

ATOMIC ENERGY CENTRAL SCHOOL

SUBJECT: ENGLISH

CLASS: IX

MODULE-2



8. A House Is Not a Home

-ZAN GAUDIOSO

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Glossary:

1. outcast: a person rejected by their society or social group.
2. zombie: a dull and apathetic person
3. surreal: strange; bizarre
4. Grieve: suffer or cause grief
5. debris: scattered rubbish or broken pieces



THEMES:

- * embarrassment
- * Feeling of Destined to be outcast
- * everything had gone away
- * only memories were left



Author's first year of high school felt awkward. It felt strange starting over as a freshman. The school was twice as big as his old school, and to make matters worse, his closest friends were sent to a different high school. He felt very isolated.



On Monday, he went to school. He was still wearing the dress he had worn to church that morning but he had no shoes! They became yet another casualty of the fire. So he had to borrow some tennis shoes from his aunt.

The clothes he was wearing looked weird, he had no books or homework, and his backpack was gone. he had my life in that backpack! The more he tried to fit in, the worse it got. He didn't want to grow up, change or have to handle life if it was going to be this way. he just wanted to curl up and die.



He walked around school like a zombie. All the security he had known, from his old school, his friends, his house and his cat had all been ripped away. When he walked through what used to be his house after school that day, he was shocked to see how much damage there was — whatever hadn't burned was destroyed by the water and chemicals they had used to put out the fire. The only material things not destroyed were the photo albums, documents and some other personal items that his mother had managed to heroically rescue.



There was no time to grieve. His mother rushed him out of the house. They would have to find a place to live, and he would have to go buy some clothes for school. They had to borrow money from his grandparents because there were no credit cards, cash or even any identification to be able to withdraw money from the bank. Everything had gone up in smoke. That week the rubble that used to be our house was being cleared off the lot. Even though we had rented an apartment nearby, he would go over to watch them clear away debris, hoping that his cat was somewhere to be found. She was gone. He kept thinking about her as that vulnerable little kitten. In the early morning when he would disturb her and get out of bed, she would tag along after him, climb up his robe and crawl into his pocket to fall asleep. He was missing her terribly.



Thank You