

APPENDICES

APPENDIX – 1 STUDENT PROFILES

	Roll no.	Name	Gender	Area	Goals	Strengths	Interest & hobbies	Achievements
1	1	Chiragh B. Anjana	M	Urban	To be an engineer	Jump-rope best	Jump-rope	Silver medal in jump rope
2	2	Vraj J. Solanki	M	Urban	To be a navy officer	Singing, Cricket, Basketball	Very good player in sport	Won two times state level game & one time at national level
3	3	Manan B. Bhatt	M	Urban	To be a radio jockey	Play football very well	Listening music, Football	---
4	4	Div A. kevalramani	M	Urban	To be an engineer	Games	Cricket	Drawing
5	6	Dharti A. Makawana	F	Urban	To become an I.A.S. person	Can dance well	Dancing, reading, & talking	Went to district level in dance competition
6	7	Parwani Bhavana S.	F	Urban	To be a doctor	Dancing	To go to dance	Got best student of month
7	8	Sagar M.Parwani	M	Urban	To be a journalist	Reading, Writing, dancing	Reading books, Dancing	Got first number in school essay competition
8	9	Ashis M. Patel	M	Urban	To be a doctor	Reading, dancing	Reading books, Cricket	---
9	10	Damini N. Patel	F	Rural	To be a doctor	Singing, Dancing, reading	Reading, Playing games	---
10	11	Darshil D.Patel	M	Rural	To be a doctor	Can play very well	Playing cricket & football	---
11	13	Deep K.Patel	M	Urban	To be an engineer	Singing, Playing games	Volleyball	---
12	14	Dharti P. Patel	F	Rural	To be a doctor	Can act as well	Dancing, singing	Achieved 3 medal in sports
13	15	Soni Harshil Y.	M	Rural	To be a cricketer	Can dance very well	Cricket	---
14	16	Divya B. Patel	F	Rural	To be a doctor	Design	Dancing, Movie & to read book	---
15	18	Harnisha N.Patel	F	Rural	To be a doctor	Can dance well	Dancing, playing, reading	Got medal in shotpot
16	19	Harry A. Patel	M	Rural	To be a doctor	Can draw well	Playing cricket & football	Gold medal in high jump in school
17	20	Hetashvi P.	F	Rural	To be a	Singing,	dance	Best student of

		Patel			nurse	Dancing,		the month
18	21	Het M. Patel	F	Urban	To be a dancer	Good in volley balls	Sports	---
19	22	Hiral D. Patel	F	Urban	To be a teacher	Can dance very well	Reading books, music	---
20	23	Jaydeep D. Patel	M	Urban	To be an engineer	Can play well football	Playing & studying	---
21	24	Jay A. Patel	M	Urban	To be a teacher	Can dance well	Volleyball , Dancing	---
22	25	Khusi M. Patel	F	Urban	To be a doctor	Reading, Singing	Reading, music	---
23	26	Komal D. Patel	F	Urban	To be karate teacher	Singing, Reading, Dancing	reading story books	Got gold medal in jump rope at national level
24	27	Kreena B. Patel	F	Rural	To be a doctor	Reading, Dancing	Reading books	---
25	28	Mann M. Patel	M	Rural	To be a pilot	Can dance well	Cricket	---
26	29	Margi A. Patel	F	Rural	To be doctor	Can dance well & read well	Studying and playing	Went to district level
27	30	Margi G. Patel	F	Urban	To be a classical dancer	Can dance very well	Dancing, Listening to music	Got first prize in dancing
28	31	Mayur K. Patel	M	Rural	To be a cricketer	Cricket, Kabaddi	Play cricket & kiteflying	---
29	32	Mili V. Patel	F	Rural	To be an engineer	Can draw pictures well	Reading, Drawing	---
30	33	Nandini M. Patel	F	Urban	To be a teacher	Can sing and dance well	Reading, Listening music	---
31	34	Nand M. Patel	M	Rural	To be a pilot	Good at mathematics, writing	Play cricket & travelling	---
32	37	Prem J. Patel	M	Rural	To be doctor	Drawing, Dancing	Drawing	---
33	38	Prithviraj K. Patel	M	Rural	To be a mechanical engineer	Good in athletics	Sports	---
34	39	Priya N. Patel	F	Urban	To be a doctor	---	Reading books, playing & do masti	---
35	40	Priyanshi V. Patel	F	Rural	To be a doctor	Dance	Dancing	---
36	41	Rahul R. Patel	M	Urban	To be a dancer	Can dance well	Dancing	Best top 10 dancer in petlad

37	43	Shiv J. Patel	M	Rural	To be agricultural chemist	Can draw well	Drawing Playing games	Got prize in junior tracking & mountaineering camp
38	44	Shronik A. Patel	M	Rural	To be a doctor	Singing	Playing	2 nd rank in singing competition
39	45	Tej K. Patel	M	Urban	To be a computer engineer	Cricket, football, speech & act	Interest in internet for research	Got student of the month
40	47	Vidhi V. Patel	F	Rural	To be a doctor	Singing Reading books	Playing games on mobile	Student of the month
41	48	Vraj K. Patel	M	Urban	To be an engineer	---	Boxing, cricket	---
42	49	Gulamraza V. Pathan	M	Urban	To be a teacher	Can play cricket well	Reading, cricket	---
43	51	Purvik S. Salat	M	Urban	Engineer	---	Jump rope	---
44	52	Ankit K. Sankhala	M	Urban	Engineer	Can play well	Cricket	---
45	53	Romit M. Sankhala	F	Urban	To be a doctor	Play well all games	Cricket	Gold medal in disk throw
46	54	Saiyed Muskan K.	M	Urban	To be D.O.M. in Railway	Singing Giving speech	Cycling, reading books	Went to national level for shortput
47	55	Meet B. Shah	M	Urban	To be an engineer	Singing, Dancing, & studies	Playing	Achieved many goal in athleths
48	56	Jayal H. Shah	M	Rural	To be a doctor	Can play well	Playing game, watch T.V.	Best 1 to 3 racer
49	58	Vroip S. Shah	M	Rural	To be a C.A.	Can dance well	Cricket	---
50	59	Mohammad Aamir I.	M	Urban	To be an engineer	Can play cricket	Playing, Studying	---
		Total M		30				
		Total F		20				

APPENDIX – 2

ELEMENTS OF CREATIVE WRITING IN POETRY

Elements of Creative Writing of Poetry :

Elements of poetry can be defined as a set of instruments used to create a poem. The following is an explanation of each important element of poetry :

1. Speaker, Subject, Theme, Tone

Speaker

The speaker refers to the narrative voice of the poem. The persona or voice of a poem can be first person “I”, second person “you”, the third person “he or she”, or the public person (large audience, like society).

Subject :- The subject is the topic of the poem—what the poet writes about. In modern and contemporary poetry, any topic is acceptable. The subject of the poem can be love, death, abortion, sex, or a taboo subject.

Theme :- The theme is one of the most important aspects of a poem. The purpose of the theme is to make an important point about the topic. For instance, if the subject is about “love”, the theme of the poem might be that “love doesn’t last forever.”

Tone:- The tone of the poem refers to poet’s attitude toward subject and readers. The tone can be informal or formal, serious or humorous, sad or happy. The tone of the poem can be identified by the way in which the poet has used diction, syntax, rhyme, meter, and so forth.

2. Organization : How the poem is organized in terms of balance, arrangement of words, consistency of flow of ideas using appropriate words with clarity.

3. Sensitivity : How the poet has perceived and presented the beauty, experience, taste, sound, smell, sight and touch using words.

4. Originality : Originality in terms of choice of topic, idea.

Picturesqueness : it suggests a picture is colourful, graphic or descriptive.

Vividness : liveliness and intense in description – exciting, fresh, alive in spirit to arouse reader’s mind.

Personal element : Poet involves himself and expresses his personal feelings about events.

Endings : A punch line need not be funny, though it should be unexpected and unusual.

5. Interest : Humour: comical or amusing to make reader laugh or smile – brings together some incongruities, which arise naturally from situation, frequently so as to illustrate some fundamental absurdity in human behavior.

Naturalness : written just as thought – no artificiality.

6. Richness : Richness in terms of the expression of ideas, emotions, how much curiosity it arouses at ideational level – expressing in free and easy spontaneous way.

7. Figures of Speech

There are several figures of speech which create different levels of meaning and make a poem memorable, including:

1) Simile – a comparison of two unlike things using **like** or **as**. Ex. She is beautiful *like* the morning sun.

- 2) Metaphor – a comparison of two unlike things *without* using like or as. Ex. Frank is a fox.
- 3) Personification – an inanimate object is given human like characteristic. Ex. The trees *danced* in the wind.
- 4) Hyperbole – a great exaggeration. Ex. She ate a *mountain* of mashed potatoes.
- 5) Alliteration –at the beginning of words, there is a repetition of consonants. Ex. The swimmer's skin sizzled in the sun.
- 6) Assonance – anywhere in the words, there is a repetition of vowels. Ex. Please **bake** me a **date** cake.
- 7) Consonance – anywhere in words, there is repetition of consonant sounds. Ex. Write a great paper by the due **date**.
- 8) Onomatopoeia – words that sound like the name of the word. Ex. The cereal *snapped, crackled, and popped*.
- 9) Repetition – words or phrases are repeated. Ex. **Because there is** hope, **because there is** love, **because there is** beauty, I can go on.
- 10) Rhyme – sound alike endings of words.
End rhyme – At the end of lines, words rhyme. Ex. Jars and cans lined the **rack**; They tumbled down on my **back**.

Internal rhyme – Words that rhyme are in the middle of the line. EX. I carry a gold **locket** in my **pocket**.

8. Symbolism

Symbolism is the use of a specific object or an image to represent an abstract idea. A symbol is a word or phrase that represents something other than its literal meaning. Different symbols can be used like objects, things, and places, to express deep meaning in a poem--most often abstract meaning. Examples of symbolism include a rose to represent love, a dove to represent peace, the owl symbolizes wisdom, the phoenix symbolizes rebirth, and the cross to represent Christianity.

9. Line and Syntax

When writing free verse, the learner needs to be aware that there are no rules about line breaks. there are a few guidelines. To break a line, one should follow these suggestions:

Emphasis: The most emphatic positions on a line are at the beginning or end of the line. To emphasize an idea, it can be placed at the beginning or end of the line.

End stop: A line can be broken when there is a period, comma, or semi-colon.

Enjambment: The poet breaks a sentence, clause, or phrase into two parts. Part of the unit is moved to the next line.

APPENDIX – 3
MODEL POEMS

The River

By :- Caroline Anne Bowles Southey

River ! River ! little River !
Bright you sparkle on your way,
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
Like a child at play.

River ! River ! swelling River !
On you rush o'er rough and smooth –
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping
Over rocks, by rose-hanks sweeping,
Like impetuous youth.

River ! River ! brimming River !
Broad and deep and still as time,
Seeming still – yet still in motion,
Tending onward to the ocean,
Just like mortal prime.

River ! River ! rapid River !
Swifter now you slip away,
Swift and silent as an arrow,
Through a channel dark and narrow,
Like life's closing day.

River ! River ! headlong River !
Down you dash into the sea;
Sea, that line hath never sounded,
Sea, that voyage hath never rounded,
Like eternity.

DAFFODILS

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Besides the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company;
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye

Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

By : William Wordsworth

Stopping by woods on a snowy evening

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village, though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.
My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.
He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sounds' the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.
The woods are lovely, dark, and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

By : ROBERT FROST.

MODEL DIAMANTE POEM

Seasons

EXAMPLE POEM Line 1: Winter = 1 NOUN-A

Line 2: Rainy, cold = 2 ADJECTIVES-A

Line 3: Skiing, skating, sledding = 3 GERUNDS-A (verb + -ing)

Line 4: Mountains, wind, breeze, ocean = 2 NOUNS-A + 2 NOUNS-B

Line 5: Swimming, surfing, scuba diving = 3 GERUNDS-B (verb + -ing)

Line 6: Sunny, hot = 2 ADJECTIVES-B

Line 7: Summer = 1 NOUN-B

An Acrostic By : Edgar Allan Poe

Elizabeth it is in vain you say
"Love not" — thou sayest it in so sweet a way:
In vain those words from thee or L.E.L.
Zantippe's talents had enforced so well:
Ah! if that language from thy heart arise,
Breath it less gently forth — and veil thine eyes.
Endymion, recollect, when Luna tried
To cure his love — was cured of all beside —
His follie — pride — and passion — for he died.

MODEL LIMERICK POEM

There once was a man from Beijing
There once was a man from Beijing .
All his life he hoped to be King .
So he put on a crown,
Which quickly fell down.
That small silly man from Beijing .

MODEL FREE –VERSE POEM

Sunday Night Meltdown

by Kristine O'Connell George

Suddenly remembering

(on Sunday night)

that I have homework

due Monday morning.

The end of my weekend,

like the end of a Popsicle:

instead of one last lick --

a taste of stick.

APPENDIX – 4
ELEMENTS OF CREATIVE WRITING IN NON-FICTION ESSAYS

The Elements of Nonfiction

Non-fiction includes many genres, from memoirs to research journalism. Writing for an audience, especially when telling a story, requires certain techniques and strategies whether the story is fact or fiction. Authors across both forms employ the same fundamental principles to create literary works of art that move their readers emotionally and intellectually.

1. Characters, Plot, and Setting: Like fiction, nonfiction has characters, plot, and setting. However, these elements are real, not made up. The main character in an autobiography or biography is called the subject. The subject's words, thoughts, and actions are presented.

Character

Like literary fiction, non-fiction contains characters who act within the story. Though these characters are real people in non-fiction, they still are represented in writing with the same tools and techniques as fictional characters. Non-fiction stories rely on the same reader empathy as fiction stories, so they must also contain sympathetic or interesting characters for the reader to follow. Because a reader may not know the real-life person in the story, an author must introduce and characterize the person just as a fiction writer would, including physical details and descriptions of their behavior.

The Characteristics of a Person -

In order for a story to seem real to the reader its characters must seem real. Characterization is the information the author gives the reader about the characters themselves. The author may reveal a character in several ways:

- a) his/her physical appearance
- b) what he/she says, thinks, feels and dreams
- c) what he/she does or does not do
- d) what others say about him/her and how others react to him/her.

2. PLOT : The plot is how the author arranges events to develop his basic idea; It is the sequence of events in a story or play. The plot is a planned, logical series of events having a beginning, middle, and end. The short story usually has one plot so it can be read in one sitting. There are five essential parts of plot:

- a) **Introduction** - The beginning of the story where the characters and the setting is revealed.
- b) **Rising Action** - This is where the events in the story become complicated and the conflict in the story is revealed (events between the introduction and climax).
- c) **Climax** - This is the highest point of interest and the turning point of the story. The reader wonders what will happen next; will the conflict be resolved or not?
- d) **Falling action** - The events and complications begin to resolve themselves. The reader knows what has happened next and if the conflict was resolved or not (events between climax and denouement).
- e) **Denouement** - This is the final outcome or untangling of events in the story.

3. SETTING: The time and location in which a story takes place is called the setting. For some stories the setting is very important, while for others it is not. There are several aspects of a story's setting to consider when examining how setting contributes to a story.

- a) **place** - geographical location. Where is the action of the story taking place?
- b) **time** - When is the story taking place? (historical period, time of day, year, etc)
- c) **weather conditions** - Is it rainy, sunny, stormy, etc. ?
- d) **social conditions** - What is the daily life of the characters like? Does the story contain local colour ? (writing that focuses on the speech, dress, mannerisms, customs, etc. of a particular place).
- e) **mood or atmosphere** - What feeling is created at the beginning of the story? Is it bright and cheerful or dark and frightening?

4. Point of view/ Voice :

A non-fiction story can be told from many of the points of view present in literary fiction. A memoir or autobiography, for example, is a first-person account of personal events, while a standard biography is written by a third-person narrator who has investigated or interviewed subjects before writing from a more distanced perspective. Non-fiction may be written in second-person, using “you” as the subject, if it is in the form of a how-to guide or instructional manual.

Point of view is defined as the angle from which the story is told.

1. **Innocent Eye** - The story is told through the eyes of a child (his/her judgment being different from that of an adult).

2. **First Person** - The story is told by the protagonist or one of the characters who interacts closely with the protagonist or other characters (using pronouns I, me, we, etc). The reader sees the story through this person's eyes as he/she experiences it and only knows what he/she knows or feels.

3. **Omniscient**- The author can narrate the story using the omniscient point of view. He can move from character to character, event to event, having free access to the thoughts, feelings and motivations of his characters and he introduces information where and when he chooses. There are two main types of omniscient point of view:

a) **Omniscient Limited** - The author tells the story in third person (using pronouns they, she, he, it, etc). We know only what the character knows and what the author allows him/her to tell us. We can see the thoughts and feelings of characters if the author chooses to reveal them to us.

b) **Omniscient Objective** – The author tells the story in the third person. It appears as though a camera is following the characters, going anywhere, and recording only what is seen and heard. There is no comment on the characters or their thoughts. No interpretations are offered. The reader is placed in the position of spectator without the author there to explain. The reader has to interpret events on his own.

5. Tone: The writer's attitude toward his or her subject matter is called tone. A writer's tone may be sympathetic, bitter. It may be comic, hopeful, solemn, or anything the writer likes.

6. Organization: how the Essay is organized in terms of arrangement of words, consistency of flow of ideas using appropriate words with clarity and overall impact.

7. Sensitivity: how the writer has perceived and presented the beauty, experience, taste, sound, smell, sight and touch by using words.

8. Originality: In terms of choice of topic, ideas, vividness – liveliness in description, fresh, alive in spirit to arouse reader's emotions, personal elements like how the writer involves himself and express his personal feelings about events, Ending – how the writer ends the essay.

9. Interest: humour comical/amusing to make reader laugh/smile and brings together some incongruities, which arise naturally from situation, naturalness – written just as a thought – no artificiality.

10. Research Resources & relevant facts : the author uses real story, facts and conducts research to narrate Non-fiction essay.

11. Grammar, Mechanics & spellings: how the sentences are structured whether they are in logical sequence and connected to each other or not. Spelling usage, capitalization, punctuation and paragraphs, as well as, incorporating suggestions of experts in the field.

APPENDIX – 5 MODEL ESSAYS

Passages from “The story of my experiments with truth”

1. CHILDHOOD

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

5

remember days when, at his sudden appearance, we would rush and announce it to her, She would run out to see with her own eyes, but by that time the fugitive sun would be gone, thus depriving her of her meal. “That does not matter,” she would say cheerfully, “God did not want me to eat today.” And then she would return to her round of duties.

My mother had strong commonsense. She was well informed about all matters of state, and ladies of the court thought highly of her intelligence. Often I would accompany her, exercising the privilege of childhood, and I still remember many lively discussions she had with the widowed mother of the Thakore Saheb.

Of these parents I was born at Porbandar, otherwise known as Sudamapuri, on the 2nd October, 1869. I passed my childhood in Porbandar. I recollect having been put to school. It was with some difficulty that I got through the multiplication tables. The fact that I recollect nothing more of those days than having learnt, in company with other boys, to call our teacher all kinds of names, would strongly suggest that my intellect must have been sluggish, and my memory raw.

II. CHILDHOOD

I must have been about seven when my father left Porbandar for Rajkot to become a member of the Rajasthanik Court. There I was put into a primary school, and I can well recollect those days, including the names and other particulars of the teachers who taught me. As at Porbandar, so here, there is hardly anything to note about my studies. I could only have been a mediocre student. From this school I went to the suburban school and thence to the high school, having already reached my twelfth year. I do not remember having ever told a lie, during this short period, either to my teachers or to my school-mates, I used to be very shy and avoided all company. My books and my lessons were my sole companions. To be at school at the stroke of the hour and to run back home as soon as the school closed—that was my daily habit. I literally ran back, because I could not bear to talk to anybody. I was even afraid lest anyone should poke fun at me.

There is an incident which occurred at the examination during my first year at the high school and which is worth recording. Mr Giles, the educational Inspector, had come on a visit of inspection. He had set us five words to write as a spelling exercise. One of the words was 'kettle'. I had mis-spelt it. The teacher tried to prompt me with the point of his boot, but I would not be prompted. It was beyond me to see that he wanted me to copy the spelling from my neighbour's slate, for I had thought that the teacher was there to supervise us against copying. The result was that all the boys, except myself, were found to have spelt every word correctly. Only I had been stupid. The teacher tried later to bring this stupidity home to me, but without effect. I never could learn the art of 'copying'.

Yet the incident did not in the least diminish my respect for my teacher. I was by nature, blind to the faults of elders. Later I came to know of many other failings of this teacher, but my regard for him remained the same. For I had learnt to carry out the orders of elders, not to scan their actions.

Two other incidents belonging to the same period have always clung to my memory. As a rule I had a distaste for any reading beyond my school books. The daily lessons had to be done, because I disliked being taken to task by my teacher as much as I disliked deceiving him. Therefore I would do the lessons, but often without my mind in them. Thus when even the lessons could not be done properly, there was of course no question of any extra reading. But somehow my eyes fell on a book purchased by my father. It was *Shravana Pitribhakti Nataka* (a play about Sharavana's devotion to his parents). I read it with intense interest. There came to our place about the same time itinerant showmen. One of the pictures I was shown was of Shravana carrying, by means of slings fitted for his shoulders, his blind parents on a pilgrimage. The book and the picture left an indelible impression on my mind. 'Here is an example for you to copy,' I said to myself. The agonized lament of the parents over Shravana's death is still fresh in my memory. The melting tune moved me deeply, and I played it on a concertina which my father had purchased for me.

There was a similar incident connected with another play. Just about this time, I had secured my father's permission to see a play performed by a certain dramatic company. This play—*Harishchandra*—captured my heart. I could never be tired of seeing it. But how often should I be permitted to go? It haunted me and I must have acted *Harishchandra* to myself times without number. 'Why should not all be truthful like Harishchandra?' was the question I asked myself day and night. To follow truth and to go through all the ordeals Harishchandra went through was the one ideal it inspired in me. I literally believed in the story of Harishchandra. The thought of it all often made me weep. My commonsense tells me today that Harishchandra could not have been a historical character. Still both Harishchandra and Shrivana are living realities for me, and I am sure I should be moved as before if I were to read those plays again today.

III. CHILD MARRIAGE

Much as I wish that I had not to write this chapter, I know that I shall have to swallow many such bitter draughts in the course of this narrative. And I cannot do otherwise, if I claim to be a worshipper of Truth. It is my painful duty to have to record here my marriage at the age of thirteen. As I see the youngsters of the same age about me who are under my care, and think of my own marriage, I am inclined to pity myself and to congratulate them on having escaped my lot. I can see no moral argument in support of such a preposterously early marriage.

Let the reader make no mistake. I was married, not betrothed. For in Kathiawad there are two distinct rites, betrothal and marriage. Betrothal is a preliminary promise on the part of the parents of the boy and the girl to join them in marriage, and it is not inviolable. The death of the boy entails no widowhood on the girl. It is an agreement purely between the parents, and the children have no concern with it. Often they are not even informed of it. It appears that I was betrothed thrice, though without my knowledge. I was told that two girls chosen for me had died in turn, and therefore I infer that I was betrothed three times. I have a faint recollection, however, that the third betrothal took place

in my seventh year. But I do not recollect having been informed about it. In the present chapter I am talking about my marriage, of which I have the clearest recollection.

It will be remembered that we were three brothers. The first was already married. The elders decided to marry my second brother, who was two or three years my senior, a cousin, possibly a year older, and me, all at the same time. In doing so there was no thought of our welfare, much less our wishes. It was purely a question of their own convenience and economy.

Marriage among Hindus is no simple matter. The parents of the bride and the bridegroom often bring themselves to ruin over it. They waste their substance, they waste their time. Months are taken up over the preparations in making clothes and ornaments and in preparing budgets for dinners. Each tries to outdo the other in the number and variety of courses to be prepared. Women, whether they have a voice or no, sing themselves hoarse, even get ill, and disturb the peace of their neighbours. These in their turn quietly put up with all the turmoil and bustle, all the dirt and filth, representing the remains of the feasts, because they know that a time will come when they also will be behaving in the same manner.

It would be better, thought my elders, to have all this bother over at one and the same time. Less expense and greater *eclat*. For money could be freely spent if it had only to be spent once instead of thrice. My father and my uncle were both old, and we were the last children they had to marry. It is likely that they wanted to have the last best time of their lives. In view of all these considerations, a triple wedding was decided upon, and as I have said before, months were taken up in preparation for it.

It was only through these preparations that we got warning of the coming event. I do not think it meant to me anything more than the prospect of good clothes to wear, drum beating, marriage processions, rich dinners and a strange girl to play with. The carnal desire came later. I propose to draw the curtain over my shame, except for a few details worth recording. To these I shall come later. But even they

have little to do with the central idea I have kept before me in writing this story.

So my brother and I were both taken to Porbandar from Rajkot. There are some amusing details of the preliminaries to the final drama—e.g. smearing our bodies all over with turmeric paste—but I must omit them.

My father was a Diwan, but nevertheless a servant, and all the more so because he was in favour with the Thakore Saheb. The latter would not let him go until the last moment. And when he did so, he ordered for my father special stage coaches, reducing the journey by two days. But the fates had willed otherwise. Porbandar is 120 miles from Rajkot,—a cart journey of five days. My father did the distance in three, but the coach toppled over in the third stage, and he sustained severe injuries. He arrived bandaged all over. Both his and our interest in the coming event was half destroyed, but the ceremony had to be gone through. For how could the marriage dates be changed? However, I forgot my grief over my father's injuries in the childish amusement of the wedding.

