

## Chapter - 4

### KEEPING IT FROM HAROLD

---

**Q1 .Mr. Bill Bramble writes his diary after he decides to quit boxing. Write a page of his diary.**

**Ans:** 10<sup>th</sup> Sep 2012, Monday

Time: 10 :00 PM

My bedroom

I thank the Almighty for gifting us Harold – a prodigy for a son. The child is so very different from other children. He is sensitive and I fear he might be hurt easily. He is a model of goodness and intelligence. I really do not understand God's mysterious ways. Here he gifts me with a prodigy and there my profession is that of a boxer. What will happen the day my Harold finds out what his father actually does? It will break his heart. I and my wife are passing through turmoil everyday keeping the identity of my profession away from our son. No! It will be impossible to hide it from Harold as he grows up. Moreover he is an avid reader and the news of my bouts will not escape his eyes. His head will hang in shame once he finds out that his father is 'Young Porky'. I will give up boxing. So what if I am the proud professor of a left hook? My son is more important to me. I will find some respectable job soon. I cannot see my Harold hurt and ashamed because of his father's profession.

Bill Bramble

**Q2. Imagine you are Harold Bramble . He has made a pen-friend a month back. He writes a letter to his pen-friend telling about his parents and school.**

**Ans:** 20<sup>th</sup> Dec 2012,

London

Dear Mary.

You must have finished your term exams by now. I did not want to disturb you so I haven't written earlier. We have just been introduced and we still have to know each other a lot. It was indeed nice to know about you in your last letter. Well friend, to start with I am the only child of my parents the Brambles. My father is a renowned boxer in London. His actual name is Bill Bramble but he is known as 'Young Porky' in the ring. He is a proud possessor of a left hook. He can beat any boxer in a twenty-round contest. There is always news of my



---

father's boxing feats in the leading newspapers of London. As a person he is the mildest, most obliging of men and very modest. He is the best father in the world. Despite his busy schedule he always spares quality time for me. My mother is a simple woman, a dutiful house wife and a very dear mother. She thinks I am her prodigy child. She takes extra pride in all my achievements, be it academics or co-curricular activities. I am very fond of her. Sometimes she is over sensitive about me and I become a little upset. She still treats me as a two year old and I feel troubled at her behavior. But I know this is only because of my mother's love for me. I do not tell her anything. Who in this earth is so lucky to have parents like mine? I treasure them. My school is good enough. The teachers there are loving and caring. We have several competitions regularly and I join them too. I have won quite a few prizes. The students in my school are nice with a few dons here and there. Well it is nothing to be worried but my mother is always anxious about it. There is always a mixture of pupils in all schools. Mine is nothing exceptional. The best thing that happens in school is that my classmates are found glued in front of the television set in the Activity room to watch my father's boxing competitions whenever it is telecast. They are great fans of my father .I feel great to watch them. I am sending you a few photographs and paper cuttings of my father's performance. I have told you a lot about myself. Waiting on' pins and needles 'to receive your reply.

With regards

Harold Bramble

