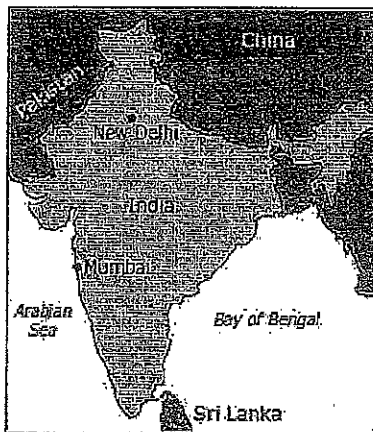


Postcard: New Delhi

A grounded Airbus in a suburban backyard lets Indians simulate air travel, without ever taking off. A former airline engineer provides orientation for future travelers.



© Aditya P. G. Gupta/VIT, Nataraj



Aeroplanet opens its doors to all, including poor villagers and students.

Lost luggage. Frustrating delays. Bad food. It's hard to get excited about flying these days. Hard, that is, unless you've just boarded the Airbus A300 owned by former Indian Airlines engineer B.C. Gupta. Take, for example, the safety demonstration. After asking for a volunteer from the 120 or so kids crammed, some two to a seat, in the plane's economy-class cabin, flight attendant Ridhi Sehgal explains how the oxygen masks work. A plastic deck chair appears, and Sehgal helps the volunteer, a worried-looking boy of 7, up onto it so that the other passengers can see him. "This is just for show," Sehgal explains. "You don't have to stand on your chair. The oxygen will drop down to you." The perky attendant runs through various drills, ending with life-vest use. "Do you know swimming?" she asks the boy. He looks around nervously before giving a small shake of his head.

He needn't worry. The Airbus isn't flying over water today. It isn't flying anywhere. Jammed into a suburban backyard near Indira Gandhi International Airport, its nose and tail jutting over the property's walls, the plane offers the adventure of air travel without the cost--or even the travel. Its passengers, most of whom have never been on a plane before, pay up to \$4 each to join the jet set for a few hours. India's skies may be busier than ever these days, as a raft of budget carriers have made flying in India more affordable, but even a \$20 ticket is too expensive for most Indians. "Flying," says Gupta, "is still beyond the reach of the common man."

Which, as he knows, doesn't mean people can't dream. Born in a small village--"We were not even having a bus"--Gupta got the idea for his enterprise more than 20 years ago when neighbors begged him for tours after he landed his job at Indian Airlines. "The people from my village thought I was a very big man and could show them the aircraft," he says. "But due to security I could not." In 2003 he bought a 20-year-old Indian Airlines plane "that had met with a small ground incident," cut it up and reassembled it in Dwarka, a fast-growing neighborhood of weed-infested sidewalks and burgeoning middle-class aspirations. Because space is limited, the plane has been cut down to about two-thirds its normal length and is held in place by thick concrete pillars. Inside, Gupta replaced the bulkhead between the coach and business cabins with a wooden wall so he could mount an air conditioner to cool the cabin in New Delhi's oppressive summer heat.

During the week, Gupta uses the plane to train engineering students and flight attendants. On weekends, under the billing *Aeroplanet*, it is open to the public and school groups. Poor villagers and students can visit free. "Passengers" check in, receive boarding passes and climb a steep metal staircase to enter the plane. Flight attendants then run them through the safety procedures, ~~and then answer all their questions~~ about how an aircraft works. In a nod to a more innocent time, passengers are free to visit the pilots in the cockpit. "We are fulfilling life wishes," says Gupta. "We want people to have a good time, to inspire them, so that kids see that if they study hard they might become a pilot."

Gupta's wife Nirmal Jindal, who teaches political science at the University of Delhi, says they also hope to show people who might fly in the future how it's done. "We want to orient them about aviation manners," she says. "People have money, but they do not know how to behave. We want to acquaint them with the cost of a plane, the safety aspects, how to treat the hostesses." Still, for many passengers, the experience is mainly about letting dreams take wing. The weathered Airbus is "beautiful to sit in," says local resident Anisha Khan, who recently took a few hours out from caring for her three children to take a ride. "When we have more money, then we'll go on a real plane."

