**IF**

**Rudyard Kipling**

There is no other poem so inspiring, so motivating and full of Will power to fight the modern world. It teaches you how to live your life. It moulds us, shapes and forces us to achieve the goal we aim at. For nearly Hundred years now this poem has captured the minds of millions of readers, sportspersons, writers, painters from all over the world. Citing an example of its inspiration, whoever came to play at Wimbledon, witnessing the centre court with beautifully carved four lines at once touches our heart.

“If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters, just as the same
Yours is the Earth and Everything that’s in it,
And which is more------you’ll be a Man, my Son!”

To our readers this is an inspiration. This will help our students to achieve success in their life, which is very tough and each one wanting to go ahead with a win.

Prescribed for the TYBA Compulsory English students, this poem certainly guides them and inspires them. From the very first line it teaches you, that life is a lesson for us. It is about keeping our head cool, also makes us to be patient in our views about life. It also says that we must have confidence in us. This patience is needed at the correct moment, and will help us to move ahead in life. That we will find so many people hating us but not we. This is a lesson for our life.

It also makes us see the dream. Dream which we will fulfil, no matter what trouble we have to face. We will fight till it becomes a reality. But, also keeping in mind that once won, we should not be proudy and boastful about our win and if we did meet with the disaster or loss then learn a lesson from it. These both are likely to deceive us. So we must have courage to look at the things. The world is not the reasonable place we are led to believe, where we meet so many crooks and dishonest people that we must be careful in not falling in their traps. Whatever we have, we’ve to build them with whatever material we have at our disposal.

This very winning moment can turn into a defeat. So we must be ready for life’s us and downs. Like a toss- we don’t know which side will appear first. We must start from where we began. Our loss or the defeat should not be spread out to others.
We must face with brave heart. When the time is also bad for us we must stick to it and hold it with full power and never let go things from our hands. While becoming successful we must not forget our past and our people. Friends and the society has great expectations from us. They believe in us and we should try and be true to their expectations.

We must also learn to forgive, because it is the greatest virtue. It all takes just sixty seconds to control our feelings and forgive. Courage, perseverance, honesty and ambition are the role model for us. If we could manage this virtue then it is sure that we will become a man of character. Then a good person can be a making. This is a beautiful address to poet’s son.

THE BALLAD OF FATHER GILLIGAN

W.B.Yeats

Gist of the poem

One of the greatest poets of the modern age, was an Irish poet. This poem is an Irish Folklore. Ballad is a traditional an old Priest, Father Gilligan was all tired and weary. Most of the people had already gone to sleep, but he was sitting in the chair quiet dozing. It was getting late in the evening and that time he hears a knock on the door. Here he grieves that not for a moment he can have peace and sleep. Because he was exhausted, he complained that he had no rest and peace. He felt sorry for his complaints and the next moment he asked God’s forgiveness.

When he woke up in the morning, he remembered that the poor man had sent for him. He got up, roused his horse from sleep and rode so fast as he could. He was afraid that if the man is still alive. When he was asleep God took pity on him and sent an angel to the dying man to console him. The lady was surprised to sleep and asked why he had come again. When he heard that the sick man is dead, he knelt down and thanked God because he knew what had taken place. As he was thinking, he wondered with what meticulous attention God took care of all things in the mighty universe, including the poor Priest who was asleep
The Selfish Giant

Oscar Wilde

One of the most beautiful stories ever written. This is a story that has a biblical reference. The Selfish Giant is the story of a very selfish man who becomes unselfish after a bitter experience. The story is sure to instil in the mind of the young reader the idea that true happiness consists in sharing and not exactly in possessing things. The Selfish Giant owns a beautiful garden. As he is way to visit his friend the Cornish Ogre. Every afternoon after the school the children come and play in his garden. They are very happy to play in it. But one day the Giant comes back and gets angry when he sees the children play. The very next day he builds a high wall written - trespassers will be prosecuted. Children were very sad, they have no garden to play. In Spring, the country was full of blossoms and birds. But in the garden of the Selfish Giant it was still winter. The birds did not care to sing in it as there were no children., and the trees forgot to blossom. Snow and Frost were pleased to see that there is no Spring. Soon they called North Wind. Then came Hail. They all were so happy there, that Hail broke most of the slates of the windows and then ran round and round the garden as fast as he could go. Selfish Giant was surprised that Spring has not come yet. The Spring never came, nor the Summer. The Autumn gave golden fruit to every garden, but to the Giant’s garden she gave none.” He is too selfish, she said.’

One morning the Giant was awake in the bed when he heard some lovely music. It was only a little linnet singing outside is window. To him it was the most beautiful music in the world. Everything stopped and a delicious perfume came to him through the open casement.

