



BAL BHARATI PUBLIC SCHOOL, PITAMPURA, DELHI – 110034

CLASS IV SUBJECT- ENGLISH TERM 2 (2020 - 2021)

TOPIC: L-9 'BRAVO ! AMIR AGHA !' (COURSEBOOK)

NAME - _____ CLASS IV/ SEC ___ DATE: 7.12.2020-18.12.2020

LEARNING OUTCOMES

Each child will be able to:

- read and understand the story.
- comprehend the text and answer at least three questions based on it.
- learn to value the importance of determination and perseverance in life .

Dear children

This week we are going to read a very interesting story 'Bravo! Amir Agha!' written by Khaled Hosseini. The story is about a young boy named Amir Agha who loved kite flying. He participates in the kite flying tournament with Hassan, his friend. With his determination and perseverance, he manages to cut all the kites flying in the sky except his biggest rival, the blue kite which kept flying high. When a gust of wind suddenly lifts his kite, Amir loops on top of the blue one and lets it out so it cuts the string of the mighty blue kite. He and Hassan hug each other and scream with joy over this victory and the spectators of the tournament appreciate Amir for his hard work by calling out- 'Bravo! Amir Agha!'

Here is a short movie clip from the movie "THE KITE RUNNER" which showcases the tension, anxiety and excitement of the kite flying tournament in the end.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1TroueqxAtM>

Let's revise the story through the following Exercises.

(Please note that Ques no. A is to be done orally and B,C,D are to be done in the notebook.)

A. Fill in the blanks to complete the sentences from the story.

- The number of kites dwindled from _____ to _____.
- The spectators ate _____ and _____ on rooftops.
- A _____ lifted Amir's kite and he took advantage of it.
- Amir's friend, _____ held the string of his kite.
- Hassan was screaming and his arm was _____ around my neck.

B. Answer the following questions briefly.

- Q1. Why did Amir's legs ache and neck get stiff?
- Q2. Who was Hassan? How was he helping Amir?

Q3. What were the kite runners doing?

Q4. How did Amir think God would help him?

Q5. Why did Amir want to defeat the blue kite? How did he feel after cutting it?

C. Answer the following questions with reference to the context.

1. 'How many has he cut?'

(a) Who said these words and to whom?

(b) What is being talked about in this sentence?

(c) What was the listener's answer?

2. 'Boboresh! Boboresh!' Cut him! Cut him!

(a) Who said this to whom?

(b) What happened to Amir's fingers as a result of flying a kite for so many hours?

(c) Was he able to cut the blue kite finally?

D. Think and Answer (To be done in your creative writing notebook)

Imagine that you are a part of the crowd witnessing a Final cricket match between India and Pakistan. India needs only six runs to win in the last ball of the match. Express your feelings in 50-60 words.

You can take the help of these YouTube links before attempting the above question:



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Vun9FUHjZNU>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mh-TSaPRYGc>

WORDLY WISE

Dear children.... This week we are going to learn the next five words as part of our Wordly Wise exercise. Given below are some sentences. Read them carefully and try to infer the meaning of the highlighted words. Then match the words given in Column A with their respective meaning in Column B.

(Please Remember:- This work is to be done in the Vocabulary Notebook.)

1. He **endured** the workload to the best of his capacity.
2. The number of students **dwindled** from thirty to three by the end of the day.
3. The thief was **panting** when the police caught him.
4. Paris receives **hordes** of tourists at the time of the fashion festival.
5. Alexander's face was glowing with the joy of **triumph**.

COLUMN A

- 1) endured
- 2) hordes
- 3) triumph
- 4) panting
- 5) dwindled

COLUMN B

- i) grew less in number
- ii) breathing heavily
- iii) in large numbers
- iv) to suffer something without complaining
- v) victory

Now use each of these words to form a meaningful sentence on your own in the Vocabulary notebook.

Vocabulary Enrichment

Children, in this section we are familiarising you with the words which convey something that is more than ordinary. We need to replace these with a single word to make the language more compact and richer. Let's look at the words for this week.

1. **very loud** : roaring The music was quite unpleasant and **roaring** .
2. **very confused** : puzzled I was **puzzled** by her odd behaviour.
3. **very bright** : dazzling The room was **dazzling** with sunlight.
4. **very crowded** : cramped The hall was **cramped** with people.
5. **very old-fashioned** : outdated This computer seems to be **outdated**.

You must try and make use of these new words while conversing with others.

