitry (1885-1957) son of a French actor, was born in St. Petersburg (Later Leningrad) which accounts for his Russian first name. Given his father's profession, he became a writer of plays and films. Some of his own experiences with people engaged in film production may be reflected in **Villa for Sale**.

Guitry was clever, irrepressible and a constant source of amusement. He claimed that he staged a 'one-man revolt' against the dismal French theatre of his time. He was equally successful on screen and stage. Besides being a talented author and actor, he earned recognition as a highly competent producer and director.

4. **Copy and complete the following paragraph about the theme of the play using the clues given in the box below. Remember that there are more clues than required.**

sell, buying, house, enthusiastic, comes, 200 thousand francs, taking, favour, get, sleeps, money, 300 thousand francs, unhappy, his in-laws, walks in, strikes, keep

Juliette, the owner of a Villa wants to _____ it as she is in need of _____. Moreover, she is not in _____ of the house. Jeanne and Gaston, a couple visit her with the aim of _____ the Villa. While Jeanne is _____ about buying, Gaston detests the idea as he does not want his _____ in that house. Also, he finds the asking price of _____ to be expensive. When Jeanne and Juliette go around the house, another customer _____ and starts talking to Gaston _____ him to be Juliette's husband. Gaston _____ a deal with the customer by which he is able to give _____ to the owner and _____ one thousand francs for himself.

5. **Answer the following questions briefly.**

- Why does Jeanne want to buy a villa?
- Why is Gaston not interested in buying the villa in the beginning?
- Mrs. Al Smith makes many statements about the French. Pick out any two and explain them.
- Juliette says "..... now I have only one thought that is to get the wretched place off my hands. I would sacrifice it at any price", Does she stick to her words? Why / Why not?
- Who is better in business - Juliette or Gaston? Why?
- Do you like/dislike Gaston? Give your reasons.



6. **Read the following extracts and answer the questions that follow by choosing the correct options.**

(A) *But the sign has been hanging on the gate for over a month now and I am beginning to be afraid that the day I bought it was when I was the real fool.*

- a) Why is Juliette disappointed?
- (i) she is unable to get a role of cook in the films.
 - (ii) her maid is leaving as she has got a role in the films.
 - (iii) she is unable to find a suitable buyer for her villa.
 - (iv) Gaston is offering a very low price for the villa.
- b) Why does she call herself a fool?
- (i) she has decided to sell her villa.
 - (ii) there are no buyers for the villa.
 - (iii) she had bought the villa for more than it was worth.
 - (iv) the villa was too close to the film studios.

(B) *'But your parents would take possession of it, every year from the beginning of spring until the end of September. What's more they would bring the whole tribe of your sister's children with them.'*

- (a) What does Gaston mean by 'take possession'?
- (i) her parents would stay with them for a long time.
 - (ii) Juliette's sister has many children.
 - (iii) Gaston does not like children.
 - (iv) Juliette's sister's children are badly behaved.

(C) *'While you were upstairs, I have been thinking a lot about your Papa and Mamma.'*

- (a) What is the discrepancy between what Gaston said earlier and what he says now?
- (i) Earlier he did not want Juliette's parents to stay with them but now he is showing concern for them.
 - (ii) Earlier he wanted Juliette's parents to stay with them but now he does not want them to come over.
 - (iii) Earlier he wanted to buy a house for them but now he wants them to come and stay in their villa.
 - (iv) Earlier he stayed in Juliette's parents' villa but now he wants them to stay with him and Juliette.



(b) What does the above statement reveal about Gaston's character?

- (i) he is selfish.
- (ii) he is an opportunist.
- (iii) he is a caring person.
- (iv) he is a hypocrite.

7. **Select words from the box to describe the characters in the play as revealed by the following lines. You may take the words from the box given on the next page.**

	Lines from the Play	Speaker	Quality revealed
a.	<i>One hundred thousand francs if necessary and that's only twice what it cost me.</i>		greedy
b.	<i>If you don't want the house, tell me so at once and we'll say no more about it.</i>		
c.	<i>No! I am very fond of your family, but not quite so fond as that.</i>	Gaston	
d.	<i>Quite so. I have, but you haven't.</i>		
e.	<i>I have never cared such a damned little about anybody's opinion.</i>		
f.	<i>On the principle of people who like children and haven't any can always go and live near a school.</i>		
g.	<i>The garden is not very large, but you see, it is surrounded by other gardens.</i>	Juliette	
h.	<i>I will be philanthropic and let you have it for two hundred thousand.</i>		
i.	<i>I have been thinking a lot about your Papa and Mamma. You see, I am really unselfish.</i>		clever



cunning, clever, witty, smart, innocent, humorous, haughty, overbearing, critical, domineering, disapproving, materialistic, dishonest, practical, greedy, cruel, boastful.

LISTENING TASK

8. *Listen carefully to the description of a villa on sale. Based on the information, draw the sketch of the Villa being described.*
9. *You are JEANNE. After coming home you realize that the Villa was not actually bought and your husband has fooled both you and the landlady of the Villa. You are filled with rage, disgust and helplessness because of your husband's betrayal. Write your feelings in the form of a diary entry.*
10. *Now dramatise the play. Form groups of eight to ten students. Within each group, you will need to choose*
 - a director, who will be overall incharge of the group's presentation.
 - the cast, to play the various parts.
 - someone to be in charge of costumes.
 - someone to be in charge of props.
 - a prompter.

Within your groups, do ensure that you

- read both scenes, not just your part within one scene if you are acting.
- discuss and agree on the stage directions.
- read and discuss characterization.
- hold regular rehearsals before the actual presentation.

Staging

The stage can be very simple, with exits on either side representing doors to the outside and to the rest of the house respectively.

Drama

14 UNIT

D.2 The Bishop's Candlesticks

by Norman McKinnell

Discuss in groups

1. What would you do in the following situations? Give reasons for your answer

- If you were travelling by bus and you saw someone pick another passenger's pocket.
- If you found a wallet on the road.
- If you were in a shop and you saw a well-dressed lady shoplifting.
- If your best friend is getting involved with an undesirable set of friends.
- If you were in school and you saw one of your class-mates steal another child's pen.

2. Imagine a child has been caught stealing in school. In groups of eight play the roles of

- The child caught stealing
- The child she/he stole from
- The teacher
- The headmaster
- The witnesses

Try to find the reason why the child stole and the possible advice you can give her/him. Should the child be punished? Or should she/he be counselled?

CHARACTERS

The Bishop

The Convict

Persome, the Bishop's sister

Marie

Sergeant of **Gendarmes**



3. Read the play as a whole class with different children reading different parts.

*SCENE : The kitchen of the Bishop's cottage, It is plainly but substantially furnished. Doors R, and L and L.C. Window R.C. Fireplace with heavy mantelpiece down R. Oak **settee** with cushions behind door L.C. Table in window R.C. with writing materials and **crucifix** (wood). Eight-day clock R. of window. Kitchen dresser with cupboard to lock, down L. Oak dinner table R.C. Chairs, books, etc. Winter wood scene without. On the mantel piece are two very handsome **candlesticks** which look strangely out of place with their surroundings.*

[Marie and Persome discovered. Marie stirring some soup on the fire. Persome laying the cloth, etc.]

Persome: Marie, isn't the soup boiling yet ?