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MAP: INDIA, New Delhi, Mumbai, CHINA, PAKISTAN, SRI LANKA

PHOTO (COLOR): A taste of the high life: *Aeroplanet* opens its doors to all, including poor villagers and students

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By Simon Robinson

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Read the selection and choose the best answer to each question. Then fill in the answer on your answer document.

## The Dinner Party

by Mona Gardner

- 1 The country is India. A colonial official and his wife are giving a large dinner party. They are seated with their guests—army officers and government attachés and their wives, and a visiting American naturalist—in their spacious dining room, which has a bare marble floor, open rafters and wide glass doors opening onto a veranda.
- 2 A spirited discussion springs up between a young girl who insists that women have outgrown the jumping-on-a-chair-at-the-sight-of-a-mouse era and a colonel who says that they haven't.
- 3 "A woman's unfailing reaction in any crisis," the colonel says, "is to scream. And while a man may feel like it, he has that ounce more of nerve control than a woman has. And that last ounce is what counts."
- 4 The American does not join in the argument but watches the other guests. As he looks, he sees a strange expression come over the face of the hostess. She is staring straight ahead, her muscles contracting slightly. With a slight gesture she summons the native boy standing behind her chair and whispers to him. The boy's eyes widen: he quickly leaves the room.
- 5 Of the guests, none except the American notices this or sees the boy place a bowl of milk on the veranda just outside the open doors.
- 6 The American comes to with a start. In India, milk in a bowl means only one thing—bait for a snake. He realizes there must be a cobra in the room. He looks up at the rafters—the likeliest place—but they are bare. Three corners of the room are empty, and in the fourth the servants are waiting to serve the next course. There is only one place left—under the table.
- 7 His first impulse is to jump back and warn the others, but he knows the commotion would frighten the cobra into striking. He speaks quickly, the tone of his voice so arresting that it sobers everyone.
- 8 "I want to know just what control everyone at this table has. I will count to three hundred—that's five minutes—and not one of you is to move a muscle. Those who move will forfeit fifty rupees. Ready!"
- 9 The twenty people sit like stone images while he counts. He is saying ". . . two hundred and eighty . . ." when, out of the corner of his eye, he sees the cobra emerge and make for the bowl of milk. Screams ring out as he jumps to slam the veranda doors safely shut.

- 10 "You were right, Colonel!" the host exclaims. "A man has just shown us an example of perfect control."
- 11 "Just a minute," the American says, turning to his hostess. "Mrs. Wynnes, how did you know that cobra was in the room?"
- 12 A faint smile lights up the woman's face as she replies: "Because it was crawling across my foot."

Originally published in *Saturday Review of Literature*, 25: 15-16, January 31, 1942.

The screenshot shows a web browser window with the URL <http://www.BookMatch.net>. The page header includes the site name "BookMatch.net", a greeting "Hello, Welcome Back!", and navigation links for "My Books", "My Account", and "Sign Out". Below the header, a message reads: "We have book matches for you! If you enjoyed 'The Dinner Party,' consider reading:". A horizontal scrollable carousel displays six book covers. The first row shows three books: "The Art of Control: 10 Motivational Essays About Retaining Composure to Get", "My New Delhi: A Memoir", and "UNEXPECTED GUESTS: A GUIDE TOWARD UNDERSTANDING YOUR ANIMAL NEIGHBORS". The second row shows three more books: "From the author of the bestseller Fear Nothing", "By Ravi Sarda", and "BY ANIMAL EXPERT JACK BROWN". Each book listing includes a price and a star rating for reviews. On the right side of the carousel, there is vertical text: "hael Hanson/CORBIS; © Katja Ruge/CORBIS;" and "Photographs courtesy of (left to right) © Bernd Vogel/CORBIS".

## FOSBURY, Richard Douglas ("Dick")

(b. 6 March 1947 in Portland, Oregon), high jumper who revolutionized the sport by inventing a new method of clearing the bar, known today as the "Fosbury Flop" and used by high jumpers around the world.

Fosbury never set out to invent a new method of high jumping. Until high school he used a traditional move called the "scissors," in which the jumper makes a curved approach to the bar, leaps over it sideways with the legs scissoring around it, and lands on the back and shoulders. Fosbury was tall and lanky, so he kept knocking off the bar. Another move, the straddle, or "belly roll," also defeated him.