I was devoted to my parents. but no less was I devoted to the passions that flesh is heir to. I had yet to learn that all happiness and pleasure should be sacrificed in devoted service to my parents. And yet, as though by way of punishment for my desire for pleasures, an incident happened, which has ever since rankled in my mind and which I will relate later. Nishkulanand sings: 'Renunciation of objects, without the renunciation of desires, is short-lived, however hard you may try.' Whenever I sing this song or hear it sung, this bitter untoward incident, rushes to my memory and fills me with shame.

My father put on a brave face in spite of his injuries, and took full part in the wedding. As I think of it, I can even today call before my mind's eye the places where he sat as he went through the different details of the ceremony. Little did I dream then that one day I should severely criticize my father for having married me as a child. Everything on that day seemed to me right and proper and pleasing. There was also my own eagerness to get married. And as everything that my father did then struck me as beyond reproach, the recollection of those things

is fresh in my memory. I can picture to myself, even today, how we sat on our wedding dais, how we performed the *Saptapadi*^[1] how we, the newly wedded husband and wife, put the sweet *Kansar*^[2] into each other's mouth, and how we began to live together. And oh! that first night. Two innocent children all unwittingly hurled themselves into the ocean of life. My brother's wife had thoroughly coached me about my behaviour on the first night. I do not know who had coached my wife. I have never asked her about it, nor am I inclined to do so now. The reader may be sure that we were too nervous to face each other. We were certainly too shy. How was I to talk to her, and what was I to say? The coaching could not carry me far. But no coaching is really necessary in such matters. The impressions of the former birth are potent enough to make all coaching superfluous. We gradually began to know each other, and to speak freely together. We were the same age. but I took no time in assuming the authority of a husband.

IV. PLAYING THE HUSBAND

About the time of my marriage, little pamphlets costing a pice, or a pie (I now forget how much), used to be issued, in which conjugal love, thrift, child marriages, and other such subjects were discussed. Whenever I came across any of these, I used to go through them cover to cover, and it was a habit with me to forget what I did not like, and to carry out in practice whatever I liked. Lifelong faithfulness to the wife, inculcated in these booklets as the duty of the husband, remained permanently imprinted on my heart. Furthermore, the passion for truth was innate in me, and to be false to her was therefore out of the question. And then there was very little chance of my being faithless at that tender age.

But the lesson of faithfulness had also untoward effect. 'If I should be pledged to be faithful to my wife, she also should be pledged to be

[1] *Saptapadi* are seven steps a Hindu bride and bridegroom walk together, making at the same time promises of mutual fidelity and devotion, after which the marriage becomes irrevocable.

[2] *Kansar* is a preparation of wheat which the pair partake of together after the completion of the ceremony.

2. STEALING AND ATONMENT

companion and his help-mate, and an equal partner in all his joy and sorrows—as free as the husband to choose her own path. Whenever I think of those dark days of doubts and suspicions, I am filled with loathing of my folly and my lustful cruelty, and I deplore my blind devotion to my friend.

VIII. STEALING AND ATONEMENT

I have still to relate some of my failings during this meat-eating period and also previous to it, which date from before my marriage or soon after.

A relative and I became fond of smoking. Not that we saw any good in smoking, or were enamoured of the smell of a cigarette. We simply imagined a sort of pleasure in emitting clouds of smoke from our mouths. My uncle had the habit, and when we saw him smoking, we thought we should copy his example. But we had no money. So we began pilfering stumps of cigarettes thrown away by my uncle.

The stumps, however, were not always available, and could not emit much smoke either. So we began to steal coppers from the servant's pocket money in order to purchase Indian cigarettes. But the question was where to keep them. We could not of course smoke in the presence of elders. We managed somehow for a few weeks on these stolen coppers. In the meantime we heard that the stalks of a certain plant were porous and could be smoked like cigarettes. We got them and began this kind of smoking.

But we were far from being satisfied with such things as these. Our want of independence began to smart. It was unbearable that we should be unable to do anything without the elders' permission. At last, in sheer disgust, we decided to commit suicide!

But how were we to do it? From where were we to get the poison? We heard that *Dhatura* seeds were an effective poison. Off we went to the jungle in search of these seeds, and got them. Evening was thought to be the auspicious hour. We went to *Kedarji Mandir*, put *ghee* in the temple-lamp, had the *Darshan* and then looked for a lonely corner. But our courage failed us. Supposing we were not instantly

killed? And what was the good of killing ourselves? Why not rather put up with the lack of independence? But we swallowed two or three seeds nevertheless. We dared not take more. Both of us fought shy of death, and decided to go to *Ramji Mandir* to compose ourselves, and to dismiss the thought of suicide.

I realized that it was not as easy to commit suicide as to contemplate it. And since then, whenever I have heard of someone threatening to commit suicide, it has had little or no effect on me.

The thought of suicide ultimately resulted in both of us bidding good-bye to the habit of smoking stumps of cigarettes and of stealing the servant's coppers for the purpose of smoking.

Ever since I have been grown up, I have never desired to smoke and have always regarded the habit of smoking as barbarous, dirty and harmful. I have never understood why there is such a rage for smoking throughout the world. I cannot bear to travel in a compartment full of people smoking. I become choked.

But much more serious than this theft was the one I was guilty of a little later. I pilfered the coppers when I was twelve or thirteen, possibly less. The other theft was committed when I was fifteen. In this case I stole a bit of gold out of my meat-eating brother's armlet. This brother had run into a debt of about twenty-five rupees. He had on his arm an armlet of solid gold. It was not difficult to clip a bit out of it.

Well, it was done, and the debt cleared. But this became more than I could bear. I resolved never to steal again. I also made up my mind to confess it to my father. But I did not dare to speak. Not that I was afraid of my father beating me. No I do not recall his ever having beaten any of us. I was afraid of the pain that I should cause him. But I felt that the risk should be taken; that there could not be a cleaning without a clean confession.

I decided at last to write out the confession, to submit it to my father, and ask his forgiveness. I wrote it on a slip of paper and handed it to him myself. In this note not only did I confess my guilt, but I asked adequate punishment for it, and closed with a request to him not to punish himself for my offence. I also pledged myself never to steal in future.

I was trembling as I handed the confession to my father. He was then suffering from a fistula and was confined to bed. His bed was a plain wooden plank. I handed him the note and sat opposite the plank.

He read it through, and pearl-drops trickled down his cheeks, wetting the paper. For a moment he closed his eyes in thought and then tore up the note. He had sat up to read it. He again lay down. I also cried. I could see my father's agony. If I were a painter I could draw a picture of the whole scene today. It is still so vivid in my mind.

Those pearl-drops of love cleansed my heart, and washed my sin away. Only he who has experienced such love can know what it is. As the hymn says:

'Only he
Who is smitten with the arrows of love.
Knows its power.'

This was, for me, an object-lesson in *Ahimsa*. Then I could read in it nothing more than a father's love, but today I know that it was pure *Ahimsa*. When such *Ahimsa* becomes all-embracing it transforms everything it touches. There is no limit to its power.

This sort of sublime forgiveness was not natural to my father. I had thought that he would be angry, say hard things, and strike his forehead. But he was so wonderfully peaceful, and I believe this was due to my clean confession. A clean confession, combined with a promise never to commit the sin again, when offered before one who has the right to receive it, is the purest type of repentance. I know that my confession made my father feel absolutely safe about me, and increased his affection for me beyond measure.

IX. MY FATHER'S DEATH AND MY DOUBLE SHAME

The time of which I am now speaking is my sixteenth year. My father, as we have seen, was bed-ridden, suffering from a fistula. My mother, an old servant of the house, and I were his principal attendants. I had the duties of a nurse, which mainly consisted in

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON

Unit : 10

Pre-task

1. Have you ever seen a house or a building on fire ? Describe the scene to the class.
2. In groups discuss about a natural disaster and steps to be taken for its management.

Introduction

Is there a person who has not committed any mistake during a lifetime ? If yes, then the person must be a supernatural being or a divinity. It has been truly said : "To err is human....."

Well, mistakes we all commit and so long as they do not harm, we must overlook them. Here in this lesson, we learn about not ordinary mistakes but the world's greatest mistakes. Though at first it appeared to be of no consequence, it resulted in large-scale destruction. Here is an account of the fire caused by John Farynor, baker to King Charles II and the untold consequences it brought in its wake.

There are two passages describing the same event written by two different persons in two different styles.

The second extract is taken from the diary of Samuel Pepys (1633-1703). Pepys' diary covers a long period and was published in its entirety only towards the end of the nineteenth century.

The Great Fire of London

For humble tradesman, John Farynor had attained a special honour and reputation. He was baker to King Charles II, recently restored to the English throne after his exile in France.

Farynor had been the royal baker for five years when, one evening in 1666, after another long and weary day, he climbed the stairs to bed above his bakery in Puddin Lane. He snuffed out his candle and settled down for a peaceful night's sleep. But as he slept, a flame still flickered in the bakery beneath. He had failed to damp down his bread ovens.

The flame grew. And at two o'clock that morning, on September 2, 1666, the fire in the bakery sparked off one of the worst conflagrations in history, the Great Fire of London.

Sparks rising from Farynor's establishment set fire to a pile of hay stacked in the courtyard of the nearby Star Inn and lit up the sky. Pudding Lane lay at the centre of an overcrowded area of old London, and thousands of the local inhabitants were soon out in the streets watching the blaze. They were not unduly alarmed. Fires were common in this city of pitch-soaked timbers and lathe-and-plaster constructions. Only the year before, King Charles had written to the Lord Mayor urging him to enforce more stringent fire regulations. But previous fires had fizzled out, and there was no reason to think that this one would be any different.

Pudding Lane was a dumping ground for offal from nearby Eastcheap Market, and no one of any note lived there. But it was close to the main road running down to London Bridge, so in the early hours of the morning the Mayor was informed. When he arrived at the scene he was singularly unimpressed.

Diarist Samuel Pepys was no more impressed. He was awoken by his maid at 3 a.m. at his house about three-quarters of a mile to the east near Tower Hill. He wrote of the fire in his diary : 'I rose and slipped on my nightgown and went to her window and thought it to be at the backside of Mark Lane at the farthest, and so to bed again and asleep.'

Pepys' carried the news of the fire to the court, and thereby to the king, when he arrived at his office in Whitehall shortly before midday. No one had bothered to tell the king before then. It was Sunday, after all. But any idea that the fire would fizzle out was soon dispelled. On Sunday afternoon the blaze reached the River Thames, and warehouses loaded with timber, oil, brandy and coal exploded like bombs, one after another.

A steady dry wind blew continuously from the east, so that, although the fire barely reached Pepys's house a short distance away, it spread uncontrollably to the west. There was one stage on the Sunday when the blaze might have been halted. But the fire-fighters smashed up the water pipes to fill their buckets more quickly and cut off the area's water supply.

The inferno swept on unabated from Sunday to Wednesday. By then, 13,000 houses had been destroyed, 87 parish churches burned down and 300 acres blackened. The shops built on London Bridge caught fire. Sparks carried across to the opposite bank of the Thames and started small fires in Southwark. The Guildhall and the Royal Exchange – the city's financial centre – were reduced to ashes.

The greatest conflagration was at St. Paul's Cathedral, where the heat caused the stonework to explode and ancient tombs to burst open, revealing mummified remains. The Cathedral's roof melted, and molten lead flooded down the neighbouring streets.

Remarkably, only eight people died in the Great Fire of London. Most citizens had plenty of time to flee. The roads were crammed with handcarts piled with belongings, and the surrounding countryside was one vast refugee camp.

Pepys was among those who left the city. He wrote, 'With one's face in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire drops [From this] most horrid, malicious, bloody flame... [above it all was] a smoke so great as darkened the sun at midday. If at any time the sun peeped forth it looked red like blood.'

By Wednesday night the fire had been virtually contained, largely due to the personal intervention of the king, who organised the fire-fighters in knocking down buildings to clear a fire-break. But London smouldered for weeks afterwards. Cellars were still burning six months later.

And the fire purged the last vestiges of London's previous disaster, the Great Plague of 1665, which had claimed 100,000 victims.

* * *

From Samuel Pepys' Diary

Sept. 2nd (Sunday) 1666

Some of our maids having sat up late last night to get things ready for our dinner party today, Jane called me up at about three in the morning to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose, and put on my night-gown, and went to her window. Being unused to such fires as followed I thought it to be a long way off, well in the

rear of Mark-lane, and so went to bed again, and to sleep. About seven I rose again, dressed myself and, looking out of the window; saw that the fire was not so great as it had been, and further off. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that more than 300 houses have been burned down tonight by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I got ready and walked to the Tower. And there climbing up to a high place, I saw the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and a huge fire at the other end of the bridge too. The Lieutenant of the Tower told me that it had begun that morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding-lane, and that it had already burned down St. Magnus's Church and most of Fish Street. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat, and passed through the bridge. Everybody was trying to remove their goods, flinging them into the river, or carrying them to boats; poor people staying in their houses till the very moment the fire reached them; and then running into boats or climbing from one lot of stairs, by the water-side, to another. I saw that the poor pigeons were unwilling to leave their houses, and stayed about the windows and balconies till they burned their wings and fell down. Within the hour the fire spread in every direction and, so far as I could see, nobody tried to put it out, everybody being too busy saving his own goods and leaving everything else to the fire. This was being driven towards the City by a mighty wind. Because we had been for so long without rain, everything was very dry and caught fire easily, even the very stones of the churches. So I took my boat to White Hall and, being called for by the King and Duke of York, gave them an account of what I had seen. I told them that, unless His Majesty ordered houses to be pulled down, nothing could stop the fire. They seemed very troubled and the King ordered me to go to the Lord Mayor and order him, in the King's name, to spare no houses, but to pull them down on every side. I met the Lord Mayor in Canning Street, worn-out with tiredness, and with a handkerchief about his neck. To the King's message he cried, like a fainting woman, 'Lord ! what can I do ? I am worn out. People will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses. But the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it.' He said that he needed no more soldiers and, as for himself, he must go and rest, having been up all night. So

He left me, and I him, and as I walked home, I saw people almost out of their minds, and nothing being done to put the fire out. The houses, too, so very crowded in that part, and full of stuff that burned easily, such as pitch and tar, in Thames Street: and warehouses full of oil, and wines, and brandy and other things. The churches were all being filled with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time.

It was now about 12 o'clock; and so home, and there find my guests, who were Mr Wood and his wife Barbary Shelden, and also Mr Moone. Mr Moone's plan and mine was to look over my wardrobe, as he had long wished, but we did not carry it out, since we were greatly troubled and upset by the fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an exceptionally good dinner, and were as merry as at this time we could be. As soon as we had dined, Moone and I left, and walked through the City; the streets were full of nothing but people, and horses and carts laden with goods that were being taken away from one burned house to another. We parted at St. Paul's, he to his home and I to St Paul's Wharf, where I had arranged for a boat to meet me and take me to see the fire again. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. They ordered him to pull down houses fast. There were good hopes of halting the fire at the Three Cranes above, and at Buttulph's Wharf below the bridge, if care were taken; but the wind was carrying the fire into the city, and we at the water-side did not know what was happening there.

Glossary

damp down put out **conflagrations** destructive fires **pitch-soaked timber** wooden roof covered with black sticky substance made from oil or coal **lathe** (here) wood **offal** less valuable by-products **inferno** (here) controllable fire **mummified** dried up **malicious** destructive **purged** (here) cleansed **vestiges** remains **barge** large ornamental rowing boat **wharf** dock

MODEL AUTOBIOGRAPHY – A VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE

Unit : 14

Pre-task

In pairs, one of you ask questions while your partner is immobile and can reply only by blinking or tapping fingers for a 'Yes' or 'No'. Try and communicate to each other by asking questions. Discuss how it feels.

Introduction

Firdaus Kanga (b 1959) is an Indian writer, writing in English. He shot into prominence as a writer for his first work, appropriately called *Trying to Grow*.

Being physically handicapped himself and confined to a wheelchair, Firdaus Kanga, in this extract, describes his meeting with another disabled, Professor Stephen Hawking, the world renowned physicist. Here is a vivid portrait of Prof. Hawking, who has earned fame for his research into the mystery of the 'Black Hole'. A successor to Newton, he is paralysed from head to toe and is totally confined to his wheelchair. On his visit to Cambridge, where Hawking works, Kanga met him and tells us how he felt being face to face with a person whose immobile body housed a brilliant mind. As Kanga puts it, one realises how much is possible, despite being handicapped, and one can reach out to the stars.

A Visit to Cambridge

– Firdaus Kanga

Cambridge was my metaphor for England, and it was strange that when I left it it had become altogether something else, because I had met Stephen Hawking there.

It was on a walking tour through Cambridge that the guide mentioned Stephen Hawking : "Poor man, who is quite disabled now, though he is a worthy successor to Issac Newton, whose Chair he has at the university."

And I started, because I had quite forgotten that this most brilliant and completely paralysed astrophysicist, the author of *A Brief History*

of *Time*, one of the biggest best-sellers ever, lived here. But there wasn't much time to think. It was a peculiar kind of walking tour.

When the tour was done, I rushed to a phone booth and, almost tearing the cord so it could reach me outside, phoned Stephen Hawking's house. There was his assistant on the line and I told him I had come in a wheelchair from India (perhaps he thought I had propelled myself all the way) to write about my travels in Britain. I had to see Professor Hawking – even ten minutes would do. "Half an hour," he said. "From three-thirty to four."

And suddenly I felt weak all over. Growing up disabled, you get fed up with people asking you to be brave, as if you have a courage account on which you are too lazy to draw a cheque. The only thing that makes you stronger is seeing somebody like you, achieving something huge. Then you know how much is possible and you reach out further than you ever thought you could.

"I haven't been brave," said his disembodied computer-voice, the next afternoon. "I've had no choice."

Surely, I wanted to say, living creatively with the reality of his disintegrating body was a choice? But I kept quiet, because I felt guilty every time I spoke to him, forcing him to respond. There he was, tapping at the little switch in his hand, trying to find the words on his computer with the only bit of movement left to him, his long, pale fingers. Ever so often, his eyes would shut in frustrated exhaustion. And sitting opposite him I could feel his anguish, the mind buoyant with thoughts that came out in frozen phrases and sentences stiff as corpses.

"A lot of people seem to think that disabled people are chronically unhappy," I said. "I know that's not true myself. Are you often laughing inside?"

About three minutes later, he responded. "I find it amusing when people patronise me."

"And do you find it annoying when someone like me comes and disturbs you in your work?"

The answer flashed. "Yes." Then he smiled his one-way smile and I knew, without being sentimental or silly, that I was looking at one of the most beautiful men in the world.

A first glimpse of him is shocking, because he is like a still

re photograph – as if all those pictures of him in magazines and
newspapers have turned three-dimensional.

st Then you see the head twisted sideways into a slump, the torso
n shrunk inside the pale blue shirt, the wasted legs; you look at his eyes
I which can speak, still, and they are saying something huge and urgent –
d it is hard to tell what. But you are shaken because you have seen
I something you never thought could be seen.

1 Before you, like a lantern whose walls are worn so thin you
glimpse only the light inside, is the incandescence of a man. The body,
almost irrelevant, exists only like a case made of shadows. So that I,
no believer in eternal souls, know that this is what each of us is;
everything else an accessory.

“What do you think is the best thing about being disabled ?” I had
asked him earlier.

“I don’t think there is anything good about being disabled.”

“I think,” I said, “you do discover how much kindness there is in
the world.”

“Yes,” he said; it was a disadvantage of his voice synthesiser that
it could convey no inflection, no shades or tone. And I could not tell
how enthusiastically he agreed with me.

Every time I shifted in my chair or turned my wrist to watch the
time – wanted to make every one of our thirty minutes count – I felt
a huge relief and exhilaration in the possibilities of my body. How
little it mattered then that I would never walk, or even stand.

I told him how he had been an inspiration beyond cliché for me,
and, surely, for others – did that thought help him ?

“No,” he said; and I thought how foolish I was to ask. When your
body is a claustrophobic room and the walls are growing narrower day
by day, it doesn’t do much good to know that there are people outside
smiling with admiration to see you breathing still.

“Is there any advice you can give disabled people, something that
might help make life better ?”

“They should concentrate on what they are good at; I think things
like the disabled Olympics are a waste of time.”

“I know what you mean.” I remembered the years I’d spent trying
to play a Spanish guitar considerably larger than I was and how

gleefully I had unstrung it one night.

The half-hour was up. "I think I've annoyed you enough," I said grinning. "Thank you for..."

"Stay." I waited. "Have some tea. I can show you the garden."

The garden was as big as a park, but Stephen Hawking covered every inch, rumbling along in his motorised wheelchair while I dodged to keep out of the way. We couldn't talk very much; the sun made him silent, the letters on his screen disappearing in the glare.

An hour later, we were ready to leave. I didn't know what to do. I could not kiss him or cry. I touched his shoulder and wheeled out into the summer evening. I looked back and I knew he was waving, though he wasn't. Watching him, an embodiment of my bravest self, the one I was moving towards, the one I had believed in for so many years alone. I knew that my journey was over. For now.

Glossary

astrophysicist scholar of astrophysics – branch of physics dealing with stars, planets etc. **buoyant** (here) intensely active and vibrant **torso** trunk of the body **incandescence** inner glow or light **inflection** rise and fall of the voice [(here) synthesiser] in speaking **cliche**-oft used phrase **claustrophobic** very small and suffocating ('claustrophobia' is abnormal fear of being in an enclosed space.)

MODEL BIOGRAPHY – THE KITE MAKER

Unit : 14

Pre-task

Make a list of the skills required to fly a kite. One of you come forward and write them on the board.

The Kite-Maker

– Ruskin Bond

An ancient banyan which had grown through the cracks of an abandoned mosque was the only tree in the street known as Gali Ram Nath. And little Ali's kite had caught in its branches.

The boy, barefoot and clad only in a torn shirt, ran along the cobbled stones of the narrow street to where his grandfather sat nodding dreamily in the sunshine of their back courtyard.

“Grandfather !” shouted the boy. “The kite has gone !”

The old man woke from his daydream with a start and, raising his head, displayed a beard which would have been white had it not been dyed red with mehndi leaves.

“Did the twine break ?” he asked. “I know that kite-twine is not what it used to be.”

“No, Grandfather, “the kite is stuck in the banyan tree.”

The old man chuckled. “You have yet to learn how to fly a kite properly, my child. And I am too old, to teach you, that's the pity of it. But you shall have another.” He had just finished making a new-kite from bamboo, paper and thin silk, and it lay in the sun, firming up. It was a pale pink kite, with a small green tail. The old man handed it to Ali, and the boy raised himself on his toes and kissed his grandfather's hollowed-out cheek.

“I will not lose this one,” he said. “This kite will fly like a bird.”

And he turned on his heels and skipped out of the court-yard.

The old man remained dreaming in the sun. His kite-shop had gone, the premises having been sold many years ago to a junkdealer. But he still made kites for his own amusement and as playthings for

his grandson, Ali. Not many people bought kites these days. Adults disdained them and children preferred to spend their money at the movies. Moreover, there were few open spaces left for flying kites. The city had swallowed up the green maidan which had stretched from the old fort walls to the river-bank.

But the old man remembered a time when grown-ups flew kites from the maidan, and great battles were fought, the kites swerving and swooping in the sky, tangling with each other, until the string of one was cut. Then the beaten but liberated kite would float away into the blue unknown. There was a good deal of betting, and money frequently changed hands.

Kite-flying was then the sport of kings. The old man remembered how the Nawab himself would come down to the river-bank with his retinue to join in this noble pastime. In those days there was time to spend an idle hour with a gay, dancing strip of paper. Now everyone hurried, hurried in a heat of hope, and delicate things like kites and daydreams were trampled underfoot.

Mahmood, the kite-maker, had been well known throughout the city in the prime of his life. Some of his more elaborate kites sold for as much as three or four rupees. At the request of the Nawab he had once made a very special kind of kite, unlike any that had been seen in the district. It consisted of a series of small, very light paper discs, trailing on a thin bamboo frame. To the extremity of each disc he tied a sprig of grass for balance. The surface of the fore-most disc was slightly convex, and a fantastic face was painted on it, with the two eyes made of small mirrors. The discs, decreasing in size from head to tail, gave the kite the appearance of a crawling serpent. It required great skill to raise this cumbersome device from the ground, and only Mahmood could manage it.

Everyone had, of course, heard of the 'dragon kite' that Mahmood had built, and word went round that it possessed supernatural powers. A large crowd assembled on the maidan to watch its first public launching in the presence of the Nawab. At the first attempt it did not budge from the ground. The disc made a plaintive, protesting sound, and the sun was trapped in the little mirrors, making the kite a living, complaining creature.

Then the wind came from the right direction and the dragon

kite soared into the sky, wriggling its way higher and higher, with the sun still glinting in its devil-eyes. When it went very high, it pulled fiercely on the twine, and Mahmood's young sons had to help him with the reel. But still the kite pulled, determined to be free, to live a life of its own.

And then it happened. The twine snapped, the kite leapt away towards the sun, sailed on until it was lost to view. It was never found again, and Mahmood wondered afterwards if he had made too living a thing of the great kite. He did not make another like it, but instead presented the Nawab with a musical kite, one that made a sound like the *veena*.