Marie: Not yet, madam.

Persome: Well, it ought to be. You haven't tended the fire properly, child.

Marie: But, madam, you yourself made the fire up.

Persome: Don't answer me back like that. It is rude.

Marie: Yes, madam.

Persome: Then don't let me have to rebuke you again.

Marie: No, madam.

Persome: I wonder where my brother can be. (Looking at the clock.) It is after eleven o'clock and no sign of him. Marie !

Marie: Yes, madam.

Persome: Did **Monseigneur** the Bishop leave any message for me ?

Marie: No, madam.

Persome: Did he tell you where he was going?

Marie: Yes, madam.

Persome (imitating): 'Yes, madam'. Then why haven't you told me, stupid!

Marie: Madam didn't ask me.

Persome: But that is no reason for your not telling me, is it ?

Marie: Madam said only this morning I was not to chatter, so I thought...

settee : seat with high back

crucifix : image of Jesus on the cross

candlesticks: a holder made of metal in which a candle stands

Monseigneur: My Lord (a title of respect given to a person of high rank)



Persome: Ah, **Mon Dieu!** You thought! Ah! It is hopeless.

Marie: Yes, madam.

Persome: Don't keep saying 'Yes, Madam' like a parrot, **nincompoop.**

Marie: No, madam.

Persome: Well. Where did Monseigneur say he was going?

Marie: To my mother's, madam.

Persome: To your mother's indeed ! And why, pray ?

Marie. Monseigneur asked me how she was, and I told him she was **feeling poorly.**

Persome : You told him she was feeling poorly did you? And so my brother is to be kept out of his bed, and go without his supper because you told him she was feeling poorly. There's gratitude for you!

Marie: Madam, the soup is boiling!

Persome: Then pour it out, fool, and don't chatter. (*Marie about to do so.*) No, no, not like that. Here, let me do it, and do you put the **salt-cellars** on the table-the silver ones.

Marie: The silver ones, Madam?

Persome: Yes, the silver ones. Are you deaf as well as stupid?

Marie: They are sold, madam.

Persome: Sold! (*with horror*) Sold! Are you mad? Who sold them? Why were they sold?

Marie: Monseigneur the Bishop told me this afternoon, while you were out, to take them to Monseigneur Gervais, who has often admired them, and sell them for as much as I could.

Persome: But you had no right to do so without asking me.

Marie (*with awe*): But, madam, Monseigneur the Bishop told me.

Persome: Monseigneur the Bishop is a-ahem! But-but what can he have wanted with the money!

Marie: Pardon, madam, but I think it was for **Mere Gringoire.**

Mon Dieu : (French) My God

nincompoop : idiot; fool

feeling poorly : felt unwell; was not feeling well.

salt-cellars: containers to shake out salt and pepper kept on the dining table.

Mere: Mother (pronounced mair)

Gringoire: pronounced Grin-go-ah



Persome: Mere Gringoire indeed! Mere Gringoire! What, the old witch who lives at the top of the hill, and who says she is bedridden because she is too lazy to do any work? And what did Mere Gringoire want with the money, pray ?

Marie: Madam, it was for the rent. The **bailiff** would not wait any longer, and threatened to turn her out to-day if it were not paid, so she sent little Jean to Monseigneur to ask for help, and-

Persome: Oh, mon Dieu! It is hopeless, hopeless. We shall have nothing left. His estate is sold, his savings have gone. His furniture, everything. Were it not for my little **dot** we should starve ! And now my beautiful-beautiful (*sob*) salt-cellars. Ah, it is too much, too much. (*She breaks down crying.*)

Marie: Madam, I am sorry, if I had known-

Persome: Sorry, and why pray? If Monseigneur the Bishop chooses to sell his salt-cellars he may do so, I suppose. Go and wash your hands, they are disgracefully dirty.

Marie: Yes, madam (*going towards R.*)

*[Enter the **Bishop**, C.]*

Bishop: Ah! how nice and warm it is in here! It is worth going out in the cold for the sake of the comfort of coming in.

[Persome has hastened to help him off with his coat etc. Marie has dropped a deep courtesy.]

Bishop: Thank you, dear. (*Looking at her.*) Why, what is the matter ? You have been crying. Has Marie been troublesome, eh ? (*shaking his finger at her*) Ah !

Persome: No, it wasn't Marie-but-but-

Bishop: Well, well, you shall tell me **presently**! Marie, my child, run home now; your mother is better. I have prayed with her, and the doctor has been. Run home! (*Marie putting on cloak and going.*) And, Marie, let yourself in quietly in case your mother is asleep.

Marie: Oh, thanks, thanks, Monseigneur.

[She goes to door C. ; as it opens the snow drives in.]

Bishop: Here, Marie, take my **comforter**, it will keep you warm. It is very cold to-night.

Marie: Oh, no Monseigneur ! (*shamefacedly*).

bailiff : an officer of the court.

dot: dowry

presently: shortly; soon

comforter: muffler

Persome: What nonsense, brother, she is young, she won't hurt.

Bishop: Ah, Persome, you have not been out, you don't know how cold it has become. Here, Marie, let me put it on for you. *(Does so)* There! Run along little one. *[Exit Marie, C.]*

Persome: Brother, I have no patience with you. There, sit down and take your soup, it has been waiting ever so long. And if it is spoilt, it serves you right.

Bishop: It smells delicious.

Persome: I'm sure Marie's mother is not so ill that you need have stayed out on such a night as this. I believe those people pretend to be ill just to have the Bishop call on them. They have no thought of the Bishop!

Bishop: It is kind of them to want to see me.

Persome: Well, for my part, I believe that charity begins at home.

Bishop: And so you make me this delicious soup. You are very good to me, sister.

Persome: Good to you, yes! I should think so. I should like to know where you would be without me to look after you. The **dupe** of every idle **scamp** or lying old woman in the **parish**!

Bishop: If people lie to me they are poorer, not I.

Persome: But it is ridiculous; you will soon have nothing left. You give away everything, everything!!!

Bishop: My dear, there is so much suffering in the world, and I can do so little *(sighs)*, so very little.

Persome: Suffering, yes; but you never think of the suffering you cause to those who love you best, the suffering you cause to me.

Bishop (rising): You, sister dear ? Have I hurt you ? Ah, I remember you had been crying. Was it my fault ? I didn't mean to hurt you. I am sorry.

Persome: Sorry. Yes. Sorry won't mend it. Humph ! Oh, do go on eating your soup before it gets cold.

Bishop: Very well, dear. *(Sits.)* But tell me-

Persome: You are like a child. I can't trust you out of my sight. No sooner is my back turned than you get that little minx Marie to sell the silver salt-cellars.

Bishop: Ah, yes, the salt-cellars. It is a pity. You-you were proud of them ?

dupe: a person who is easily deceived

scamp: a rascal/vagabond

parish: an area with its own church



Persome: Proud of them. Why, they have been in our family for years.

Bishop: Yes, it is a pity. They were beautiful; but still, dear, one can eat salt out of china just as well.

Persome: Yes, or meat off the floor, I suppose. Oh, it's coming to that. And as for that old wretch, Mere Gringoire, I wonder she had the audacity to send here again. The last time I saw her I gave her such a talking to that it ought to have had some effect.

Bishop: Yes! I offered to take her in here for a day or two, but she seemed to think it might distress you.

