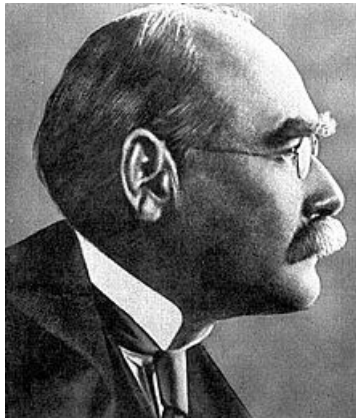


## UNIT – SEVEN

1. **TITLE** : MACHINE
2. **VALUE** : “MACHINES ARE NO HUMAN BEINGS. THEY HAVE NO SOUL.”

“MACHINES ARE TRANSITORY AND AFTERALL CREATED BY HUMANS”

### ABOUT THE POET:



#### Joseph Rudyard Kipling

30 December 1865 – 18 January 1936) was an English short-story writer, poet, and novelist chiefly remembered for his tales and poems of British soldiers in India, and his tales for children. He received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1907. He was born in Bombay, in the Bombay Presidency of British India, and was taken by his family to England when he was five years old. Kipling is best known for his works of fiction, including The Jungle Book (a collection of stories which includes "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi"), Just So Stories (1902) (1894), Kim (1901) (a tale of adventure), many short stories, including "The Man Who Would Be King" (1888); and his poems, including "Mandalay" (1890), "Gunga Din" (1890), "The White Man's Burden" (1899) and "If—" (1910). He is regarded as a major "innovator in the art of the short story"; his children's books are enduring classics of children's literature; and his best works are said to exhibit "a versatile and luminous narrative gift".

### **Summary of the Poem:**

The poet describes how machines are built and what their abilities are. The poem is how machines are created and wrought and says that they were taken from the ore-bed. They only need some water, coal and oil. The poet enumerates the skill of machines, such as pulling, racing, flying or writing. He explains the ability of machines to transmit information across the world. Machines can do nearly everything on earth if they get the exact instructions. The poet makes it clear that machines have no feelings and the wrong handling of machines can be dangerous.

The progress of machines is a good thing for the human kind. They make things easier and facilitate the work of humans. But a machine can never replace man; it cannot feel anything and machines are only children of human brain. Machines are able to transform nature but cannot compensate nature.

### **ABOUT THE WORDS GIVEN IN THE I.R.7 :**

- Emu** : a large Australian bird that runs very fast but cannot fly.
- Cog** : One of a series of teeth on the edge of a wheel that fit between the teeth of the next wheel and cause it to move.
- Nut** : a) a small piece of metal with a whole through the centre that is screwed onto a bolt to hold things together.  
b) a small hard fruit with a hard shell.
- Wedge:** : a piece of wood, rubber, metal etc with one thick end and one thin pointed end that you use to keep a door apart or to keep two things apart.
- Bear** : a heavy wild animal with thick fur and sharp claws.
- Mouse:** : a) a small animal that is covered in fur and has a long thin tail.  
: b) a small device that is moved by hand across a surface to control the movement of the cursor on a computer screen.
- Furnace:** : a space surrounded on all sides by walls and a roof for heating metal or glass to very high temperature.

- Tool** : an instrument such as a hammer, screw driver, saw etc.
- Boa** : A species of large heavy bodied snake usually found in North, Central and South America and also some islands in Carribean.
- Rhino:** : [pronounced as *raino*] a large heavy animal with thick skin and one or two horns on its nose, that lives in Africa and Asia.
- (Rhinoceros):**
- File:** : a metal tool with a rough surface for cutting or sharpening hard substances or for making them smooth.
- Rays:** : narrow lines of light, heat or other energy.
- Turtle:** : a large reptile with a hard round shell, that lives in the sea.
- Mink:** : a small wild animal with thick shiny fur, a long body and short legs. Minks are often kept in farms for their fur.
- Vocabulary** :
- Gauged** : pronounced as *gaiged*
- Rhyme Scheme:** : The alternate lines in each stanza rhyme. Such a poem is said to be Couplet Rhymed.

### **Suggested Reading :**

#### **Humming Bird by [D.H. Lawrence](#)**

I can imagine, in some otherworld Primeval-dumb, far back  
 In that most awful stillness, that only gasped and hummed,  
 Humming-birds raced down the avenues.  
 Before anything had a soul,  
 While life was a heave of Matter, half inanimate,  
 This little bit chipped off in brilliance  
 And went whizzing through the slow, vast, succulent stems.  
 I believe there were no flowers, then,  
 In the world where the humming-bird flashed ahead of creation.  
 I believe he pierced the slow vegetable veins with his long beak.  
 Probably he was big  
 As mosses, and little lizards, they say were once big.  
 Probably he was a jabbing, terrifying monster.  
 We look at him through the wrong end of the long telescope of Time, Luckily for us.