At a meet in May 1963 at Grants Pass, Oregon, Fosbury changed his technique. Each time the bar was raised he lifted his hips a little higher, which made his shoulders drop back. He said, "My mind wanted me to get over the bar, and intuitively, it figured out what was the most efficient way." Technically, Fosbury's style was a modification of the scissor jump, whereby the jumper makes a curved approach to the bar. However, instead of leaping sideways and legs first over the bar, Fosbury arched backwards over the bar, leading with his head and shoulders and slipping his legs and feet over last. He named the move the "Fosbury Flop" after reading a local newspaper headline that read "Fosbury Flops over the Bar."

At Oregon State University, where his jumping skill earned him a full scholarship, Coach Berny Wagner discouraged him from using the flop and urged him to use the traditional form. After a year without success he returned to his own move and broke the school record with a six-foot-ten-inch jump. Fosbury developed the jump so well that he won back-to-back National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA) championships during his college career. At the 1968 Olympic trials he was almost eliminated but then cleared a personal record height of seven feet, two inches on his first attempt.

The 1968 Olympics in Mexico City took place during the summer between Fosbury's junior and senior years at college. By the end of the first day of competition he had cleared every height on his first attempt. The 80,000 spectators were so fascinated by Fosbury's unusual technique that when the marathon leader entered the stadium for the final lap of his 26.2-mile race, he was hardly noticed. Fosbury proved the worth of his technique by setting an Olympic and American record of seven feet, four and a quarter inches and by winning the gold medal.

Some track and field observers were initially dismayed by the new technique. U.S. Olympic coach Payton Jordan said, "Kids imitate champions. If they try to imitate Fosbury, he will

wipe out an entire generation of high jumpers because they will all have broken necks." Although jumpers may appear to land on their necks, they actually land on their shoulders. The development and use of Fosbury's move was aided by the introduction of softer landing materials; instead of landing on sand, jumpers started landing on padded mats, which were introduced during Fosbury's career.

Fosbury said, "The problem with something revolutionary is that most of the elite athletes had invested so much time in their technique and movements that they didn't want to give it up, so they stuck with what they knew." It would be ten years before the majority of jumpers used Fosbury's technique. The first athletes to pick it up were, not surprisingly, the youngest ones.

As a result of his startling Olympic win, Fosbury received a huge amount of attention. He was interviewed on popular television shows, taught celebrities how to do the flop, and met presidents and kings. The attention was overwhelming, and Fosbury found it difficult to deal with. "You get out of control," he said, looking back. "You're put on a pedestal, and the ~~media~~ podium, they don't let you become human."

Fosbury's reaction was to live quietly and to drop out of competition for a while to give himself time to collect his thoughts. Although he did not make the 1972 U.S. Olympic team, many of the world's leading high jumpers used his technique that year at the Munich Olympic Games. Fosbury has maintained his lanky physique and is only ten pounds over his college weight. He has remained fit by hiking, in-line skating with his teenage son, mountain hiking, and snowboarding. In 1973 he competed in the short-lived International Track Association professional circuit.

Fosbury now works as a city engineer in Ketchum, Idaho, and is co-owner of an engineering firm. He holds high jump clinics each summer at a track camp for young athletes.

In 1998 Fosbury competed at the World Masters competition in Eugene, Oregon, and won the bronze medal. He was pleased to be involved because he believes in the value of exercise and would like to be a role model of healthy living for his age group. He was elected to the United States Olympic Hall of Fame in 1992.

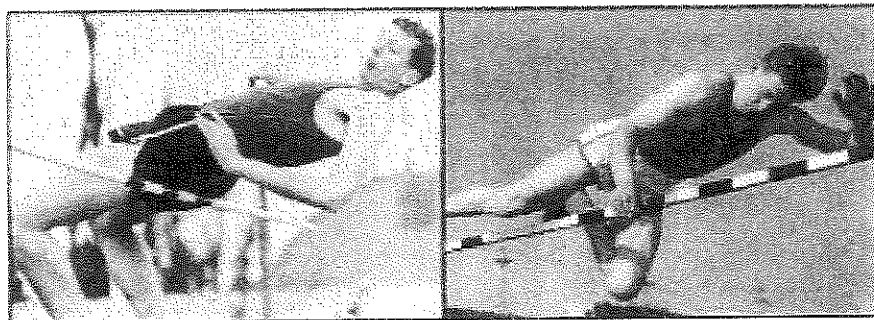
Roy Blount, Jr., "Being Backwards Gets Results," *Sports Illustrated* (10 Feb. 1969), provides a lengthy article on Fosbury's life and accomplishments up to that date. *The Lincoln Library of Sports Champions*, vol. 5 (1993), includes a detailed chapter on Fosbury. For details of his performance at the World Masters Games, see Kerry Eggers, "Fosbury Will Compete

Read the selection and choose the best answer to each question. Then fill in the answer on your answer document.

