



Province of the
EASTERN CAPE
 EDUCATION

**DIRECTORATE SENIOR CURRICULUM MANAGEMENT
 (SEN-FET)**

HOME SCHOOLING SELF-STUDY WORKSHEET

SUBJECT	English HL				
GRADE <i>(Please tick)</i>	GRADE 10	GRADE 11	GRADE 12		
			√		
DATE	19 May 2020				
TIME ALLOCATION	9 sessions of 60 minutes each				
CURRICULUM DETAIL <i>(Please tick)</i>	TERM 1 REVISION	TERM 2 CONTENT	TERM 2 REVISION	TERM 3 CONTENT	TERM 4 REVISION
		√			
TIPS TO STAY HEALTHY DURING LOCKDOWN	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. STAY AT HOME. 2. WASH YOUR HANDS thoroughly with soap and water for at least 20 seconds. Alternatively use hand-sanitizer with an alcohol content of at least 60%. 3. PRACTISE GOOD RESPIRATORY HYGIENE. Cough or sneeze into your elbow, or a tissue and throw the tissue away immediately after use. 4. TRY NOT TO TOUCH YOUR FACE. The virus can be transferred from your hands to your nose, mouth, and eyes. It can then enter your body and make you sick. 5. PRACTISE SOCIAL (PHYSICAL) DISTANCING. Keep a distance of at least 1m (about an arm's length) from other people. 				
TOPIC	Literature: Using Thinking Maps to Learn and Understand <i>Life of Pi</i>				

LEARNING AND UNDERSTANDING LITERATURE

WITH

THINKING MAPS

This worksheet deals with LEARNING AND UNDERSTANDING LITERATURE WITH THINKING MAPS. The way to learn and understand is to tackle small sections of work at a time, as then we can easily consolidate that work, reflect on what we have learned, write about those sections which we have mastered and also take note of the sections of work where you need to ask your teacher more questions or do some further research on your own to come to a clearer understanding of the topic.

This worksheet is divided into **NINE** sections. Do **ONE** section per day.


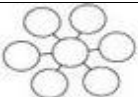
SECTION ONE: THINKING MAPS

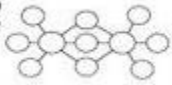

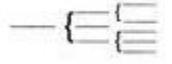
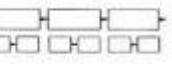
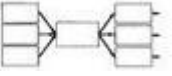

There are many ways to learn. Some of these are:

- **LISTENING** as a teacher / expert shares and explains information
- **READING** information
- **WATCHING** a demonstration and repeating what you see being done
- **A COMBINATION** of the above methods of learning.

When we hear/read/observe/practise information and skills, we THINK about the information and skills, PROCESS our thoughts, and then often need to SHARE our understanding and thoughts about the information and skills we have learned.

One way of PROCESSING our thoughts and SHARING our understanding of what we have learned, is by using THINKING MAPS. There are EIGHT basic THINKING MAPS, each of which may be linked to an instruction/question word and skill.

THINKING MAP	SKILL	QUESTION TAGS
Circle Map 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Defining in Context • Brainstorming 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Define ... /Give a definition ... • Brainstorm ... /List as many ...
Bubble Map 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Describing 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Describe ... • List the qualities ... / characteristics ...

<p>Double Bubble Map</p> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Comparing • Contrasting 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Compare ... / Discuss the similarities and the differences ... • Contrast ... / Discuss the differences ...
<p>Tree Map</p> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Classifying • Grouping 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Discuss ... • Group... • Summarise ... • Prove
<p>Brace Map</p> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Depicting the whole of something and its parts • Analysing the parts of a whole 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Analyse • Discuss the make-up of ... • List all the components of ...
<p>Flow Map</p> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Ordering • Sequencing 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • What is the order / sequence of events ...? • Describe the events ... • Discuss / evaluate the events ... • Discuss the imagery of each stanza ...
<p>Multi-Flow Map</p> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Analysing the causes and effects 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Discuss / analyse / evaluate the causes and effects... • Discuss the reasons for and results of ...
<p>Bridge Map</p> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Seeing analogies 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Comment on / Evaluate / Discuss the effectiveness of the simile / metaphor / personification ...

Thinking Maps may be used across the curriculum. Although the examples in these worksheets relate to the study of ENGLISH, the skills and Thinking Maps may be applied to ANY subject which include the same set of skills and questions.

TIP

Learn which skill or question word matches a corresponding THINKING MAP.

Use THINKING MAPS in your workbooks to consolidate your knowledge/skills. This effective way of note-taking will help you get your thoughts in order and to practise the skills needed for tasks and examinations.

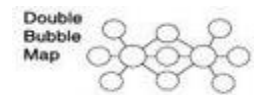
For example, whenever you are asked to give a DEFINITION, a CIRCLE MAP should spring to mind:



When you are asked to DESCRIBE something, you should immediately draw the outline of a BUBBLE MAP.



When you are required to COMPARE, then the DOUBLE-BUBBLE MAP is the one to use.



QUIZ

Complete each statement by choosing the correct option. Write down only the letter of the correct option.

- 1 A circle-map is used to ...
 - (a) Show an analogy
 - (b) Define in context
 - (c) Show a sequence
 - (d) Show the constituent parts of the whole

- 2 A flow-map is used to ...
(a) Show an analogy
(b) Define in context
(c) Show a sequence
(d) Show the constituent parts of the whole
- 3 A brace-map is used to ...
(a) Show an analogy
(b) Define in context
(c) Show a sequence
(d) Show the constituent parts of the whole
- 4 A bridge-map is used to ...
(a) Show an analogy
(b) Define in context
(c) Show a sequence
(d) Show the constituent parts of the whole
- 5 A bubble-map is used to ...
(a) Show causes and effects
(b) Show descriptions
(c) Show comparisons and contrasts
(d) Show classifications and groups of ideas
- 6 A tree-map is used to ...
(a) Show causes and effects
(b) Show descriptions
(c) Show comparisons and contrasts
(d) Show classifications and groups of ideas
- 7 A multi-flow map is used to ...
(a) Show causes and effects
(b) Show descriptions
(c) Show comparisons and contrasts
(d) Show classifications and groups of ideas
- 8 A double bubble-map is used to ...
(a) Show causes and effects
(b) Show descriptions
(c) Show comparisons and contrasts
(d) Show classifications and groups of ideas

PUTTING THINKING MAPS INTO PRACTICE

SECTION TWO: FLOW MAP



A flow-map consists of a number of blocks, joined by arrows, which shows the chronological order / sequence in which events happen.