Yes, those were more leisurely days. But the Nawab had died years ago; his descendants were almost as poor as Mahmood himself. Kite-makers, like poets, once had their patrons; Mahmood now had none. No one asked him his name and occupation, simply because there were too many people in the gali and nobody could be bothered about neighbours.

When he was younger and had fallen sick, everyone in the neighbourhood had come to ask after his health. Now, when his days were drawing to a close, no one visited him. Most of his old friends were dead. His sons had grown up; one was working in a local garage, the other had stayed in Pakistan where he was at the time of partition.

The children who had bought kites from him ten years ago were now adults, struggling for a living; they did not have time for the old man and his memories. Having grown up in a swift-changing, competitive world, they looked at the old kite-maker with the same indifference as they showed towards the banyan tree.

Both were taken for granted as permanent fixtures that were of no concern to the mass of humanity that surrounded them. No longer did people gather under the banyan tree to discuss their problems and their plans; only in the summer months did someone seek shelter under it from the fierce sun.

But there was, of course, the boy, his grandson. It was good that his son worked close by, and he and the daughter-in-law could

live in Mahmood's house. It gladdened his heart to watch the boy at play in the winter sunshine, growing under his eyes like a young and well-nourished sapling, putting forth new leaves each day.

There is a great affinity between trees and men. They grow at much the same pace, if they are not hurt, or starved, or cut down. In their youth they are resplendent creatures, and in their declining years they stoop a little. They remember, they stretch their brittle limbs in the sun, and, with a sigh, shed their last leaves.

Mahmood was like the banyan, his hands gnarled and twisted like the roots of the ancient tree. Ali was like the young mimosa planted at the end of the courtyard. In two years both he and the tree would acquire the strength and confidence that are characteristic of youth.

The voices in the street grew fainter, and Mahmood wondered if he was going to fall asleep and dream, as he so often did, of a beautiful, powerful kite resembling the great white bird of the Hindus, Garuda, God Vishnu's famous 'vahana'.

He would like to make a wonderful new kite for little Ali. He had nothing else to leave the boy.

He heard Ali's voice in the distance, but did not realize that the boy was calling out to him. The voice seemed to come from very far away.

Ali was at the courtyard door, asking if his mother had as yet returned from the bazaar. When Mahmood did not answer, the boy came forward, repeating his question. The sunlight was slanting across the old man's head, and a small white butterfly was perched on his flowing beard. Mahmood was silent; and when Ali put his small brown hand on the old man's shoulder, he got no response. The boy heard a faint sound, like the rubbing of marbles in his pocket.

Suddenly afraid, Ali turned and moved to the door, and then ran down the street shouting for his mother. And in the banyan tree, a sudden gust of wind caught the torn kite and lifted it into the air, carrying it far above the struggling, sweating city, into the blue sky.

MODEL TRAVELOGUE - TRAVELOGUE

Unit : 22

Pre-task

Recall the names of a few famous hill stations in India. Do you know in which states they are ?

Introduction

It is said that the world is a book and if you have not travelled, you have read only a page of it. Travels are incomparable learning experiences, sometimes teaching us much more than an academic course does. Particularly, if the destination is a beautiful place – say a hill station – the benefits of travel increase manifold. The winding roads that lead up to the place, the mists, the sight of people huddled over a fire – all this gives a magical touch to hill stations. Let us read about a well-known hill station of India.

Travelogue

– Jan Morris

Darjeeling, the most celebrated of the Indian hill stations, is all smallness. It is small physically, of course – hard even to find upon the map of India, so tucked away is it like a trinket on the northern frontiers. But it is still smaller figuratively. It is the most deliberately diminutive town I know, as though it is always trying to make itself less substantial still. One crosses vast scorched plains to reach it from Calcutta, over colossally winding rivers, through a landscape that has no end; but at the foot of the hills Darjeeling sends a toy train to meet you – a gay little blue-painted trundle of a train, which takes you indefatigably puffing and chugging up through the forests and the tea-gardens to the town.

Little people greet you at the top. Little ponies canter about little streets. Hundreds and thousands of merry little children tumble all about you. The town is perched upon a narrow ridge, about 7,000 feet up, with deep gorges falling away on either side, and when I arrived there for the first time I found it swirled all around by cloud. It felt curiously private and self-contained – like a childish

fancy, I thought, a folly, a town magically reduced in scale and shut off from the world by vapour : but then, as to a crash of drums in a coup de theatre a gap momentarily appeared in the ever-shifting clouds, and there standing tremendously in the background, their snows flushed pink with sunlight, attended by range upon range of foothills and serenely surveying the expanse of the world, stood the divine mass of the Himalayan mountains.

I saw Darjeeling's point, and cut myself down to size.

Some visitors never see the snow peaks at all, for they are often invisible for days at a time. Anyway there is no need to go on about them. It is enough to say that to see Kanchenjunga and its peers from Darjeeling, in the cool of the morning, is one of the noblest experiences of travel. It is a kind of vision. It has moved generations of pilgrims to mysticism, and even more to overwriting.

Yet it is not the spectacle of the Himalayas that sets the style of Darjeeling. It is simply their presence. The town lives in the knowledge of them, and so acknowledges another scale of things. Its littleness is not inferiority complex, but self-awareness, and it gives the community a particular intensity and vivacity. Darjeeling is built in layers, neatly along its ridge like an exhibition town, from the posh hotels and the villas at the top to the jumbled bazaar quarter at the bottom : and all the way down this dense tiered mass of buildings life incessantly buzzes, hums and fizzes. Darjeeling's energies seem to burn the brighter for their smallness, and not a corner of the town is still or empty, or dull.

It is a place of astonishing cheerfulness. Everybody seems to be feeling simply splendid. Perhaps they all are, for the air is magnificently brilliant, the heat is seldom too hot and the cold not often icy. The nineteenth-century Welshman who first put Darjeeling on the map saw it from the start as a sanatorium, and the Rajas of Sikkim kindly handed it over to the British Governor-General of India 'for the purpose of enabling the servants of his government suffering from sickness to avail themselves of its advantages'. Today Darjeeling's high spirits never seem to flag. The children never stop playing, the youths never end their horseplay, the tourists never tire of clattering hilariously about the town on hired ponies. The cicadas sing all day long in the gardens, and over and again from down the

hill come the hoots and puffs of the little trains (which prefer to travel gregariously, and come merrily up from Siliguri two or three at a time).

To the stranger it all seems intenser, more concentrated than real life, and especially after dark, when the braziers are aglow in the alleys of the bazaar, and the hotel lights comfortably shine above. Then half Darjeeling turns out for a stroll at Chaurasta, a triangular piazza half-way along the ridge, and on my own first evening in Darjeeling, I went and sat on a bench there and watched the town go by. Beyond the square the ridge fell away abruptly into the night, and there were only the dark foothills out there, and a suggestion of the snow-speaks, and the stars that now and then appeared in unnatural brilliance through the shifting clouds.

To and fro against this celestial backdrop the people of Darjeeling loitered, strolled and gossiped like Spaniards on their evening promenade, or more exotic Venetians at St Mark's. There were tall flashing girls in saris and nose-clips. There were brown gnome-like men in fur caps. There were slant-eyed children of astonishing beauty, and boys with wild eager faces like Gengis Khan. There were monks, and priests, and soldiers, and grand Indian gentlemen in tweeds, and giggly Indian girls in cotton party frocks. There were mountain porters hastening back from work, carrying rucksacks and tent-poles. There were ancient men with plaited pigtailed. There were two hippies, and a nun, and four French tourists, and me watching it all, as in hallucination, from a corner bench beside the bandstand.

It was like a microcosm of the world, assembled up there from the plains and mountains, ushered into that little square, reduced to a neater and more manageable size, and given double shots of adrenalin.

Glossary

trinket small piece of jewellery **diminutive** very small **colossally** (here) broadly **trundle** wheel **indefatigably** tirelessly **canter** gallop at an easy pace **coup de theatre** sudden and sensational turn as in a play **mysticism** the belief that the knowledge of God / real truth is

MODEL REVIEW OF MOVIE

The Amazing Spider-Man: Movie review

Renuka Vyavahare, | Jun 30, 2012

From : <http://timesofindia.indiatimes.com/entertainment/english/hollywood/news/The-Amazing-Spider-Man-Movie-review/articleshow/14530854.cms>

Genre: Superhero

The new Spider-Man is truly amazing! One would ideally give the verdict in the latter half of the review, but we'd rather say it right at the beginning. The new Spider-Man is truly amazing! A reboot and prequel of sorts, it is inevitable that you compare Mark Webb's Spider-Man to the previous Spider-Man trilogy directed by Sam Raimi, starring Tobey Maguire and Kirsten Dunst. Is it as good as Raimi's 'Spider-Man' which came out about 10 years back in 2002? How similar, different or better is it? The basic plot of Webb's reboot stays the same so don't go expecting major novelty. A young Peter Parker (Andrew Garfield) finds himself lonely and attracted to classmate Gwen Stacy (Emma Stone). His friends bully him while as caretakers; aunt and uncle expect him to be more responsible. Amidst all this, a spider bites him, turning Peter Parker into Spider-Man, a helpful vigilante. Webb however modifies Peter's character traits and makes him more interesting, intriguing, even a tad immature. He has no qualms in declaring that he is not morally obligated or responsible to make everyone happy. Unlike Maguire, Garfield is not saintly, shy, conscious or extreme nerdy before or after he dons his spidey outfit. He makes mistakes, loses his cool, exploits his super powers, speaks his heart out, prefers being aloof. He even lets Gwen know right from the beginning that he fancies her...so no 'good friends' drama there fortunately. Webb also makes his love interest more appealing and less annoying. Unlike Mary Jane, Gwen is not a spineless damsel in distress. She is not an indecisive emotional fool either. She reads Peter's mind and knows what she needs to do. She even fights, risks her life to save Peter. Biggest highlight of the film is the sizzling chemistry between Garfield and Emma. The real life couple looks great together onscreen too. Their love story makes you smile. Their terrace kiss is as special as the upside down kiss in Spider-Man (2002). Garfield shoots his web on Emma, pulls her towards him, grabs her in his arms and leans in for a kiss...iconic indeed. As far as the bad guys are concerned, Rhys Ifans plays Dr Connors who becomes a huge dinosaur like lizard, thus a huge threat to Spider-Man. He is not entirely a villain though. Irrfan Khan has like two scenes. But he gets noticed. Emma Stone is impressive. The special effects, stunts are mind-blowing. The very first scene where Peter starts discovering his newly found powers on a moving train is superbly shot. The action in the climax is incredible too. If you are watching in 3D, Imax viewing is a must. As the Spider-Man shoots his web in the air you will literally dodge to avoid being his target! Worth every penny you pay. Last and not the least, Andrew Garfield as Spider-Man, is supremely charming. He makes us forget that Tobey Maguire played the same character in 3 hit films before! He executes his role differently with no resemblance to Tobey. He is rebellious, vulnerable, romantic, amateur, practices before becoming a pro at flying and falling from skyscrapers. He even goggles his unforgiving spandex outfit before zeroing in on one. Andrew Garfield is the reason you should watch The Amazing Spider-Man! He is better than Tobey Maguire. Go shoot your web on the nearest theatre ticket counter and grab your ticket now.

Verdict: Amazing!

APPENDIX – 6
RUBRIC OF POETRY

		Beginner	Emerging	Satisfactory	Capable	Proficient
1.	Organization	1. No identifiable structure is evident in the poem.	1. The poem is written in its form but the structure does not show organization of the poem.	1. The poem is written in its proper form with a few mistakes.	1. The poem effectively uses an appropriate form.	1. The poem has used a logically effective organizational strategy and follows format of the poem exactly.
		2. The poet doesn't follow the form of the poem.	2. The poet tends to use an appropriate poem form.	2. The poet has effectively used appropriate poetic form.	2. The poetry form has emerged with a few or no errors.	2. The poem is in a form to present ideas effectively.
		3. The focus is not clear, ideas are not connected and not developed in the poem.	3. Subject is developed to a limited extent or lacks continuity in the poem.	3. The poet has tried to develop subject in the poem.	3. Ideas are focused and clear to the reader in the poem. The poem has a strong structure.	3. The poet has very effectively presented the subject and ideas in the poem.
		4. Content is not related and sequencing is not evident in the poem. The poet has difficulty in understanding the genre of the poem.	4. Content is somewhat related to topic and sequencing is tried in the poem.	4. Content is related to topic and sequencing is logical in the poem.	4. The content of the poem relates to the topic well and sequencing is logical.	4. There is continuity in flow of ideas using appropriate words.
2.	Sensitivity	1. The sensory images are missing in the poem.	1. The sensory images are limited and inappropriate to theme of the poem.	1. The poem clearly presents ideas and emotions but fails to sustain unity.	1. The poem clearly presents ideas and emotions relevant to the theme. 18	1. The poem presents ideas and emotions relevant to the theme in an artistic way.
		2. There is no use of sensory details or whenever used, it is consistently confusing in	2. The poet has tried to use sensory details in the poem.	2. Sensory details contribute to the meaning of the poem.	2. Sensory details contribute effectively to the meaning of the poem.	2. Sensory details contribute masterfully to the meaning of the poem.

		the poem.				
		3. The poem does not sensitize the reader.	3. The poem has tried to sensitize the reader.	3. The poem sensitizes the reader to some extent.	3. The poem sensitizes the reader.	3. The poem sensitizes the reader fully.
3.	Originality & Richness in imagination	1. The poem appears to be thoughtless.	1. The poet has tried to think and involve himself in the poem.	1. The form of the poem should be more appropriate to the subject of the poem.	1. Original idea is evident in the poem.	1. The poem is original in terms of choice of topic, ideas.
		2. The poet fails to use words to express ideas and emotions.	2. The poet has tried to use words to express ideas and emotions.	2. The poet has used words to create curiosity in reader's mind.	2. The poet has used words in an appropriate way to express ideas and emotions.	2. The poet has used words in an effective way to arouse curiosity in the reader's mind.
		3. The ideas presented in the poem are not original.	3. The ideas presented in the poem are somewhat repetitive.	3. Original ideas evident in the poem.	3. The poet has tried to create curiosity in the reader's mind through ideas and imagination.	3. The poet has used words to convey ideas and emotions in effective way in the poem.
		4. There is no linkage between ideas and emotions in the poem.	4. There is some linkage between ideas and emotions in the poem.	4. There is a linkage between ideas and emotions in the poem.	4. There is a logical link between ideas and emotions in the poem.	4. There is a link established in an effective way by the poet between ideas and emotions in the poem.
		5. The poem is very repetitive.	5. The poem looks somewhat artificial.	5. The poet has involved himself in the poem.	5. A couple of phrases or ideas may be revisited, but the overall product is carefully written.	5. The poet has used his personal feelings and involves himself in the poem.
4.	Interest	1. The poem lacks interest.	1. The poet tries to create interest in reader's mind.	1. The poet attempts to create interest in reader's mind. The poet has tried to use words to make	1. The poet successfully creates interest in reader's mind. The poem makes the reader	1. The poet uses significant words appropriately to create interest in reader's mind

				reader smile and feel excited.	smile and feel exciting.	by making him/her smile.
		2. The poem looks artificial.	2. The poem looks somewhat artificial.	2. The poem looks somewhat natural.	2. The poem is natural.	2. The poem looks very natural and authentic.
5.	Figures of Speech	1. Figure Of Speech is not used in the poem.	1. The poet has tried to use Figures of Speech.	1. The poet has used Figures of Speech but there are some mistakes.	1. The poet has used Figures of Speech in an appropriate way.	1. The poet has artistically used Figures of Speech in the poem.
		2. The sound devices like rhyme, alliteration, onomatopoei a are not used in the poem.	2. There is consistently confusing or inappropriate use of sound devices in the poem.	2. The poet has also used sound devices, such as, rhyme, alliteration, onomatopoei a in the poem.	2. The poet has also used sound devices such as, rhyme, alliteration, onomatopoei a in a meaningful way in the poem.	2. The poet has used sound devices, such as, rhyme, alliteration, onomatopoei a in an effective way to contribute to the meaning of the poem.

APPENDIX – 7
RUBRIC OF NON-FICTION ESSAYS

		Beginner	Emerging	Satisfactory	Capable	Proficient
1. Organization		1. The writer hasn't written enough to say one way or the other.	1. Organization of the essay is rough but workable.	1. Organization of the essay is in logical order.	1. The essay has either a strong lead, a developed middle or a satisfying ending but not all the three.	1. The essay has a strong lead that develops reader's interest, a developed middle and a satisfying ending that provides closure.
		2. The writer is aimless or disorganized and lacks direction.	2. The writer gets off topic once or twice.	2. The essay moves through the beginning, middle and end in a logical order.	2. The writer tries to drag the middle too long or the ending abrupt.	2. All paragraphs are in a logical order.
2. Ideas & Purpose		1. The writer uses ideas which are not relevant to topic.	1. The writer uses only simple ideas, some of which are of topic.	1. The writer uses simple ideas that usually support the topic.	1. The writer uses well developed ideas that support the topic.	1. The writer uses well developed ideas that support the topic effectively.
		2. The writer has not used any strategy to express ideas.	2. The essay has a conclusion that is unclear.	2. The essay has a conclusion that is not entirely clear.	2. The essay has a clear conclusion that summarizes some of the ideas presented.	2. The essay has a clear conclusion that summarizes all the ideas presented.
		3. Purpose in the essay is unclear and confuses the reader.	3. Strategies are rarely used to express ideas. Purpose is not clear to the reader.	3. Strategies are sometimes employed throughout. Purpose is somewhat clear to the reader.	3. Strategies are employed to express ideas in an effective way. Purpose is clear to the reader.	3. Strategies are employed to express ideas in an interesting way. Purpose of the writing is very much clear and engages the reader.
3. Point of View / Voice		1. The writer hasn't used point of view according to the type of	1. The writer has tried to use point of view according to	1. The writer has used the point of view according to	1. The writer has used the point of view in	1. The writer has used the point of view effectively in an interesting

		essay. 0(0%)	the type of essay but at some place it seems unclear and confusing. 0(0%)	the type of essay. 10(20%)	somewhat effective way according to the type of essay. 5(10%)	way according to the type of essay and engages the reader. 45(90%)
4.	Word – choice, Sentence – structure & Paragraphs	1. The writer has used very limited vocabulary which doesn't communicate strongly and fails to capture reader's interest.	1. The writer has used a limited vocabulary and tried to create interest in reader's mind.	1. The writer has used vivid words that create image in reader's mind, but lack variety and flair.	1. The writer has used vivid words to create image in reader's mind, but occasionally the words are used inaccurately.	1. The writer has used vivid words in an interesting and effective way to create image in reader's mind and choice of words and placement of words is accurate and natural.
		2. The writer has used incorrect and incomplete sentence structure.	2. The writer has tried to use simple sentence structures.	2. The writer has attempted to use a variety of sentence structures but some are used incorrectly.	2. The writer has used a variety of sentence structures effectively – complex, compound and simple.	2. The writer has used a variety of sentence structures in an artistic way.
		3. Paragraphs are written haphazardly and confuse the reader as they don't connect ideas and details logically.	3. Paragraphs contains ideas and details that are connected but fail at some places.	3. The essay includes ideas and details that are somewhat connected within paragraphs.	3. The essay has paragraphs; each contains ideas and details that are logically linked effectively.	3. The essay has paragraphs that are logically linked masterfully to connect ideas and details.
5.	Research Sources & Relevance of supporting facts & details	1. The writer has not used any information from any sources and based only on imagination.	1. The writer has used information based on personal knowledge.	1. The writer has used information mostly on a single source.	1. The writer has used information based on both personal knowledge and other resources.	1. The writer has used information from a variety of sources, effectively.
		2. The writer has not used	2. The writer has used	2. The writer has used	2. The writer has	2. The writer has used

		any example, reasons and other details.	examples, reasons and evidences which are somewhat lacking or inappropriate.	appropriate examples, reasons and other evidences to somewhat support point of view.	used appropriate examples, reasons and other evidence effectively to support point of view.	clearly appropriate examples, reasons masterfully to support point of view.
6.	Character, Plot and Setting	1. The writer hasn't written enough to judge the characters.	1. The writer has left significant characters out.	1. The writer has told who is the character, their names and ages but not shown how they behave and feel.	1. The writer has created characters by describing who they are, what they look like, gestures, expressions.	1. The writer has created complex characters by showing them in action, describing how they look and act.
		2. The writer has not tried to develop plot and setting in a proper way in the essay.	2. The writer has focused on more than one event, none of which has enough to give the essay a clear focus.	2. The writer has one main event but also includes less important events that don't help readers to know which one is important in the essay.	2. The writer has told about one specific event in detail but it isn't clear why it is important to the type of essay.	2. The writer has given details about one exciting, sad, funny or unusual event.
7.	Grammar, Mechanics & Spelling	1. Numerous problems with grammar, mechanics and spelling.	1. The writer has made frequent errors which are distracting but do not interfere with the meaning.	1. The writer has generally used correct grammar, punctuation and spelling.	1. Mechanics are good. Errors may be from taking risks, trying to say things in a new and unusual way.	1. The writer has used correct grammar punctuation and spelling.
		2. The writer has used inaccurate grammar, mechanics and spellings.	2. The writer has limited accuracy in grammar, mechanics and spellings.	2. The writer has some accuracy in grammar, mechanics and spellings.	2. The writer has general accuracy in grammar, mechanics and spelling.	2. The writer has consistent accuracy in grammar, mechanics and spelling.

APPENDIX – 8
POEMS COMPOSED BY STUDENTS IN GROUPS

Diamante poem composed by a group of students :

Date :- 26/8/2013 <i>My notebook</i> Date: _____ Page: _____	Class :- 9.
Group - B Diamante poem	
Food and Water	
Food	
Good, dry	
Eating, filling, Chewing	
Lunch, Dinner, Lake, Rain	
Quenching, Drinking, Swallowing	
Cool, Wet	
Water	

Acrostic poem composed by a group of students :

Date :- 30/8/2013
Group - A. Acrostic
C is for Conscientious, diligent in duty
H is for Heroic, courageously stepping forth
A is for Ambitious, full of drive
I is for Impartial, fair and unbiased
T is for Truth, living life with honesty
A is for Alluring, so attractive
L is for Light-headed, free from worries
I is for Important, your friendship is an asset.

Limerick poem composed by a group of students :

Date :- 3/09/2013	Group - D.
Limerick	
There Once was An Ape in a Zoo	
There once was an ape in a zoo	
who looked out through the bars and saw you!	
Do you think it's fair	
to give poor apes a scare?	
I think it's a mean thing to do.	

Free-verse poem composed by a group of students :

Class -9

Page No.
Date 6/5/2023.

Group-A Free-verse poem.

You are my true friend !!

You are there
when I am happy
or when I am sad

You are there
when I am loving
or when I am crying

You are there
when I need care
you are always so fair
always there
when I need you

that's why you are my true friend !!

APPENDIX – 9
POEMS COMPOSED BY STUDENTS INDIVIDUALLY
Diamante poems composed by students:

1. Diamante poem – Day & Night

Roll no. :- 34
 Nand Minis Patel

Date: 29/8/13
 Page No. : BHAVIN
/ /

Day and Night

Date: 29/8/13
 Thursday

Day
 Bright, Sunny
 Acuring, Shining, Heating
 Morning, Afternoon, Evening, Bedtime
 Darkening, cooling, scaring
 Dark, cold
 Night

2. Diamante poem – Money & Dollar

Roll no. :- 34
 Prina N. Patel

Diamante Poem - Money & Dollar

Money
 Penny
 Cold, Round
 Buying, Saving, Spending
 Lent, Copper, Cash, paper
 Keeping, Collecting, Earning
 Crinkly, Green
 Dollar.

29/8/13
 Thursday

3. Diamante poem – Sweet & Sour

Roll no. :- 37
 Prem J. Patel

Date: 29/8/13
 Page No. : BHAVIN
/ /

Sweet and Sour

sweet
 cake, Apple
 Icing, Eating, crunching
 Dessert, candy, salt, Lemon
 Puckering, Squinting, Drooling
 Bitter, Tart
 sour

Thursday

4. **Diamante poem – Kids vs. Teachers**

Roll no. :- 31 Maxur K. Patel 29/8/13
Thursday

Kids Verses Teachers

Kids
Loud, Noisy
Annoying, Thinking, playing
Toys, Bikes, Chalk, pencils
Laughing, Talking, Helping
Quiet, Hushed
Teachers

5. **Diamante poem – Sun & Moon**

27/8/13
Tuesday

Roll no. :- 8 Sagar M. Pawani
Sun & Moon
Sun

Bright, Hot
Burning, Heating, Lighting
Warm, Dark, Huge, Empty
Freezing, Reflecting, Relaxing
Lifeless, Empty
Moon

6. **Diamante poem – Winter & Summer**

Date :- 27/8/2013. DATE

Tuesday

Roll no. :- 2. Vraj J. Solanki
Winter

Frosty, Bright
Skiing, Snow Ball fighting, Sledding
Icebergs, Snowflakes, Vacation, Family
Swimming, Sun Tanning, Squeezing,
Hot, sunny
Summer.

