

Précis 01: There was once a grocer who owned a handsome green parrot who sang sublimely and spoke most eloquently. The parrot was not only an ideal companion but also the perfect guard for the grocer's shop. He kept watch all hours of the day and spoke amiably with the customers, entertaining them and thus increasing the grocer's sales. One day when the grocer left the shop in the parrot's care, having gone home for lunch, a cat suddenly ran into the shop chasing a mouse, frightening the bird. As the parrot flew about in his effort to save himself, he knocked a few bottles of almond oil off the shelves, breaking them and covering himself and the shop floor in oil. Not long afterward, the grocer returned and found the place in disarray, the floor slippery with oil and the parrot perching guiltily in a corner. In the wink of an eye, the grocer lost his temper and hit the bird on the head with all his might. The poor bird, who was already feeling guilty and downtrodden about his clumsiness, could not bear the shame, not to mention the pain from the blow, and he instantly shed all the feathers on his head. Soon after the almond oil incident, the parrot completely stopped speaking and singing. The grocer realized how grave his mistake had been in striking the bird; not only had he lost his jolly companion but he had also curtailed his thriving business. Having no one but himself to blame, he now felt dumb-founded that he had singlehandedly threatened his very livelihood. "I wish I'd broken my hand!" he lamented. "How could I have struck my sweet-voiced bird like that? How could I have behaved so monstrously?" The grocer began to give alms to each and every poor dervish who passed by his shop, hoping that by doing good deeds he might be forgiven, and his bird might again start to exercise his mesmerizing voice. After three days and nights of remorse and suffering the parrot's silence, the grocer came into luck. A bald dervish walked into the shop, and instantly the parrot began to speak: "Did you spill bottles of almond oil, too?" The handful of customers in the shop were amused and smiled at the parrot, who had innocently thought that the bald man had suffered the same fate as himself! **"Darling little parrot," said one of the customers compassionately, "never equate one action with another. One must never compare oneself to others, even though they may appear to be the same on the surface; truly nothing is as it seems."**

01,

The parrot and Bald Darvesh.

Once there was a grocer. He owned a handsome green parrot. The parrot spoke ~~and saying~~ beautifully. It was the guard of the shop as well. One day, the grocer went home for lunch. In his absence, a cat entered the shop, and ^{chased} chasing a mouse, but the parrot became frightened. It flew here and there to save itself, and ^{accidentally} it hit the bottles of almond oil. The oil covered the bird and the floor, when grocer returned. He became angry, and hit the bird on ^{its} its head. The bird became bald. It stopped speaking and ^{singing} singing. This affected the business of grocer and the grocer lamented upon his actions. The grocer started giving alms to every darvesh passing by the shop, and he thought his good act would redeem his mistakes. After three days, his prayers were heard. A bald darvesh entered the shop and parrot asked the bald if he had spilled bottles of almond oil. The few customers at the shop were amused, and one of the

Seems a bit long. Mistakes identified. Idea is ok.

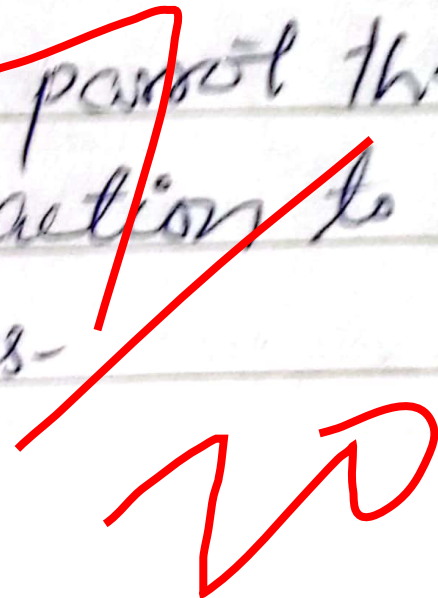
DATE: _____

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customers

Customer advised the parcel that
never compare the one action to another
despite their similarities-

its



Précis 02: Painter of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece which should please the whole world. When, therefore, he had drawn a picture, in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the public market-place, with directions at the bottom for every spectator to mark with a brush, which lay by, every limb and feature which seemed erroneous. The spectators came, and in general applauded; but each, willing to show his talent at criticism, marked whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came, he was mortified to find the whole picture one universal blot-not a single stroke that was not stigmatized with marks of disapprobation: not satisfied with this trial, the next day he was resolved to try them in a different manner, and, exposing his picture as before, desired that every spectator would mark those beauties he approved or admired. The people complied; and the artist returning, found his picture replete with the marks of beauty: every stroke that had been yesterday condemned, now received the character of approbation. **"Well," cries the painter, "I now find that the best way to please one half of the world is not to mind what the other half says; since what are faults in the eyes of these, shall be by those regarded as beauties."**

02,

Beauty is Subjective

Once there was a famous painter. He decided to create a masterpiece. He made a painting with the aim of pleasing the world, and he displayed that painting in a market place, however, he instructed the spectators to mark the faults in the picture. At evening, he saw that the picture was full of criticism, and he ~~was~~ took a back however, he tried another experiment, and he displayed the same picture again. He changed the instructions, and asked the spectators to mark only the beauties. when the artist returned, he saw the picture was full of appreciating remarks. He exclaimed with joy and concluded that in order to please one half of the world is not to care about

You are allowed to submit only one question in one pdf. The remaining questions may be submitted in separate pdfs.

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half, as faults for one would be beauties for another.

~~1963~~

I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia, the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

is would.

I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of injustice, sweltering with the heat of oppression will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice.

I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character. I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day down in Alabama with its vicious racists, with its governor having his lips dripping with the words of interposition and nullification, one day right down in Alabama little Black boys and Black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls as sisters and brothers. I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plain, and the crooked places will be made straight, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together.

(Martin Luther King Jr. 1963)

Ans.

03,

Martin Luther's dream of Equality

Once Martin Luther dreamed that all the offsprings of slaves and masters sit together as brother, there will be freedom and justice between states of Mississippi and state of Sweltering. He dreamed that there will be end of racism and all the black and the white would be brothers and sisters. Finally, he dreamed that everyone may see when this world will be destructed by the order of God, and the light which revealed would be seen by everyone.