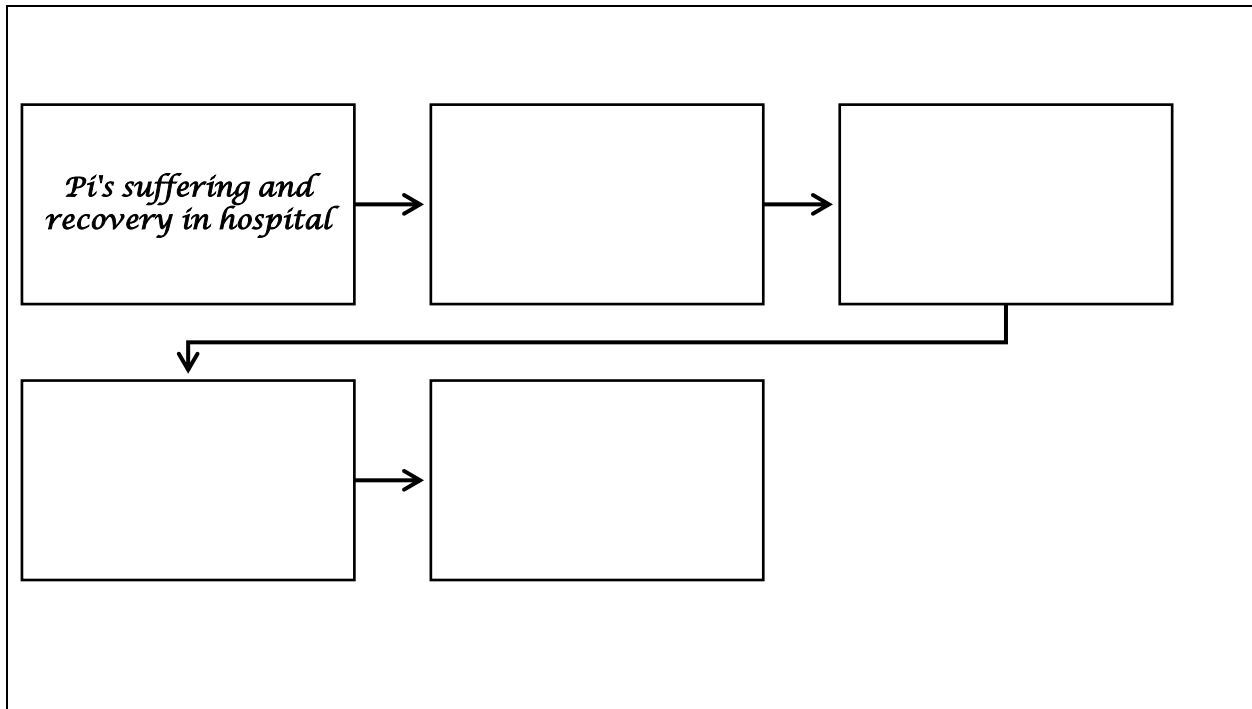
TASK

Read the following extract from *Life of Pi* and then use a FLOW MAP to sequence the events of Pi's life after having been rescued by the Japanese officials. Your FLOW MAP needs only reflect the events that are mentioned in this given extract:

My suffering left me sad and gloomy.

Academic study and the steady, mindful practice of religion slowly brought me back to life. I have kept up with what some people would consider my strange religious practices. After one year of high school, I attended the University of Toronto and took a double-major Bachelor's degree. My majors were religious studies and zoology. My fourth-year thesis for religious studies concerned certain aspects of the cosmogony theory of Isaac Luria, the great sixteenth-century Kabbalist from Safed. My zoology thesis was a functional analysis of the thyroid gland of the three-toed sloth. I chose the sloth because its demeanour-calm, quiet and introspective-did something to soothe my shattered self.

[*Life of Pi* – Chapter 1]



SECTION THREE: BUBBLE-MAP



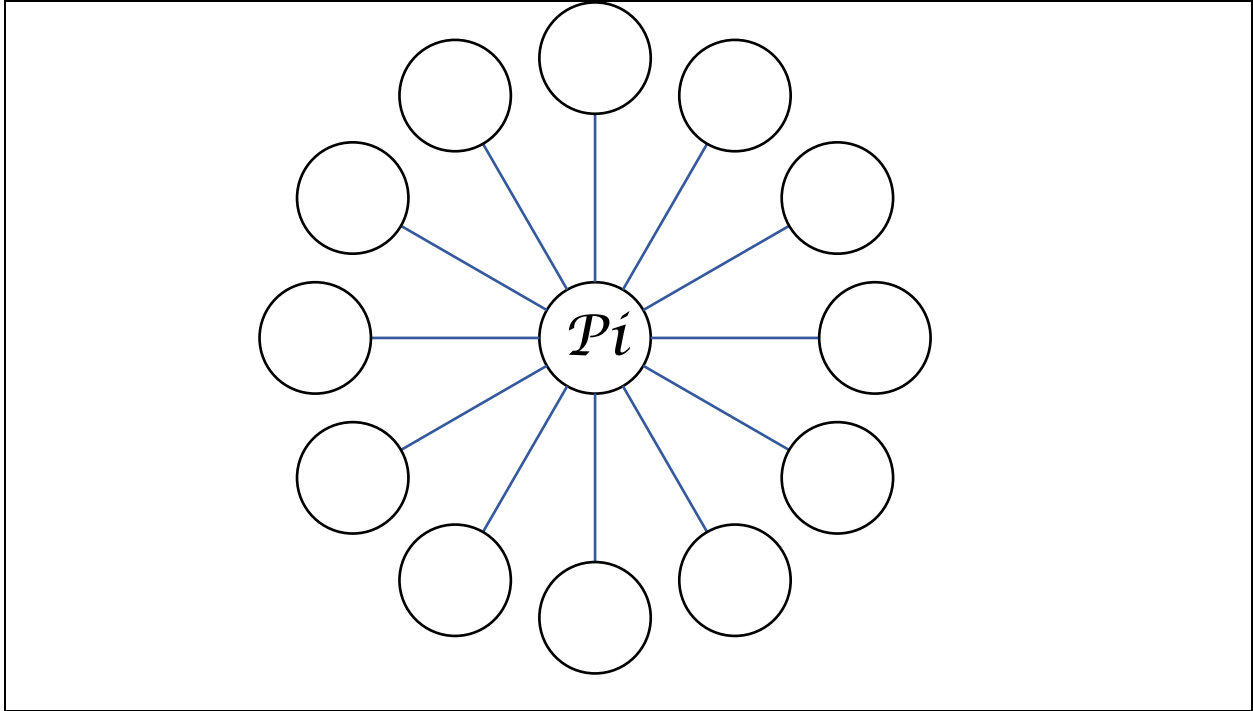
Draw a circle surrounded by small circles connected to it as shown above. In the central circle (bubble) you write what you are describing, and in each surrounding circle (bubble) you write an adjective / description.

TASK

Use the information from the extract below to describe Pi, as he is presented by the “Author”. Present your answer in the form of a BUBBLE-MAP.

He lives in Scarborough. He's a small, slim man-no more than five foot five. Dark hair, dark eyes. Hair greying at the temples. Can't be older than forty. Pleasing coffee-coloured complexion. Mild fall weather, yet puts on a big winter parka with fur-lined hood for the walk to the diner. Expressive face. Speaks quickly, hands flitting about. No small talk. He launches forth.

[*Life of Pi* – Chapter 2]



SECTION FOUR: DOUBLE-BUBBLE MAP



A double-bubble map is used for comparisons and contrasts.

In the central bubbles you write the two topics being compared. These central bubbles link to the middle bubble where the features they share are described. The outer bubbles contain the differences between the two topics.

TASK

Read the extracts referring to Mr Satish Kumar the Biology teacher and Mr Satish Kumar the Baker. Then use a DOUBLE-BUBBLE MAP to compare the Mr Kumars and their influence on Pi's life.

EXTRACT 1

It was my luck to have a few good teachers in my youth, men and women who came into my dark head and lit a match. One of these was Mr. Satish Kumar, my biology teacher at Petit Seminaire and an active Communist who was always hoping Tamil Nadu would stop electing movie stars and go the way of Kerala. He had a most peculiar appearance. The top of his head was bald and pointy, yet he had the most impressive jowls I have ever seen, and his narrow shoulders gave way to a massive stomach that looked like the base of a mountain, except that the mountain stood in thin air, for it stopped abruptly and disappeared horizontally into his pants. It's a mystery to me how his stick-like legs supported the weight above them, but they did, though they moved in surprising ways at times, as if his knees could bend in any direction. His construction was geometric: he looked like two triangles, a small one and a larger one, balanced on two parallel lines. But organic, quite warty actually, and with sprigs of black hair sticking out of his ears. And friendly. His smile seemed to take up the whole base of his triangular head.