Persome: Distress me !!!

Bishop: And the bailiff, who is a very just man, would not wait longer for the rent, so -so- you see I had to pay it.

Persome: You had to pay it. (*Gesture of comic despair.*)

Bishop: Yes, and you see I had no money so I had to dispose of the salt-cellars. It was fortunate I had them, wasn't it ? (*Smiling*) But I'm sorry I have grieved you.

Persome: Oh, go on! Go on! You are incorrigible. You'll sell your candlesticks next.

Bishop (*with real concern*): No, no, sister, not my candlesticks.

Persome: Oh! Why not ? They would pay somebody's rent, I suppose.

Bishop: Ah, you are good, sister, to think of that; but-but I don't want to sell them. You see, dear, my mother gave them to me on-on her death-bed just after you were born, and-and she asked me to keep them in remembrance of her, so I would like to keep them; but perhaps it is a sin to set such store by them ?

Persome: Brother, brother, you will break my heart (*with tears in her voice*). There! Don't say anything more. Kiss me and give me your blessing. I'm going to bed. (*They kiss.*)

[**Bishop** makes the sign of the Cross and murmurs a blessing. **Persome** locks cupboard door and goes R.]

Persome: Don't sit up too long and tire your eyes.

Bishop: No, dear! Good night!

[**Persome** exits R.]

Bishop (*comes to table and opens a book, then looks up at the candlesticks*). They would pay somebody's rent. It was kind of her to think of that.

*[He stirs the fire, trims the lamp, arranges some books and papers, sits down, is restless, shivers slightly ; clock outside strikes twelve and he settles to read. Music during this. Enter the **Convict** stealthily ; he has a long knife and seizes the **Bishop** from behind]*

Convict: If you call out you are a dead man !

Bishop: But, my friend, as you see, I am reading. Why should I call out? Can I help you in any way ?

Convict (*hoarsely*): I want food. I'm starving, I haven't eaten anything for three days. Give me food quickly, quickly, curse you.

Bishop (*eagerly*): But certainly, my son, you shall have food. I will ask my sister for the keys of the cupboard. *[Rising.]*

Convict: Sit down !!! (*The **Bishop** sits smiling.*) None of that, my friend! I'm too old a bird to be caught with **chaff**. You would ask your sister for the keys, would you ? A likely story! You would rouse the house too. Eh ? Ha!! ha! A good joke truly. Come, where is the food ? I want no keys. I have a **wolf** inside me tearing at my **entrails**, tearing me; quick, tell me; where the food is.

Bishop (*aside*): I wish Persome would not lock the cupboard. (*Aloud*) Come, my friend, you have nothing to fear. My sister and I are alone here.

Convict: How do I know that ?

Bishop : Why, I have just told you.

*[**Convict** looks long at the **Bishop**.]*

Convict: Humph! I'll risk it. (***Bishop**, going to door R.*) But mind! Play me false and as sure as there are devils in hell, I'll drive my knife through your heart. I have nothing to lose.

Bishop: You have your soul to lose, my son; it is of more value than my heart. (*At door R., calling.*) **Persome! Persome!**

*[The **Convict** stands behind him, with his knife ready.]*

Persome (*within*): Yes, brother.

Bishop: Here is a poor traveller who is hungry. If you are not undressed will you come and open the cupboard and I will give him some supper.



Persome (*within*). What, at this time of night ? A pretty business truly. Are we to have no sleep now, but **to be at the beck and call of** every **ne'er-do-well** who happens to pass?

Bishop: But, Persome, the traveller is hungry.

Perome. Oh, very well. I am coming. (**Persome** enters R. *She sees the knife in the Convict's hand.*) (*Frightened*) Brother, what is he doing with that knife?

Bishop: The knife-oh, well, you see, dear, perhaps he may have thought that I-I had sold ours. *[Laughs gently.]*

Persome: Brother, I am frightened. He glares at us like a wild beast (*aside to him*).

Convict: Hurry, I tell you. Give me food or I'll stick my knife in you both and help myself.

Bishop: Give me the keys, Persome (she gives them to him). And now, dear, you may go to bed.

[Persome going. The Convict springs in front of her.]

Convict : Stop! Neither of you leave this room till I do.

[She looks at the Bishop.]

Bishop: Persome, will you favour this gentleman with your company at supper ? He evidently desires it.

Persome: Very well, brother.

[She sits down at table staring at the two.]

Bishop: Here is some cold pie and a bottle of wine and some bread.

Convict: Put them on the table, and stand below it so that I can see you.

[Bishop does so and opens drawer in table, taking out knife and fork, looking at the knife in Convict's hand.]

Convict: My knife is sharp. (*He runs his finger along the edge and looks at them meaningly.*) And as for forks.... (*taking it up*) (*laughs*) Steel! (*He throws it away*). We don't use forks in prison.

Persome: Prison ?

Convict: (*Cutting off an enormous slice, which he tears with his fingers like an animal. Then starts*) What was that ? (*He looks at the door.*) Why the devil do you leave the window unshuttered and the door unbarred so that anyone can come in ? (*shutting them.*)

to be at the beck and call of: to obey
ne'er-do-well: a good for nothing



Bishop: That is why they are left open.

Convict: Well, they are shut now !

Bishop (*sighs*): For the first time in thirty years.

[Convict eats voraciously and throws a bone on the floor.]

Persome: Oh, my nice clean floor!

[Bishop picks up the bone and puts it on plate.]

Convict: You're not afraid of thieves?

Bishop: I am sorry for them.

Convict: Sorry for them. Ha ! ha ! ha!

(Drinks from bottle,) That's a good one. Sorry for them. Ha! ha! ha! *(Drinks suddenly)* What the devil are you ?

Bishop: I am a bishop.

Convict: Ha! ha ! ha ! A Bishop: Holy **Virgin**, a bishop.

Bishop: I hope you may escape that, my son. Persome, you may leave us; this gentleman will excuse you.

Persome: Leave you with-

Bishop: Please! My friend and I can talk more-freely then.

[By this time, owing to his starving condition, the wine has affected the Convict:]

Convict: What's that ? Leave us. Yes, yes, leave us. Good night. I want to talk to the Bishop, The Bishop: Ha! ha!

[Laughs as he drinks, and coughs.]

Bishop: Good night, Persome:

[He holds the door open and she goes out R., holding in her skirts as she passes the Convict:]

Convict (*chuckling to himself*): The Bishop: Ha ! ha ! Well I'm-*(Suddenly very loudly)* D'you know what I am ?

Bishop: I think one who has suffered much.

Convict: Suffer ? *(puzzled)* suffered? My God, yes. *(Drinks)* But that's a long time ago. Ha! ha! That was when I was a man. Now I'm not a man; now I'm a number; number 15729, and I've lived in Hell for ten years.



Bishop. Tell me about it-about Hell.

Convict: Why? (*Suspiciously*) Do you want to tell the police-to set them on my track ?

Bishop: No! I will not tell the police.

Convict: (*looks at him earnestly*). I believe you (*scratching his head*), but damn me if I know why.

Bishop. (*laying his hand on the **Convict's** arm*). Tell me about the time-the time before you went to-Hell.