7. **Diamante poem – Water & Land**

27/8/13
Tuesday

Roll no :- G. Dharti A. Makwana

Water

Wet, Deep

Flowing, splashing, swaying

Island, Lake, Forest, Ocean

Growing, stabilizing, Living

Hard, Dry

Land

8. **Diamante poem – Light & Dark**

Date :- 29/8/13
Thursday

Roll no :- 14 Dharti P. Patel

Light and Dark

Light

Hot, Bright

Waking, Playing, Learning

Energy, shadow, cold, night

Sleeping, Tiring, Resting

Scary, Creepy

Dark

9. **Diamante poem – Dreams & Reality**

27/8/13
Tuesday

Roll no :- 7

Name :- Parvati Bhavina S.

Diamante poem :- Dreams & Reality

Dreams

Subconscious, Imaginary

Sleeping, Wishing, Thinking

Fantasy, Actuality, Vision, genuine

Being Seeing, Knowing, Authentic, Factual

Reality

10. **Diamante poem – Big & Little**

27/8/13
Tuesday

Roll no.:- 10 Damini N. Patel

PAGE NO. / /
DATE: / /

Diamante Poem
Big and Little

Big
Humongous, Large
Increasing, growing, Expanding
Giant, World, Beetle, Bugs
Shriveling, Shrinking, Shortening
Small, Tiny
Little

Acrostic poems composed by students:

1. **Acrostic – HARRY**

Roll no.:- 19 HARRY A. Patel Date:- 31/8/13. Saturday

HARRY is hip, ahead at times
Analytical, solving problems with logic
Reassuring, a comforting presence
Radiant, a shining light
Yes, always believing in myself

2. **Acrostic – DIVYA**

Saturday
31/8/13.

Roll no.:- 16.

Page No. / /
Date: / /

Divya Patel
Acrostic Poem

Divya is dynamic, radiating energy
Indefatigable, a tireless spirit
Valiant, possessing bravery
Yearning, a desire to succeed
Alluring, so attractive.

3. Acrostic – HET

31/8/13 Het M. Patel
Saturday Roll no:- 21
Acrostic Poem

Het is honorable
Exuberant
Tantalizing.

4. Acrostic – DIV

Roll no:- 4. Monday
Page No.
Date: 2/9/13
Name:- Div A. Keralbramani

D is for distinguished, most outstanding
I is for inventive, full of creative solutions
V is for valuable, a friend to be cherished.

5. Acrostic – DHARTI

2/9/13 Monday Roll no:- 6 Name:- Dharti A. Makwana Acrostic poem

D is for dependable, a worthy friend
H is for helpful, ever willing to lend a hand
A is for alluring, so attractive
R is for ravishing, an entrancing beauty
T is for tantalizing, thrilling the senses
I is for industrious, committed to your homework

6. Acrostic – BHAVANA

2/9/13 Monday
Page No.:
Date: / /
Roll no:- 7
Name:- Bhavana S. Parwani
Acrostic Poem

Bhavana is beautiful, a delight to behold
Heady, you make me dizzy with excitement
Active, brimming with energy
Vital, so important and loved
Alluring, so attractive
Great, carefully organized
Alluring, so attractive.

7. Acrostic – DAMINI

31/8/13
Saturday

Roll no.:- 10 Damini N. Patel
Acrostic Poem

Damini is dear & precious
Able, succeeding in all you set out to do
Meaningful, the way you lead your life
Inspirational, the ability to motivate
Noteworthy, having remarkable achievements
Important, an asset to society.

8. Acrostic – SAGAR

31/8/13
Saturday

Roll no.:- 8 Sagar M. Parwani
Acrostic Poem.

Sagar is selfless, placing others before self
Awesome, a most inspiring person
Green-eel, elegantly mannered
Articulate, you say it so well
Rare, a gem.

9. Acrostic – DEEP

Roll no.:- 13 Deep K. Patel

Saturday
Page No.
Date 31/8/13

Acrostic poem
Deep is dedicated
Enigmatic
Exciting
Perceptive

10. Acrostic – PRITHVI

31/8/13
Saturday

Roll no.:- 38 Prithvika K. Patel
Acrostic Poem.

Prithvi is pluckly
Reliable
Impressive
Thoughtful
Happy
Vital
Interesting

11. Acrostic – PRIYA

31/8/13 Roll no.:- 39.
Saturday, Priya N. Patel.
Acrostic Poem.

Priya is picturesque
Ravishing
Inquisitive
Yummy
Alluring.

12. Acrostic – RAHUL

31/8/13 Roll no.:- 41. Rahul R. Patel. Acrostic poem.
Saturday
Rahul is reflective
Adventurous
Hopeful
Unforgettable
Likeable.

13. Acrostic – HIRAL

Roll No.:- 22. Hiral D. Patel
Acrostic Poem.

Hiral is hilarious
Important, an asset to society
Ravishing, an entrancing beauty
Adorable, turning hearts into gold
Light-hearted, free from worries

14. Acrostic – JAYDEEP

Roll no:- 23 Name:- Jaydeep D. Patel Date:- 2/9/13. Monday
Acrostic poem.

Jaydeep is joyful
Abilities, ~~to~~ he is blessed with many
Yummy, so delectable
Devout, of strong faith
Entrancing, so loveable
Entertaining, a bundle of fun
Peaceful, exuding a gentle calm

15. Acrostic – KHUSHI

Roll no:- 25 Name:- Khushi M. Patel Date:- 2/9/13. Monday
Khushi is kind and generous
Helpful to others
Unique, one of a kind
Smart, a keen intellect
Hip, ahead of time
Illuminating, a font of knowledge

16. Acrostic – KOMAL

Roll no:- 26 Komal D. Patel. Acrostic poem. PAGE NO.: ANKIT
DATE: 2/9/13
Komal is Keen Monday.
Optimistic
Maverick
Alluring
Loyal

17. Acrostic – KREENA

2/9/13.
Roll no:- 27 Kreena B. Patel Monday
Kreena is Keen
Refreshing
Eloquent
Exuberant
Noble
Artistic

18. Acrostic – MILI

Mili V. Patel
Roll No:- 32. Page No.:
Date: 2/9/13
Acrostic Poem
Mili is maverick, a trail blazer
Illustrious, bright and accomplished
Laudable, her accomplishments are most
commandable
Incredible, amazingly awesome.

19. Acrostic – CHIRAGH

Roll no.:- 1. Chiragh B. Ansane

Acrostic Poem

C is for careful, thoroughly meticulous
H is for Hip, ahead of the times
I is for Illuminating, a font of wisdom
R is for Rebellious, going against the grain
A is for Ardent, fiery passion
G is for Gracious, considerate of others.

20. Acrostic – MANAN

2/8/13 Monday

Name:- Manan Bhatt. Roll no.:- 3

Acrostic Poem

M is for meticulous
A is for accommodating
N is for neat
A is for amusing
N is for nurturing

Limerick poems composed by students:

1. Limerick poem – THERE ONCE WAS A CAT FROM NEW YORK

Wednesday

Page No.:

Date: 4/9/2013

Roll no.:- 10. Damini N. Patel

There once was a cat from New York
All the while she sat on a fork.
So she layed down and went to sleep.
And didn't here a peep.
That strange cat from New York

2. **Limerick poem – THERE ONCE WAS A GIRL NAMED MORGAN**

Date: 4/9/13
Wednesday

Sagar M. Patwani Roll no.: - 8.
Limerick Poem

There once was a girl named Morgan,
She loved to play on the organ.
She wrote her own music,
And sealed her own tunic,
That talented young girl called Morgan.

3. **Limerick poem – I ONCE MET A MAN FROM GREECE**

Roll no.: - 2 Name: - Vraj S. Solanki

PAGE NO. DATE 4/9/13

Limerick Poem: - I once met a man from Greece
I once met a man from Greece.
Everyday he visited his niece.
But whenever he said hi!
The cat fell in a pie.
That strange man from Greece.

4. **Limerick poem – THERE ONCE WAS A HUNTER NAMED PAUL**

4/9/13
Wednesday

Roll no. - 7

Page No. Date: / /

Name: - Bhavna S. Patwani

There once was a hunter named Paul
Paul who strangled nine quizzles one fall,
Nine is such a good score.
So she tried her one more
But he lost well, you can't win
then all!

5. **Limerick poem – THERE ONCE WAS A MAN FROM JAPAN**

Roll no.:- 31. Name:- Mayur K. Patel

PAGE NO. DATE 4/9/13.

Poem:- There once was a man from Japan
There ~~once~~ was a man from Japan.
All the while he kicked a can.
So he fell on his leg.
And broke a egg.
That silly man from Japan.

Free-verse poems composed by students:

1. **FREE-VERSE POEM – LOVE**

The Western English medium school, Petlad. Class:- 9.
Date:- 7/9/13 Roll no.:- 2 Vraj J. Solanki

Saturday Love

If my love was an ocean,
there would be no more land.
If my love was a desert,
you would see only sand.
If my love was a star late ~~at~~ night,
there would only be light,
& if my love could ~~grow~~ wings,
I'd fly all over the world.

2. **FREE-VERSE POEM – EACH TIME**

10/9/13
Tuesday

Roll no.:- 16. Divya Patel
Free-verse Poem

Each time you sit at your classroom
Wave your pen on your creative writing,
And still more,
At this grand moment your thoughts were poetic.
In the eyes of mine,
You will always be perfect.

3. **FREE-VERSE POEM – TIME IS EVERYTHING**

Roll no:-10. Damini N. Patel Date:- 7/9/13 Saturday
Free-verse
Time is everything.
Time is love, hope, & dreams
Time is space, length & pain
Time is family, friends & relationships
Time is everything & everything is time...
So don't waste your time.

4. **FREE-VERSE POEM – MY HOUSE**

Date:- 7/9/13
Saturday
Roll no. :- 7
Name :- Bhaskara S. Parwani
My House
you are so nice and small,
you catch me when I fall
I land on your rug,
then give you a hug,
you comfort me when I feel small,
you let me lean on your wall.
your three small, carpeted rooms.
Make it so that I don't have to
use brooms.
your kitchen is small
with pink paint on wall.
you are my house.
My house that I will never forget.

5. **FREE-VERSE POEM – A NEW EXPERIENCE**

10/8/13
Tuesday.

Roll no. :- 31. Mayur K. Patel

PAGE
DATE

Free-verse :- A New Experience

My new bike, waiting for me to ride
Scary...
Uncertainty...
Optimistic...

My mom holds onto the seat,
I start to pedal
I waver, I pedal slow
I'm pedaling faster,
My mom lets go -
I'm on my own,
My mind going as fast as the bike,
One thought racing, "I did it!"

6. **FREE-VERSE POEM – I KNOW NOT HOW TO THANK YOU**

10/8/13
Tuesday.

Roll no. :- 26. Komal D. Patel

Free-verse poem.

I know not how to thank you enough
When I am walking over to you
I just want to hold water
But you gave me siver

I know not how to thank you enough
When I am walking over to you
I just want to pick tree
But you gave me forests

I know not how to thank you enough
When I am walking over to you
I just want to find a simple feeling
But you gave me whole feeling

7. **FREE-VERSE POEM – ALWAYS THERE**

Date:- 10/9/13 Meet B. Shah Roll no.:- 55
Tuesday. Always there

You are there when I am sad
or when I am mad
you are there when I am fighting
or when I am crying
you are there when I need love
you are always so fair
always there
when I need you
that is why
I love you
so much my room!

8. **FREE-VERSE POEM – SEASONS**

10/9/13
Saturday

Roll no.:- 14. Dharti P. Patel

PAGE NO. _____
DATE: _____

Free-verse :- Seasons

Winter is like a blanket,
covering up the earth.

Spring is like a flower,
blooming they're from God.

Summer is like grass,
shifting the wind.

Fall is like they take time for blowing wind,
Dancing in the air

Seasons they never seen spring, winter, autumn, summer,
can't stay forever
going on forever.

9. **FREE-VERSE POEM - I AM THE RAINBOW**

Date:- 7/9/13
Saturday.

Roll no.:- 8. Sagar M. Parwani. class-9

Free-verse poem.

I am the rainbow

I am the rainbow,
sparkling, gleeful,
I am yellow,
Piping up with the morning
sun,
I am pink,
Giggling, leaping,
shy.
I am blue,
Sensitive, solemn,
Serene.
I am also red,
Determined, loyal,
Trustworthy.
I am green,
Resourceful, dreamy,
I am the rainbow,
Sparkling, gleeful.

10. **FREE-VERSE POEM - I USED TO**

Rahul Patel. Roll no.:- 41. Class-9

Free-verse poem.

PAGE NO.
DATE 10/9/2013

I used to...

I used to hate write
But now I really love writing poems.
I used to run really fast.
But now I don't run that fast.
I used to hate my sister.
But now I love her a lot.
I used to love to play Lego's.
But now I love to go on the computer.
I used to hate school!
But now I love school because I have a good friend!

APPENDIX – 10
NON-FICTION ESSAYS COMPOSED BY STUDENTS IN GROUPS
AUTOBIOGRAPHY COMPOSED BY A GROUP OF STUDENTS:

Group - A Autobiography

Date: - 17/09/2013.

The most unforgettable moment of my life class - 8

The most unforgettable moment of my life would be the day when I came to know I was the first to score highest in my class-8 final exams. I could not believe my ears as I never dreamed of such achievements. It was the memorable day of my life because I was able to see the happiness in my mother's eyes. I thought she would cry. But she didn't. She gave me a warm hug and told she knew I could do this. That day I realized my mother knew me more than me.

Scores or rank was a big reason to be happy. But, what was precious to me was my mother's confidence in me. She was the one who never thought twice to be always by my side. Her love and affection for me was unconditional. Another reason why I consider the day as most unforgettable moment of my life because I was able to outshine my biggest competitors. There were many of them. These students were smart, intelligent and dedicated.

That day I came to know that I should never doubt my abilities and have faith in myself. Courage, determination and my mother's prayers were the ~~the~~ three most powerful driving factors for me. My mother was my biggest support system during the time of struggle and distress. It was most unforgettable moment of my life because that day I could give my mother the most beautiful reason to be happy.

BIOGRAPHY COMPOSED BY A GROUP OF STUDENTS:

Group - B.

PAGE NO. _____
DATE 20/09/2013

Biography: - Sardar Patel

Sardar Patel was popularly known as Iron Man of India. His full name was Vallabhbhai Patel. He played a leading role in the Indian freedom struggle and became the first Deputy Prime Minister and Home Minister of India. He is credited with achieving political integration of India.

Vallabhbhai Patel was born on October 31, 1875 in Nadiad, a small village in Gujarat. Sardar Vallabh's early education took place in Karamsad. Then he joined a school in Petlad. Sardar Patel was a brilliant student throughout his schooling. Vallabhbhai wanted to become a barrister. To realize this ambition, he had to go to England. But he did not have the financial means to even join a college in India. Vallabhbhai studied at home with his friend's help and passed the law examination with flying colours.

Sardar Patel started his law practice in Godhra. He got married to Jhaveraba. In 1904, he got a baby daughter Maniben, and in 1905 his son Daryabhai was born. Patel was only thirty-three years old when his wife died. He did not wish to marry again. Vallabhbhai went to England and studied and stood first in the Barrister-at-law examination.

Sardar Patel returned to India in 1913 and started his practice in Ahmedabad. At the urging of friends, he contested and won elections to become the sanitation commissioner of Ahmedabad in 1917. He then gave up his lucrative legal practice and volunteered to lead the struggle of Kheda satyagrah. With his efforts, in 1919, the British government agreed to suspend collection of revenue and roll back the rates. Vallabhbhai supported Gandhi's Non-Cooperation Movement, and helped in organising bonfires of British goods in Ahmedabad.

In 1928, in Bardoli satyagrah, he organized farmers

the farmers and told them not to pay even a single pie of tax. After the victory in Bardoli that caused intense excitement across the India, that Patel was increasingly addressed by his colleagues and followers as Sardar.

In August 1942, the Congress launched the Quit India Movement. The government jailed all the important leaders of the Congress, including Vallabhbhai Patel. All the leaders were released after 3 years. After achieving independence on 15th August, 1947, Pandit Nehru became the Prime Minister of India and Sardar Patel became the Deputy Prime Minister. He was in charge of Home Affairs, Information and Broadcasting and the Ministry of States.

There were 565 princely states in India at that time. Patel invoked the patriotism of India's monarchy, asking them to join the freedom of their Motherland. He persuaded all the 565 princely states. With great wisdom and political foresight, he consolidated the small kingdoms. The public was with him. He united a scattered nation without much bloodshed. Due to the achievement of this massive task, Sardar Patel got the title of 'Iron Man'.

Sardar Patel died of cardiac arrest on December 15, 1950. For his services to the nation, Sardar Patel was conferred with Bharat Ratna in 1954.

TRAVELOGUE COMPOSED BY A GROUP OF STUDENTS:

Class - 9

Group - C Travlogue

Date: - 24/8/2013.

Page No.

Date

AKshardham temple - Grandhinarapur

Last year, I visited the AKshardham temple in Grandhinarapur. We went with my parents during Purnima vacation. We started our journey from our home at 7 o'clock in our car. We reached Grandhinarapur at around 10 o'clock. AKshardham temple is located bang opposite the chief minister's residence in city's posh official quarters. Security is very tight - no mobile phones, no cameras, no eatables or water bottles allowed inside. There are of course food stalls inside the complex.

To the left of the main gate is a children's play area with joy rides of different kinds. The complex houses the Swaminarayan temple and different exhibit halls. It is a beautiful and well maintained complex with manicured lawns and water fountains. Every little detail is well thought out - including the benches located outside the shoe deposit area to help visitors take off their shoes. The temple itself is exquisitely carved and has an idol of Shri Swaminarayan and a few other gods and goddesses. It just compares with

The exhibit halls have information, tableaux and short movie clips related to the life and deeds of Shri Swaminarayan and Indian mythology. Then there is an iMax screen where a 45 minute movie on Shri Swaminarayan's life. All these are very artistically made, visually pleasing, spiritually enlightening and entertaining at the same time.

It is a good idea to start visit during afternoon and plan on staying for the light and sound show at the end.

The show begins at 7 p.m. and is simply amazing. The effects of light, fire, laser and projection are mind blowing. A story from the Upanishad is narrated, followed by a grand finale of all the effects coming together. It is absolutely a must-see and in this respect, it has to be said that Grandhinarapur temple has outdone even the bigger Delhi temple.

It was about 8 p.m. by the time we got out of the temple and started our journey back home. We reached home at 11 o'clock p.m.

REVIEW OF A MOVIE COMPOSED BY A GROUP OF STUDENTS:

class - 9

Group A Review of movie.

Group Review of movie :- Ice Age

Page No.
Date 27/9/2013.

"Ice Age" is a pleasure to look at and scarcely less fun as a story. A woolly mammoth, a sabertooth tiger and a sloth team up to rescue a human baby and return it to its parents.

The film takes place during a southward migration of species during a great ice age. Such migrations took place over millennia and were not the pre-Cambrian equivalent of going to Florida for the winter months. We meet Mantis - the Mammoth and Sid - the sloth. Of course they can speak. When Sid and Manny come upon a small, helpless human child, they decide to protect it and ~~return~~ return it to its parents. Along the trail, they are joined by Diego - the Sabertooth, who has a hidden agenda. They are potentially one another's dinners, and yet through Sid's ~~inseparability~~ inseparability and Manny's bravity in saving Diego from certain death, they bond and become friends.

"Ice Age" does not preach Darwinian Orthodoxy, however, but a kinder, gentler world view: Ice Age meets New Age. The philosophy scarcely matters here as it is an animated comedy.

The artwork, the dialogue and the voice-overs work by the actors are excellent. The filmmakers have all worked together to really see and love these characters, who are not "cartoon animals" but as quirky and individual as human actors.

I would suggest the story sneaks up and eventually wins us over, except it starts the winning process in its very first shots, showing a twitchy squirrel desperately trying to bury an acorn in an icy wilderness. "Ice Age" is indeed alluring fare for the family that ~~can~~ to enjoy together.

APPENDIX - 11

NON-FICTION ESSAYS COMPOSED BY STUDENTS INDIVIDUALLY

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES COMPOSED BY STUDENTS:

1. AUTOBIOGRAPHY - MY WORST DAY AT SCHOOL EVER

Khushi Patel. Roll no. :- 25. Class :- 8.

My worst day at school ever...

Page No.
Date 18/09/2013

Last Monday started very awfully. I always get up at 6 a.m., but this day I woke up at 8 a.m. because I forgot to set my alarm clock.

I arrived late for school and my teacher was very angry with me. It was an English lesson class and my teacher gave our tests back. I was depressed. When I got my exam, I got a bad marks. I thought that I wrote it very well. The next subject was science. When we walked into the class, we noticed that our science teacher was nervous. At first, she didn't say anything. She checked the attendance and she told us that we had a small test. We were shocked. I hadn't studied the last unit and I wrote nothing on the test. I was very angry with myself because I hadn't revised before the test. I went out of the classroom, because I got a break. I went to the changing room. I got my tracksuit. During our PE lesson we practised very hard. Our teacher admonished us all the time. We were very tired after this lesson. We still had math. The teacher gave us a difficult exercise which we had to do. I was tired and I couldn't concentrate on the exercise.

When I went back home I was depressed. I noticed that I had a lot of homework. I was doing my homework till late. I was tired, depressed and sad and I went to sleep around 2'0 clock. It was the worst day of my life.

3. AUTOBIOGRAPHY - MY NAME

Date :- 18/09/2013

Roll no. :- 7

Page No. :
Date : / /

Name :- Bhavina Parvati class :- 9

Autobiography :- My Name.

In English, my name means feelings. It means feelings of happiness, sadness, joy, anger and love. It was my great grandmother's name and now it is mine. She was a charming woman, born like me in a year - which is supposed to be bad luck if you're born female - but I think this is a religious belief because the Hindu - Indians, don't like their women strong.

My great-grandmother - I would've liked to have known her, she was so religious that she wouldn't marry. Until my great-grandfather threw a bunch of flour on her head and cursed her off. Just like that, as if she were a fancy chandeliers. That's the way he did it.

And the story goes, she never forgave him. She looked out the window her whole life, the way so many women sit their sadness on an elbow. I wonder if she made the bed with what she got or was she sorry because she couldn't be all the things she wanted to be.

Page No. :
Date : / /

I have inherited her name, but I don't want to inherit her place by the window.

At school, they say my name is somewhat funny as if the syllables were made out of iron and hurt the roof of your mouth. But in English, my name is made out of a softer something, like a rose, not quite as beautiful as sister's name - Jasmine, which is sweeter than mine. Jasmine who at least can come home and become Jenny. But I am always Bhavina.

I would like to get new name for myself under a new name, a name more like the real me, the one nobody sees. Bhavina as Damini. Yes, something like Damini will do.

4. AUTOBIOGRAPHY - WHEN I WAS LITTLE

Sagar Parwani. Class :- 8.
Roll no. :- 8. Autobiography :- When I was little. Page No. 18/08/2013.

When I was little, I used to listen to my parents' records over and over I can still clearly remember possessing my elder sisters to constantly play the folk song, "Tunjan Ki sity me maso man dele" because I loved singing along with it. From that song, I moved to popular eighties hits. I remember pretending to be a singer using my magical hairbrush as microphone and mimicking how singers sang and danced on television. I must have been a sight to look at - what with the wide-eyed five-year-old boy with a hairbrush microphone in hand singing about broken hearts, unrequited love and what have you. It didn't seem to bother my family. In fact, they were so pleased with my performing abilities that it then became a must for me to perform a song whenever we had visitors. I was a bit hesitant and shy at first. Eventually, I didn't mind singing in front of an audience because after doing my Michael Jackson style of dance, I could see that my parents and our guests would beam in amusement not to mention the fact that I received some goodies after each number. Indeed, my great love for music started with my parents' records and my magic microphone.

5. AUTOBIOGRAPHY - MY EDUCATION

Komal Patel. Class :- 8.
Roll no. :- 26. My Education. Date :- 18/09/2013.

"The Western English medium High School is a community of learners committed to cultivating the resources necessary to have our students become literate, analytical, reflective and empathetic citizens and leaders of our city, country and society." This is the mission of my high school. It seems very heavy to me, and I can only hope I would turn out to be really "literate, analytical, reflective and empathetic", but what I am very certain about is that I need to make the most of my The Western English medium High School education because it is my passport to success.

I need to value my education because it assures me of a good life. I am the only one girl in my family who reached high school, and it is my goal to pass from high school here no matter what it takes. I have been a witness to my mother's struggle to earn a living and keep a stable job so that she could give me a decent life. When I was three years old, my father lost my mother; she was then pregnant with my younger sister. On that day, my mother became the sole provider of our family. Mom has been juggling two jobs - working as a maid and babysitting. She has really sacrificed so much for me and my younger sister. She has told me that because she

only had passed primary school education, it is hard for her to find a regular and a good paying job. Mom constantly tells me that if I want a better life, I should make sure I study very hard and finish college because there are more and better opportunities for college graduates. Indeed my mother has inspired me to do well in school.

Moreover, many of my relatives and friends have made a lot of bad decisions. They have taken their studies for granted, dropped out of school due to company of bad people. I do not want to be like them. I do not want to have a constant gear on me. I don't want to cause my mother and sister the pain of worrying that one day I will be locked up for something. I know I should not have gotten involved with in the first place. I don't want to cause my mother and sister any more stress and headache. Therefore, I will not only work very hard in school, but I will also hang out with the right crowd - people who can serve as a good influence and role model for me.

