

EVERWIN MATRIC. HR. SEC. SCHOOL

STD: XI (E-I) Material of the month – June
English

I. Synonyms:

1. absurd	-	inconsistent / illogical
2. bedlam	-	noisy confusion
3. certain	-	sure
4. constantly	-	continuously
5. dilapidated	-	damaged
6. distressed	-	unhappy
7. expanse	-	widespread
8. fables	-	tales / stories
9. fat	-	obese / overweight
10. frivolous	-	non-serious / light minded
11. hobbled	-	walked unsteadily
12. ignore	-	disregard / omit
13. moist	-	damp / wet
14. monotonous	-	unchanging / boring
15. omitted	-	excluded
16. perched	-	sat / rested
17. persuade	-	convince
18. pretty	-	charming
19. protest	-	object / resist
20. puckered	-	wrinkled
21. rebukes	-	scoldings
22. relaxed	-	being at rest
23. revolting	-	objectionable
24. scattered	-	disordered/spreaded
25. seclusion	-	isolation
26. serenity	-	tranquility / calm
27. shroud	-	cloth used to wrap a dead person
28. snapped	-	broke / cut
29. sort	-	kind / type
30. veritable	-	real (used for emphasis)
31. wrinkled	-	creased / puckered

II. Antonyms:

1. absurd	x	consistent / logical
2. bedlam	x	peace / calm
3. certain	x	uncertain / doubtful
4. constantly	x	rarely
5. dilapidated	x	undamaged
6. distressed	x	happy

7. expanse	x	contraction
8. fables	x	facts
9. fat	x	slim
10. frivolous	x	serious
11. hobbled	x	walked steadily
12. ignore	x	taken into account
13. moist	x	arid
14. monotonous	x	interesting / exciting
15. omitted	x	included
16. perched	x	moved
17. persuade	x	prevent / dissuade
18. pretty	x	disgusting / ugly
19. protest	x	accept
20. puckered	x	smothered
21. rebukes	x	praises
22. seclusion	x	assembly
23. serenity	x	anxiety
24. snapped	x	combined
25. veritable	x	false / unreal
26. often	x	seldom
27. stale	x	fresh / new
28. cherish	x	abandon
29. lit	x	extinguish
30. scattered	x	organized / gathered

III. Proverbs:

1. Two wrongs don't make a right.
2. The pen is mightier than the sword.
3. When in Rome, do as the Romans.
4. The squeaky wheel gets the grease.
5. When the going gets tough, the tough get going.
6. No man is an island.
7. Fortune favors the bold.
8. People who live in glass houses should not throw stones.
9. Better late than never.
10. Birds of the same feather flock together.
11. Keep your friends close and your enemies closer.
12. A picture is worth a thousand words.
13. Hope for the best, but prepare for the worst.
14. There is no place like home.
15. Discretion is the greater part of valor.
16. The early bird catches the worm.
17. Never look a gift horse in the mouth.

18. You can't make an omelette without breaking a few eggs.
19. God helps those who help themselves.
20. You can't always get what you want.
21. A watched pot never boils.
22. Beggars can't be choosers.
23. If it ain't broke, don't fix it.
24. Too many cooks spoil the broth.
25. Easy come, easy go.
26. Don't bite the hand that feeds you.
27. All good things must come to an end.
28. If you can't beat them join them.
29. One man's trash is another man's treasure.
30. There is no time like the present.
31. Beauty is the eye of the beholder.
32. A penny saved is a penny earned.
33. Familiarity breeds contempt.
34. Good things come to those who wait.
35. Don't pull all your eggs in one basket.
36. Two heads are better than one.
37. The grass is always greener as the other side of the hill.
38. A chain is only as strong as its weakest link.
39. Absence makes the heart grow fonder.
40. Don't count your chickens before they hatch.
41. You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink.
42. If you want something done right, you have to do it yourself.
43. Do unto others as you would have them to undo you.

IV. Fill in the blanks with appropriate articles:

1. My grandfather's portrait hung above the mantelpiece in the drawing room. He wore a big turban and loose fitting clothes. His long, white beard covered the best part of his chest and he looked at least a hundred years old. He did not look the sort of person who would have a wife or children.

2. She would fetch my wooden state which she had already washed and plastered with yellow chalk, a tiny earthen ink-pot and a red pen, tie them all in a bundle and hand it to me. After a breakfast of a thick, stale chapatti with a little butter and sugar spread on it, we went to school. She carried several stale chapattis with her for the village dogs.

3. When my parents were comfortably settled in the city, they sent for us. That was a turning-point in our friendship. Although

we shared the same room, my grandmother no longer came to school with me. I used to go to an English school in a motor bus.

4. I would tell her English words and little things of western science and learning, the law of gravity, Archimedes' Principle, the world being round etc., This made her unhappy. She could not help me with my lessons. She did not believe in the things they taught at the English School and was distressed that there was no teaching about god and the scriptures.

5. Only in the afternoon she relaxed for a while to feed the sparrows. While she sat in the verandah breaking the bread into little bits, hundreds of little birds collected round her creating a veritable bodlam of chirruping.

6. In the evening a change came over her. She did not pray. She collected the women of the neighbourhood, got an old drum and started to sing. For several hours she thumped the sagging skins of the dilapidated drum and sang of the home coming of warriors.

7. The Next Morning she was taken ill. It was a mild fever and the doctor told us that it would go. But my grand mother thought differently. She told us that her end was near. She said that, since only a few hours before the close of the last chapter of her life. She had omitted to pray, she was not going to waste any more time talking to us.

8. After a few of mourning we left her alone to make arrangements for her funeral. In the evening we went to her room with a crude stretcher to take her to be cremated. The Sun was setting and had lit her room and verandah with a blaze of golden light.

9. We felt sorry for the birds and my mother fetched some bread for them. The sparrows took notice of the bread. When we carried my grandmother's corpse off, they flew away quietly. Next morning, the sweeper swept the bread crumbs into the dustbin.