Mr. Kumar was the first avowed atheist I ever met. I discovered this not in the classroom but at the zoo. He was a regular visitor who read the labels and descriptive notices in their entirety and approved of every animal he saw. Each to him was a triumph of logic and mechanics, and nature as a whole was an exceptionally fine illustration of science. To his ears, when an animal felt the urge to mate, it said "Gregor Mendel", recalling the father of genetics, and when it was time to show its mettle, "Charles Darwin", the father of natural selection, and what we took to be bleating, grunting, hissing, snorting, roaring, growling, howling, chirping and screeching were but the thick accents of foreigners. When Mr. Kumar visited the zoo, it was to take the pulse of the universe, and his stethoscopic mind always I confirmed to him that everything was in order, that everything was order. He left the zoo feeling scientifically refreshed.

The first time I saw his triangular form teetering and tottering about the zoo, I was shy to approach him. As much as I liked him as a teacher, he was a figure of authority, and I, a subject. I was a little afraid of him. I observed him at a distance. He had just come to the rhinoceros pit. The two Indian rhinos were great attractions at the zoo because of the goats. Rhinos are social animals, and when we got Peak, a young wild male, he was showing signs of suffering from isolation and he was eating less and less. As a stopgap measure, while he searched for a female, Father thought of seeing if Peak couldn't be accustomed to living with goats. If it worked, it would save a valuable animal. If it didn't, it would only cost a few goats. It worked marvellously. Peak and the herd of goats became inseparable, even when Summit arrived. Now, when the rhinos bathed, the goats stood around the muddy pool, and when the goats ate in their corner, Peak and Summit stood next to them like guards. The living arrangement was very popular with the public.

Mr. Kumar looked up and saw me. He smiled and, one hand holding onto the railing, the other waving, signalled me to come over.

"Hello, Pi," he said.

"Hello, sir. It's good of you to come to the zoo."

"I come here all the time. One might say it's my temple. This is interesting..." He was indicating the pit. "If we had politicians like these goats and rhinos we'd have fewer problems in our country. Unfortunately we have a prime minister who has the armour plating of a rhinoceros without any of its good sense."

I didn't know much about politics. Father and Mother complained regularly about Mrs. Gandhi, but it meant little to me. She lived far away in the north, not at the zoo and not in Pondicherry. But I felt I had to say something.

"Religion will save us," I said. Since when I could remember, religion had been very close to my heart.

"Religion?" Mr. Kumar grinned broadly. "I don't believe in religion. Religion is darkness."

Darkness? I was puzzled. I thought, Darkness is the last thing that religion is. Religion is light. Was he testing me? Was he saying, "Religion is darkness," the way he sometimes said in class things like "Mammals lay eggs," to see if someone would correct him? ("Only platypuses, sir.")

"There are no grounds for going beyond a scientific explanation of reality and no sound reason for believing anything but our sense experience. A clear intellect, close attention to detail and a little scientific knowledge will expose religion as superstitious bosh. God does not exist."

Did he say that? Or am I remembering the lines of later atheists? At any rate, it was something of the sort. I had never heard such words.

"Why tolerate darkness? Everything is here and clear, if only we look carefully."

He was pointing at Peak. Now though I had great admiration for Peak, I had never thought of a rhinoceros as a light bulb.

He spoke again. "Some people say God died during the Partition in 1947. He may have died in 1971 during the war. Or he may have died yesterday here in Pondicherry in an orphanage. That's what some people say, Pi. When I was your age, I lived in bed, racked with polio. I asked myself every day, 'Where is God? Where is God? Where is God?' God never came. It wasn't God who saved me-it was medicine. Reason is my prophet and it tells me that as a watch stops, so we die. It's the end. If the watch doesn't work properly, it must be fixed

here and now by us. One day we will take hold of the means of production and there will be justice on earth."

This was all a bit much for me. The tone was right-loving and brave-but the details seemed bleak. I said nothing. It wasn't for fear of angering Mr. Kumar. I was more afraid that in a few words thrown out he might destroy something that I loved. What if his words had the effect of polio on me? What a terrible disease that must be if it could kill God in a man.

He walked off, pitching and rolling in the wild sea that was the steady ground. "Don't forget the test on Tuesday. Study hard, 3.14!"

"Yes, Mr. Kumar."

He became my favourite teacher at Petit Seminaire and the reason I studied zoology at the University of Toronto. I felt a kinship with him. It was my first clue that atheists are my brothers and sisters of a different faith, and every word they speak speaks of faith. Like me, they go as far as the legs of reason will carry them-and then they leap.

[*Life of Pi* – Chapter 7]

EXTRACT 2

I moved on. Just beyond the mosque was a series of attached single-storey dwellings with small shaded porches. They were rundown and poor, their stucco walls a faded green. One of the dwellings was a small shop. I noticed a rack of dusty bottles of Thums Up and four transparent plastic jars half-full of candies. But the main ware was something else, something flat, roundish and white. I got close. It seemed to be some sort of unleavened bread. I poked at one. It flipped up stiffly. They looked like three-day-old nans. Who would eat these, I wondered. I picked one up and waggled it to see if it would break.

A voice said, "Would you like to taste one?"

I nearly jumped out of my skin. It's happened to all of us: there's sunlight and shade, spots and patterns of colour, your mind is elsewhere-so you don't make out what is right in front of you.

Not four feet away, sitting cross-legged before his breads, was a man. I was so startled my hands flew up and the bread went sailing halfway across the street. It landed on a pat of fresh cow dung.

"I'm so sorry, sir. I didn't see you!" I burst out. I was just about ready to run away.

"Don't worry," he said calmly. "It will feed a cow. Have another one."

He tore one in two. We ate it together. It was tough and rubbery, real work for the teeth, but filling. I calmed down.

"So you make these," I said, to make conversation.

"Yes. Here, let me show you how." He got off his platform and waved me into his house.

It was a two-room hovel. The larger room, dominated by an oven, was the bakery, and the other, separated by a flimsy curtain, was his bedroom. The bottom of the oven was covered with smooth pebbles. He was explaining to me how the bread baked on these heated pebbles when the nasal call of the muezzin wafted through the air from the mosque. I knew it was the call to prayer, but I didn't know what it entailed. I imagined it beckoned the Muslim faithful to the Mosque, much like bells summoned us Christians to church. Not so. The baker interrupted himself mid-sentence and said, "Excuse me." He ducked into the next room for a minute

and returned with a rolled-up carpet, which he unfurled on the floor of his bakery, throwing up a small storm of flour. And right there before me, in the midst of his workplace, he prayed. It was incongruous, but it was I who felt out of place. Luckily, he prayed with his eyes closed.

He stood straight. He muttered in Arabic. He brought his hands next to his ears, thumbs touching the lobes, looking as if he were straining to hear Allah replying. He bent forward. He stood straight again. He fell to his knees and brought his hands and forehead to the floor. He sat up. He fell forward again. He stood. He started the whole thing again.

Why, Islam is nothing but an easy sort of exercise, I thought. Hot-weather yoga for the Bedouins. Asanas without sweat, heaven without strain.

He went through the cycle four times, muttering throughout. When he had finished-with a right-left turning of the head and a short bout of meditation-he opened his eyes, smiled, stepped off his carpet and rolled it up with a flick of the hand that spoke of old habit. He returned it to its spot in the next room. He came back to me. "What was I saying?" he asked.

So it went the first time I saw a Muslim pray-quick, necessary, physical, muttered, striking. Next time I was praying in church-on my knees, immobile, silent before Christ on the Cross-the image of this callisthenic communion with God in the middle of bags of flour kept coming to my mind.

CHAPTER 19

I went to see him again.

"What's your religion about?" I asked.

His eyes lit up. "It is about the Beloved," he replied.

I challenge anyone to understand Islam, its spirit, and not to love it. It is a beautiful religion of brotherhood and devotion.

