

HOME ASSIGNMENT

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One night, Shankar, who was sleeping, suddenly woke up. The room was dark. It was as if a sixth sense had woken him up for a moment to warn him that he was in grave danger. In the pitch darkness, Shankar felt his whole body trembling. There was a faint noise in the room. Suddenly, his groping hand found the torch and he flashed it on. In the same instant, he froze, numb with fear and awe. Midway between the wall and his bed, there stood ~~oo~~ with its hood held high but temporarily dazed by the light of the torch. Africa's meanest and most fearsome snake, the black mamba. The hood rose almost a metre from the floor. This was not unusual because a black mamba usually strikes on the shoulders. To escape from ~~the~~ a black mamba is like being born again, Shankar had heard. From his boyhood, Shankar had one great quality. He never lost his head when in danger. He could exercise complete control over his nerves in the gravest of ~~the~~ situations. Shankar knew if his hands shook even a little and the light moved away from the eyes of the snake. It would come out of its daze and strike immediately. So Shankar held on to the torch. The snake's eyes burned like two round points of light. What terrible power and anger seemed to come out of that thick black body, standing upright like a rigid whip.