Convict: It's so long ago I forget; but I had a little cottage, there were vines growing on it. (*Dreamily*) They looked pretty with the evening sun on them, and, and-there was a woman- she was (*thinking hard*)-she must have been my wife-yes. (*Suddenly and very rapidly*). Yes, I remember! She was ill, we had no food, I could get no work, it was a bad year, and my wife, my Jeanette, was ill, dying (*pause*), so I stole to buy her food. (*Long pause. The Bishop gently pats his hand.*) They caught me. I pleaded to them, I told them why I stole, but they laughed at me, and I was, sentenced to ten years in the **prison hulks** (*pause*), ten years in Hell. The night I was sentenced, the gaoler told me-told me Jeanette was dead. (*Sobs with fury*) Ah, damn them, damn them. God curse them all.

[He sinks on the table, sobbing.]

Bishop: Now tell me about the prison ship, about Hell.

Convict: Tell you about it ? Look here, I was a man once. I'm a beast now, and they made me what I am. They chained me up like a wild animal, they lashed me like a hound. I fed on filth, I was covered, with vermin, I slept on boards, and I complained. Then they lashed me again. For ten years, ten years. Oh God! They took away my name, they took away my soul, and they gave me a devil in its place. But one day they were careless, one day they forgot to chain up their wild beast, and he escaped. He was free. That was six weeks ago. I was free, free to starve.

Bishop: To starve ?

Convict: Yes, to starve. They feed you in Hell, but when you escape from it you starve. They were hunting me everywhere and I had no passport, no name. So I stole again. I stole these rags. I stole my food daily. I slept in the woods, in barns, any where. I dare not ask for work, I dare not go into a town to beg, so I stole, and they have made me what I am, they have made me a thief. God curse them all.

[Empties the bottle and throws it into the fire-place R., smashing it.]

prison hulks: ships used as a prison houses



- Bishop:** My son, you have suffered much but there is hope for all.
- Convict:** Hope ! Hope ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! *[Laughs wildly.]*
- Bishop:** You have walked far; you are tired. Lie down and sleep on the couch there, and I will get you some coverings.
- Convict:** And if anyone comes ?
- Bishop:** No one will come; but if they do are you not my friend ?
- Convict:** Your friend ? *(puzzled)*
- Bishop:** They will not molest the Bishop's friend.
- Convict:** The Bishop's friend.
- [Scratching his head, utterly puzzled]*
- Bishop:** I will get the coverings. *[Exit L.]*
- Convict:** *(looks after him, scratches his head)* The Bishop's friend! *(He goes to fire to warm himself and notices the candlesticks, He looks round to see if he is alone, and takes them down, weighing them.)* Silver, by God, heavy. What a prize!
- [He hears the Bishop coming, and in his haste drops one candlestick on the table.]*
- [Enter the Bishop]*
- Bishop:** *(sees what is going on, but goes to the settee up L. with coverings.)* Ah, you are admiring my candlesticks. I am proud of them. They were a gift from my mother. A little too handsome for this poor cottage perhaps, but all I have to remind me of her. Your bed is ready. Will you lie down now ?
- Convict:** Yes, yes, I'll lie down now. *(puzzled)* -Look-here, why the devil are you-ki- kind to me? *(Suspiciously)*. What do you want? Eh?
- Bishop:** I want you to have a good sleep, my friend.
- Convict:** I believe you want to convert me; save my soul, don't you call it? Well, it's no good-see? I don't want any damned religion, and as for the Church-bah! I hate the Church.
- Bishop:** That is a pity, my son, as the Church does not hate you.
- Convict:** You are going to try to convert me. Oh! Ha! ha! That's a good idea. Ha ! ha ! ha! No, no, Monseigneur the Bishop: I don't want any of your Faith, Hope, and Charity --see? So anything you do for me you're doing to the devil-understand? *(defiantly)*



Bishop: One must do a great deal for the devil in order to do a little for God.

Convict: (*angrily*). I don't want any damned religion, I tell you.

Bishop: Won't you lie down now? It is late?

Convict: (*grumbling*). Well, all right, but I won't be preached at, I-I- (*on couch*). You're sure no one will come?

Bishop: I don't think they will; but if they do-you yourself have locked the door.

Convict: Humph! I wonder if it's safe. (*He goes to the door and tries it, then turns and sees the **Bishop** holding the covering, annoyed*) Here! you go to bed. I'll cover myself. (*The **Bishop** hesitates.*) Go on, I tell you.

Bishop: Good night, my son. [Exit L.]

[**Convict** waits till he is off, then tries the Bishop's door.]

Convict: No lock, of course. Curse it. (*Looks round and sees the candlesticks again.*) Humph! I'll have another look at them. (*He takes them up and toys with them.*) Worth hundreds I'll warrant. If I had these turned into money they'd **start me fair**. Humph! The old boy's fond of them too, said his mother gave him them. His mother, yes. They didn't think of my mother when they sent me to Hell. He was kind to me too-but what's a Bishop for except to be kind to you? Here, cheer up, my hearty, you're getting soft. God! Wouldn't my chain-mates laugh to see 15729 hesitating about collaring the plunder because he felt good. Good! Ha ha! Oh, my God! Good! Ha! ha! 15729 getting soft. That's a good one. Ha! ha! No, I'll take his candlesticks and go. If I stay here he'll preach at me in the morning and I'll get soft. Damn him and his preaching too. Here goes!

[*He takes the candlesticks, stows them in his coat, and cautiously exits L.C. As he does so the door slams.*]

Persome (*without*): Who's there? Who's there, I say? Am I to get no sleep to-night? Who's there, I say? (*Enter R, **Persome***) I'm sure I heard the door shut. (*Looking round.*) No one here? (*Knocks at the **Bishop's** door L. Sees the candlesticks have gone.*) The candlesticks, the candlesticks. They are gone. Brother, brother, come out. Fire, murder, thieves!

[Enter **Bishop** L.]

Bishop: What is it, dear, what is it? What is the matter?

Persome: He has gone. The man with the hungry eyes has gone, and he has taken your candlesticks.



Bishop: Not my candlesticks, sister, surely not those. *(He looks and sighs.)* Ah, that is hard, very hard, I.....I-He might have left me those. They were all I had *(almost breaking down)*.

Persome: Well, but go and inform the police. He can't have gone far. They will soon catch him, and you'll get the candlesticks back again. You don't deserve them, though, leaving them about with a man like that in the house.

Bishop: You are right, Persome: It was my fault. I led him into temptation.

Persome: Oh, nonsense I led him into temptation indeed. The man is a thief, a common scoundrelly thief. I knew it the moment I saw. Go and inform the police or I will.

[Going ; but he stops her.]

Bishop: And have him sent back to prison, *(very softly)*, sent back to Hell. No Persome: It is a just punishment for me; I set too great store by them. It was a sin. My punishment is just; but, oh God, it is hard, it is very hard. *[He buries his head in his hands.]*

Persome: No, brother, you are wrong. If you won't tell the police, I will. I will not stand by and see you robbed. I know you are my brother and my Bishop, and the best man in all France; but you are a fool, I tell you, a child, and I will not have your goodness abused, I shall go and inform the police *(Going)*.

Bishop: Stop, Persome: The candlesticks were mine; they are his now. It is better, so. He has more need of them than I. My mother would have wished it so had she been here.

Persome: But-*[Great knocking without.]*

Sergeant *(without)*. Monseigneur, Monseigneur, we have something for you. May we enter ?

