

**Answer the following questions:**

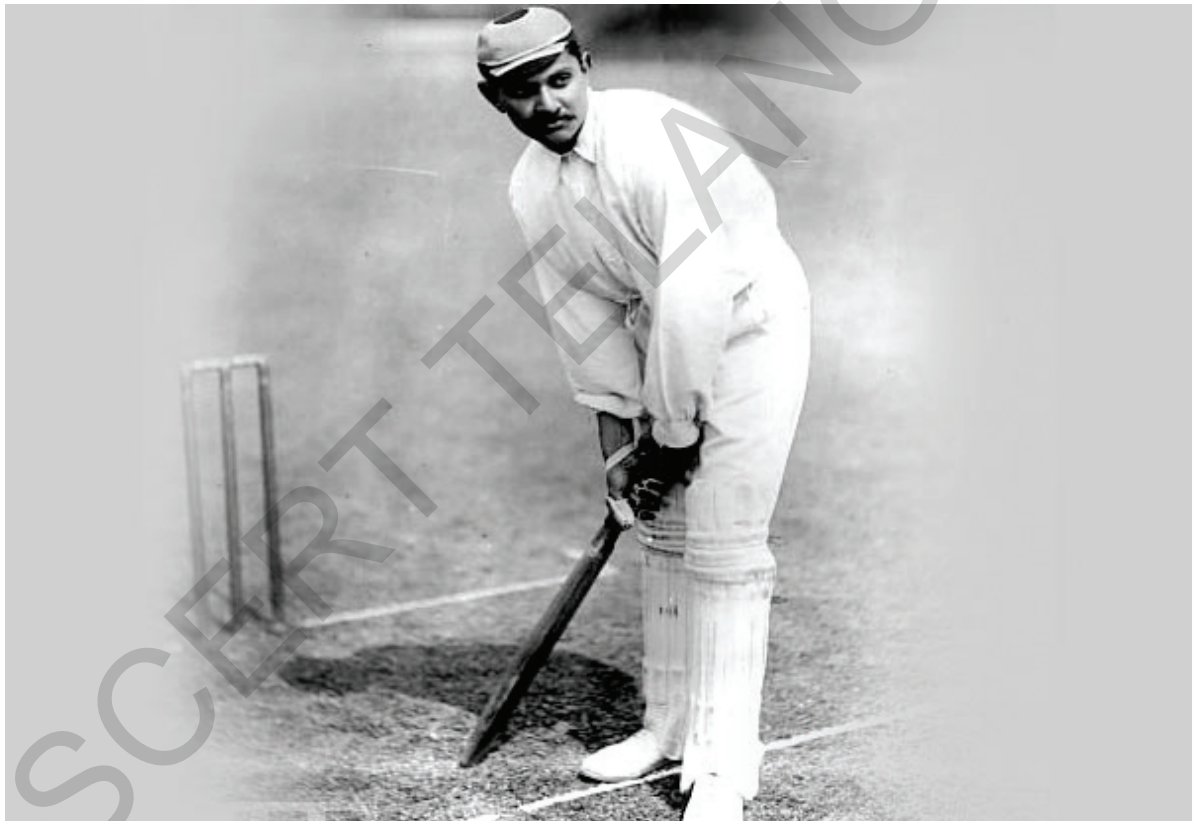
1. Do you like the poem? Give reasons for your answer.
2. Write a poem on your favourite game and players like Kabbadi, Cricket etc..

## Project

Collect a detailed information about a game; measurement of the court, number of players, rules and regulations of the game (Volleyball, Badminton, Kabaddi, Kho-Kho, Cricket, Hockey etc.) and present the report before the class.

## C. Reading

### Ranji's Wonderful Bat



“How’s that!” shouted the wicket-keeper, holding the ball up in his gloves.

“How’s that!” echoed the fielders. “How?” growled the fast bowler, glaring at the umpire.

“Out!” said the umpire. And Suraj, the captain of the school team, was walking slowly back to the tool-shed at the far end of the field.

The score stood at fifty-three for four wickets. Another sixty runs had to be made for victory, and only one good batsman remained. All the rest were bowlers who could not make many runs.