The mosque was truly an open construction, to God and to breeze. We sat cross-legged listening to the imam until the time came to pray. Then the random pattern of sitters disappeared as we stood and arranged ourselves shoulder to shoulder in rows, every space ahead being filled by someone from behind until every line was solid and we were row after row of worshippers. It felt good to bring my forehead to the ground. Immediately it felt like a deeply religious contact.

CHAPTER 20

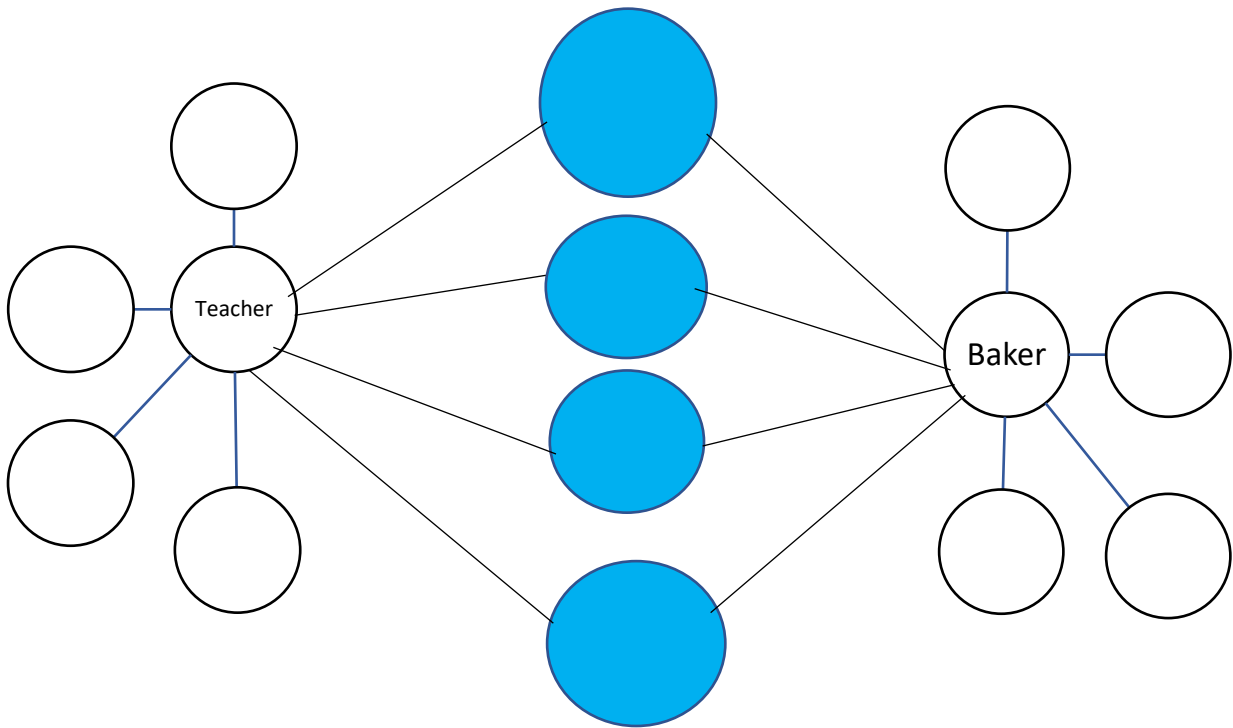
He was a Sufi, a Muslim mystic. He sought fana, union with God, and his relationship with God was personal and loving. "If you take two steps towards God," he used to tell me, "God runs to you!"

He was a very plain-featured man, with nothing in his looks or in his dress that made memory cry hark. I'm not surprised I didn't see him the first time we met. Even when I knew him very well, encounter after encounter, I had difficulty recognizing him. His name was Satish Kumar. These are common names in Tamil Nadu, so the coincidence is not so remarkable. Still, it pleased me that this pious baker, as plain as a shadow and of solid health, and the Communist biology teacher and science devotee, the walking mountain on stilts, sadly afflicted with polio in his childhood, carried the same name. Mr. and Mr. Kumar taught me biology and Islam. Mr. and Mr. Kumar led me to study zoology and religious studies at the University of Toronto. Mr. and Mr. Kumar were the prophets of my Indian youth.

We prayed together and we practised dhikr, the recitation of the ninety-nine revealed names of God. He was a hafiz, one who knows the Qur'an by heart, and he sang it in a slow, simple chant. My Arabic was never very good, but I loved its sound. The guttural eruptions and long flowing vowels rolled just beneath my comprehension like a beautiful brook. I gazed into this brook for long spells of time. It was not wide, just one man's voice, but it was as deep as the universe.

I described Mr. Kumar's place as a hovel. Yet no mosque, church or temple ever felt so sacred to me. I sometimes came out of that bakery feeling heavy with glory. I would climb onto my bicycle and pedal that glory through the air.

[*Life of Pi* – Chapters 18, 19 and 20]



SECTION FIVE: TREE MAP



A tree-map is useful for organising /ordering a discussion and ideas. At the top, draw a rectangle in which you write the topic/ idea to be discussed / ordered into categories. Under the heading, draw vertical lines connecting the topic/idea to each category that will be discussed.

TASK

Read the extract below and use a TREE-MAP to discuss why Pi's parents decided to move the family to Canada.

Why do people move? What makes them uproot and leave everything they've known for a great unknown beyond the horizon? Why climb this Mount Everest of formalities that makes you feel like a beggar? Why enter this jungle of foreignness where everything is new, strange and difficult?

The answer is the same the world over: people move in the hope of a better life.

The mid-1970s were troubled times in India. I gathered that from the deep furrows that appeared on Father's forehead when he read the papers. Or from snippets of conversation that I caught between him and Mother and Mamaji and others. It's not that I didn't understand the drift of what they said-it's that I wasn't interested. The orangutans were as eager for chapattis as ever; the monkeys never asked after the news from Delhi; the rhinos and goats continued to live in peace; the birds twittered; the clouds carried rain; the sun was hot; the earth breathed; God was-there was no Emergency in my world.

Mrs. Gandhi finally got the best of Father. In February 1976, the Tamil Nadu government was brought down by Delhi. It had been one of Mrs. Gandhi's most vocal critics. The takeover was smoothly enforced-Chief inister Karunanidhi's ministry vanished quietly into "resignation" or house arrest-and what does the fall of one local government matter when the whole country's Constitution has been suspended these last eight months? But it was to Father the crowning touch in Mrs. Gandhi's dictatorial takeover of the nation. The camel at the zoo was unfazed, but that straw broke Father's back.

He shouted, "Soon she'll come down to our zoo and tell us that her jails are full, she needs more space. Could we put Desai with the lions?"

Morarji Desai was an opposition politician. No friend of Mrs. Gandhi's. It makes me sad, my father's ceaseless worrying. Mrs. Gandhi could have personally bombed the zoo, it would have been fine with me if Father had been gay about it. I wish he hadn't fretted so much. It's hard on a son to see his father sick with worry.

But worry he did. Any business is risky business, and none more so than small business, the one that risks the shirt on its back. A zoo is a cultural institution. Like a public library, like a museum, it is at the service of popular education and science. And by this token, not much of a money-making venture, for the Greater Good and the Greater Profit are not compatible aims, much to Father's chagrin.

The truth was, we were not a rich family, certainly not by Canadian standards. We were a poor family that happened to own a lot of animals, though not the roof above their heads (or above ours, for that matter). The life of a zoo, like the life of its inhabitants in the wild, is precarious. It is neither big enough a business to be above the law nor small enough to survive on its margins. To prosper, a zoo needs parliamentary government, democratic elections, freedom of

speech, freedom of the press, freedom of association, rule of law and everything else enshrined in India's Constitution. Impossible to enjoy the animals otherwise. Long-term, bad politics is bad for business.