Bishop: Enter, my son.

*[Enter **Sergeant** and three **Gendarmes** with **Convict** bound. The **Sergeant** carries the candlesticks.]*

Persome: Ah, so they have caught you, villain, have they ?

Sergeant: Yes, madam, we found this scoundrel **slinking** along the road, and as he wouldn't give any account of himself we arrested him on suspicion. Holy Virgin, isn't he strong and didn't he struggle. While we were securing him these candlesticks fell out of his pockets. *(Persome seizes them, goes to table, and brushes them with her apron lovingly.)* I remembered the candlesticks of Monseigneur the Bishop, so we brought him here that you might identify them, and then we'll lock him up.



*[The **Bishop** and the **Convict** have been looking at each other-the **Convict** with **dogged** defiance.]*

Bishop: But - but I don't understand ; this gentleman is my very good friend.

Sergeant: Your friend, Monseigneur!! Holy Virgin ! Well!!!

Bishop: Yes, my friend. He did me the honour to sup with me to-night, and I-I have given him the candlesticks.

Sergeant (*incredulously*): You gave him-him your candlesticks ? Holy Virgin!

Bishop (*severely*): Remember, my son, that she is holy.

Sergeant (*saluting*): Pardon, Monseigneur.

Bishop: And now I think you may let your prisoner go.

Sergeant: But he won't show me his papers; he won't tell me who he is.

Bishop: I have told you he is my friend.

Sergeant: Yes, that's all very well, but-

Bishop: He is your Bishop's friend; surely that is enough.

Sergeant: Well, but

Bishop: Surely?

*[A pause. The **Sergeant** and the **Bishop** look at each other,]*

Sergeant: I-I-Humph! (*To his men*) Loose the prisoner. (*They do so*). Right about turn, quick march!

*[Exit **Sergeant** and **Gendarmes**. A long pause.]*

Convict: (*Very slowly, as if in a dream*). You told them you had given me the candlesticks - given me them. By God!

Persome: (*Shaking her fist at him and hugging the candlesticks to her breast*). Oh, you scoundrel, you pitiful scoundrel. You come here, and are fed and warmed, and-and you thief; steal from your benefactor. Oh, you blackguard.

Bishop: Persome, you are overwrought. Go to your room.

Persome: What, and leave you with him to be cheated again, perhaps murdered ? No, I will not.

Bishop: (*With slight severity*). Persome, leave us. I wish it. *[She looks hard at him, then turns towards her door.]*



Persome: Well, if I must go, at least I'll take the candlesticks with me.

Bishop: *(More severely)* Persome, place the candlesticks on that table and leave us.

Persome: *(Defiantly)*. I will not!

Bishop: *(Loudly and with great severity)*. I, your Bishop, command it.

[Persome does so with great reluctance and exits R.]

Convict: *(Shamefacedly)* Monseigneur, I'm glad I didn't get away with them; curse me, I am. I'm glad.

Bishop: Now won't you sleep here ? See, your bed is ready.

Convict: No! *(Looking at the candlesticks)* No ! no! I daren't, I daren't. Besides, I must go on, I must get to Paris; it is big, and I-I can be lost there. They won't find me there. And I must travel at night. Do you understand ?

Bishop: I see-you must travel by night.

Convict: I-I-didn't believe there was any good in the world; one doesn't when one has been in Hell; but somehow I-I-know you're good, and-and it's a queer thing to ask, but-could you, would you bless me before I go ? I-I think it would help me. I-

[Hangs his head very shamefacedly.]

[Bishop makes the sign of the Cross and murmurs a blessing.]

Convict: *(Tries to speak, but a sob almost chokes him)*. Good night.

[He hurries towards the door.]

Bishop: Stay, my son, you have forgotten your property *(giving him the candlesticks)*.

Convict: You mean me-you want me to take them ?

Bishop: Please ; they may help you. *(The Convict takes the candlesticks in absolute amazement.)* And, my son, there is a path through the woods at the back of this cottage which leads to Paris; it is a very lonely path and I have noticed that my good friends the gendarmes do not like lonely paths at night. It is curious.

Convict: Ah, thanks, thanks, Monseigneur. I-I-*(He sobs.)* Ah, I'm a fool, a child to cry, but somehow you have made me feel that-that it is just as if something had come into me- as if I were a man again and not a wild beast. *[The door at back is open, and the Convict is standing in it.]*

Bishop: *(Putting his hand on his shoulder)*. Always remember, my son, that this poor body is the Temple of the Living God.

Convict: *(With great awe)*. The Temple of the Living God. I'll remember.





[Exit L.C.]

[The **Bishop** closes the door and goes quietly to the **Prie-dieu** in the window R., he sinks on his knees and bows his head in prayer.]

Slow Curtain

prie-dieu: kneeling desk for use in prayer



About the Writer

Norman Mckinnell (1870-1932) was an actor and a dramatist, As a playwright he is known for the play, 'The Bishop's Candlesticks' which is an adaptation of a section of Victor Hugo's "**Les Miserables**". The play, which is very popular, is based on the theme that love and kindness can change a man rather than violence. The play is about a convict who breaks into the Bishop's house and is clothed and warmed. The benevolence of the Bishop somewhat softens the convict, but, when he sees the silver candlesticks, he steals them. He is captured and brought back. He expects to go back to jail, but the Bishop informs the police they are a gift. The act of the Bishop reforms the convict to a belief in the spirit of God that dwells in the heart of every human being.

4. Copy and complete the following paragraph about the theme of the play in pairs.

The play deals with a _____ and _____ Bishop who is always ready to lend a _____ hand to anyone in distress. A _____ breaks into the Bishop's house and is _____ and warmed. The benevolence of the Bishop somewhat _____ the convict, but, when he sees the silver candlesticks, he _____ them, and runs away. However, he is _____ and brought back. He expects to go back to jail, but the Bishop informs the police they are a _____. The convict is _____ by this kindness of the Bishop and before he leaves he seeks the priest's blessing.

5. (a) Working in pairs give antonyms of the following words

kind- hearted	unscrupulous	forgiving	stern	benevolent
credulous	generous	pious	suspicious	sympathetic
understanding	wild	innocent	penitent	clever
brutal	cunning	caring	sentimental	trusting
protective	concerned	honourable	embittered	



(b) Select words from the above box to describe the characters in the play as revealed by the following lines from the play.

	Lines from the play	Speaker	Quality revealed
1.	"You told him she was feeling poorly, did you? And so my brother is to be kept out of bed, and go without his supper because you told him she was feeling poorly."		
2. "take my comforter, it will keep you warm."		
3.	"If people lie to me they are poorer, not I."		
4.	"You are like a child. I can't trust you out of my sight. No sooner my back is turned than you get that minx Marie to sell the silver salt-cellar"		
5.	"My dear there is so much suffering in the world, and I can do so very little."		
6.	"My mother gave them to me on - on her death bed just after you were born, andand she asked me to keep them in remembrance of her, so I would like to keep them."		
7.	"I am too old a bird to be caught with chaff."		
8.	"You have your soul to lose, my son."		
9.	"Give me food or I'll stick my knife in you both and help myself."		
10.	"... they have made me what I am, they have made me a thief. God curse them all."		