I have a lot of wonderful dreams for myself and for my family, and I want to be able to make those dreams a reality if I don't start working hard now.

DATE 19/09

I hope to not have to slip at McDonalds for the rest of my life. The Western English medium High School is a very good educational institution. With hard work and dedication with the support of my teachers and classmates, I am confident that I will pass out from this school as a "logical, analytical, reflective and empathetic person". Truly, my hard work, along with a Western English medium High School quality education, is my passport to success.

6. AUTOBIOGRAPHY - MY FIRST

Date :- 10/09/2013

Roll no. :- 24

Class :- 9 My First.

Name :- Jay Patel.

Page No. :
Date : / /

They say the first time you do something is always the most special whether it be a first car drive or a first day of school. Why? Because these are special times that will be remembered as long as you live. One of my "firsts" was an absolute turning point in my life.

My dad loved cricket when he was young and still does today. He was the biggest Indian team fan. He went to many games at Sardar Patel stadium - Ahmedabad even though the Indians were the worst team in major games at that time. My Dad wanted to pass on the cricket tradition to me, so when I was seven, not knowing whether I would like it or not, my dad took me to a near by daynight cricket tournament game at Sashtri park in Ahmed. "I thought you would fall asleep by the second inning" he told me. He thought wrong. I may have not known what was going on but I was fascinated by the game of cricket. The smell of freshly cooked puffs, popcorns, the fans were cheering and screaming, "out", "out" at the top of their lungs. Players were running down the pitch and in the ~~hole~~ whole ground, other players were throwing ball at the pitch. It was absolutely

mind-blowing. This was so different from just sitting at home. Since that game, I have gone to about 30 some odd games at Castro Park. Ever ~~seen~~ ~~the~~ since that magical day, I have loved cricket. Soon my passion for cricket would lead me to my love of many other sports. Now, I know all the players, teams and states of many sports. If this moment ~~had~~ hadn't occurred, I would have been a completely different person. It just goes to show that one experience can change the entire complexion of one's life. 🧡

I owe one of my favourite pastimes to my dad and to the greatest day of my young life. This still remains true to this day. My dad had a huge impact on me because he exposed me to something new. This is what ~~as~~ a good parent does; without him and my experience, I would not be who I am today.

7. AUTOBIOGRAPHY - MY ROLE MODEL

Harshil Soni. Class :- 8.
Roll no. :- 15. My Role Model.

PAGE NO. : ANKIT
DATE : 19/09/2013.

A role model is someone who impacts a lot of people because of his good and admirable qualities. As a child, my role model was my cousin - Akshay who is five years older than I am. Akshay is one of the nicest and most interesting persons I have ever known because he is kind hearted, talented and very amiable.

Akshay is one of the most kind hearted persons I know. He does simple good deeds and also goes to great lengths to help anyone regardless if the person is a friend or a stranger. He is the epitome of a perfect gentleman. In elementary school, we used to go to school together and in our morning commute, he never failed to give his assistance, to open doors and offer his seat to elderly people and pregnant women. Moreover, when a friend went to him for advice, help or help, he would drop what he was doing and do his best to help the friend sort things out and even solve the problem. He is truly a person with a good heart.

Talent seems to be Akshay's middle name too. He is very skilled in drawing and painting. Many times, he has been asked to create something for the class or the school. In addition, he has won several contests to attest to his remarkable talent and skills. He is one of the reasons why I started becoming very interested in art. When I turned 10, he gave me my very first professional sketchpad with a picture of me that he drew on the very first page. Additionally, he would sit with me and offer me some suggestions in drawing. He never failed to encourage me. Up to this day, when we are in each other's house, we would look at each other's artwork and exchange ideas and techniques.

I have always been amazed by how easily he gets along with people. At a gathering, he would start a conversation with the people around him and a few minutes later, they would be talking and laughing like they were good old friends. By being around my cousin, I have learned to be more confident and sociable.

It is truly amazing how people impact each other's lives. I feel really fortunate to be impacted by my cousin, Akshay, who's one heck of a role model.

8. AUTOBIOGRAPHY - FAMILY & FRIENDS

Roll no.:- 10. Damini Patel. class:- 9.

Autobiography:- Family & Friends.

Page No.
Date 18/09/2023

Jolly, loud, humorous, busy, loving and supportive. These are the some of the words that come to my mind when I think of my family. My family is made up of my mom, dad, and my younger sisters - Madhu and Komal. We all enjoy each other's company very much, and take care of each other in various ways.

Interestingly, my mom and dad are quite different from one another. My mom is very outgoing, talkative and is always cracking jokes. On the other hand, my dad is rather shy, quiet and much more serious. Part of what shapes their different personalities is where they came from. My mother grew up in Parag, and is from a large, Hindu family of six children. My father is from the other side of the planet: Alaska. He is also from a large family of nine children, and came to Parag when he was thirty. Generally, it seems that people from the west are more outgoing, like my mom, and people from the East are more reserved, like my father. I guess "opposites attract", in the case of my mom and dad.

My sisters and I resemble our parents in varying ways, both physically and personality-wise. I'm definitely the most similar to my mother, both in appearance and mannerisms. I'm very outgoing, love to talk and laugh. Madhu, my middle sister, is a mixture of our parents, she looks exactly like our father, and while she is loud and outgoing, she does not talk about herself, like my dad. Komal, our youngest sister, is most similar to our father in personality. She is not as shy, but she hardly talks at all. It's like

"pulling teeth" to get stories out of either Komal or our dad.

The best part is that, similar to how my mom and dad balance each other in their contrasting personalities, we all balance each other when we are together. Family dinners are always entertaining. We tease one another, tell silly stories, and because we know and understand each other so well, we even finish one another's sentences. It's never a dull moment in the Patel household.

9. AUTOBIOGRAPHY - THE WRATH OF NATURE

Darshil D. Patel

Class :- 9.

Date :- 18/09/2013.

Roll No. :- 11. ^{PAGE} ^{DATE} ~~11~~ ~~18/09/2013~~
Autobiography :- The Wrath of Nature.

"It's the end of the world!" - This was the first thing that came to my mind as the earth shook that fateful day. On January 26, 2001, the Gujarat experienced an earthquake that reached 7.9 on the Richter scale at 8:46 am and lasted for two minutes. It was one of the strongest earthquakes in Gujarat's history. It was said to be the most destructive earthquake on record within Indian Region, and I was right there when it happened. Indeed, it was one day that I will never ever forget for the rest of my life, as it was said.

It was my junior KG year in kindergarten. It started out like a normal day. I joyfully got out of bed when the alarm went off, got ready and headed to school for Independence day celebration. As I was attending prayer with other students of different classes, I felt the ground shaking so violently that we lost our balance. Paintings and other wall hangings started to fall. Windows started to break and explode. It seemed like the ~~best~~ building was going to collapse. The teachers led us to an open area where we all got to our knees, held hands and prayed. Amidst the sounds of people screaming, crying and praying, the sound of the earth ~~is~~ shaking was so ~~deaf~~ deafening. It sounded like a humongous wild animal was roaring in frenzy. I was so scared. Given my four-year-old knowledge at that time, I really thought it was the end of the world. I would not have been surprised to see the heavens open up. We experienced three major aftershocks of earthquake which felt like eternity to me. It was an unbearably awful and terrifying experience for me and for a lot of people I know. I was scared for my life and for my loved ones. I did not

know where my family and friends were. I did not know if they were okay. After the last aftershock, we became more devastated when we saw the destruction 2 minutes earthquake caused. There was no electricity. Several buildings, hotels, houses and roads were heavily damaged. Many people were trapped and killed in damaged ~~but~~ buildings. Many people perished and died. It was a terrible day for the city of Ahmedabad. I grieved for my countrymen, family, friends and myself. I grieved for all of us who experienced the terrible tragedy. Indeed, the date, January, 26, 2001, will forever be etched in my mind for as long as I live, for it is a reminder of how I once almost lost my life and the lives of people whom I loved.

10. AUTOBIOGRAPHY - HOME IN PETLAD

Roll no. :- 2 Vraj. J. Solanki.

Page No. : _____

class :- 8 Autobiography - Home in Petlad. Date: 18/09/2013

When asked about my childhood, memories of the time when my family and I lived in a small but cozy second floor apartment in Mariampura always first fill my mind. Mariampura is a small neighbourhood located in the outskirts of Petlad city. I am very fond of that place because I lived there from the time when I was born until I reached the age of six. Moreover, I loved this place because it is where I could say I experienced the true essence of the word used, "home".

Back then, my family was complete, made up of Mama, Papa, my two elder sisters and me. I remember eating together as a family, eagerly waiting for papa to come home, so I could remove his boots and slip his slippers on his feet, watching cartoon shows with papa, pretending to be asleep during afternoon because the reward for sleeping was a plate of Mama's delicious Maggie noodles when I "wake up", playing with my best friend Amit who lived downstairs, singing songs, staring at the intriguing painting in the living room (hmm... maybe my interest in art was born there), and listening to my parents' collection of records (perhaps my love for music started there too). I can still clearly remember pressing my sisters to constantly play the song "who let the dogs out" because as a child, I thought it was so cool that they actually recorded a dog barking after the artist sings the first line, "who let the dogs out." Unfortunately for my parents, my interest in their collection didn't end there. I also remember being so fascinated with their records that I used them as coins that I deposited in my piggy bank.

the well-polished wooden floor.

One could say I was a pretty curious, adventurous and imaginative child. I have so many more memories to write about, but the bottom line is that our second floor apartment is a special place for me because it holds so many wonderful memories and because I have never felt so at home anywhere else. But in that small but cozy apartment in Mariampura.

11. AUTOBIOGRAPHY - A PROUD PATHAN

Gulamrasa Pathan. Roll no.:- 49.

Autobiography :- A Proud Pathan.



PAGE NO.

DATE 10/9/13.

I am a Pathan who has proved many wrong. Some may consider my accomplishments lucky, but they are mistaken. Friends criticize me because I get good grades and actually work for my education. People of my culture think I have dishonoured them and run away from my destiny. If working at shop or making minimum wage was my destiny, then I accept these accusations of dishonour, which I define as a failure to excel. I will be the first in my family to pass out from school and graduate college. I will be one of the few Pathans with a college degree, and I will have a lifetime of jobs that require more than a basic education.

The barriers that I have to break are ~~severe~~ extensive Board exams and college are obstacles. I will soon approach and even though I know it will be tough, I also know I will do well. At times I need encouragement. I have to be told that the minimum isn't always the best option and I'm capable of more. I have to give in order to receive. Education is the key to a better life and job. Believing in myself and not paying attention to the way society portrays people can help me advance.

I have proven to my community, family and friends that I can overcome adversity by achieving high honors throughout high school. I have ignored frequent comments like, "Gulamrasa isn't smart. Can you name some who have actually made it?" I made it through all these.

I am standing up for my culture and proving to society that Pathans can make it in the world. I can handle



stress. I can handle jobs that require me to think or make tough decisions. I can make it in life. I'm proud of my ~~caste~~ culture and troubles that I have overcome - the physical and emotional abuse I faced in the home.

Society sees Pathans as businessmen and merchants. Pathan families have to work harder because they're supporting a family with a job that only pays minimum wage. Most are ~~to~~ lucky to pass out high school, and few think about college.

Since, we are often considered unsuccessful, violent and uneducated, I have to disapprove these labels. I have to prove to my family, community and society that I am educated and capable of more than the minimum expectations. I am proud to be a Pathan who will reach superior goals.

12. AUTOBIOGRAPHY - MY ROLE MODEL - MY MOTHER

Rahul Patel. class :- 9
Roll no. :- 41. My Role model - My mother. PAGE NO. DATE 19/09/2023.

Many people consider famous athletes their heroes but not me. I look to my mom. She has taught me values and lessons to help me achieve happiness, given me the chance to participate in many activities, and instilled in me responsibility, honesty and a sense of decorum.

The most important and probably most costly opportunity she has given me is the opportunity to attend - "The Lebanon English Medium school." This is no small task for a single parent, but it is important to keep my faith close because it is what will fulfill me in the long run.

Even though, we didn't have much money, my mom made sure I had good childhood. I have always been active in sports, and she helped me join an Adventure trip to Abu. My mother has worked hard, the past two years to pay for this trip.

Ever since I was little my mom has taught me important lessons that will help me become a better person. She made me an honest and reliable person and because of this, coaches, friends and teachers know they can count on me. My mom has shown me that responsible people succeed. With her help I have learned to manage my time and not let extra-curricular activities interfere with homework. My mom has always asked me to act with decorum when representing her, my team and my school. She has shown that if I act properly and treat everyone with respect, I will receive the same in return.

My life might have been different if my dad were still with us, but I don't think I would trade my life for anything. Without my mom I am not sure where I would be. I am proud to be her son and glad that she has supported me.

My life has been tough, but I know we will get through it together and there isn't anyone I would rather it be with.

BIOGRAPHIES COMPOSED BY STUDENTS:

1. BIOGRAPHY - AMITABH BHACHCHAN

The Western English Medium School, retlad.

Name: - Deep Patel Roll no.: 12
Class: - 9.

Page: _____
Date: 21/09/2023.

Biography: Amitabh Bachchan

NAME: Amitabh Bachchan
OCCUPATION: Film Actor Entrepreneur Political Leader
BIRTH DATE: October 11, 1942 (Age: 71) University
PLACE OF BIRTH: Allahabad, India
FULL NAME: Amitabh Harivansh Bachchan

Amitabh Bachchan was born on October 11, 1942 in Allahabad, India. In 1969, he debuted in South Hindi cinema. His role in 1972's Zanjeer made him an action movie star. In the 1980s, Bachchan held a seat in the Indian parliament. In the '90s, he started his own production company. He returned to acting in 1997, with *Majhi Maanagi*. In 2000, he began hosting the Indian version of *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire?*

EARLY LIFE

Amitabh Harivansh Bachchan, best known as Amitabh Bachchan, was born in Allahabad, India on October 11, 1942. India was still a British Colony at the time and would not achieve independence until five years later. Bachchan's father was renowned Hindi poet Dr. Harivansh Rai. His mother Teji Bachchan, was a Sikh socialite. Amitabh Bachchan was his parents' firstborn. He has one younger brother, Muneer Ajitabh.

Bachchan went to Sherwood College boarding school before enrolling in Delhi University, where he earned his Bachelor of Arts.

degree. Once he graduated, he became a freight broker in Calcutta. After a few years in Calcutta, Bachchan was ready for change. He decided to move to Bombay and take a stab at Bollywood show business. By this time, India had been independent for nearly two decades and Hindi cinema was thriving.

EARLY FILM CAREER

In 1969, Bachchan made his film debut in the usual Hindi-stani. Although the movie tanked at the box office, Bachchan still managed to capture the attention of directors. Soon enough, the offers started rolling in. By the early 1970s, Bachchan had garnered popularity with audiences as the "angry young man" in a series of successful Hindi feature films. His starring role in Zanjeer was particularly instrumental in launching him to stardom as an action movie hero. Bachchan's performances in films like Ladkari, Coolie, Naseeb, Silsila, Shakti, and Jungar continued to enrapture fans of the tall and handsome action hero, and also landed him multiple Fanfare Awards. From the 1970s through the early 80s, the ruddy-buckling Bachchan appeared in more than 100 films. He seized opportunities to work with India's most acclaimed directors such as Prakash Mehra, and dominated the silver screen with films like Trishul, Sholay, and Chakradhaar. In addition to acting, Bachchan's roles often required him

POLITICS AND BUSINESS

Page: 6

Date: / /

In 1982, Bachchan had a serious accident while filming *Fans* payed for his recovery. Bachchan survived the accident, but it prompted him to change paths. In 1984, he traded his Bollywood stardom for a seat in the Indian Parliament. His political aspirations proved to be short-lived. In 1987, he left his seat due to unexpected controversy.

By the 1990s, the limelight surrounding Bachchan had begun to fade. But his decision to start his own entertainment production company, Amitabh Bachchan Corporation Limited and make himself CEO, put him back in the headlines.

BACK TO ACTING

Bachchan followed his true calling and returned to the silver screen in 1997 with the film *Mrityudand*, produced by ABCCL. In 2000, he also started hosting the Indian version of the television game show *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire?*

Despite a few box-office failures in the 1990s, in the 2000s, Bachchan climbed his way back up to stardom as film actor, earning additional filmfare and international Film Award nominations for his work on films like *Bachchan* (2003), *Whaker* (2004) and *Red* (2009).

PERSONAL LIFE

Page: 6

Date: / /

Bachchan married movie actress Jay a Bhaduri in 1973. The couple have two children, a daughter and a son. Their daughter, Shweta Bachchan Nanda, is married to industrialist Nikhil Nanda, whose grandfather was the film director Raj Kapoor. Bachchan and Bhaduri's son, Abhishek Bachchan, is also an actor and is married to actress Aishwarya Rai.

In addition to being a father and an actor, Amitabh Bachchan devotes his time to charitable causes. In 2003, he was appointed a good will ambassador for the United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF).

2. BIOGRAPHY - SHRI RAMKRISHNA PARAMHANSA

July 2022 Pptcl. Rom no: 23 Class: 9

Biography: Sri Ramkrishna Paramhansa was a popular saint of India. This original name of Ramkrishna was gadadhar chakraborty. He was born into a poor and orthodox Brahmin family on 18th February 1836 in Gouripur, Hooghly district of West Bengal. Though his father was very reluctant in going to school, he had a god-gifted ability of painting and creating clay models. He was also good at learning things. He readily memorised the tales, based upon the scriptures, young gadadhar took in his village started performing royal courtship of their family - dirty.

In 1852, Ramkrishna went to Calcutta and started assisting his brother at Dakshin Chandra temple. It is believed that the name of Ramkrishna was given to gadadhar by the son-in-law of - Rani Rasmoni. He considered goddess Kali as the mother of all. At times he would go into the jungle and spend the entire night worshipping goddess Kali. In 1859, Ramkrishna was married to his old school.

Sri Ramkrishna was the most rational mystic with scientific basis. He put forward in most simple terms as parables and stories, the profound truth regarding God and God-realisation. He talked about God only after directly experiencing the reality of God.

At the age of eighteen, since the bride of Ramkrishna was sent to Dakshineswar to join his

husband. It was believed that the Ramkrishna was the holy mother. Sri Sri is considered as the first disciple of Ramkrishna. Even at Ramkrishna's death in 1886, he was the most prominent and would lead to make a great work.

Ramkrishna met Vivekananda for the first time in late November 1893 when he visited Dakshineswar to know if the God really exists. In his reply, Ramkrishna said, "Yes, I see God. I see you here now in a much intense sense. God can be realized".

At that time, Vivekananda did not believe Ramkrishna. He felt such a simple man could see the God. But gradually he became a devotee.

3. BIOGRAPHY - HELEN KELLER

Sagar Paswani.
Roll no. :- 8. Class :- 8.

Biography :- Helen Keller.

PAGE NO.
DATE 21/09/2013.

Helen Keller was born 27th June, 1880 in Tuscumbia, Alabama. When she was only 19 months old, she experienced a severe childhood illness, which left her deaf and blind. Unable to communicate properly, she was considered to be badly behaved, for example, eating from the plates of anyone on the table with her fingers.

In 1886, Helen was sent to see an eye, ear and nose specialist in Baltimore. He put her in touch with Alexander Graham Bell. Bell helped Keller to visit the Perkins Institute for the Blind, and this led to a long relationship with Anne Sullivan - who was a former student herself. The two maintained a long relationship of 49 years.

Learning to communicate - In the beginning, Keller was frustrated by her inability to pick up the hand signals that Sullivan were giving. However, after a frustrating month, Keller picked up on Sullivan's system of hand signals through understanding the word 'water'. Sullivan passed water over Keller's left hand and wrote out on her right hand the word 'water'. This helped Helen to fully understand the system, and she was soon able to identify a variety of household objects.

Keller made rapid progress and quickly overcame her bad habits. She became proficient in Braille, and was able to begin a fruitful education, despite her disability. With great difficulty, Keller was able to study at Radcliffe College, where in 1904, she was able to graduate with a Bachelor of Arts degree. During her education, she also learned to speak and practise lip reading. Her sense of touch became extremely subtle.

Keller became a proficient writer and speaker. In 1903, she published an autobiography 'The Story of My Life'. It recounted her struggles to overcome her disabilities.

PAGE NO.
DATE / /

Keller also wrote on political issues, Keller was a strong supporter of the American Socialist party and joined the party in 1909. Her book 'Out of the Dark' (1913) includes several essays on socialism.

In religious matters, she advocated the teachings of Emanuel Swedenborg, a Christian theologian who advocated a particular spiritual interpretation of the Bible. She published 'My Religion' in 1917.

From 1918, she devoted much of her time to raise funds and awareness for blind charities. She sought to raise money and also improve the living conditions of the blind, who at the time were often badly educated and living in asylums.

Towards the end of her life, she suffered a stroke and she died in her sleep on June 1st, 1968. She was given numerous awards during her life, including the presidential medal of freedom in 1964, by Lyndon B. Johnson.

4. BIOGRAPHY - SACHIN TENDULKAR

Ashis Patel. Roll no.:- 9. Class:- 8.

Biography :- Sachin Tendulkar

Date: 23/09/2013
Page No.:

Name:- Sachin Tendulkar

Occupation:- Athlete

Birth-date:- 24th April 1973 (Age: 40)

Birth-place:- Bombay, India

Full name:- Sachin Tendulkar

Zodiac sign:- Taurus

Sachin Tendulkar was born on April 24 1973 in Bombay - India. Given his first cricket bat at the age 11. Tendulkar was just 16 when he became India's youngest Test Cricketer. In 2005 he became the first cricketer to score 35 centuries (100 runs in a single innings) in Test play. In every Tendulkar reached another major milestone becoming the first player to record 15000 runs in one-day international play. Early years professional cricketer player largely considered cricket's great batsman, Sachin Tendulkar was born April 24 1973 in Bombay, India. to a middle-class family. He youngest of four children. His father was a professor while his mother worked for a life insurance company. Named after his family's favourite music director Sachin Dev Burman. Tendulkar wasn't particularly gifted student. but he had always shown him self to be

Date: 11
Page No: 22

a stand out athlete. He was 11 years old when he was given his first cricket bat and his talent in the sport was immediately apparent. At the age of 14 he scored 329 out of a world record stand of 664 in a school match. As his accomplishments grew he became a sort of cult figure among Bombay school boys. After high school Tendulkar enrolled at Ferozi College where his father also taught. The fact that he decided to go to the school where his father worked was of no surprise. Tendulkar's family is very close and years after he had achieved stardom and cricket fame he continued to live next door to his parents. Professional play Tendulkar was just 23 when he was named captain of his country's team for the 1996 world cup. While the tournament proved to be a disappointment for his club, Tendulkar did nothing to diminish his own standing as one of the world's dominant players. He finished out the world cup as the event's top scorer.

In India Tendulkar's star shined even brighter. In a country reeling from troubled economic times the young cricketer was seen as a symbol of hope by his country men that better times lay ahead. On

national news rarely went so far as to devote an entire issue to the younger cricketer dubbing him. The last Hero for his home country. His style of play aggressive and inventive - resonated with the sports fans. as did Tendulkar's unassuming off the field living. Even with his increasing wealth Tendulkar showed humility and refused to flaunt his money.

Tendulkar dominance of his sport has continued even as he has moved well in to his that he scored his second - break being 35th century in Test play in December 2005 in a match against Sri Lanka 1st June 2007 he set another mark when he became the first player to score 15000 runs in one-day international play. In January 2010 he again moved in to the records books when he became the batsman to score 15000 runs in Test play.

Just one month later he registered another first "double century" in match against South Africa. Same year he was named the 2010.. In international cricket Council Cricketer of year.

In April 2011 Tendulkar Chalked up another milestone when he led India to a World Cup victory his feat in his long career. During the tournament the

batsman again showed he's one of the sports greatest athletes by becoming the first batsman to score 2000 runs and six centuries in World Cup play.

5. BIOGRAPHY - CHARLIE CHAPLIN

Date: 21/09/2013

Roll no. :- 24

Class :- 9

Page No. :
Date : / /

Name :- Jay Patel

Biography :- Charlie Chaplin

Born on April 16, 1889, in London, England. Charlie Chaplin's rise to fame is a true rags-to-riches story. His father, a notorious drinker, abandoned Chaplin, his mother, and his older half brother, Sydney, not long after Chaplin's birth. That left Chaplin and his brother in the hands of their mother, a music hall singer who went by the stage name Lily Harley, Chaplin's mother, who later suffered several mental issues and had to be committed to an asylum, was able to support family for a few years. Armed with his mother's love of the stage, Chaplin was determined to make it in show business himself, and in 1897, using his mother's contacts, landed with a dancing group named the Eight Lancashire Lads.

In 1914, Chaplin made his film debut in a somewhat forgettable one-reeler called *Make a Living*. To differentiate himself from the clod of other actors in Semmelt films, Chaplin decided to play a single identifiable character, and "The Little Tramp" was born, with audiences getting their first taste of him in *Kid Auto Races* at Venia (1914).

Over the next year, Chaplin appeared in 35 movies. During his first year with the company, Chaplin made 14 films, including *The Tramp* (1915). By the age of 26, Chaplin was a super star. Through his work, Chaplin came to be known as a guiding perfectionist.