He got up and saw a wonderful sight. Through a little hole Children crept in and they were sitting in the branches. Birds were flying about happily, flowers were looking through the green grass laughing. But at the corner of the garden it was still Winter. A small boy was trying to climb the tree but he was too tiny to climb the tree. This scene melted the Giant’s heart. He realized his mistake and down he ran. Children were frightened when they saw him. Only the little boy didn’t run away. The Giant stole behind him and gently put the boy in the tree. The tree at once broke into the blossom, in came birds and sang. The little boy stretched his arms and flung them round the Giant’s neck and kissed him. The other children saw this, and were happy. ‘It’s your garden now,’ little children he said and took a great axe and knocked down the wall. He enquired about the little boy but they
didn’t know who he is? The Giant was very kind to the children, yet he longed for the little boy. How I would like to see him again! Years went on and he became very old and feeble. He used to sit a big arm-chair and watched the children at their games. ‘I have many beautiful flowers, he said,’ but the children are the most beautiful flowers of all.’

One Winter day he saw a marvellous sight. In the farthest corner of the garden was a tree covered with lovely white blossoms. Its branches were golden and silver fruit hung down from them, and underneath it stood the little boy he had loved. He ran quickly with great joy and when he came near to him his face grew red with anger. He said, Who hath dared to wound thee? For on the palms of the child’s hands were the prints of two nails, and the prints of two nails on the little feet. Who hath dared to wound thee? Tell me that I may take my big sword and slay him. Nay, answered the child, but these are the wounds of love.’ ‘Who art thou? Said the Giant and he knelt before the child. The child smiled on him and said. ‘You let me play once in your garden, today you shall come with me to my garden, which is Paradise.’
The Diamond Necklace

Guy de Maupassant

This is a story of a woman who was very beautiful, but her destiny made her poor and the wife of a poor clerk. She longed for riches and was unable to lead ordinary life. She was very unhappy woman and this suffered her mentally. Her abode was poor and shabby and this disturbed her. Her husband was an ordinary clerk in the office of the Board of education. She always longed for exquisite and lavish life which she didn’t have. One evening her husband gave her an invitation for the Minister’s Ball. But she was unhappy with the invitation. Other woman in her place would have been delighted. She complained that she doesn’t have a good dress to wear. She vexed him and started crying. This made her husband very sad. He asked her how much a good dress would cost. Hesitatingly she replied, that it would cost four francs. He turned pale, for he saved just the sum to buy a gun and go for shooting larks. But he agreed and got her a beautiful dress. As the day of the ball appeared, he found her unhappy. As she didn’t have a jewel to adorn herself. He advised her to go for natural flowers, but she disliked. Her reply was, ’there is nothing more humiliating than to have a shabby air in the midst of rich women.’ He advised her to go to her rich friend Mme Forestier and borrow one. She was delighted by the idea and went to her.

Mme Forestier showed her her whole jewels but she could not choose one she likes. At last she discovers, in a black satin box, a superb necklace of diamonds, and her heart beat fast with an immoderate desire. She asked for this one and she got it.

On the Ball day, she was a great success. She was the prettiest of them all, elegant, gracious, smiling and full of joy. The whole House was happy to dance with her. It was her day full of enthusiasm, with passion, intoxicated with pleasure, in the triumph of her beauty. She liked this admiration, the desires, and this victory so complete and sweet to the heart of woman.

At four O’clock in the morning, as she was hurrying down the stairs she found that the necklace she had worn was not around her neck. Her husband was unable to understand this calamity. They searched everywhere, on the steps, registered a complaint in the police and didn’t find the diamond necklace. Louisel made his wife write her friend saying that she has broken the clasp of the necklace and that it needs a repair. They searched for a week and came home disappointed. They went
from jeweler to jeweler to search exactly the same necklace. In a shop palais-Royal they found one that was costing forty thousand francs. This situation was terrible for Louisel. He possessed eighteen thousand francs which his father had left him. He borrowed the rest. He had to go through tough time signing the deeds, ruinous promises and got the necklace. When Matilde took the jewel to her friend Mme Forestier was angry that she should have returned them earlier.

From that day Matilde now knew the horrible life of necessity. She did her part, completely, heroically. It was necessary to pay the frightful debt. The heavy cares of household made her look twenty years older. Her husband worked for twenty four hours. This all lasted ten years. At the end of the ten years, they had restored all, all with all sorts of interests.

Matilde remembered the past. How would it have been if she had not lost the necklace? Who knows? How singular life is? And how full of changes? How a small thing will ruin or save one.

One Sunday as she was taking a walk, she saw Mme Forestier walking with a child. Without hesitating Matilde called her Jeanne. Jeanne did not recognize this woman who was so familiarly addressed. She didn’t recognize her. No, I’m Matilde Louise. Her friend gave a cry of astonishment. Oh, my poor Matilde, how you have changed. Matilde answered her that this all happened because of her only. How is that? Mme Forestier asked. She told her the whole story of the Ball and how she lost the necklace and got her a new replacement. Mme Forestier surprised and smiled with a proud and simple joy, took both the hands of Matilde and said, Oh, poor Matilde! Mine were false. They were not worth over five hundred francs.