It was Ranji's turn to bat. He was the youngest member of the team, only eleven but strong and bold. Ranji prepared to face the bowler. The hard, shiny, red ball came speeding towards him.

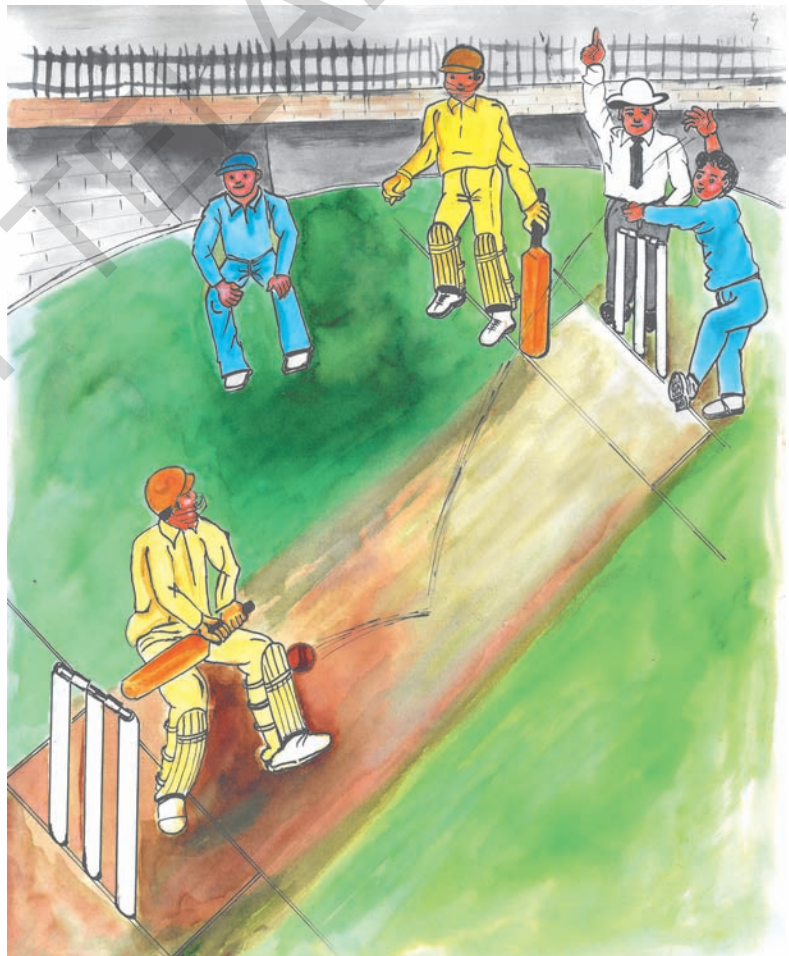
Ranji was going to leap forward and play the ball back to the bowler, but at the last moment he changed his mind and stepped back, planning to push the ball through the ring of fielders on his right, or off side. The ball swang in the air, shot off the grass, and came through sharply to strike Ranji on his pads.

The umpire raised a finger. "Out," he said. And it was Ranji's turn to walk back to the tool-shed. The match was won by the visiting team.

"Never mind," said Suraj, patting Ranji on the back. "You'll do better next time." But their cricket coach was more strict. "You'll have to make more runs in the next game," he told Ranji, "or you'll lose your place in the side!"

Avoiding the other players, Ranji walked slowly homewards. He was very upset. He had been trying so hard and practising so regularly, but when an important game came along, he failed to make a big score.

On his way home, he had to pass Mr. Kumar's Sports Shop. He liked to chat with the owner or look at all the things on the shelves—footballs, cricket balls, badminton rackets, hockey sticks and balls of various shapes and sizes. Mr. Kumar had been a state player once, and had scored a century in a match against Tanzania.



But this was one day when he did not feel like stopping. He looked the other way and was about to cross the road when Mr. Kumar's voice stopped him. "Hello, Ranji! Why are you looking so sad? Lost the game today?"

Ranji felt better as soon as he was inside the shop. "Yes, we lost the match."

"Never mind," said Mr. Kumar. "What would we do without losers? Anyway, how many runs did you make?"

