

IGCSE First Language English

9th grade

Unit 8.

“Evoking Emotions” *(Short story)*

Response to Reading/Text/Passage

- It is about comprehension, not creative writing, so straying too far from the text and making thing up is to be avoided.
- You are asked to express what is thought and felt by one of the characters mentioned or implied in the passage.

Diary VS Journal

- A journal is likely to be a formal record of a journey or significant experience, sometimes intended for a wider audience and possibly for publication. It is therefore written in full sentences and with some consideration given to style.

Journal content (on LMS)

1. Narration

2. Description

3. Reflection

4. Emotion

5. Quotation

No one saw us as we tiptoed outside; they were absorbed in whatever the discussion was about.

'Puppa is very sick,' whispered Viraf as we passed the sickroom. I stopped and looked inside. It was dark. The smell of sickness and medicines made it stink like the waiting room of Dr Sidhwa's dispensary. Viraf's father was in bed, lying on his back, with a tube through his nose. There was a long needle stuck into his right arm, and it glinted cruelly in a thin shaft of sunlight that had suddenly slunk inside the darkened room. I shivered. The needle was connected by a tube to a large bottle which hung upside down from a dark metal stand towering over the bed. Supine, his rotundity had spread into a flatness denying his huge bulk. I remembered calling Viraf a cry-baby, and my face flushed with shame. I swore I would apologise.

My eyes fixed on the stone-grey face of Viraf's father, I backed out of the sickroom, unseen. The hallway was empty. Viraf was waiting for me in the back room with the boards for Ludo and Snakes-and-Ladders. But I sneaked through the veranda and down the stairs without a word.

The compound was flooded in sunshine as I returned to the other end. On the way I passed the three white stumps we had once chalked on the compound wall's black stone.



Daddy was still reading *The Times*, at the dining-table. The tweezers were lying on the table. I picked them up. They glinted pitilessly, like that long needle in Viraf's father. I dropped them with a shudder, and they clattered against the table.

Daddy put down the newspaper and removed his glasses. He rubbed his eyes, then went to the bathroom. How tired he looked, and how his shoulders drooped; his gait lacked confidence, and I'd never noticed that before. He did not speak to me even though I was praying hard that he would. Something inside me grew heavy, and I tried to swallow, to dissolve the heaviness in saliva, but swallowing wasn't easy either; the heaviness was blocking my throat. I heard the sound of running water. Daddy was preparing to shave. I wanted to go and watch him, talk to him, laugh with him at the funny faces he made to get at all the tricky places with the razor, especially the cleft in his chin.

Instead, I threw myself on the bed. I felt like crying, and buried my face in the pillow. I wanted to cry for the way I had treated Viraf, and for his sick father with the long, cold needle in his arm and his rasping breath; for **Mamaiji** and her tired, darkened eyes spinning thread for our **kustis**, and for Mummy growing old in the dingy kitchen smelling of kerosene, where the **Primus** roared and her dreams were extinguished; I wanted to weep for myself, for not being able to hug Daddy when I wanted to, and for not ever saying thank you for cricket in the morning, and pigeons and bicycles and dreams; and for all the white hairs I was powerless to stop. •

From 'Of White Hairs and Cricket' in *Stories of Ourselves*, by Rohinton Mistry.

- **Dispensary** - a room where medicines are prepared and provided.
- **Glint** – shine, gleam
- **Compound** - a fenced or walled-in area containing a group of buildings
- **Shudder** – shake, shiver
- **Rotundity** – roundness, plumpness
- **Tweezers** - a small instrument for plucking out hairs and
- **Gait** – walk, step



Task #2a

Explain in your own words the three phrases underlined in the passage.

*Glinted cruelly in a thin shaft of sunlight that had suddenly slunk inside the darkened room.

*Supine, his rotundity had spread into a flatness denying his huge bulk.

*Where the Primus roared and her dreams were extinguished;



Task #2a

Explain in your own words the three phrases underlined in the passage.

*There was a long needle stuck into his right arm, and it glinted cruelly in a thin shaft of sunlight that had suddenly slunk inside the darkened room.

*And for Mummy growing old on the dingy kitchen smelling of kerosene, where the primus roared and her dreams were extinguished;

* Supine, his rotundity had spread into a flatness denying his huge bulk.

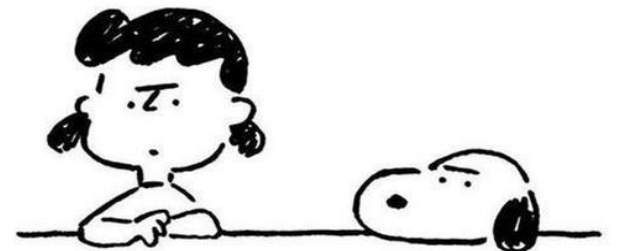
Task #2b

Choose words and phrases that you found powerful and evocative, and explain why.

- Example;

Stink

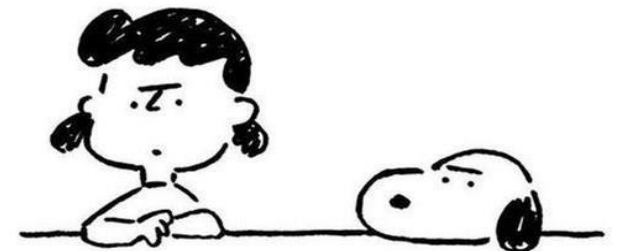
~A very strong word for an unpleasant smell,
surrounding shockingly disrespectful



Task #3

- Plan and write a response to the passage in the form of a journal entry by the narrator, using your own words.
- Write about 200 words. Your response should include your thoughts and feelings about the following **characters and their situation:**

- Viraf's father
- Viraf
- Your father (narrator)



Journal entry (pg.13)

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Response to Reading

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LMS - Journal content (Take a note!)

1. Narration

2. Description

3. Reflection

4. Emotion

5. Quotation

- Glinted cruelly in a thin shaft of sunlight that had suddenly slunk inside the darkened room.
- Shone threateningly in a narrow sunbeam that had swiftly crept in

- * Supine, his rotundity had spread into a flatness denying his huge bulk.
- Lying down, his round shape had flattened out to disguise the large mass of his body.

- *Where the Primus roared and her dreams were extinguished;
- Where the stove burned fiercely and all the things she longed for evaporated.