11.	<i>"Why the devil are you kind to me? What do you want?"</i>		
12.	<i>"I - I - didn't believe there was any good in the world. . .but somehow I - I - know you're good, and - and it's a queer thing to ask, but could you, would you bless me before I go?"</i>		

6. Answer the following questions briefly

- Do you think the Bishop was right in selling the salt-cellars? Why/ Why not?
- Why does Persome feel the people pretend to be sick?
- Who was Jeanette? What was the cause of her death?
- The convict says, *"I am too old a bird to be caught with chaff."* What does he mean by this statement?
- Why was the convict sent to prison? What was the punishment given to him?
- Do you think the punishment given to the convict was justified? Why/ Why not? Why is the convict eager to reach Paris?
- Before leaving, the convict asks the Bishop to bless him. What brought about this change in him?

7. Read the following extract and answer the questions that follow by choosing the correct options.

(A) *Monseigneur, the Bishop is a ... a hem!*

- Why does Persome not complete the sentence?
 - she used to stammer while speaking.
 - she was about to praise the Bishop.
 - she did not wish to criticise the Bishop in front of Marie.
 - she had a habit of passing such remarks.
- Why is she angry with the Bishop?
 - the Bishop has sold her salt-cellars.
 - the Bishop has gone to visit Mere Gringoire.
 - he showed extra concern for Marie.
 - she disliked the Bishop.



- (B) *She sent little Jean to Monseigneur to ask for help.*
- (a) Who sent little Jean to the Bishop?
- (i) Mere Gringoire
 - (ii) Marie
 - (iii) Persome
 - (iv) Marie's mother
- (b) Why did she send Jean to the Bishop?
- (i) so that he could pray for her.
 - (ii) as she knew that he was a generous person.
 - (iii) as she was a greedy woman.
 - (iv) as she was a poor woman.
- (C) *I offered to take her in here for a day or two, but she seemed to think it might distress you.*
- (a) The Bishop wanted to take Mere Gringoire in because _____.
- (i) she was sick.
 - (ii) she had no money.
 - (iii) she was unable to pay the rent of her house.
 - (iv) she was a close friend of Persome.
- (b) Persome would be distressed on Mere Gringoire's being taken in because _____.
- (i) she did not want to help anyone.
 - (ii) she felt that Mere Gringoire was taking undue advantage of the Bishop.
 - (iii) she was a self-centred person.
 - (iv) she would be put to a great deal of inconvenience.

8. ***The term irony refers to a discrepancy, or disagreement, of some sort. The discrepancy can be between what someone says and what he or she really means or verbal irony. The discrepancy can be between a situation that one would logically anticipate or that would seem appropriate and the situation that actually develops or situational irony. The discrepancy can even be between the facts known to a character and the facts known to us, the readers or audience or dramatic irony.***



Working in groups of four complete the following table. Find instances of irony from the play and justify them.

Extract	Justification
<p><i>I believe you want to convert me; save my soul, don't you call it? Well, it's no good ----- see? I don't want any damned religion.</i></p> <p>• _____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>• _____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p>	<p>Later, the convict says, "it's a queer thing to ask, but - could you, would you bless me before I go."</p> <p>• _____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>• _____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p>
<p><i>'Why the devil do you leave the window unshuttered and the door unbarred so that anyone can come in?'</i></p> <p>• _____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>• _____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p>	<p>If the door had been barred the convict couldn't have entered the house.</p> <p>• _____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>• _____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p>
<p><i>My mother gave them to me on -- on her death bed just after you were born, and --- and she asked me to keep them in remembrance of her, so I would like to keep them.</i></p> <p>• _____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>• _____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p>	<p>Later he hands the convict the candlesticks and tells him to start a new life.</p> <p>• _____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>• _____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p>



9. *Identify the situations which be termed as the turning points in the convict's life?*
10. *The convict is the product of the society he lived in, both, in terms of the suffering that led him to steal a loaf of bread, as well as the excessive sentence he received as punishment for his "crime". He was imprisoned for stealing money to buy food for his sick wife, this filled him with despair, hopelessness, bitterness and anger at the injustice of it all.*

Conduct a debate in the class (in groups) on the following topic. Instruction for conducting a debate (and the use of appropriate language) are given in the unit "Children" of the Main Course Book.

'Criminals are wicked and deserve punishment'

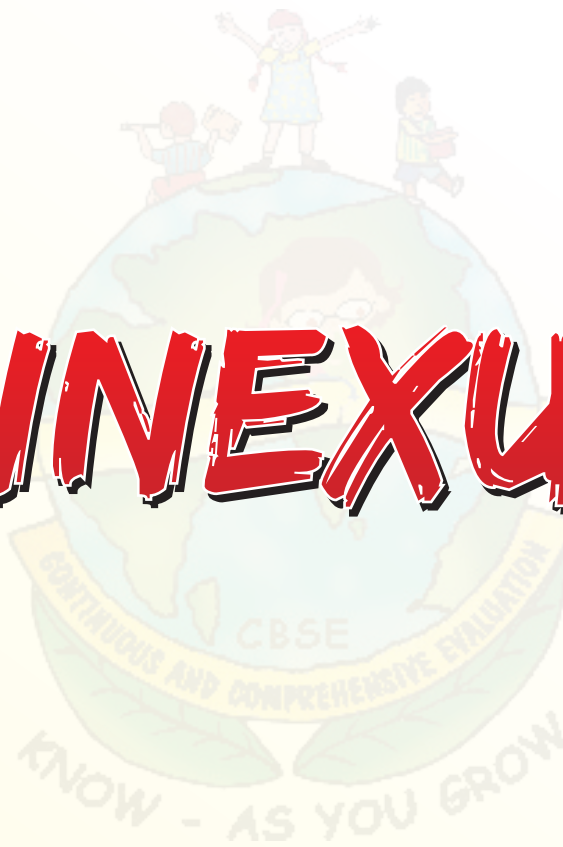
11. *The Convict goes to Paris, sells the silver candlesticks and starts a business. The business prospers and he starts a reformatory for ex-convicts. He writes a letter to the Bishop telling him of this reformatory and seeks his blessings.*

As the convict, Jean Valjean, write the letter to the Bishop.

12. *The play is based on an incident in novelist victor Hugo's 'Les Miserables.' You may want to read the novel to get a better idea of the socio-economic conditions of the times and how people lived. Another novel that may interest you is Charles Dickens 'A Tale of Two Cities.'*

Divide yourselves into two groups in the class and read a book each. Later you may want to share your views of the book each group selected. Select an incident from the novel to dramatise and present before the class.

ANNEXURE



Text for Listening Tasks

F.1 How I Taught My Grandmother to Read, by Sudha Murthy

7. *Now you are going to listen to the story of a young girl about a special day.*

One day our teacher announced that there was a surprise awaiting us the next day. We were asked to get whatever little pocket money we could.

The next day our teacher said, 'Today is 'Grand Parents Day' and you all will be meeting many grandparents who have no family with them. Yes, we were going to an Old Age Home. On the way we bought a nice big Cake, Chart Paper and Balloons. We all entered an old, big building. Later we were taken into a Hall and were allowed to decorate it.

We blew balloons and hung them around the hall. We cut out Chart Papers, wrote quotes, drew pictures and stuck them on the wall. Then came in all the grey haired sweethearts, some alone some couples, some in groups. They all got themselves seated on the chairs.