"None. A big round egg. I haven't made a good score in my last three matches," said Ranji. "I'll be dropped from the team if I don't do something in the next game."

"Well, we can't have that happening," said Mr. Kumar. "Something will have to be done about it."

"I'm just unlucky," said Ranji.

"May be. But in that case, it's time your luck changed."

Mr. Kumar began looking closely at a number of old cricket bats, and after a few minutes he said, "Ah!" And he picked up one of the bats and held it out to Ranji. "This is it!" he said. "This is the luckiest of all my old bats. This is the bat I made a century with!"

He held it out to Ranji. "Here, take it! I'll lend it to you for the rest of the cricket season. You won't fail with it."

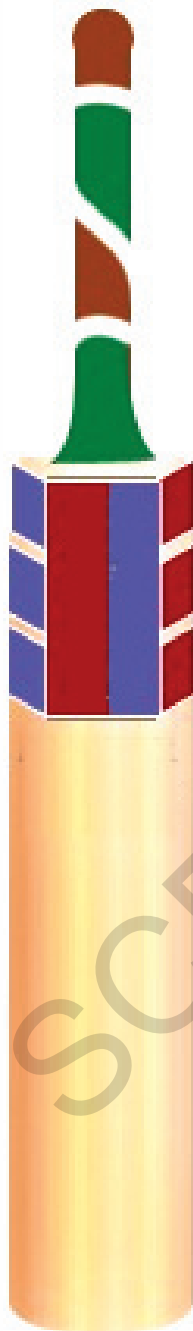
Ranji took the bat and gazed at it with awe and delight. "Is it really the bat you made a century with?" he asked.

"It is," said Mr. Kumar. "It may get you a hundred runs too!"

Ranji spent a nervous week waiting for Saturday's match. He asked Koki, the girl next door, to bowl to him in the garden. Koki bowled quite well.

At last Saturday arrived, bright and sunny. Just right for cricket. Suraj won the toss for the school and decided to bat first.

The opening batsmen put on thirty runs without being separated. The visiting fast bowlers couldn't do much. Then the spin bowlers came on, and immediately there was a change in the game. Two wickets fell in one over, and the score was thirty-three for two. Suraj made a few quick runs, and then he too was out to one of the spinners, caught behind the wicket. And it was Ranji's turn.



He walked slowly to the wicket. The bowler took a short run and then the ball was twirling towards Ranji. And then a thrill ran through Ranji's arm as he felt the ball meet the bat.

CRACK! The ball, hit firmly with the middle of Ranji's bat, streaked past the helpless bowler and sped towards the boundary. Four runs!

And that was only the beginning. Now Ranji began to play all the strokes he knew. He sent the fielders scampering to all corners of the field.

Twenty minutes after lunch, when Suraj closed the innings, Ranji was not out with fifty-eight and Ranji's school won the match. On his way home, Ranji stopped at Mr. Kumar's shop.

"We won!" he said, "And I made fifty-eight—my highest score so far. It really is a lucky bat!"



- Ruskin Bond

**Answer the following questions:**

1. What kind of inspiration do you get from this incident?
2. What role did Mr. Kumar play in making Ranji successful?
3. Have you been inspired by anyone in any field like the one above? If so, describe him/her.
4. Do you think that the bat was really a lucky one? Do you believe in such things? Share your ideas with your group.



**While playing a game of Cricket, there are many rules. Similarly, we have rules to keep us safe and they are called Personal Body Safety rules. The three rules are:**

1. Clothing rules - We keep private parts covered in front of others. Though we don't cover our mouth, it is private too.
2. Touching rules - We don't touch private parts in front of others.
3. Talking rules - We talk about private parts with Safe Adults.

If someone breaks 'Personal Body Safety Rules', I can say 'NO' to that person; GO away from that person as and when I can; TELL a safe adult about this person because he/she is doing something unsafe and has to be stopped. There is no shame in any part of the body. The person who breaks the Personal Body Safety Rules needs to be blamed and he/she needs to feel ashamed of their behaviour.

I am a safe person if I follow Personal Body Safety Rules for myself and for others.