During the 1920's, Chaplin's career blossomed even more. During the decade he made some landmark films, including *The Kid* (1921), *The Pilgrim* (1923), *A Woman in Paris* (1923), *The Golden Rush* (1925), a movie Chaplin would later say he wanted to be remembered by and *The Circus* (1928).

In 1918, he quickly married 16 year old Mildred Harris. The marriage lasted two years and in 1924 he married again to another 16 year old, actress Lita Gray, whom he'd cast in *The Golden Rush*.

They divorced in 1924. In 1936, Chaplin married again, this time to a chorus girl of the film Paulette Goddard. In 1943, Chaplin married 18 year old Dona O'Neil, the daughter of writer Eugene O'Neil. Unexpectedly the two would go on to have a happy marriage, one that would result in eight children.

Date: / /

Meanwhile, Chaplin, kept creating interesting and engaging films in the 1930s with films like - Modern Times (1936) The Great Dictator (1940) Near the end of his life, Chaplin did make one last visit to the United States in 1942, when he was given an honorary Academy Award. The trip came just five years after Chaplin's final film, A Countess from Hong Kong (1967)

In the early morning hours of December 25, 1977, Charlie Chaplin died at his home in Corsier-sur-Vevy, Vaud Switzerland.

6. BIOGRAPHY - MOTHER TERESA

Damini Patel. Roll no.: - 10. Class: - 8.

Biography: - Mother Teresa.

PAGE NO.
DATE 21/09/2013

Mother Teresa was born in Yugoslavia on August 27th, 1910. Her original name was Agnes Gonxha Bojaxhiu. Her father owned a small farm. At the age of 12, she realized that what she wanted to do most of all, was to help poor. She decided to train for missionary work and came to India at the age of nineteen to join the sisters of Loreto, an Irish community of nuns with a mission in Kolkata. In 1928, she took her initial vows as a nun.

From 1929 to 1948, Mother Teresa taught at St. Mary's High school in Kolkata but the suffering and poverty she glimpsed outside the convent walls disturbed her. In 1946, she left the convent school and devoted herself to working among the poor in the slums of Kolkata. She had no money so she started an open-air school for homeless children. Soon she was joined by many voluntary helpers. Various church organisations and the municipal authorities gave her monetary help. This made it possible for her to start her own order 'The Missionaries of Charity' to love and take care of those persons whom nobody was prepared to look after. Today, 'The Missionaries of Charity' has over one thousand sisters and brothers, many of whom have been trained as doctors, nurses and social workers.

Various projects for rehabilitating slum-dwellers, children's homes, homes for the dying, clinics and a leper colony, etc., were started by Mother Teresa. 'The Missionaries of Charity' has also spread worldwide and undertaken relief work for a number of countries in Africa, Asia and South America.

Mother Teresa's work has been recognized throughout

the world and she has received a number of awards, the most prestigious being the 1979 Nobel Peace Prize; in 1971 she received the Pope John XXIII peace prize; the Bharat Ratna and many more. The great soul left the world on 5th September, 1997.

7. BIOGRAPHY - ALBERT EINSTEIN

Vraj S. Solanki Roll no. :- 2.

class :- 9.

PAGE NO.
DATE 23/09/2023.

Biography :- Albert Einstein.

Albert Einstein was born as first child of the Jewish couple Hermann and Pauline Einstein, nee Koch, in Ulm on March 14, 1879. When Albert's grand mother saw him for the first time she is said to have cried continuously: "Much too thick! Much too thick!" But despite all fears, the development of young Albert was a normal one. In November 1881, Albert's sister, Maria - called Masha - was born.

A short time later the Einstein family went to Munich where Albert first attended elementary school and subsequently Luitpold grammar school. He was an "average" pupil but already very early interested in science and mathematics. He did not like lessons in grammar school as they were held with strict discipline and as he was forced to learn. When he turned 15, he left school without any degree and followed his family to Milan. To make up for the missed degree, he attended school in Aarau from 1895 to 1896 when he successfully took his A-levels and began to study in Zurich. His ambition was to obtain the diploma of a subject teacher for mathematics and physics. He successfully finished his studies in July 1900.

He moved to Bern and was given work at the Patent Office. In his leisure time he worked in the area of theoretical physics. In 1905, he published several of his important scientific works. One of them dealt with the ground-breaking special theory of relativity. Another work contains the most famous formula of the world " $E = mc^2$ ". This formula states that matter can be converted into energy.

In 1903, he married his college mate, Mileva Marić. One year later, Einstein's first son, Hans Albert, was born and his second son, Eduard, followed in 1910. In 1909 he became

professor for theoretical physics at the University of Zurich. After that time he was given a professorship in Prague and then again in Zurich. In 1914, Einstein was called to Berlin to work there scientifically. In the same year World War I broke out. After Einstein had separated from his wife Mileva he married his cousin Elsa Löwenthal in 1919. From 1909 to 1926 Albert worked on a generalization of the special theory of relativity, the general theory of relativity. After this theory was proven right in an experiment in 1919, Einstein became famous overnight. He received invitations and honours from all over the world. There was hardly any magazine which did not report about him and praise his work to the skies. For the year 1921, he received the Nobel prize for physics. Einstein spent the last years of his life exclusively in Princeton. Until his last breath, he worked on a new theory, the unified field theory, which however was not successful. Albert Einstein died on April 18, 1955. He was 76 years old.

8. BIOGRAPHY – CHETAN BHAGAT

Class: - 8. Manan B. Bhatt. Roll no.: - 3. Date: 23/09/2018. Page: _____

Biography: - Chetan Bhagat
Born on 22nd April, 1974

Chetan Bhagat is a famous Indian author who penned down novels that hit the market with great success. All of them were bestsellers since their release and have been filmed by famous Bollywood directors. Chetan Bhagat is considered a youth icon rather than as just an author. With his vivid and humorous way of depicting stories, he has inspired reading habits in many young Indians. He is also a good columnist and writes columns for many leading newspapers. According to him, novels are entertainment tools through which he expresses his views and opinion about society and national issues are addressed through columns. Chetan's columns are written in a way that directly points out the issues within our country and in many times it has even triggered discussions in the parliament. He is not only a good writer but also a motivational speaker and has given many motivational speeches at many colleges, organizations and companies.

Personal Life

Chetan Bhagat was born in New Delhi in a middle class punjabi family on the 22nd day of April, 1971. His father was an Army man and his mother, a government employee. The major ~~on~~ part of his education was done at Delhi. He studied in the Army public school, Dhanu kuan, New Delhi during the years 1978 to 199 after which he chose to do Mechanical Engineering at the Indian Institute of Technology (IIT), Delhi. After pursuing engineering he took up a management program offered at the Indian Institute of Management (IIM), Ahmedaba. Being an outstanding student, it was no wonder when he was recognized as the "Best outgoing student" of his batch by IIM Ahmedabad. He later got married to Anzisha suryasinghyanari in 1998; she was his fellow student of IIM-A. Chetan then went to Hong Kong along with his family and worked as an investment banker with Goldman Sachs. He worked in Hong Kong for eleven years and then shifted to Mumbai and started writing. It was his passion. He has four novels against his name: Five point someone (2004), one Night @ The Call Center (2005), The numbers Mistakes of My Life (2008) & Two States (2009). By Chance or by choice, titles of all his novels had numbers associated with them.

He now leads a happy life with his wife and twin sons Isham and shyam. Chetan loves to live a simple life watching cartoons with his children who love to become super heroes. He is a health conscious person and practices yoga regularly.

Career

Chetan Bhagat published his first novel "Five point someone" in 2004 and this very first venture took him to the peaks of fame and popularity. The book depicted story of an IIT student who considers himself to be below average than all the other students in IIT. The book won the society young Achiever's Award and publisher's Recognition Award. The

TRAVELOGUES COMPOSED BY STUDENTS:

1. TRAVELOGUE - UDAIPUR

Kimshi Patel. Roll no. :- 28. Class :- 8.

Travelogue :- Udaipur.

Page No.
Date 29/09/2013

Can epithets like City of Lakes, The white city, City of Palaces, City of Dawn do justice to Udaipur? In 1568, Maharaja Uda Singh established the seat of government here, having shifted the capital of the Kingdom of Mewar from Chittor. Udaipur, where royal traditions are part of the lifestyle is attractive in its beauty, elegance and grace.

I assiered in Udaipur with my family during summer vacation by train. Udaipur is built on a large hill that borders the eastern shore of Lake Pichola, a shallow and beautiful desert lake of 12 km. The buildings in Udaipur were white. Udaipur is also famous for its huge City Palace, built and added to over the several maharajahs. It has a maze of rooms, and beautiful mosaics and miniature paintings. The artists captured live chipmunks and pull the hairs out of their tails to use a brush hairs.

So, in the afternoon we visited the palace as well as the Gardens of the Maids of Honor, a summer garden only for the royal women, with fountains that work till this day using only gravity feed. The city palace complex on the banks of Lake Pichola houses several palaces, including the museum that encapsulates Mewar's royal dynasty. It is the residence of the descendants of the Suryavanshi Rajput rulers of Mewar. Two of the palaces here, Fateh Prakash Palace and Shiv Niwas Palace have been converted into heritage hotels.

Construction of Jag Mandir, the palace on an island in Lake Pichola, began in 1551. Known for its pleasure gardens, Maharaja Karan Singh gave refuge to Prince Khurram, whose mother was a Rajput princess. Later crowned Shah Jahan, he lived here along with his wife Mumtaz and two sons.

We also visited the impressive Vishnu temple next door called the Jagdish temple, dedicated to Lord Vishnu as Jagannath, Lord of the Universe. On our last day in Udaipur, we also had astrological reading with the astrologer near our hotel. We enjoyed our stay in Udaipur and returned to our home the next day.

2. TRAVELOGUE – SOMNATH – THE LORD OF MOON

Jaydeep Podd. Roll no: 23 Class: 9

Date: 25-9-13 Page: 5/11

Travelogue: Somnath - the lord of the moon

Somnath is a temple town housing the great Somnath temple - one of the 12 Jyotirlingas. Somnath has a long history - a glorious past, and several times destroyed and rebuilt several times. The earliest reconstruction was after India's independence. The reconstruction of Somnath is a symbol of renaissance and assertion of faith.

I had visited Somnath last summer with my family. In our own car we stayed at the Somnath trust's Maheshwari guest house - a very well maintained facility having modern, clean rooms very close to the temple. Somnath is definitely one of the better managed and clean temples. It is definitely one of the better managed and clean temple complexes in the country. I was also impressed with the crowd management that was tight, yet gentle and humane.

We managed to go inside the temple just time for the moon utsav. The utsav was amazing and deeply moving. I sat in a corner of the temple. I closed my eyes as the music started. I could feel a tremendous surge of energy. There is a temple that was tremendous surge of energy. There is a temple that was ravaged several times over several centuries, but in the end -

With aubys prasads. I prayed to god to bless me with the faith and keep me honest in what I do.

But after a while I went to the Somnath city to see the various temples in the town. Apart from the main temple all the rest of the town looks fairly dirty. There was a pervasive stench of drying fish in some parts. But the temples are -

3. TRAVELOGUE - DHOLAVIRA

Date :- 26/9/2023

Roll no. :- 7

class :- 9

Page No. :
Date : / /

Name :- Bhavina Parawani
Dholavira

Dholavira - Kutch, the name sounded so musical to our ears when our teachers announced a trip to this magical place as part of the culmination to our history and civilisations. We were excited to go on this 4 day trip to behold the true traditions of Gujarat.

It was 11 o'clock in the morning of 2nd December, 2012, when our journey from Rethal began. It was a long 8 hour drive to Dholavira. For about an hour, we chatted excitedly, but eventually fell asleep. Around 12 o'clock, we reached Dholavira. As we got down from the bus, sharp streams of the sun's rays struck our eyes promptly, but thankfully we were carrying sunglasses, cap, water, anticipating this. We had taken along cameras to capture images while exploring the ancient excavated site.

Dholavira is one of the 5 major Harappan cities. It was destroyed 7 times in the 5000 years of its history. It was discovered in 1967 C.E. and the excavation continues slowly even today to bring out more hidden treasures. We were shown the archaeological site by Ravjiibhai - our

guide. We saw the ancient ruins, including their underground water drainage system, a stadium for celebrations, burial ground etc. The stadium is 1,24,000 square cubic meters. Though covered, we also saw a 10 feet long slab of stone believed to be the first signboard of the world with inscriptions which has not yet been deciphered. The ancient city also had 16 reservoirs out of which only 3 are excavated. It had a very big citadel. As far as the eyes could follow, we saw mounds of brown mud and green ahead lay the white Roman of Kutch.

After about an hour of tour of the ruins, we went to the Dhodavira museum and saw the broken pots, tools used by ancient people, miniature models of games played in the past, Jewellery, coins, and inscriptions. We sat under the shade of the green huts and had our pre-packed lunch and then headed towards our city - Pethad. Around 12 o'clock late night, we reached to Pethad. By that time, we all were very much tired. But we also enjoyed a lot, danced and sang and learnt many things about historical site like Dhodavira.

4. TRAVELOGUE - CHENNAI

Sagar Parvati.
Roll no.:- 8. class :- 8.

Page No.
Date 25/09/2013

Travelogue:- Chennai

Last summer, our family visited Chennai - also known as Madras. It is the fourth largest city in India, with a mere 6 million people. Similar to Bombay, it is actually a product of the British invasion, being merely a village before them. They built Fort Saint George, a huge fort to protect their space trade in the 17th century, now part of the central city.

Foolishly, we booked a bus ride to our hotel, which was truly a great mistake - the driver had some agenda of his own, which made us angry as well as some of the other passengers, and it took an unbearably long time to get to our hotel. Then, we booked into the Hotel Imperial, a It was a pretty dirty hotel near the bus station/Kind of place. The sheets were an approximation - on of clean, so that was enough. The hotel's best feature was that it's way off the road, away from the noise of Chennai - we booked a taxi fare for a day to see Chennai.

There wasn't a lot to see in Chennai - saw a museum of Fort Saint George, which was mildly interesting - it contained real mortars and mortar shells and huge paintings of British Royalty long since gone. Next stop was a Christian church which was most interesting. It is at one of the churches of South India, San Thome Cathedral, a beautiful church built in 1504, where the remains of St. Thomas were buried (until they were moved to the Vatican). I had no idea that one of the twelve apostles ended up in India to spread the Christian word. The tomb of St. Thomas felt like a special place.

Back to the hotel, we had ~~speciality~~ of Chennai

famous South Indian food - idli, a rice pancake and dosa, and a dipping sauce as well as other several other foods that I cannot remember.

The next day, we ~~are~~ got ready to catch the train to Anand. And we returned home the next night at ~~12~~ 12:00.

5. TRAVELOGUE - MT. ABU

Prithviraj K. Patel. Roll no.: - 38.

class:- 9.

Page No.
Date 26/9/2018

Mt. Abu.

Speaking of temples, perhaps the most extraordinary of temples, in the architectural sense, may lie in the only Rajasthan hill station called Mt. Abu, going to Mt. Abu with my family was my dream.

We arrived in Mt. Abu, and stayed in the Palace Hotel Bikaner House, which reminded me very much of the Savoy Hotel in Mussoorie.

We picked up a guide along the way, a sweet old man who looked a whole lot like Shirdi Sai Baba. Our first stop was the Jain Diwali temples a few miles up the road from my hotel. They did not disappoint.

There are quite separate temples in the complex, two of which are the main attractions. Inside both of these two temples, the entire insides are covered with white marble carvings in every conceivable square inch of the temples, which are about 200 by 100 feet. Imagine a very complicated Tibetan thangka, carved out in three dimensions, and repeated on every section of the wall, every column, every inch of ceiling all in white marble. Goddesses and gods of every kind, Krishna, Durga,

Saraswati, to name a few. There were numerous scenes of playing, fighting, all aspects of life but outside of a little breast fondling, nothing in overt sexual scenes as found in other temples. But I've noticed that all Goddesses, regardless of the religion or sect, have gravity defying C or D cup breasts without exception. Being a guy, this I've noticed.

Around the perimeter of the temple are numerous little chambers with locked doors, containing gold and brass replicables of the 24 "tirthankars" the lineage holders of the Jain religion, the last one being Mahavir, who was alive at the time of Buddha. It was rumored that Mahavir would send people over to check out what was going on with the Jains to give you a sense of what these temples took to build, one of the two main temples cost, in today's dollars, almost one half a billion US dollars, and all it is a 200 by 100 goat stone structure. Each square foot took a long, long time to carve. The temples were served, and there was a blessing force there, but nothing extremely potent for me. Nonetheless, the architecture was the

most incredible pieces of world I've ever seen.

At the end of the day, we went to "Sunset point" a place where people can go watch the sun set from a rocky western outcropping. But there were so many people and so much horseshit from the horse sides (at full speed through a crowded walking no less), that it was one of the most disturbing sunsets in my life. And the indiscriminate littering, ugh!

6. TRAVELOGUE - DHWARKA - THE HOME OF LORD KRISHNA

Date :- 25/09/2013

Roll no. :- 24

Class :- 9

Page No. :

Date : / /

Name :- Jay Patel

Travelogue - Dwarka -
the home of Lord Krishna.

Visiting Dwarka with my parents was my long term dream which finally came true last Diwali. Considering the fact that most of me is very lazy in advance planning. We got tickets easily during Diwali season; which is a big celebration time. We took the 11:15 am Math Dwarka - Okha express. The AC compartment was nearly empty making the journey a lot of fun for us. The sight of rural Gujarat were more impressive than the urban spreads sprawls of Ahmedabad, Vadodara and Surat. The agriculture seemed to be very advanced and thrilling the fields were green and seemed well irrigated with cotton, wheat and all kinds of other crop swaying to the breeze.

As night fell, the train arrived into the temple city of Dwarka. Lucky for us we got the okay when the crowds were lean. We took a six seater tempo from station to hotel maid, a two K.m. ride. The hotel was just a few meters away from main Dwarka alish temple. At the hotel, it was time to go to bed. We set the alarm for 6am.

as we wanted to catch the morning Aarti in the temple. We went at temple around seven 7 o'clock. After the classham, we walked down to Comatighat, where many pilgrims for taking holy dip. We had a very tasty homemade breakfast at a small food stall offering delicious theplas, batatawadas, Poha etc. We were too late, to have the jalebies which were sold out before we arrived.

We hired the same tempo that brought us to the hotel for a day of sight seeing at Dwarka. We started with the Rukmini temple on the way to Okha for the bet Dwarka ferry. Bet Dwarka is an island about ~~to~~ 2 K.m.s. away from the ~~shore~~ shore of Okha, which in turn is about 30 K.m.s. to the north of Dwarka town. We visited the temple of bet Dwarka and came back to Dwarka. We reached our hotel and took rest. The next day we came back from Dwarka by train. I enjoyed this holy pilgrimicage journey, with my parents.

7. TRAVELOGUE - JAISALMER

Haashil Soni. Roll no. :- 15. Class :- 8.

Page No.
Date 26/8/2023

Travelogue :- Jaisalmer

Last Year, I had visited Jaisalmer with my family by our car. Entering Jaisalmer, we saw scattered houses, and quite suddenly, the Fort. Topping out of the hilllock. It is golden, glittering, and beguilingly small. Juxtaposed against the fort, the ornate sandstone road dividers and bus stop are like pieces of imitation jewellery.

We decided to explore the 'hareli'. First we walk through a schizophrenic maze of grandeur and quine. The hareli facade is breathtaking. The carvings are intricate, yet simple. The stone floor, balconies and dark passages shut out the scorching sun.

We walked on to the fort. Red, yellow, green, blue-clothes, quilt and puppet shops dot the stone path to the courtyard. Men were peddling the mansira - we walked to its intoxicating tune. One building is now a museum. A beautiful Jain temple is tucked away.

The best of the fort, we discovered, was a quaint town. Atop the fort, stood two cannons, least intimidating. The view of the entire top-like golden town was enchanting. We did climb out into the sand a little before sunset. The sky was a chameleon - pink, lavender, gold. The curves of the dunes were like sea waves that have frozen for an instant, at sunset.

We spent the afternoon at the nearby Akal Fossil Park. The tree fossils lie in barbed wire enclosures. 180 million years old, they indicated the presence of water. The surrounding rocks and stones were beautiful too, with strange patterns in a multitude of colors. We reached our hotel back.

In the other where the camels for our safari

were waiting patiently. I dropped out my acquisition - a Satta' and asked for the tuskari to be tied.

When it's done, I felt like a carefully wrapped, fragile piece of china. We stopped at the Bada Bagh village. The sandstone cenotaphs were exquisitely carved. We asked our aged camel man to sing, he sang a lively Sindhii wedding song.

As we were returning to our home from hotel, I was still remembering # trying to sing that Sindhii wedding song in my mind. It was one of the most memorable foibles I ever had.

8. TRAVELOGUE - GIRNAR - TOP OF MOUNTAIN

Darshil Patel. Class :- 9.
Roll no. :- 11.

Travelogue : Girnar - top of Gujarat.

Page No.
Date 25/09/2013

Girnar is a mountain range that stretches several km and has many points of religious significance. I had gone to Girnar hills with my grand parents. To go to Girnar, we had to first visit to Junagadh. - at the city at the foot of the Girnar hills. We had gone through by train from Anand. We reached to Girnar's Junagadh in the wee hours of the morning (3:15 a.m.) we had booked a room for the day, where we can rest and relax. It was exactly 8:15 am that we reached the foot of the mighty Girnar and started our ascent in near darkness. It was a quite climb though, all of 10,000 steps until the final point where the Dutt mandir is located. There were palankis hauled up by two carriers but it was fairly uncomfortable.

It was fairly cold in the morning, but we quickly broke sweat as the climb started. By the time the day broke, we had already climbed 3000 steps and were nearing the cliff. The climb got steeper, though it was paved and there were well constructed steps all the way. We stopped for a lemon juice and milk at about 8 am, near the Jain temple, which is at 4000 steps. The Jain temples are huge and very impressive and are the first stop on the way. Past there, we continued on a steep ascent till the Ambaji temple, which is at 5000 steps. There were stalls selling breakfast, tea, lemon juice and assorted goodies all the way, but the prices increased as we went higher.

After taking darshan at Ambaji temple, the last two pinnacles became visible. First, the path went down a little and then climbed again to Gosaknath temple, which was at 6000 steps and was the highest point in the range of Girnar. After Gosaknath, we had to climb down nearly 2000 steps and then climbed 2000 more to reach the pinnacle having last

Dattatreya temple. This last stretch was extremely steep and exhausting. But we made it through at about 10 am. contrary of the sun which was beaming down in all splendor, we hurriedly started on our way back. The up and down stretch up to Koshikhath was a killer and the legs started shaking with the effort.

We stopped again for a quick drink of limbu pani at Ambosi temple and then started the final climb down. It was blazing hot at this point and the feet were torn. By the time we came down, we were almost in need of crutches. But they

Overall, I would say our journey was totally worth the effort. For me, it was definitely the high point of the visit - quite literally.

9. TRAVELOGUE - MODHERA

Vraj J. Solanki. Roll no.: - 2.
Class: - 8.

Travelogue: - Modhera

Page No.
Date 26/8/2013

Last diwali vacation, I along with my family visited Modhera - The sun shrine. From Ahmedabad, it is around 110 km towards Nohsana. Our started our tour from our home in Patalad around 7's clock in the morning. The morning drive was very pleasant. During the drive, we stopped at several places to see it, we could shoot some good pictures. This part of Gujarat is famous for its "Masala", and here we found a chilly field. It was a beautiful sight. The entire ground was spread with chillies.

When we reached "Surya Mandir" at 11:30 am. It was a great sight indeed. To see this sublime temple in context, we must refer back in time to the Solanki dynasty of the 10th - 13th centuries. Built in 1026 A.D. during the reign of King Bhimdev I of the Solanki dynasty, the temple is dedicated to the Sun God. Modhera Sun Temple exemplifies the western Indian Solanki style: a shrine with cella approached from a mandapa or pillared open-planned hall. The halls have been carved in such a manner that there is very little space for light to enter it. The pitha or basement upper surface forms the floor of the temple. The outer decoration has a number of motifs engraved.

Above the pitha level of conventional reliefs comes the mandorasa, the main area for artistic expression, displayed not only on the wall face, but also in ~~niche~~ niches. In front of the temple is a vast rectangular stepped tank with niches all around. It almost eclipses the temple in its scale. This is a water reservoir, when we went it was dry but during the monsoon it fills up. The motifs inside the tanks were also extraordinary.

The inside of the temple is very dark and one almost needs artificial light to carefully see the motifs. The inner sanctum, which housed the presiding deity, the sun god, faces east and is so designed that at solar equinoxes the first rays of the rising sun light up the image of the "Surya" - the sun god.

There is also a small Archaeological Museum beside the temple. It is simple but on display are some of the broken pieces from the original temple. There is a motif of Durga and Ganesh and many other deities. An adjacent small garden provides a cool resting-place.

In the evening, we journeyed to our home with memories of Surya-Mandir.

10. TRAVELOGUE - LITTLE RUN OF KUTCH

Rahul R. Patel. class:-8.

PAGE NO. DATE 26/9/2013

Little Rann of Kutch.

I started my journey from Petlad to Anand and from Anand to Kutch with my family. We reached Bhuj the next day and stayed at the hotel for 3 hours. As it was early morning around 3:00 clock we woke up pretty early to avoid the late morning sun and drove towards the Rann. While in season, one needs to obtain a permit from the officials, our guide was helpful enough to lead us to a new 'short-cut' route that was just 10km from the hotel.