Then it was our turn. Robert, who was a good speaker, greeted them and told them that we had come along to make their day a little special. We all gathered in front and started singing songs for them. Most of the people were Single Grandparents whose spouses had expired. The other few were couples; many of them were smiling and singing along too. But there were few, who sat without any expression. While some of us sang the others sat beside them and spoke to them.

Two of us cut the cake into several pieces to be distributed. But we were informed by the caretaker that there were diabetic people amongst them and they couldn't have sweet. But we coaxed him so much that he eventually agreed. We distributed the cakes to everybody. Most of them had sparkling eyes and were so excited on seeing the forbidden delicacy. Many of them almost missed their grand children. One of them told me that her son was in the U.S. and found it difficult to look after her, so left her at this Home.

While returning home we realized that our grandparents spend an old age of loneliness and insecurity. They spend their second childhood in their old age. Most of the ones in old age Homes do not complain. It is left to us to decide how happy their old age can be. We do not need any special day to make them feel their worth. If you have never told them how much you love them, say it before it's too late.



F.2 A Dog Named Duke, by William D. Ellis

8. *Listen to an excerpt from a news telecast on a national channel carefully and complete the table given below.*

Brave Hearts

Manish Bansal of Jind in Haryana, who along with his older brother helped nab armed miscreants who had broken into their home, and Kritika Jhanwar of Rajasthan who also fought off robbers are among the 20 who will be hosted by President Pratibha Patil at a reception in Rashtrapati Bhavan. As part of the awards, financial assistance under the Indira Gandhi Scholarship Scheme is provided to those undertaking professional courses. For others, this assistance is provided till they complete their graduation. The centre has reserved some seats for awardees in medical and engineering colleges and polytechnics.

A 12-year-old boy who played a vital role in identifying the terrorists who planted bombs in Delhi, a 13-year-old who saved lives by raising an alarm over a faulty railway track, and a 14-year-old who dodged marriage to a 40-year-old are among the 20 children chosen to receive the National Bravery Awards for 2008.

The names of these brave-hearts, who will be felicitated by the Prime Minister later this month, were announced by the Indian Council for Child Welfare's President, Gita Siddharth, here on Saturday.

The prestigious Sanjay Chopra and Geeta Chopra Awards have gone to young saumik Mishra from Uttar Pradesh, who foiled a theft attempt, and Prachi Santosh Sen of Madhya Pradesh, who saved four children from electrocution. Prachi, however, was grievously injured and had her fingers amputated.

Kavita Kanwar from Chhattisgarh gets the Bapu Gaidhani Award posthumously. Along with Seema Kanwar, Kavita had saved the lives of three inmates who were caught in a kitchen fire in the Adivasi Kanya Ashram.

Asu Kanwar of Jodhpur in Rajasthan was also selected for the Bapu Gaidhani Award. Asu put up a stiff fight against being married off to a 40-year-old farmer in exchange for money. The girl opposed the match for two years and was finally saved by the intervention of a self-help group that in turn approached the District Women Development Agency to get the wedding called off.

Balloon seller Rahul, who hit the headlines after he identified the men who planted bombs on Barakhamba Road in the national Capital on September 13 last year, was awarded for his exemplary courage. Rahul, a prime eyewitness to the blasts, provided vital information about the suspects to the police. His statement helped the police make sketches of the suspects.



M. Marudu Pandi of Dindigul in Tamil Nadu was chosen for the honour for showing presence of mind and alerting railway officials about a fracture in the rail track and averting an accident.

Six-year-old twins from Bangalore, Gagan and Bhoomika J. Murthy, were rewarded for saving the life of a baby caught in a bull fight. The children, unmindful of the threat to their own lives, rescued the baby even as the crowds watched the bull fight.

Silver Kharbani of Meghalaya, who saved the life of her young cousin trapped in a fire, will also be one of the 20 children who will get pride of place in the Republic Day Parade here on January 26 atop an elephant.

Yumkhaibam Addison Singh from Manipur was chosen for rescuing an eight-year-old from drowning in a pond, while Vishal Suryaji Patil from Maharashtra was awarded for rescuing a woman and her child from drowning. Shahanshah of Uttar Pradesh, Dinu K.G. of Kerala, Anita Kaura and Reena Kaura of West Bengal, Majjusha A of Kerala and Hina Quereshi of Rajasthan were also selected for saving people from drowning.



F.4 Keeping it from Harold, by P.G. Wodehouse

7. *IGN Interviews Kane*

Chris: Do you spend any of your free time playing Xbox Live?

Kane: Not so much online anymore, because I live in an area where I don't get broadband, I get satellite. I used to play Halo 2 and Ghost Recon online quite a bit.

Chris: What other games do you play?

Kane: Right now I'm playing THQ's Raw vs. Smackdown! 2006, our game on the PSP. I'm not actually playing all that much console stuff because I've been on the road quite a bit...

Chris: Do you always play as yourself?

Kane: Yeah.

Chris: Are you going to be at the Wrestlemania?

Kane: Oh yeah.

Chris: Do you know who you're going to face?

Kane: Not yet.

Chris: Seems to be back in the day, there used to be a lot of tag teams, especially back in the Eighties. It seems like that's fallen off. Why do you think that is?

Kane: I don't know. You're right, I think. I was watching a videotape of I'm not sure what year it was... I think it was Summer Slam. It was The Rock and Shawn Michaels and Marty Jannetty and stuff, The Quebecers. It was just different, because it was a tag team match and you don't see that much anymore. I don't know the reason for that. I just don't know. I think you're right to some extent.

Chris: When you were in college, were you always aspiring to be a wrestler?

Kane: Yeah. I remember when I was a kid, I was a wrestling fan, and then actually my local stations didn't broadcast it for awhile, and then when I got back into college that's when Hulk Hogan was at the height of his career, so I became a wrestling fan again. I was very active in college. I wanted to play athletics and then I looked at wrestling as being a viable option to do that.

Chris: Was Hogan the person who inspired you, or were there others?

Kane: Oh no. You had Hulk Hogan, Randy Savage, Ricky Steamboat, Ric Flair and the Four Horsemen, all those guys. Actually, when I was first getting into wrestling, the Undertaker was my favourite. Remember when he was building caskets for people and things like that. That was just classic... just awesome.

Chris: Did that play any role in being cast as his half-brother?



Kane: No, that didn't. But I think it did play a role in the success that Kane has had, especially the way that I was introduced as the Undertaker's brother and all that, because I could relate to that. It was pretty natural for me.

Chris: **How has the WWE changed in the past ten years?**

Kane: In some ways, we've gone through an evolution. Actually, the biggest thing I see, from when I first started with the company is that our television product—we've become more and more television driven, and our television products have become stronger. When I first started with the company, the format of the show was a lot different than it is now. A lot of that was because of competition from formerly WCW. You know, we were able to overcome that... I think our television product's stronger. We've gone on to some of the best years the business has ever seen and it'll continue. I think the striking thing for me is that the television product has gone through such an evolution.

Chris: **Are you happy with the way your character is shaping up?**

Kane: Yeah, I've always been happy. Infact, it's been tremendous; more than I can ever hope for.