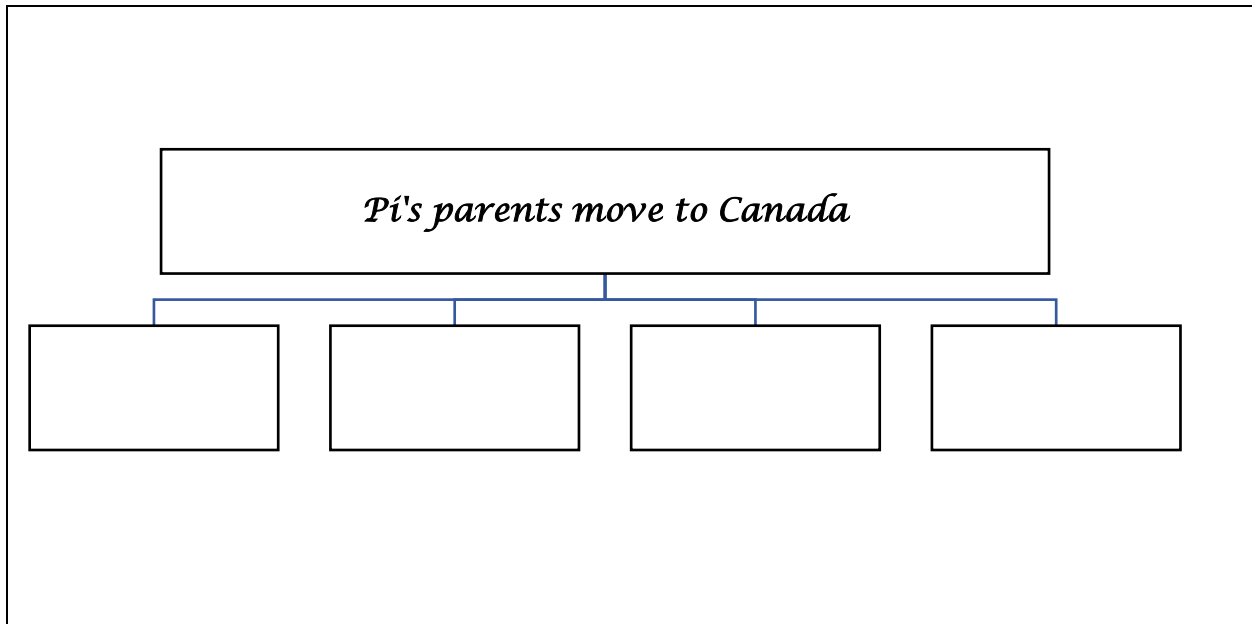
People move because of the wear and tear of anxiety. Because of the gnawing feeling that no matter how hard they work their efforts will yield nothing, that what they build up in one year will be torn down in one day by others. Because of the impression that the future is blocked up, that they might do all right but not their children. Because of the feeling that nothing will change, that happiness and prosperity are possible only somewhere else.

The New India split to pieces and collapsed in Father's mind. Mother assented. We would bolt.

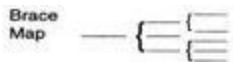
It was announced to us one evening during dinner. Ravi and I were thunderstruck. *Canada!* If Andhra Pradesh, just north of us, was alien, if Sri Lanka, a monkey's hop across a strait, was the dark side of

the moon, imagine what Canada was. Canada meant absolutely nothing to us. It was like Timbuktu, by definition a place permanently far away.

[*Life of Pi* – Chapter 29]



SECTION SIX: BRACE-MAP



A brace-map is used too show the analysis (breaking up) of the whole into its constituent parts.

Draw a rectangle and in it write down the whole concept to be analysed. Then draw a curly bracket linking the rectangle/ whole concept with its constituent parts, each depicted by a smaller rectangle. Each smaller rectangle (constituent part) may be divided up further.

TASK

Use a BRACE-MAP to analyse what Pi's collection of "family memorabilia" suggest about his life's priorities.

He shows me family memorabilia. Wedding photos first. A Hindu wedding with Canada prominently on the edges. A younger him, a younger her. They went to Niagara Falls for their honeymoon. Had a lovely time. Smiles to prove it. We move back in time. Photos from his student days at U of T: with friends; in front of St. Mike's; in his room; during Diwali on Gerrard Street; reading at St. Basil's Church dressed in a white gown; wearing another kind of white gown in a lab of the zoology department; on graduation day. A smile every time, but his eyes tell another story.

Photos from Brazil, with plenty of three-toed sloths in situ.

With a turn of a page we jump over the Pacific-and there is next to nothing. He tells me that the camera did click regularly-on all the usual important occasions-but everything was lost. What little there is consists of what was assembled by Mamaji and mailed over after the events.

There is a photo taken at the zoo during the visit of a V.I.P. In black and white another world is revealed to me. The photo is crowded with people. A Union cabinet minister is the focus of attention. There's a giraffe in the background. Near the edge of the group, I recognize a younger Mr. Adirubasamy.

"Mamaji?" I ask, pointing.

"Yes," he says.

There's a man next to the minister, with horn-rimmed glasses and hair very cleanly combed. He looks like a plausible Mr. Patel, face rounder than his son's.

"Is this your father?" I ask.

He shakes his head. "I don't know who that is."

There's a pause of a few seconds. He says, "It's my father who took the picture."

On the same page there's another group shot, mostly of schoolchildren. He taps the photo.

"That's Richard Parker," he says.

I'm amazed. I look closely, trying to extract personality from appearance. Unfortunately, it's black and white again and a little out of focus. A photo taken in better days, casually. Richard Parker is looking away. He doesn't even realize that his picture is being taken.

The opposing page is entirely taken up by a colour photo of the swimming pool of the Aurobindo Ashram. It's a nice big outdoor pool with clear, sparkling water, a clean blue bottom and an attached diving pool.

The next page features a photo of the front gate of Petit Seminaire school. An arch has the school's motto painted on it: Nil magnum nisi bonum. No greatness without goodness.