7 'Bravo! Amir Agha!'

Work in groups of four. Discuss any situation where you have excelled. Discuss the hard work you put in and your feelings when you were successful.

Up and down the streets, kite runners were returning triumphantly, their captured kites held high. They showed them off to their parents and their friends. But they all knew the best was yet to come. The biggest prize of all was still flying. I sliced a bright yellow kite with a coiled white tail. It cost me another gash on the index finger and blood trickled down into my palm. I had Hassan hold the string and sucked the blood dry, and blotted my finger against my jeans.

Within another hour, the number of surviving kites dwindled from maybe fifty to a dozen. I was one of them. I'd made it to the last dozen. I knew this part of the tournament would take a while, because the guys who had lasted this long were good — they wouldn't easily fall into simple traps like the old lift-and-dive, Hassan's favourite trick.

By three o'clock that afternoon, tufts of clouds had drifted in and the sun had slipped behind them. Shadows started to lengthen. The spectators on the roofs bundled up in scarves and thick coats. We were down to a half dozen and I was still flying. My legs ached and my neck was stiff. But with each defeated kite, hope grew in my heart, like snow collecting on a wall, one flake at a time.



My eyes kept returning to a blue kite that had been wreaking havoc for the last hour.

'How many has he cut?' I asked.



'I counted eleven,' Hassan said.

'Do you know whose it might be?'

Hassan clucked his tongue and tipped his chin. That was a trademark Hassan gesture, which meant he had no idea. The blue kite sliced a big purple one and swept twice in big loops.

Ten minutes later, he'd cut another two, sending hordes of kite runners racing after them.

After another thirty minutes, only four kites remained. And I was still flying. It seemed I could hardly make a wrong move, as if every gust of wind blew in my favour. I'd never felt so in command, so lucky it felt

intoxicating. I didn't look up to the roof. Didn't dare take my eyes off the sky. I had to concentrate, play it smart. Another fifteen minutes and what had seemed like a laughable dream that morning had suddenly become a reality: It was just me and the other guy: the blue kite.

The tension in the air was as taut as the glass string I was tugging at with my bloody hands.

People were stomping their feet, clapping, whistling, chanting, 'Boboresh! Boboresh!' Cut him! Cut him! I wondered if Baba's voice was one of them. Music blasted. The smell of steamed *mantu* and fried pakora drifted from rooftops and open doors. But all I heard — all I willed myself to hear — was the thudding of blood in my head.

All I saw was the blue kite. All I smelled was victory. Salvation. Redemption. If Baba was wrong and there was a God like they said in school, then He'd let me win. I didn't know what the other guy was playing for, maybe just bragging rights. But this was my one chance to become

someone who was looked at, not seen, listened to, not heard. If there was a God, He'd guide the winds, let them blow for me so that, with a tug of my string, I'd cut loose my pain, my longing. I'd endured too much, come too far. And suddenly, just like that, hope became knowledge. I was going to win. It was just a matter of when.

It turned out to be sooner than later. A gust of wind lifted my kite and I took advantage. Fed the string, pulled up. Looped my kite on top of the blue one.

I held position. The blue kite knew it was in trouble. It was trying desperately to manoeuvre out of the jam, but I didn't let go. I held position. The crowd sensed the end was at hand.



The chorus of 'Cut him! Cut him!' grew louder, like Romans chanting for the gladiators to kill, kill! 'You're almost there, Amir agha! Almost there!' Hassan was panting.

Then the moment came. I closed my eyes and loosened my grip on the string. It sliced my fingers again as the wind dragged it. And then... I didn't need to hear the crowd's roar to know, I didn't need to see either. Hassan was screaming and his arm was wrapped around my neck.

'Bravo! Bravo, Amir agha!'

Excerpt from *The Kite Runner*. Copyright © Khaled Hosseini 2003

New Words

triumphantly	in a way that shows great excitement about a victory
gash	a deep open cut
dwindled	grew less in size
havoc	great destruction or damage
hordes	crowds or large numbers
favour	in support of somebody
intoxicating	making one feel excited so that one cannot think clearly
taut	very tight
mantu	a type of pastry
salvation	the state of being saved from a sin
redemption	the state of being freed from one's sins
endured	bore patiently
looped	moved in the shape of a loop
manoeuvre	to move or turn skilfully
gladiators	(in ancient Rome) men trained to fight in a performance
panting	breathing quickly with short breaths