

## **PRESENT CONTINUOUS:**

Imagine that you are at a bus station. Describe what you see.

Format:

am/is/are (not) + ing

- 1) A cleaner is cleaning the bus
- 2) A driver -----
- 3) An old man -----
- 4) A boy -----
- 5) Two girls -----
- 6) -----
- 7) -----

## **TLM:**

- ❖ Photograph of C.V.Raman
  - ❖ Flash cards
  - ❖ Biography of Jagadeesh Chandra Bose, Dr. A.P.J. Abdul Kalam
- Reference : [www.britishcouncil.com](http://www.britishcouncil.com)  
: [www.google.com](http://www.google.com)  
Suggested reading: Wings of Fire by Dr. A.P.J. Abdul Kalam

## **POEM - TWO**

**Title : THE LITTLE BUSY BEE**

**Value : Idle mind is devil's workshop.**

**Summary :** In this poem the poet tells us about the "Busy Bee" that makes use of the day to do her work. The bee collects and carries nectar (sweet beverage) from flowers into the hive (artificial home for bees) where it is stored as honey. The female worker bees are the only bees that make nectar into honey. The bee builds her cells skillfully, spreads her wax neatly and works hard to store honey in the cells.

The poet speaks about himself and wants us to be like a busy bee in work. We should not be tempted to be idle or sit around doing nothing. Satan in the poem refers to the devil, or some evil being who injures the idle person. The poet wants to spend his boyhood days by reading good books, playing and doing some useful work.

Beauty of the poem: Rhyming words

Pick out six pairs of rhyming words from the given box

hour, well, write, cell,  
skill, flower, you, do,  
play, still, everyday, wax,  
makes, got, fax, bright,

### About the poet.....

Isaac Watts was the son of a school master. He is said to have shown remarkable precocity (too early ripening of the mind) in childhood, beginning the study of Latin in his fourth year and writing respectable verses (poetry stanza) at the age of seven. He preached his first sermon when he was twenty four year old.

Watts was buried at Bunhill Fields. A monumental statue was erected in Southampton, his native place.

T.L.M : Picture of a bee, honey comb



**Suggested Reading :-** “Work is Worship” by Tagore

Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads! Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee!

He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the path- maker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and shower, and His garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like Him come down on the dusty soil.

Deliverance? Where is this deliverance to be found? Our master himself has joyfully taken upon him the bonds of creation; he is bound with us all forever come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy flowers and incense!

What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained? Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow.

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