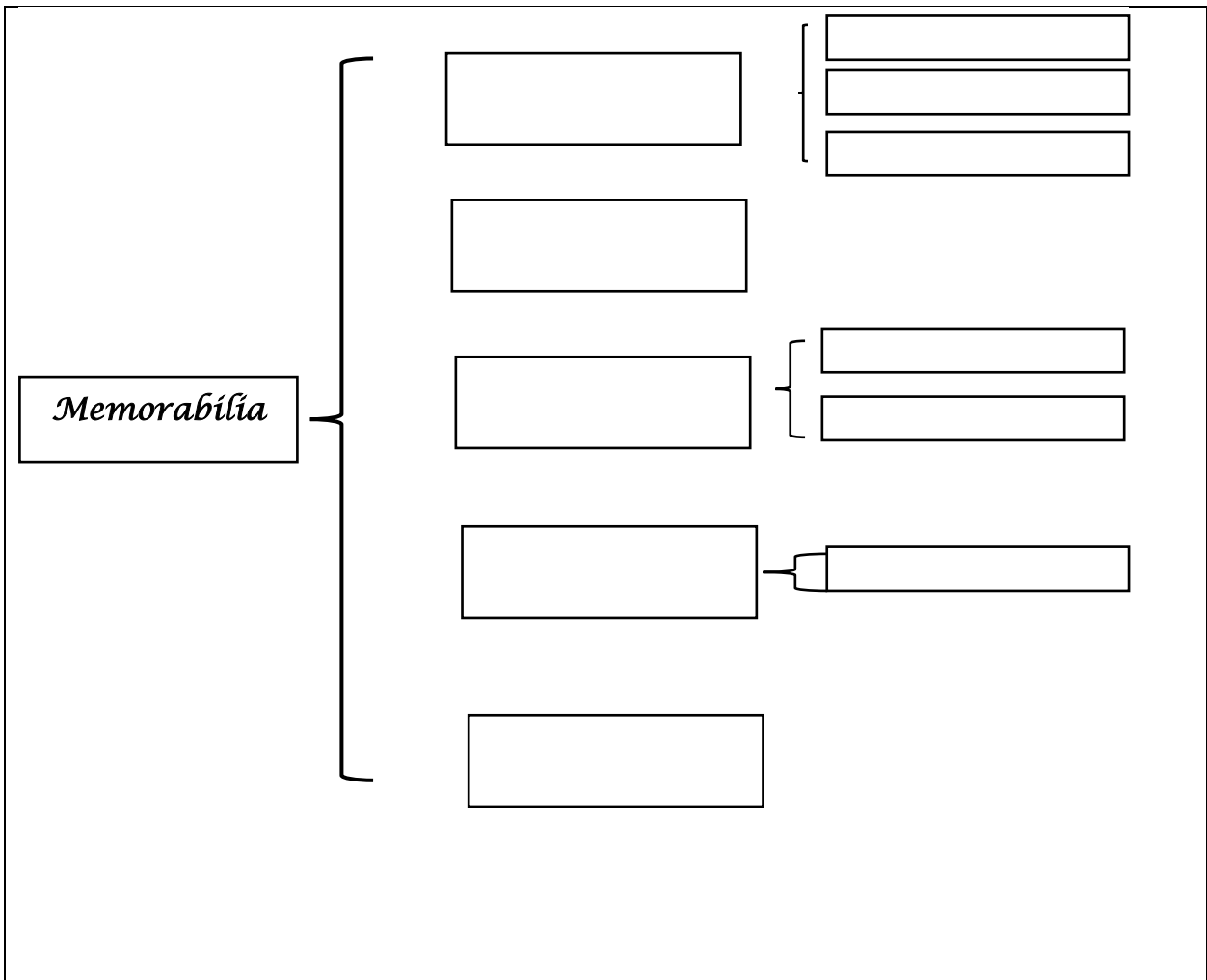
And that's it. An entire childhood memorialized in four nearly irrelevant photographs.

He grows sombre.

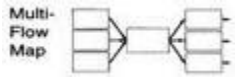
"The worst of it," he says, "is that I can hardly remember what my mother looks like any more. I can see her in my mind, but it's fleeting. As soon as I try to have a good look at her, she fades. It's the same with her voice. If I saw her again in the street, it would all come back. But that's not likely to happen. It's very sad not to remember what your mother looks like."

He closes the book.

[*Life of Pi* – Chapter 33]



SECTION SEVEN: MULTI-FLOW MAP



A multi-flow map consists of a middle rectangle in which is written a central/significant event. The blocks to the left of the central event contain the causes of that event, while the blocks to the right of the central event contain the results / effects of that central event.

TASK

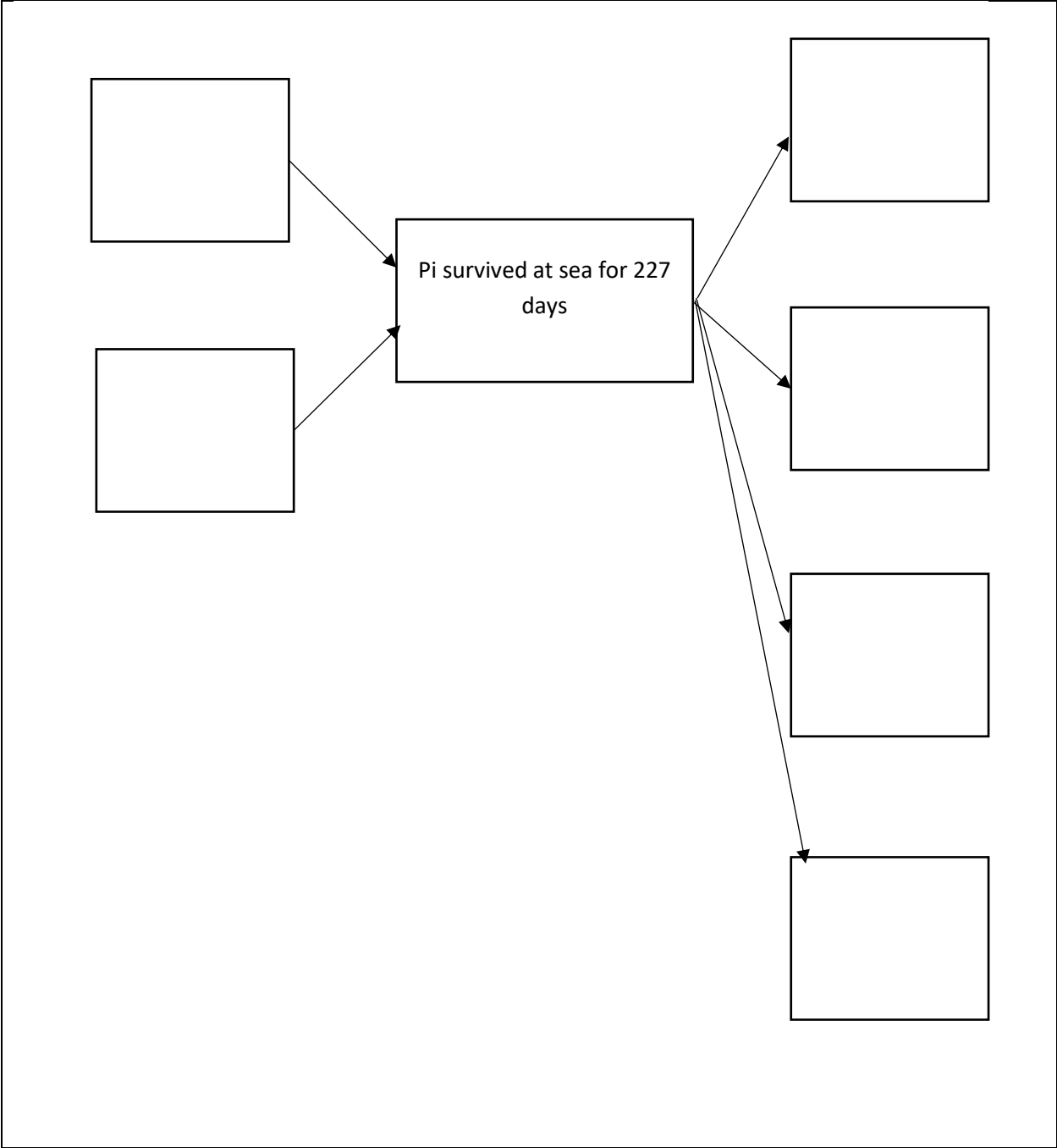
Read the passage below. Use a MULTI-FLOW MAP to show the causes of Pi having to survive “227 days” at sea, and the results of his “trial” of survival.

The Robertson family survived thirty-eight days at sea. Captain Bligh of the celebrated mutinous *Bounty* and his fellow castaways survived forty-seven days. Steven Callahan survived seventy-six. Owen Chase, whose account of the sinking of the whaling ship *Essex* by a whale inspired Herman Melville, survived eighty-three days at sea with two mates, interrupted by a one-week stay on an inhospitable island. The Bailey family

survived 118 days. I have heard of a Korean merchant sailor named Poon, I believe, who survived the Pacific for 173 days in the 1950s.

I survived 227 days. That's how long my trial lasted, over seven months.

[*Life of Pi* – Chapter 63]



SECTION EIGHT: BRIDGE-MAP



Bridge maps are used to illustrate allusions / explain comparisons. The two aspects are linked (are as alike to each other) because of shared qualities, which are indicated above the top of the triangular structure.