There are two Ranns in Gujarat - the main Rann and this, the little Rann. This place, essentially a salt marsh, is famous for being the world's last refuge of the Indian wild ass, also known locally as the Khur. The place is also home to the Indian wild Ass sanctuary. The little Rann is also infamous for salt panning and shrimp farming, both of which are discouraged by the government as it is considered a threat to the ecology of the region.

Within a few minutes, the dirt road gave way to isolation and barrenness but not before we got a sight of a local nilgai. We also drove past some of the salt farms and then drove deep into the Rann. As Arun said that if you don't have a reliable guide or a GPS with way-points, it's pretty easy to get lost in the middle of nowhere. Mobile network is weak and as you drive into the Rann, it disappears as well. This place is beautiful but dangerous at the same time!

It is advisable to carry and apply a lot of sunscreen lotion and have a boot full of water bottles. If you get stuck, the nearest help can be miles away. We spent

a couple of hours here and drove back to our hotel for lunch. In the evening, after taking some rest, we returned to our home back to Petlad.

REVIEW OF MOVIES COMPOSED BY STUDENTS:

1. REVIEW OF MOVIE - EK THI DAYAN

Jalydeep PCHCL Roll no : 23 class : 9

Ek Thi Dayan

Date 30-9-13
Page

A young boy is obsessed with the occult. As grows up, he takes his obsession to giddy lengths often putting the lines between reality and fiction blur.

Set in contemporary Mumbai, the film takes a believable story of Bobo the magician, who is mesmerized in his occult. Cut to Bobo's childhood. He's a curly-haired cute moppet who grows up sending cute witch-kid and is inseparably is just becoming obsession. Things catch a heed, when his widowed mother brings home a new boy (and his young step-mother to dayan catch) and his young mind plays tricks with him.

You find yourself being your habits in nervous and digging your head into the carpet in cinema hall at this spook-best unfolds.

woven beautifully between the world of magic occult and suspense. Ek Thi Dayan, makes for a compelling viewing, providing some spine-chilling thrill and ghost gaps. The climax is a bit setup of horror thriller.

Vishal Bhatnagar's music and Anurag Kashyap's! especially Kushi, Kushi Yuum use outstanding. The post-credits - Konkani song Shikhar and Anurag use in top form.

This is one of the most thrilling and best horror film I have ever seen.

2. REVIEW OF MOVIE -TARE ZAMEEN PAR

6	DATE 28/9/2018 PAGE 7
Prem J. Patel. Roll no.: -37.	
Review of Movie	
Tare Zameen Par	
Cast: Aamir Khan, Darshak Saffary	
Direction: Aamir Khan	
providing	
Has off to Aamir Khan for providing us a brilliant look into the mysterious, magical mind of a child who really doesn't know why befuddled adults are hell-bent on mutilating everything's that beautiful, innocent, free and fulsome. All because they feel there is no profit in it.	
Actually, the film is about children with special needs and the story revolves around the efforts of a dyslexic child to fit in, adjust and perform in a 'normal' world where competition is the norm and regimentation the principle.	
A world where it is natural and 'normal' to tap eight-year-old knuckles and discipline with verbal abuse and physical battering, if a child gets his spellings wrong, forgets to do his homework or fails to give a copy book answer. But the canvas of the film is so sensitive, so vast, so meaningful,	

DATE _____
PAGE _____

it includes and every child in its ambit. so much so, Tare Zameen Par becomes the story of any and every child who is every child in its ambit. so much so, Tare Zameen Par becomes the story of any and every child who is being robbed off his childhood by insensitive Parents and teachers who believe their job is to create race-winning rats for the rat race rather than Einsteins, Edisons, Agatha Christie and Leonardo Da Vinci.

Eight-year-old Ishaan (Darsheel) is a happy-go-lucky child with a fertile imagination that can see fish flying but fails to grasp the difference between B and D. When asked to solve his three times table he confidently picks up his pencil and sees a war of planets on the fragment of his mind where Planet 3 smashes into Planet 6 and beats it into smithereens.

Naturally, the answer of 3x6 is 32 for our little genius. But that's between you and me. Betrayed by the teachers, his Parents send the kid away to

a boarding school and delivers him to a living hell, where he faces ridicule and begins to lose all self-esteem in his effort to fit. It takes an unconventional art teacher (Aamir Khan) to bring him out of his solitary confinement and unleash a whole new energy force that blinds the boring world with its colours and configurations.

The story is simple and connects instantly with every adult and child in the auditorium, even as the climax is predictable and plays heavily on your emotions. But what uplifts the film is its very simplicity, sensitivity and its performances. On the one hand there is the non-filmic script which doesn't make anyone the villain— even the adults are victims of ignorance. On the other, there is the towering portrayal

3. REVIEW OF MOVIE - OH! MY GOD

Harshil Soni. Class :- 9.
Roll no. :- 15.

OH MY GOD.

PAGE NO.

DATE: 30/8/2013.

Atheist Kanshal Mehta takes 'God' to court after an earthquake destroys his shop. Suddenly, 'Krishna Vasudev Yadav' shows up - does divine intervention occur?

Straight on, OMG is Paresh Rawal's movie and one of his best. Akshay Kumar plays a small and sacred role but OMG is largely powered by Rawal's performance as Kanshal Mehta, a cynical Gujarati shopkeeper in Mumbai's chow Bazaar, hardcore atheist who messily drags the believing into buying Krishna statues before whom Kanshi hurls, "Kostchie Kostchie, hatkhat!" The atheist even disrupts a murti ceremony. An earthquake follows, reducing just one shop to rubble - Kanshal's. His insurance company refuses to pay, citing an act of God. Facing ruin, Kanshi takes God - as represented by 'collection officers', religious leaders - Swami Lakshmar, Siddheshwar and ~~several~~ sanyasin Mani Kapi - to court demanding compensation. Goons try to kill Kanshi - but consultant - Krishna Vasudev Yadav saves him.

Paresh Rawal is pure pleasure when he naughtily points out - "Recession mein toh inka danda double ho jata hai!" It is far better, he remarks, to donate milk to the hungry than pass it over a shrine. Paresh Rawal and Akshay Kumar's chemistry is mind blowing.

It can be said that OMG conveys a serious message this festive season - God is to be found in human beings. And, rather like Hindi films of an earlier age, it does so in a light and unusual way.

4. REVIEW OF MOVIE - KAI PO CHE

Roll no:- 2. Vyas J. Solanki.

Class :- 9.

Page No.
Date 28/8/2013.

KAI PO CHE.

The film title "Kai Po Che!" is originally a Gujarati phrase that means "I have cut the kite" which refers to Makar Sakranti where one of the competitors uses his kite to cut off another competitor's kite and yells "Kai Poche!"

Story:- 3 close friends - Govind, Ishaan and omi - seem inseparable. But can they overcome the odds to stay together for life?

Movie Review:- Based on Chetan Bhagat's *The 3 Mistakes of My Life*, in his second outing, Abhishek Kapoor raises the bar by giving us a thoroughly enjoyable film that showcases the strong emotions between the three protagonists who are boisterous, balistic and at times plain bored.

The film captures their trials and tribulations in the post-college, pre-what-career-to-pursue period. They have two passions - cricket and their camaraderie. And two of them also have concerned parents who want them to find direction quickly. They find temporary success when they turn their passion for the sport into a business venture, opening a store selling sports equipment. The rebellious Ishaan sobers down a bit as he lands an opportunity to impart cricket coaching to the neighbourhood Muslim boy - Ali.

Suddenly tragedy strikes in the form of 2001 Gujarat earthquake and the 2002 Godhra riots. Both these calamities expose the cracks in the armour of the friendship between the boys.

Amit Trivedi's music is soulful, leaving you mesmerised. Despite the disturbing backdrop of death, destruction and politics, Kai Poche is very likeable.

5. REVIEW OF MOVIE – FERRARI KI SAWARI

Gulamsoora Pathan, Roll no: -49.

Review of Movie – Ferrari Ki Sawari



PAGE NO.

DATE 30/9/13.

A little boy dreams of nothing but cricket and his dad can go to any extent to make his son's seemingly impossible dream come true. Even if it means stealing Tendulkar's real-hot Ferrari for one day of his life.

This movie is made for all boys, who never really grow up, and all children who aspire to grow into the revered boots of cricket legend Sachin Tendulkar. And nothing is more aspirational than a sparkling real Ferrari – the exact same one owned by the Little Master himself.

Kayo is a budding cricketer with potential to play more than gully cricket. Ravi, a single father, with a modest job, straight-laced, painfully honest with Raja Harishchandra-like qualities, has one goal to fulfill his little boy's dream with a smile pinned on his face through all weather, he's ready to take on the world. Kayo qualifies for training camp at the Mecca of cricket – Lords. But he needs money more than only talent. In a meanwhile, a local wedding planner has over-promised a thug politician – a sawari on red-hot wheels, for his son's baraat. And only Ravi can bail her out of this mess.

The performance of Sharman Joshi – is heart-warming, shuffling between light-hearted moments and tear-jerking emotions. Boman Irani with his Parsi ~~na~~ nuances delivers a smashing performance. Ravi Hirani gives the dialogues his ~~best~~ trademark spin, and the film unfolds with sheer subtlety and simplicity. The film is too-good-to-be-true.

6. REVIEW OF MOVIE - BARFI

Rahul M. Patel.
Roll no.:- 41.

Class :- 8.

Page No.
Date 30/8/2013.

Barfi

Story:- An almost silent relationship between a deaf-mute and an autistic autistic that speaks volumes about unconditional love.

He was born to a song playing on Mumfi radio, but this 'Murphy' baby aka Barfi has a different law. Everything that has to go wrong will go wrong, but not if you brace it with a broad smiley. In the breathtaking beautiful Darjeeling of 70's, Barfi falls in love with Shouti. With wonder-eyes and in post-chaplin-style post Ras Kapoor style, he woos her with more actions than words leaves her speechless. He even wins over her heart, but she walks away with a Bengali babu, only because he 'apparently' has some abilities than Barfi isn't blessed with.

Soon, Barfi reunites with childhood friend - Jhilmit - ~~autistic~~ autistic and abandoned by her ~~wealthy~~ wealthy family to live in a 'special' home. In between haath-rickshaw rides, watching tittlies and gulping purchKas - an endearing and special bond grows between Barfi and Jhilmit. Life take a turn and the destinies of Barfi, Jhilmit and Shouti mysteriously converge.

Ranbir, in the most challenging performance of his career leaves us 'dumbstruck'. For Priyanka Chopra - there's only one word - Bravo! She performs her role so brilliantly. Pitom's music and lyrics beautifully describe the mute-musings of the characters. The biggest human disability is we can't find happiness. So go and watch Barfi and it'll leave you 'happy high'!

7. REVIEW OF MOVIE - I AM LEGEND

The western English medium school, Petlad. Page No.:

Nandini Patel, Roll no.: - 33. Review of Movie Date 28/5/2013.

I AM LEGEND

The trailer captured my heart and I just couldn't wait for this movie to come out which is why the very day I AM Legend was showing in town, I wasted no time and went to watch it. I just couldn't wait to find out about what actually happened and why is Will Smith a legend? I mean, Dr Robert Neville, played by Will Smith.

It started with the scene of a strangely quite and abandoned looking New York with cars lining up on the road as if there was a silent traffic jam going on you know, without horns or people swearing and cursing, urging everybody to move on. And I thought, cool! And they got my attention. For a while at least.

30 minutes through the movie it hit me. It was like watching the cast away! Except that Mike Will Smith better than Tom Hanks. The only thing that made this movie a little bit more bearable compare to the cast away is the fact that Will Smith's companion was a lively and adorable dog name Samantha which is way more interesting to watch compare to Wilson the Volleyball.

Will Smith is a great actor, I always think that and in this movie he was no less. I applaud the way he played his character. However, I must say that the best actor in this movie is Sam the dog. More than once I kept thinking, this dog is good! Seriously, she can act! She almost made me cry.

Let's talk about the reason why New York was

deserted in I Am Legend. This actually reminds me of the Resident Evil. Human were infected by some deadly virus and turned into zombies resulting to the extinction of mankind. I was disappointed though by the fact that their zombies were computerized and they are not spooky at all. To top that disappointment, the ending was too abrupt leaving me asking "why? why? why must they end in that way?" again and again. The whole movie was going in a small pace and when things got a little exciting, they ended the movie! Now, that was just meant I can't say this movie is bad, because I don't think that it was that bad. It was slow, I give you that. Still, I was touched by Dr Robert Neville and Sam's loneliness and will to survive. But I do think that it could be better especially the ending. So, although I was greatly disappointed, I won't you not to watch this movie at all. Just don't expect a masterpiece because the movie is nowhere near as exciting as the trailer.

BEOWULF

Buying the ticket to watch Beowulf, I have no expectation what so ever. Not

8. REVIEW OF MOVIE - BHAG MILKA BHAG

Mayur K Patel. Roll no. :- 31.	Date :- 28/9/2013
Bhag Milka Bhag. Class :- 9.	Date: / / Page No
Cast: Farhan Akhtar, Sonam Kapoor, Divya Dutta, Prakash Raj, Pavan Malhotra, Yograj Singh, Rebecca Breeds	
Direction: Rakeysh Omprakash Mehra	
Genre: Biopic	
Duration: 3 hours 8 minutes	
Story: A film inspired by the legendary Indian athlete, Milkha Singh, is life and journey. He doesn't sing for his supper. He runs for that one glass of milk (Coke). He had a choice to run away, or to run. He did the right thing. he run. He ran his first race for one glass of milk. And he never stopped. Unhiringly. He ran because it was his religion. 'BMB' traces his scarred childhood, brutalized by India's partition, followed by poverty and petty crimes. He finds purpose in life when romance blooms with Beero (Sonam). Joining the Indian Army, where his mentor Gullu inspires him to take the big leap. Thereon Milkha just runs. Barefooted, bruised, and with the weight of a suffering soul. He goes on to break records, but faces a heartbreaking defeat at the Roma Olympics (1960). He takes it in his stride, overcomes his catastrophic past and ultimately emerges a winner. Mehra is brilliant at his craft; he infuses realism into drama, and explores characters so deeply and sensitively through tragedy and triumph, that it sparks an emotional deluge. The movie transitions from flashbacks, sepia tones to moods of present, with it	

losing the grip of emotions, even the music (Shankar-Ehsan-Loy) heightens the drama. Prasad's writing is powerful, lyrics are pure poetry and emotions robustly sweet, the scenes with few dialogues. While there's lot to marvel at about the art, results in a long runtime and prolonged scenes that distract. Farhan is fantastic, he peeps through Milkha's core to essay this role with an awe-inspiring body, grit and guts, he puts blood and sweat into Milkha. He races like an athlete, breaks into bhanga like a proud sardar and shows prowess of a Punjab da Sheer in a brief role. Soham prettily breezes through Pawan and Bivya Singh's sisters are outstanding overall. 'BMB' pulsates with the storyteller's sheer passion all the way to the finish line.

APPENDIX – 12
REACTION SCALE ON PARTICIPATORY APPROACH FOR
CREATIVE WRITING OF POETRY

Statement		Fully Agree	Agree	Undecided	Disagree	Fully Disagree	<i>NA</i>	Level of significance
1	The presentation on Elements of Creative Writing of Poetry was highly intelligible.							
2	The analysis of the various model poems by the entire class was educational.							
3	The analysis of the different types of model poems of Diamante, Acrostic, Limerick and free verse helped me in understanding the components of creative writing of poetry.							
4	Initially, I found it difficult to compose a poem.							
5	Progressively I gained confidence in composing a poem.							
6	It was a thrilling experience for me to compose a poem in group as well as individually.							
7	It was an edutaining experience to listen to the poems created by the classmates.							
8	The analysis of the poems presented by the class was highly rewarding.							
9	I have developed abilities to pick up appropriate words for composition of poem.							
10	I can realize rhyme, rhythm, and coherence in my poem.							
11	I like to cooperate with others in order to compose a poem.							
12	I did not like to work in a group to compose poem.							

13	Different activities for composition of poems were most joyful.							
14	I am not satisfied with my performance in composition of poems in a group.							
15	The subject matter selected for creative writing of poetry was interesting.							
16	I did not get equal opportunity for the participation in the group work for composition of poems.							
17	Time available for composition of poem in group was not sufficient.							
18	Study material provided to us in group task of creating poem was not much supportive.							
19	I dislike to present my composed poem in class situation.							
20	Our entire class has developed love for creative writing of poems.							
21	I can appreciate the poems composed by others.							
22	I can appreciate figures of speech in poetry.							
23	I can fluently use figures of speech in poetry.							
24	I find that every poet is unique in one way or the other.							
25	We have become more sensitive towards creative expression through poetry.							
26	I can express personal feelings, imagination and novel ideas by writing poem.							
27	I can now do original composition of poem.							
28	My creative writing manifests sensitivity to the environment.							

29	I have learnt to do original production through the exposure on creative writing.							
30	I can establish relationship amongst remote elements and express.							
31	Creative writing has made me sensitive to the self and others.							
32	Through creative writing, I have developed interest in creation and expression.							
33	I try to strike an equation amongst reality and expression.							
34	I feel at ease after creative expression.							
35	We are gaining a lot through sharing.							
36	Our entire class has developed affect attributes through creative writing.							
37	We have become more sensitive towards creative expression.							
38	My vocabulary has been enriched and increased.							
39	I got a lot of opportunity to express my ideas freely.							
40	The classroom environment and ambience for learning was conducive, motivating, and enthusiastic.							
41	We did not understand the instructions properly during activities.							
42	This programme helped me to enrich the knowledge of English literature and language.							
43	The programme was most useful in enhancement of my creative writing skills.							
44	Putting tick mark in rubrics was a tedious task.							
45	My creative writing ability in English did not improve in this programme.							

APPENDIX – 13
REACTION SCALE ON PARTICIPATORY APPROACH FOR
CREATIVE WRITING OF NON-FICTION ESSAYS

Statement		Fully Agree	Agree	Undecided	Disagree	Fully Disagree	<i>N</i>	Level of significance
1	The presentation on elements of creative writing of Non-fiction essays was highly intelligible.							
2	The analysis of the various essays by the entire class were educational.							
3	The analysis of the model essays of autobiography, biography, travelogue and review of a movie helped me in understanding the components of Creative writing for Non-fiction essays.							
4	Initially, I found it difficult to compose a Non-fiction essay.							
5	Progressively, I gained confidence in writing a Non-fiction essay.							
6	It was a thrilling experience for me to compose a Non-fiction essay in group as well as individually.							
7	It was an edutainal experience to listen to the Non-fiction essays created by the classmates.							
8	The analyses of the Non-fiction essays presented by the classmates and the class was highly rewarding.							
9	I have developed abilities to pick up appropriate words for composition of Non-fiction essays.							
10	I can realize grammatical structure, logical sequence and coherence in my Non-fiction essays.							
11	I like to cooperate with others in order to compose non-fiction essay in group.							
12	I did not like to work in group to compose non-fiction essay.							

13	Different activities for composition of Non-fiction essays were most joyful.							
14	I am not satisfied with my performance in composition of Non-fiction essays in group.							
15	The subject matter selected for creative writing of non-fiction essays was interesting.							
16	I did not get equal opportunity for the participation in the group work for composition for non-fiction essays.							
17	Time available for composition of non-fiction essay in group was not sufficient.							
18	Study material provided to us in group task for creating non-fiction essay was not much supportive.							
19	I dislike to present my composed Non-fiction essay in class situation.							
20	Our entire class has developed love for creative writing of non-fiction essays.							
21	I can appreciate the Non-fiction essays composed by others.							
22	I can appreciate figures of speech in Non-fiction essays.							
23	I can fluently use figures of speech in Non-fiction essays.							
24	I find that every creative writer is unique in one way or the other.							
25	We have become more sensitive towards creative expression through non-fiction essays.							
26	I can express personal feelings, imagination and novel ideas by writing Non-fiction essays.							
27	I can now do original composition of Non-fiction essays							
28	My creative writing manifests sensitivity to the environment.							
29	I have learnt to do original production through the exposure on creative writing.							
30	I can establish relationship amongst remote elements and express.							
31	Creative writing has made me sensitive to the self and others.							
32	Through creative writing, I have developed interest in creation and							

	expression.							
33	I try to strike an equation amongst reality and expression.							
34	I feel at ease after creative expression.							
35	We are gaining a lot through sharing.							
36	Our entire class has developed affect attributes through creative writing.							
37	We have become more sensitive towards creative expression.							
38	My vocabulary has been enriched and increased.							
39	I got a lot of opportunity to express my ideas freely.							
40	The classroom environment and ambience for learning was conducive, motivating, and enthusiastic.							
41	We did not understand the instructions properly during activities.							
42	This programme helped me to enrich the knowledge of English literature and language.							
43	The programme was most useful in enhancement of my creative writing skills.							
44	Putting tick mark in rubrics was a tedious task.							
45	My creative writing ability in English did not improve in this programme.							

APPENDIX – 14
Ph.D. ENTRANCE TEST CERTIFICATE



THE MAHARAJA SAYAJIRAO UNIVERSITY OF BARODA

Entrance Examination for
Eligibility of Admission to degree of Doctor of Philosophy

This is to certify that

VANIYA RITESHBHAI KASAMBHAI

(Seat No 32)

*has cleared the
Ph.D. Entrance Test (PET) for
Eligibility of Admission to
The Ph.D. Programme of
The Maharaja Sayajirao University of Baroda
held on 27th February, 2011.*

Chief Co-ordinator

Vice-Chancellor

1. The validity of this certificate is indefinite.
2. In case the candidate does not pass his Masters Degree with 50% marks this certificate shall automatically stand void.
3. Clearing Ph.D. Entrance Examination does not guarantee admission to Ph.D. program.

APPENDIX – 15
Ph.D. REGISTRATION CERTIFICATE

MSUP-1115/59-1000-5-9 (RF-phd-ac-mo)



The Maharaja Sayajirao University of Baroda
Patehgunj, Vadodara - 390 002, Gujarat, INDIA

Date of Registration : 13/10/2011 Certificate No. : 106

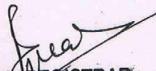
Certified that Shri / Smt. : Vaniya Riteshbhai
Kasumbhai
has registered his / her name as a post-graduate student of the University working for the
Degree of Ph.D. in Education
in the Faculty of Education & Psychology

The title of his / her thesis is "Enhancement of creative
writing ability of std. IX students
in English through participatory approach"

He/She intends to submit the thesis in the Year Oct - 2013

Baroda

Dated : 3/11/11


DY REGISTRAR
(Academic)

APPENDIX - 16
PERMISSION LETTERS

Ms. Ritesh K. Vaniya
Research Scholar
CASE, Department of Education,
The M.S. University of Baroda, Vadodara.
Date: 13th August, 2013.

To,
The Principal,
The Western English medium school,
Perlad.

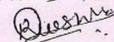
Subject:- A request to seek permission to carry out research.

Respected Madam,

I am, Ritesh Vaniya, presently undergoing my doctoral study with CASE, Department of Education, The M.S. University of Baroda, Vadodara. The title of my study is "Enhancement of creative writing Ability of secondary school students through participatory approach." It is descriptive-cum-intervention type of study. Usually, such studies require longer duration for indepth observation as part of the procedure of data collection. As per the nature of the study, I need only standard 9th students of an English medium school which follows Gujarat State Education Board curriculum. With this context, I would request you to grant a permission to carry out the research experiment.

Looking forward for your cooperation. Thank you.

Yours faithfully,


(Ritesh Vaniya)


13/8

Mr.Ritesh K. Vaniya
Research Scholar
M.S.University of Baroda,
Vadodara.

Date :

To,
The Principal,
The Western English medium school,
Pe+lad.

Subject : A request to permit to carry out research experiment.

Respected Sir / Madam,

I am Ritesh Vaniya, pursuing my doctoral study at CASE, Faculty of Education & Psychology, The M.S.University of Baroda, Vadodara; under the guidance of Dr. Chhaya Goel, Reader (Associate Professor) Department of Education, FEP, M.S.University. The title of my study is **Enhancement of Creative Writing ability of Std.IX students in English through participatory approach**, and the study is descriptive-cum-intervention in nature. As you may be aware that such type of study requires consistent long term procedure of data collection, which involves close observation and instruction of one hour on daily basis. This requires utmost cooperation from the students and support from the administration. Hence, I would request you to grant me permission to collect the data and carry out the experiment.

I solicit your cooperation and positive response. Thank you in anticipation.

Yours faithfully,


(Ritesh Vaniya)

Guide


(Dr.Chhaya Goel)

To,

Mr. Ritesh K. Vaniya

Research Scholar

Department of Education, Faculty of Education & Psychology,

The M. S. University of Baroda, Vadodara.

Subject: Granting permission to collect data in the school for Ph.D. study.

Dear researcher,

I have understood the purpose and benefits of your doctoral study entitled "*Enhancement of Creative Writing ability of Std.IX students in English through participatory approach.*" I hereby grant permission to collect the data as per the objectives and nature of your Ph.D. study.

17/08/18

Date:

Petlad.