Chris: **Were you scarier with the mask?**

Kane: I get that question all the time. Actually I prefer it without the mask because as a performer I'm unlimited in what I can do, whereas with the mask I rely a lot more on body language. But, by the same token, the mask had a certain aura about it, there was mystery and all that stuff. I like it without the mask, but like you said, a lot of people like the mask, so it just depends... Of course, there are days, too, where I like the mask better. [Laughter]

Chris: Bret Hart is being inducted into the Hall of Fame. What's your favourite Bret Hart memory?

Kane: Oh wow! I guess it would be the culmination when he beat Ric Flair for the World Championship, because that's the accumulation of someone's career. I'm glad to see Bret going into the Hall of Fame; I'm glad to see that happening.

Chris: **With everything you've done in the world of wrestling, what more do you think you have left to accomplish?**

Kane: I don't think I have anything left to accomplish, but the important thing for me is that I'm still having fun and that the people are entertained, and it's really gratifying for me now that our fans come up to me, and because I've stood the test of time, they have a respect for me. I may not be the hottest wrestler at the time, but I always know that people are going to be with me because they've sort of grown up with me. So, I don't necessarily know that I've got a whole lot left to accomplish, but I'm still enjoying myself and I'm still entertaining the people, which to me is something basically you need to accomplish every night.



F.5 Best Seller, by O. Henry

LISTENING TASK

4. *The teacher will read out a book review to you. Pay careful attention and answer the questions given below*

- a. The name of the book.
- b. Number in book series
- c. Genre
- d. Main characters
- e. Plot.....
- f. Events
- g. Language

I confess to not (yet) having read the first "*Harry Potter*" book, '*Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone*', and so I can say with certainty that it is not necessary to read that book in order to fully enjoy the second one. This book has sturdy enough legs to more than ably stand on its own. It is a book filled with the writer's imagination, so much so that it cannot help but in turn spur the imagination of the young who read it. I enjoyed it as an adult but found myself wondering how much more I would enjoy it if I was as old as its "*target*" audience. Perhaps much more. I recall reading (and being enraptured by) the old "*Wizard of Oz*" books by L. Frank Baum (there are many, not just one), feeling that I was right there in Oz beside all the wonderful characters, sharing fully in their adventures. There's no doubt that the youngsters reading *Harry Potter* feel that they, too, are walking the halls of Hogwarts (Harry's school) beside him. I'm a bit jealous of that power of young imagination, much of which we shed as we get older.

'*Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets*' opens with Harry pining for the end of summer recess so that he can return to Hogwarts. It is there where his friends are, and it is there that he is happy. There is no happiness in the home in which he lives with his uncle and aunt, the Dursleys, where he is in general looked down upon and mistreated. Harry's own parents are deceased and he has been taken in by his uncle and aunt, who treat him as a second-rate citizen, shades of Cinderella. They might even treat him worse than they do except that they fear his powers of magic.

There is as much humour in '*Chamber of Secrets*' as there is imagination. Harry is told by his uncle (on Harry's birthday no less) to go to his room and there remain perfectly quiet while the Dursleys entertain some guests. While in his room, Harry is visited by Dobby, an elf-like creature who warns Harry not to return to Hogwarts as danger awaits everyone there.



Dobby, not the quiet type, begins to make a racket, much to Harry's profound dismay. Harry attempts (and fails) to keep him quiet. Needless to say, the Dursleys are ultimately not happy with Harry as much (humorous) destruction occurs.

With Dobby's warning to Harry that danger awaits him in Hogwarts, the book becomes as much a mystery as a fantasy. Once in school again, there are signs (literally scrawled messages on the wall) that the Chamber of secrets will again be opened and the evil contained therein again set loose. Children are later frozen (shades of Medusa) and very nearly killed by something unseen crawling the halls of the school. It is up to Harry and his friends, Ron and Hermione, to discover what it is and to stop it.

As with most good mysteries, the culprit is a surprise. The battle that occurs in the hidden chamber of secrets at the end is quite intense and might be extremely frightening to sensitive (and younger) children. It feels almost as though Stephen King donated a few lethal paragraphs to the book's ending. Still, the "classic" fairytales have children almost eaten by wolves or thrown into ovens to be cooked and so it could be said that J.K. Rowling is merely returning to the classic form of children's storytelling. But for those parents who might not want their children to read such intense scenes, be forewarned.

Along the way, there are enough surprises and imaginative details thrown in as would normally fill five lesser books. There is the magic way Harry is supposed to travel to school (on the subway platform) and then, when he fails to make his train, the adventure with the flying car, culminating with the Whomping Willow's distress. The subjects of portraits on the walls in Hogwarts now and then disappear to have their hair done or spruce themselves up in some other way. One ghost haunts nothing else but a girl's bathroom in the school, and a wonderful diary that can write back to you as you make entries - like having a friend in your pocket, as one character says. A broken wand creates (inadvertently) many incorrect (and funny) circumstances as magic spells backfire, and one egotistical teacher's lack of talent quite often does the same. There is the magic of "Floo powder," by which a wizard can travel anywhere through the fireplaces of buildings as long as one states the destination clearly (if not, who knows where you'll end up, what hearth you'll tumble out of?) and clocks that have no numbers but rather say things like: "time to make tea" or simply "you're late". It is all of the details (those mentioned here and many more) that truly make 'Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets' a wonderful book, a book that is a pleasure for adults to read but which will for a child prove to be a true and memorable joy.



P.6 Oh, I Wish I'd Looked After Me Teeth, by Pam Ayres

6. *Listen to the Conversation between Doki and his sister, Moki. As you listen, complete the idioms listed below.*

Toothache

Doki : Oh! I'm in agony. I didn't sleep a wink last night!

Moki : Why don't you go to a dentist?

Doki : Even thinking about the dentist's waiting room gives me the willies.

Moki : It's because you haven't been to a dentist for ages.

Doki: What a reassuring person you are!

Moki : I'm now going to get mum. She'll only crack the whip and make you go to the dentist.

Doki: No, No! I'd better go with you. At least you'd save me from going into the surgery.

Moki : I can only take the horse to the water but I can't make it drink! I'm sure, you're going to turn tail and go home.

Doki: Don't worry, I shall be led quietly into the dentist like a lamb because my tooth is so sore.

Moki : If that happens, I would believe that wonders will never cease!

Doki: I wish I had taken proper care of my teeth!

Moki : I wish you had paid attention to the discipline that mom had laid for all of us!

Doki: Yeah! But past can't be undone. I have to reap what I had sown.



P.7 Song of the Rain, by Kahlil Gibran

6. *'Ode to Autumn' is a beautiful poem written by the famous poet John Keats. Listen to an excerpt from the poem and pick phrases which personify autumn.*

Ode to Autumn

John Keats

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep

D.1 Villa for Sale, by Sacha Guitry

8. ***Listen carefully to the description of a villa on sale. Based on the information, draw the sketch of the villa being described.***

There's an island in the middle of a lake. In the middle of the island there's a two floor villa. The stark white color of the villa is toned by the rows of palm trees and shrubs in the front lawn. The red roof with a green chimney compliments the multi-colored flowers that greet a person as the big door and four windows on the ground floor open. In the corner of the lawn, there is an enclosed area for the birds. In the backyard there is a huge tree, beside the small pool, under which I have placed a relaxing chair.

There're a lot of big trees to the left of the house. On the lake, to the right of island there is a row of houseboats while to the left of the lake there's a hill with a lighthouse on the top. (About 150 words)