TASK

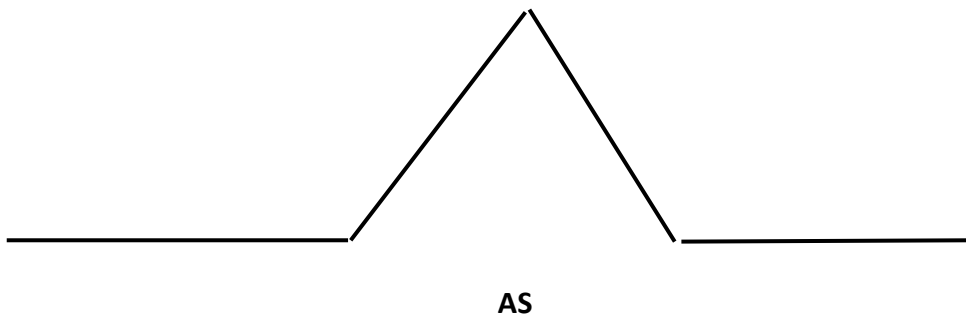
Read the Extract from the Author's Notes and use BRIDGE-MAPS to explain the Allusions highlighted in the text. Create a separate BRIDGE-MAP for each allusion.

EXTRACT

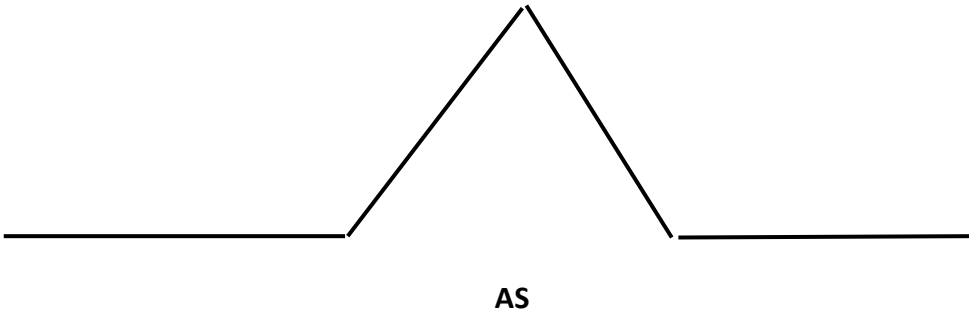
This book was born as I was hungry. Let me explain. In the spring of 1996, my second book, a novel, came out in Canada. It didn't fare well. Reviewers were puzzled, or damned it with faint praise. Then readers ignored it. Despite my best efforts at playing the clown or the trapeze artist, [ALLUSION 1] the media circus [ALLUSION 2] made no difference. The book did not move. Books lined the shelves of bookstores like kids standing in a row to play baseball or soccer, [ALLUSION 3] and mine was the gangly, unathletic kid that no one wanted on their team. [ALLUSION 4] It vanished quickly and quietly.

[Life of Pi - Author's Note]

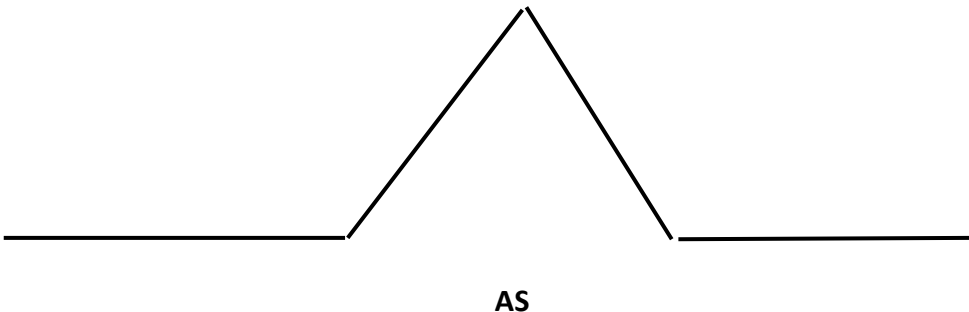
ALLUSION 1



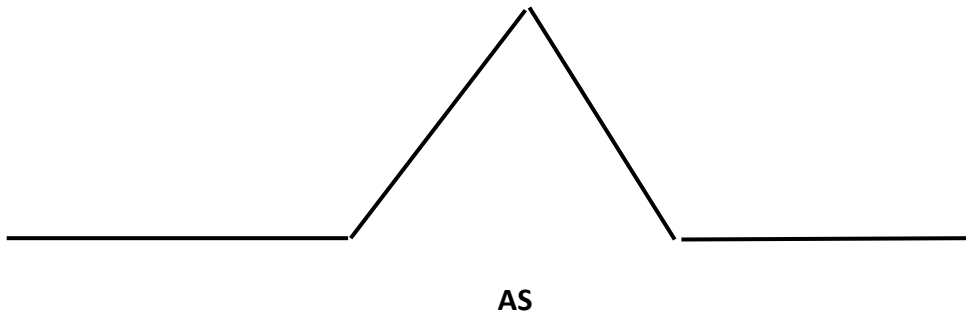
ALLUSION 2



ALLUSION 3



ALLUSION 4



SECTION NINE: CIRCLE-MAP



In the small central circle write the topic which will be defined or brainstormed about. In the area between the two circles, write down all the aspects defining/ explaining that topic, or list all that comes to mind about that topic in a 5-minute time-frame.

TASK

Read the following extracts which all focus on Pi's viewpoint and practice of religion. Use a CIRCLE MAP to define Pi's viewpoint and practice of Religion.

CHAPTER 15

His house is a temple. In the entrance hall hangs a framed picture of Ganesha, he of the elephant head. He sits facing out-rosy-coloured, pot-bellied, crowned and smiling-three hands holding various objects, the fourth held palm out in blessing and in greeting. He is the lord overcomer of obstacles, the god of good luck, the god of wisdom, the patron of learning. Simpatico in the highest. He brings a smile to my lips. At his feet is an attentive rat. His vehicle. Because when Lord Ganesha travels, he travels atop a rat. On the wall opposite the picture is a plain wooden Cross.

In the living room, on a table next to the sofa, there is a small framed picture of the Virgin Mary of Guadalupe, flowers tumbling from her open mantle. Next to it is a framed photo of the black-robed Kaaba, holiest sanctum of Islam, surrounded by a ten-thousandfold swirl of the faithful. On the

television set is a brass statue of Shiva as Nataraja, the cosmic lord of the dance, who controls the motions of the universe and the flow of time. He dances on the demon of ignorance, his four arms held out in choreographic gesture, one foot on the demon's back, the other lifted in the air. When Nataraja brings this foot down, they say time will stop.

There is a shrine in the kitchen. It is set in a cupboard whose door he has replaced with a fretwork arch. The arch partly hides the yellow light bulb that in the evenings lights up the shrine. Two pictures rest behind a small altar: to the side, Ganesha again, and in the centre, in a larger frame, smiling and blue-skinned, Krishna playing the flute. Both have smears of red and yellow powder on the glass over their foreheads. In a copper dish on the altar are three silver murtis, representations. He identifies them for me with a pointed finger: Lakshmi; Shakti, the mother goddess, in the form of Parvati; and Krishna, this time as a playful baby crawling on all fours. In between the goddesses is a stone Shiva yoni linga, which looks like half an avocado with a phallic stump rising from its centre, a Hindu symbol representing the male and female energies of the universe. To one side of the dish is a small conch shell set on a pedestal; to the other, a small silver handbell. Grains of rice lie about, as well as a flower just beginning to wilt. Many of these items are anointed with dabs of yellow and red.

On the shelf below are various articles of devotion: a beaker full of water; a copper spoon; a lamp with a wick coiled in oil; sticks of incense; and small bowls full of red powder, yellow powder, grains of rice and lumps of sugar.