Place:



Principal's name, signature
with stamp

PRINCIPAL
THE WESTERN ENGLISH
MEDIUM SCHOOL
PETLAD

(Meghna Patel)

APPENDIX – 17
CERTIFICATE OF Ph.D. COURSE WORK



THE MAHARAJA SAYAJIRAO UNIVERSITY OF BARODA

Fatehgunj, Vadodara – 390 002, Gujarat, INDIA

Telephone : [+91-0265] • (Registrar) : 2795521

• (DO/GCU/Audit) : 2793735 • (IA/CAO) : 2795506, 2795527 • (Dy.R./AR ADE) : 2792032

• (Dy.R. Exams/Academics) : 2789485 • (AR Exams/Academics) : 2795502

• (Dy.R./AR ADM) : 2784062 • (ADM/ADE) : 2795514 • (Engineer/CD) : 2795512 • (Security) : 2789385

No.ACA3/ *PHJ*
Day & Date: 16-02-2015

23 FEB 2015

To
✓ The Dean,
Faculty of Education And Psychology,
The M. S. University of Baroda

Subject : Issuance of Ph.D. Course Work completion Certificate.

Sir/Madam,

Please find an enclosed certificate towards completion of Ph.D. Course work of the below specified Research Scholar:

Name of the Research Scholar	:	Vaniya Riteshbhai Kasambhai
Registration Number	:	106
Registration Date	:	13/10/2011
Ph.D. course work certificate number	:	20

Since the certificate being a pre-requisite for the submission of the synopsis, you are requested to arrange to send the certificate to the Research Scholar concerned through the concerned guide for further necessary actions.

Thanking you,

Yours faithfully,

[Signature]
Deputy Registrar (Academic)
For Registrar (OSD)
The M. S. University of Baroda

Faculty of Education
and Psychology, Baroda.

Inward No. FEP/ 937
Date 23/2/15

Enclosure:

Ph.D. Course Work completion Certificate of Vaniya Riteshbhai Kasambhai.

Copy to:

- Section Examination

Original
Certificate



**THE MAHARAJA SAYAJIRAO UNIVERSITY OF BARODA
CERTIFICATE**

[As per O.Ph.D. 2 under UGC (Minimum Standards and Procedure for Awards of M.Phil./Ph.D. Degree) Regulation, 2009 for 15 Credits to be earned by Ph.D. Scholars]

This is to certify that **Vaniya Riteshbhai Kasambhai**, Research Scholar, registered under UGC (Minimum Standards and Procedure for Awards of M.Phil./Ph.D. Degree) Regulation, 2009, vide Registration Certificate Number **106** dated **13/10/2011**, for pursuing Ph.D. on has undertaken and completed the course work with the Grade A.

STATEMENT OF CREDITS EARNED

Name of Research Scholar: **Vaniya Riteshbhai Kasambhai**

Faculty/Institution: Faculty of Education And Psychology

Department: Department of Education

Paper Number	Course Title	Course Credits	Grade Earned
Core Courses – 09 Credits [Offered At University Level]			
I.	Introduction To Research & Research Writings	3	C
II.	Introduction To Basic Computer Functions & Application For Research Purposes	3	A
III.	Qualitative Research Techniques & Data Analysis	3	B
Departmental Courses – 06 Credits [Offered at Departmental Level]			
IV.	Review of Related Literature	3	A
V.	Conceptual Framework	3	A
Overall Grade			A

Date of Issue: 16-02-2015

Place: Vadodara

Registrar (OSD)

Grade Conversion Table and Grade Calculation Formula

Grade	Grade Points	Range
O	10	Above 9.01
A	9	8.01 - 9.00
B	8	7.01 - 8.00
C	7	6.01 - 7.00
D	6	5.01 - 6.00
E	5	4.01 - 5.00
F	4	Below 4.00

$$\text{Overall Grade} = \frac{\sum (\text{Grade Points} \times \text{Credits})}{\sum \text{Credits}}$$

Course Title	Course Credits	Grade
Core Courses - 89 Credits (35 at University level)		
i. Introduction to Research & Research Writing	3	B
ii. Introduction to Basic Computer Functions	3	B
iii. Quantitative Research Techniques & Data Analysis	3	B
Departmental Courses - 85 Credits (40 from Department level)		
iv. Review of Related Literature	3	B
v. Conceptual Framework	3	B
Overall Grade		B

[Signature]

Date of Issue: 16-01-2017
Place: Yashwanth

APPENDIX – 18 PAPER PUBLISHED

ISSN NO. 0975 0258



ELT Quarterly

A Peer-Reviewed Journal

Volume 17 | Issue 1-2 | Sep 2014

Editors:

Dr. G V Vyavahare
Dr. Anil Varsat
Mr. Kiritbhai Vaniya
Dr. Mayur Parmar

Advisory Board:

Dr. Rajendrasinh Jadeja

Duration:

Quarterly
Published every
June, September,
December and March

Published by:

H.M.Patel Institute of English
Training & Research
Vallabh Vidyanagar
© H.M.Patel Institute of English
2011 ISSN 0975 0258

Subscription:

Annual Rs. 200.00/-
Payable through M.O/DD/Cash
M.O/DD Drawn in favour of
Director, HMPIETR
Vallabh Vidyanagar

Editorial Correspondence:

Dr. Anil Varsat (M) 94263 15705
H.M.Patel Institute of English
Training & Research
Vallabh Vidyanagar – 388 120.
Tel (O) 02692 – 230193
Email :ELTQ@hmpenglish.com
/sunilshah76@gmail.com

To the Contributors:

ELT Quarterly (ELTQ), as a rule, publishes only original and unpublished texts on the following focus areas:

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- Classroom management practices
- Principles of teacher training
- Technology and the classroom
- Community and language teaching
- Theory and practice of language teaching
- Teaching and learning of literature
- Theoretical perspectives in literature and language
- Issues in translation practice
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Contributions should be sent to ELTQ@hmpenglish.com with subject line 'Article for ELTQ'.

If your article is accepted for publication you will be intimated within fifteen days.

CONTENTS

1. **A Review of The UGC Programmes For Teaching English** 03
Bose Vasudevan
2. **Development and Implementation of a Strategy to Enhance Communicative Approach for English Language Teaching among the Student Teachers** 16
Bhavesh S. Thakkar, Harsha. J. Patadia
3. **Language as an Element of Protest against the rigidity of institutions of socialization in Jamaica Kincaid's *Annie John*** 25
Hina. D. Dobariya
4. **Development of a model evaluative rubric for the assessment of pre-service student teachers' performance in E-lessons in English** 29
Kiritbhai K. Vaniya, Anil Varsat
5. **Corpus Approach to Language Studies and Research: Some Reflections** 41
Kiritbhai K. Vaniya
6. **Preparation and Tryout of Tasks to Enhance the Learner's Awareness of Grice's Co-operative Principles** 48
Kishan Joshi
7. **Tasks For Fostering Creativity In The English Language Classroom** 56
Nusrat Kadri
8. **Pilot Study For Modification Of Reading Materials For Improving Reading Skills Of Secondary School Students** 60
Rital Patel
9. **Creative Poetic Composition in secondary ESL Classroom Through Participatory Approach** 71
Riteshbhai K. Vaniya
10. **Exploring Usefulness of Whatsapp Messenger for Language Learning at Tertiary Level** 80
Sunil Shah & Jui Upadhyay
11. **Book Review: Skills Annex: Functional English for Success** 85
Ajit Kumar Pradhan
12. **Book Review: Play way To English - Language Games** 89
Mayurkumar D Parmar, Jignesh B Patel

Creative Poetic Composition in secondary ESL Classroom Through Participatory Approach

Riteshbhai K. Vaniya

Abstract:

The present paper is based on the research project carried out by Vaniya (2010) at M.Ed as part of partial fulfilment of the Master of Education degree. The paper discusses about the concept of creative writing, composition as creative literary genre, rationale, methodology and findings & implications of the study. Creative Writing is a vehicle of expressing ideas, thoughts and feelings which can take many forms. Creative Writing is a form of language expression. Poetry is considered the most difficult literary genre and it is quite a great challenge to enable secondary school level students to compose poems in English. The present study used descriptive-cum- intervention research design and used purposive sampling technique and mixed method for data analysis. The findings of the study include the favourable opinion towards participatory approach as instructional method for the development of creative writing ability amongst secondary students. The study has a value and significance in its own respect as it offers a new method of learning and developing creative writing skill in English for students of secondary level.

1.0 Introduction

NKC (2007) in one of its recommendations mentioned to emphasize development of critical and creative

thinking among students from primary to higher stages of education. Creative faculties of the children very often remain dormant, hidden and unexplored because these do not find suitable classroom ambience and culture for creation and expression. Each one of us, more or less is capable of creative production and expression. There is historical evidence to the fact that very often students listen to the poems composed by poets or recite them, find meaning with them, internalise and assimilate them. We rarely explore our creative faculties. The latest School of Thought i.e. the Constructivist Approach believes in germination, incubation, innovation, creation and construction in various disciplines & domains, such as, Art, Science, Commerce, Humanities. Various models of Constructive Approach, such as, 5E, 7E having creative syntax, such as, Expose, Engage, Explore, Explain, Elaborate have been evolved. And using the creative process, anyone can enhance and use their language creatively. It can be said that to use language creatively, one should first of all know and understand one's own emotions because Language is used to express one's emotions, feelings to the other people. It is called Natural Language. This Natural language is the language of cries, laughter, and tones; the language of the eyes, the nose, the mouth, the whole face; the language of gestures and postures. The child's cry tells of its wants; its sob, of grief; its scream, of pain;

Riteshbhai K. Vaniya

Ph.D. Research Scholar, CASE, Department of Education, Faculty of Education and Psychology;
The M. S. University of Baroda, Vadodara.

its laugh, of delight. This natural language is preceded to Word language which is made up of words. Word language is used for expression i.e. to communicate ideas, thoughts with other person. Word language is considered superior to natural language because it the expression which is more important than having merely emotions. From its superiority, word language may be called "Language Proper". Hence, school education should adopt the relevant pedagogy to develop all language skills. Both these languages should be used harmoniously to express oneself in a better way. NCF(2005) had emphasized the development of creativity in students across primary to university education. In our education system, there must be encouragement to teach how to use both these languages simultaneously so that the young learners can express their dreams, feelings, imagination, and ideas in a better way which can be done through the teaching of Creative Writing. Our school education system is exam oriented, focusing more on cramming and marking, rather than development of creativity among students, therefore a study which aimed at the development of creative writing in English remain a relevant and most significant in today's scenario.

Theoretical framework of the study:

1.1 Creative Writing

Creative Writing is a vehicle of expressing ideas, thoughts and feelings which can take many forms. Creative Writing is a form of language expression. For language expression to be creative, it must be original and based on the child's own thoughts and feelings. According to Maley (2009), 'Creative Writing' normally refers to the production

of texts which have an aesthetic rather than a purely informative, instrumental or pragmatic purpose. Most often, such texts take the form of poems or stories, though they are not confined to these genres. One of the chief distinguishing characteristics of Creative Writing texts is a playful engagement with language, stretching and testing its rules to the limit in a guilt-free atmosphere, where risk is encouraged. There are different forms of Creative Writing and students can try short stories, dialogue in short dramatic scenes, poems and non-fiction essays. The main constraint is time and therefore most texts will have to be relatively short. For this reason it may be useful to focus on poetry as perhaps the most condensed of all the possible genres. Creative Writing requires a willing submission on the part of the writer to the 'rules' of the sub-genre being undertaken. If you want to write a Limerick, then you have to follow the rules governing limericks. If not, what you produce will be something other than a limerick: obvious, perhaps, but important too.

The process of activities of Creative Writing in language learning classes is as given below: 1. Starting up: Students can first explore an idea together, possibly without committing themselves on paper. Warming up activities prepare students for the theme of the poems which follow. These activities involve discussion with a partner or in groups. 2. Writing: Writing contains activities leading students to produce their own poems, usually in groups. 3. Presenting and feedback: A very important part of the Creative Writing process generally is presentation of texts for feedback to be incorporated in re-write up phase.

Creative Writing aids language development at all levels: grammar, vocabulary, phonology and discourse. There are three areas in which language learners at an intermediate level and above can benefit from Creative Writing. (1.) Students can express themselves and their own ideas. Creative Writing can be very stimulating and a lot of fun to students in this way. (2.) Creative Writing involves playful but rigorous work with language. A lot of people seem to associate Creative Writing with an "anything goes" mentality. However, in order to produce a good text, poem, short story or dramatic scene, the language needs to be correct and it needs to work. (3.) Creative Writing provides alternatives to traditional ways of discussing texts. And Creative Writing can lead to a more profound appreciation of a text. Discussing work in class improves debating skills and critical reading. In Creative Writing, an important feature is class feedback on texts students write.

Teachers' role in Creative Writing classes is also very important. Teachers take interest in Creative Writing composed by students, and this inevitably impacts on their relationships with students. They can start with guessing exercises consisting of filling in missing words or missing lines. Reordering jumbled lines is another way leading to the understanding of poetry and finally to writing it. Poets' patterns, picture suggestions, given topics take students from guided poetry to personal productions.

1.2 FREIREAN APPROACH/ PARTICIPATORY APPROACH:

Paulo Freire, the internationally known educator was the founder of the Participatory Approach. Freire began his

work in the late 1950s, working with a team of anthropologists, educators, and students to develop a program of initial literacy instruction in Portuguese for rural Brazilian peasants and villagers. Freire stressed the use of literacy development for personal transformation and social action. According to Freire, participatory approach not only develops words and themes meaningful to learners, but also extends those themes and activities into action that will better the learners' lives. The participatory approach extends the themes discussed in class to action outside the classroom. *The central tenet is that education and knowledge have value only insofar as they help people liberate themselves from the social conditions that oppress them.* The following concepts are central in participatory approach: (1.) Generative words and themes. (2.) Collaboration and dialogue among equals. (3.) Problem posing.

1.2.1 Fundamentals of the participatory approach to teaching Adult ESL

The primary adaptation of the Freirean theory to ESL is found in Elsa Auerbach's idea of Emergent Curriculum where learners identify their own problems and issues and seek their own solutions. (Auerbach, 1987). This process is based on five steps:

1. Engage in ongoing needs assessment;
2. Present a code-picture or representation of a problem or concern that the students face;
3. Involve students in analysis of the problem and decision making;

4. Help students take action and plan to overcome the problem;

5. Treat learners as partners to teachers in the evaluation of their progress. (Auerbach, 1993).

1.3. Rationale of the study:

Based on the review of related studies and available literature, the investigator could not locate any research which explores poetry as one of the aspects of teaching Creative Writing in English language at Secondary level in India. There is a dearth of such studies related to Creative Writing in especially poetry at secondary level using Participatory Approach. So, more studies need to be conducted in English language in Creative Writing in poetry in order to find out its effectiveness.

Methodology :

1.3 Statement of the problem:

Development of the Creative Writing Ability Through Participatory Approach Amongst Secondary School Students

1.4 Research Objectives of the study:

1. To analyse selected poems of English in terms of elements of Creative Writing for the purpose of orientation on creative poetic composition.

2. To identify the Creative Writing ability of the learners in order to enable them to write poems of various types.

3. To enhance Creative Writing ability of the learners through Participatory Approach based instructional programme.

4. To study the reactions of the learners towards Participatory Approach.

1.5 Operationalisation of the terms:

1. **Creative Writing:** In the context of the present study, Creative Writing ability means expressing one's own ideas and feelings creatively in writing and ability in terms of composing a poem.

2. **Participatory Approach:** In the context of the present study, participatory approach means Creative Writing and its analysis in the class situation through participation by all.

1.6 Delimitation of the study:

1. The study was delimited to one English medium Secondary school of Anand city.

2. The Secondary school level was delimited to Std. IX.

3. The study was delimited to development of Creative Writing ability of students in English language poetry.

1.7 Research methodology:

The present study employed descriptive-cum -intervention research design using qualitative and quantitative methods. Thus the study used mixed methodology for data collection and data analysis.

17.1. Population:

The population of the study was comprised of all the students of Standard IX studying in English medium schools of Anand city following GSHSEB syllabus in the academic year 2009 - 2010.

1.7.2 Sample:

Pintos' high school located in the sub-urban area of Anand city was selected

purposively. From the selected school, one division of Std. IX comprising the strength of 50 students was selected as sample for the study.

1.7.3 Tools used for data collection:

The tools for the data collection were prepared by the investigator. The validity was ensured by having commented by the experts and their suggestions were incorporated for content validation of the scales.

(1.) Model Poems: The selected poems – “Daffodils” and “The Woods are lovely dark, and deep” were analyzed in terms of organization, sensitivity, originality, interest, richness, figures of speech (simile, hyperbole, onomatopoeia, alliteration, assonance, repetition, rhyme). (For objective - 1)

(2.) A five point Rating Scale was developed by the investigator for identification of the Creative Writing analysis and synthesis ability of the students. The scale was designed to check categories for organization, sensitivity, originality, interest, richness, figures of speech, alliteration, assonance, consonance, onomatopoeia, repetition, rhyme. A pilot study was done by administering the rating scale on students of Std. IX of the school at Convent of Jesus and Marry school at Petlad.

(3.) A five point Reaction Scale was developed for studying students’ reactions towards the participatory approach. (For objective - 4)

1.7.4 Plan and Procedure of Data collection:

The data was collected during twelve sessions by teaching Creative Writing to the students for 12 days and on 13th

day; the reaction of the students towards Participatory approach of Creative Writing with the help of reaction scale was collected.

The study was conducted through the following steps: The first step of the study was to select different types of poems. First of all, for the orientation of students to different components of creative writing in poetry two poems were selected. “Daffodils” by William Wordsworth and “The woods are lovely, dark and deep” by Robert Frost.

In the second phase of selection of different types of poems – four types of poems were selected. In the second phase of the study, actual composition practices carried out. They are as given below: 1. Diamante poems, 2. Acrostic poems, 3. Limerick poems, 4. Free-verse poems. In each type of poem, a model poem was selected for explaining nature & characteristics of that type of poem. The students were given handouts of elements of creative writing in poetry and told to read the poem. The students read the poem silently and answered the questions regarding the difficult words in poem. The investigator explained the elements of creative writing in poetry using handouts by giving examples from the poem. The students were given Rating Scale for poetry to assess the creative writing components from the poem. The investigator recited the poem in class situation. Students evaluated the poem on the basis of rating scale for poetry.

The students were assigned with the task of composing poems in small groups with the help of handouts of structure of different types of poems. Having

composed poems through participation of classmates, the students presented the poems in class situation and all rated the poems composed by students on rating scale and gave feedback on poems to improve the writing of students.

The students were given task to compose poems from home and next day the students presented their individually created poems in class. Participants were asked to rate the poems composed by themselves and also gave feedback to improve the poems. The students accordingly modified the poems and again presented the poems in class. All had again rated the poem on rating scale.

The students were given Creative Writing Assessment Scale to identify different components of Creative Writing in the poems "Daffodils" for first two days and "The Woods are lovely, dark and deep" for two days. On the 5th and 6th day, the students were taught how to compose Diamante poems and the students composed poems in groups and individually. On the 7th and 8th day, the students were taught how to compose Acrostic poems and the students composed poems in groups and individually. On the 9th and 10th day, the students were taught how to compose Limerick poems and the students composed poems in groups and individually. On the 11th and 12th day, the students were taught how to compose Free-verse poems and the students composed poems in groups and individually.

On the last day, the students were given Reaction Scale to get their response on Participatory approach for development of Creative Writing.

1.7.5 Data analysis, Interpretation and Discussion of results:

The data collected using qualitative tools were analyzed using descriptive statistics through frequencies and percentage for the responses with respect to objectives 1, 2, and 3, whereas, Chi-square was employed for analysis of data with respect to objective 4. The data for objectives 1, 2, & 3 were analyzed on daily basis i.e. during the process of data collection, whereas the data for objective four was analyzed at the end of the intervention.

In analyzing the students' poems, the investigator was primarily interested in exploring how students created poems in groups and individually and intervened in each other's progress in peer-group discussions. The interpretations of the study are as given below:

1. A small number of students were understandably vary in the first stage of composing different types of poems, but later on they also tried to compose poems.
2. A large number of students found difficulty in composing the Limerick poems.
3. Some students were finding it difficult to compose poem and they labelled their work as "little poem" or "very very rough draft".
4. Some students were feeling very shy in presenting their poems in front of the class. But repeated presentation made by other students boosted their confidence and they also started presenting their poems in front of the class with confidence.

5. Some students responded to the composition of all the four types of poems enthusiastically. Seven students were reasonably frequent contributors to different groups, both to seek readers for their own poems and to share suggestions of poems they liked. These seven students started to reflect and comment on other students' work.
6. One student seldom contributed, choosing to remain silent visitor in the group activities.
7. The Diamante poems composed in different groups were very good in terms of use of different components of Creative Writing. The students enthusiastically composed individual Diamante poems. One of the students' Diamante poem "Schooldays-Holidays" was selected for assessment. And the peer groups' suggestions were not good enough as they were trying to give suggestion for the first time. So, the investigator had to give most of the suggestions.
8. It was Acrostic type of the poem that the most of the students found easy to compose as well as most enjoyable for them. In this type of poem as the students had to write about themselves and their near and dear ones, the students enjoyed themselves in creating Acrostic poems in groups. And individually also they responded very well. The students were taking interest in discussing about how to compose Acrostic poems in groups. They were not even hesitating in sharing their suggestions with the students who had presented their poems in class situation. One of the students' poem was selected for assessment. And a few poems were also rated excellent, very good and good in all components of Creative Writing except repetition and rhyme.
9. It was found that the students were able to compose Limerick poem in terms of different components of the Creative Writing. But it was also observed by investigator that the students were finding difficulty in creating rhyming lines but after the use of the rhyming dictionary by the investigator, the students created limerick poems enthusiastically. The same kind of difficulty was also faced by students, when they tried to compose Limerick poems individually. So, the students found it very difficult to compose Limerick poem. Although some of the students were successful in creating very innovative and humorous Limerick poems.
10. Almost all the students enjoyed creating Free-verse poems in groups as well as individually. They also used different components of Creative Writing in their Free-verse poems. The students were also giving suggestions to the group of students who had presented their poems in class situation. One of the students' poem was selected for assessment. The poem was rated excellent, and very good by most of the students in terms of use of different components of Creative Writing.
11. Overall, 40 poems were composed by students including the poems composed in groups as well as individually.
12. From the group activities and peer group discussions on poems, it was observed that they learn best from one another.

13. The investigator found that the students had developed sufficient skills to recognize good poetry writing, even if themes of the poems “Daffodils” and “The Woods are lovely, dark and deep” were not clear to them.

14. Peer editing of one another’s poems worked much better than at the beginning of the teaching of Creative Writing.

15. In terms of the impact on the students’ poetry writing, it was seen that at the end of teaching of Creative Writing, their response to Participatory Approach of Creative Writing was enthusiastic. Most of the students opined that they grew in confidence through participation.

1.7.6 Findings of the study:

➤ Students had shown positive, enthusiastic participation for activities of creating different types of poems. It is evident that most of the students had begun to write poetry in Diamante, Acrostic, Limerick and Free-verse poems, to gain confidence in their ability to write poetry and reflect on themselves as writers. They had witnessed and experimented use of Participatory Approach in intervening in draft experiences which could enhance their own creativity, criticality and emerging classroom craft.

➤ The students were able to understand and identify the creative writing components in the model poems.

➤ A large majority of the students were found to have concordance in their ratings on the various components of creative writing.

➤ The students were able to compose diamante poems, acrostic poems and free verse poems easily. But they were finding difficulty to compose limerick poems due to its structure. They were able to use most of the creative writing components in different types of poems.

➤ The participatory approach facilitated creative composition of poems through peer group discussion, and editing by the peers.

1.7.8 Implications and suggestions for further research:

As very few studies had been conducted using Participatory Approach for creative writing at ESL secondary school level in India, the present study is significant and remarkable in itself. The study offers the following implications:

The plan and procedure can be implemented at various stages of English and other regional language teaching at primary, secondary schools. It offers implications for developing creative writing ability of adult students at college level in English and other regional languages. The study offers implications for the textbook writers at GSBST, Gandhinagar and NCERT and CBSE, New Delhi to include methodology of participatory approach for writing skills development of students at any level with necessary modifications as per local needs.

Based on the research experience and observations made by the investigator during the present study the following area of study can be taken for further research endeavour:

Similar study can be conducted at primary schooling for development of writing and creativity in English and it can be also further carried out for Gujarati, Hindi and other regional languages.

1.8 Conclusion:

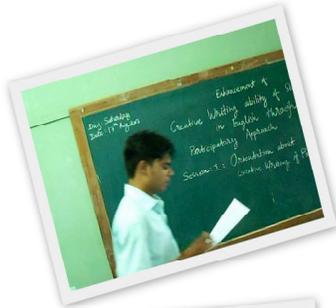
The participatory approach was effective in development of creative writing ability in English language of secondary school students in the present study. Further studies can be conducted using participatory approach to teach creative writing to various levels of education.

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APPENDIX – 19 A GLIMPSE AT DATA COLLECTION IN PHOTOGRAPHS





**READING / RECITING
POEM BY INVESTIGATOR**

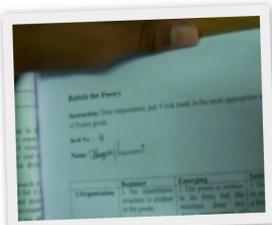


**PRESENTATION OF
POEMS BY STUDENTS**





GROUP DISCUSSION



**ASSESSMENT OF POEM
ON RUBRIC FOR POETRY**