There is another Virgin Mary in the dining room.

Upstairs in his office there is a brass Ganesha sitting cross-legged next to the computer, a wooden Christ on the Cross from Brazil on a wall, and a green prayer rug in a corner. The Christ is expressive-He suffers. The prayer rug lies in its own clear space. Next to it, on a low bookstand, is a book covered by a cloth. At the centre of the cloth is a single Arabic word, intricately woven, four letters: an alif, two lams and a ha. The word God in Arabic.

The book on the bedside table is a Bible.

CHAPTER 23

Alas the sense of community that a common faith brings to a people spelled trouble for me. In time, my religious doings went from the notice of those to whom it didn't matter and only amused, to that of those to whom it did matter-and they were not amused.

"What is your son doing going to temple?" asked the priest.

"Your son was seen in church crossing himself," said the imam.

"Your son has gone Muslim," said the pandit.

Yes, it was all forcefully brought to the attention of my bemused parents. You see, they didn't know. They didn't know that I was a practising Hindu, Christian and Muslim. Teenagers always hide a few things from their parents, isn't that so? All sixteen-year-olds have secrets, don't they? But fate decided that my parents and I and the three wise men, as I shall call them, should meet one day on the Goubert Salai seaside esplanade and that my secret should be outed. It was a lovely, breezy, hot Sunday afternoon and the Bay of Bengal glittered under a blue sky. Townspeople were out for a stroll. Children screamed and laughed. Coloured balloons floated in the air. Ice cream sales were brisk. Why think of business on such a day, I ask? Why couldn't they have just walked by with a nod and a smile? It was not to be. We were to meet not just one wise man but all three, and not one after another but at the same time, and each would decide upon seeing us that right then was the golden occasion to meet that Pondicherry notable, the zoo director, he of the model devout son. When I saw the first, I smiled; by the time I had laid eyes on the third, my smile had frozen into a mask of horror. When it was clear that all three were converging on us, my heart jumped before sinking very low.

The wise men seemed annoyed when they realized that all three of them were approaching the same people. Each must have assumed that the others were there for some business other than pastoral and had rudely chosen that moment to deal with it. Glances of displeasure were exchanged.

...

After the "Hellos" and the "Good days", there was an awkward silence. The priest broke it when he said, with pride in his voice, "Piscine is a good Christian boy. I hope to see him join our choir soon."

My parents, the pandit and the imam looked surprised.

"You must be mistaken. He's a good Muslim boy. He comes without fail to Friday prayer, and his knowledge of the Holy Qur'an is coming along nicely." So said the imam.

My parents, the priest and the pandit looked incredulous.

The pandit spoke. "You're both wrong. He's a good Hindu boy. I see him all the time at the temple coming for darshan and performing puja."

My parents, the imam and the priest looked astounded.

"There is no mistake," said the priest. "I know this boy. He is Piscine Molitor Patel and he's a Christian."

"I know him too, and I tell you he's a Muslim," asserted the imam.

"Nonsense!" cried the pandit. "Piscine was born a Hindu, lives a Hindu and will die a Hindu!"

The three wise men stared at each other, breathless and disbelieving.

Lord, avert their eyes from me, I whispered in my soul.

All eyes fell upon me.

...

The pandit spoke first. "Mr. Patel, Piscine's piety is admirable. In these troubled times it's good to see a boy so keen on God. We all agree on that." The imam and the priest nodded. "But he can't be a Hindu, a Christian and a Muslim. It's impossible. He must choose."

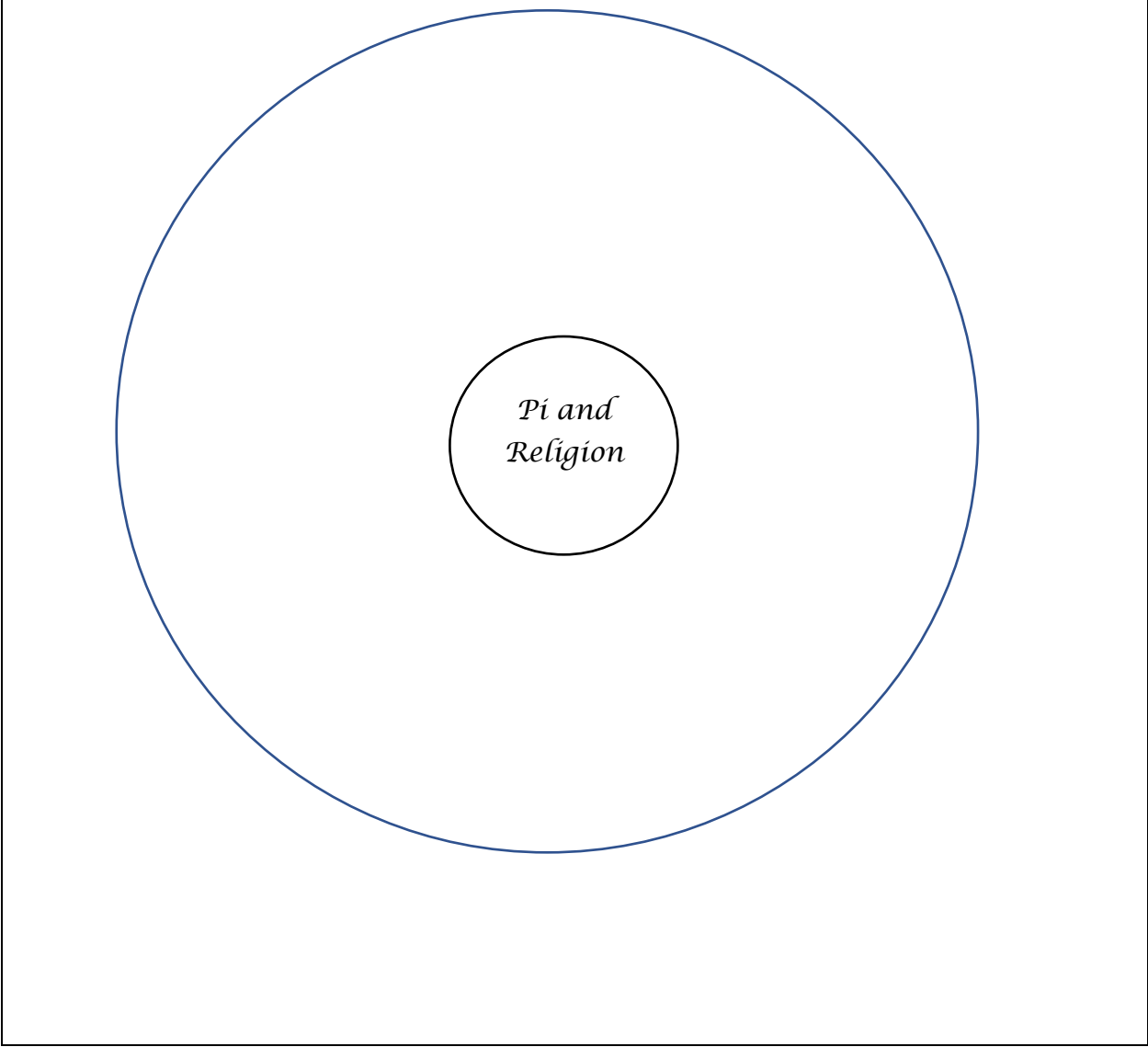
"I don't think it's a crime, but I suppose you're right," Father replied.

The three murmured agreement and looked heavenward, as did Father, whence they felt the decision must come. Mother looked at me.

A silence fell heavily on my shoulders.

"Hmmm, Piscine?" Mother nudged me. "How do you feel about the question?"

"Bapu Gandhi said, 'All religions are true.' I just want to love God," I blurted out, and looked down, red in the face.



*Pi and
Religion*