Copyright restrictions prevent "Fosbury, Richard Douglas" from being displayed in this format. To access the selection, please refer to *The Scribner Encyclopedia of American Lives—Sports Figures* edited by Arnold Markoe.

Two photographs and a series of drawings were included with this selection in the printed version of the English I Reading test and are shown below.

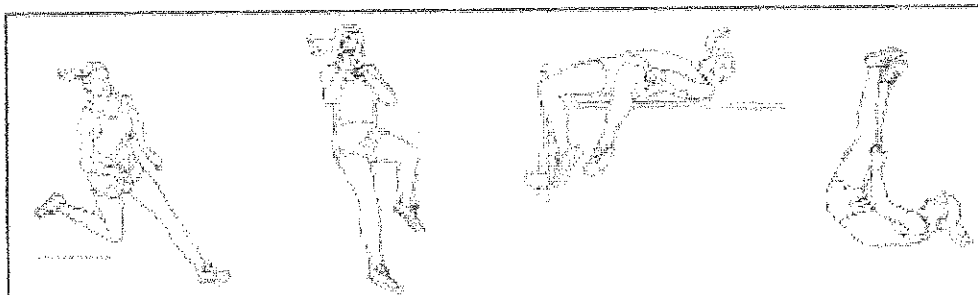
### Page 1 of Selection



Dick Fosbury (left photo) developed his unique style of high jumping (the Fosbury Flop) and went on to set an Olympic record when he cleared 7 feet 4 1/4 inches (2.24 meters) in 1968. Les Steers (right photo) used the straddle (or belly roll) technique, which was popular at the time, to set a world high jump record of 6 feet 11 inches (2.11 meters) in 1941.

© Bettmann/Corbis

### Page 2 of Selection



A jumper executing the Fosbury Flop sprints toward the bar, plants her right foot, spins 180 degrees, and launches herself backward, landing on her shoulders.






# I Wish I Was a Poet

from *Like One of the Family*  
by Alice Childress

- 1 Marge, I wish I was a poet. . . . Now that's no cause for you to stop stringing the beans and lookin' at me like you was struck by lightnin'. . . . No, I don't wish it on account of I want to be famous, but I do wish it because sometimes there are poetry things that I see and I'd like to tell people about them in a poetry way; only I don't know how, and when I tell it, it's just a plain flat story.
- 2 Well, for an instance, you know my cousin Thelma stopped in town for a few days, and she stayed at a downtown hotel. . . . Yes, I dropped by to see her last night. . . . Now, Marge, when I walked up to the desk to get her room number, all of a sudden the folks in the lobby cleared a path on both sides of me and I was about to get real salty about their attitude when I chanced to look behind me and saw two old people walkin' up to the desk. . . .
- 3 No, they were white, and you've never seen such a couple in your life—a man and his wife, and they must have been in their seventies. They were raggedy and kinda beat. The old lady wore men's shoes and trousers and an old battered raincoat and on her head a man's hat. From under the hat her white hair hung in curly wisps—and she was pretty. . . .



**AUTHOR BIOGRAPHY—Alice Childress (1916–1994)**

Alice Childress, the African American author of the short story "I Wish I Was a Poet," was born in South Carolina but moved to Harlem when she was nine to live with her grandmother. She credits her grandmother, who had no formal education, with exposing her to a world of culture as well as instilling in her a love of storytelling and a sensitivity to class issues.

Dedicated to the art of storytelling, Childress explored a variety of methods in order to share ideas throughout her lifetime, including serving as a playwright, novelist, actor, director, and teacher.

© G. Marshall Wilson/ Ebony Collection via AP Images

- 4 Yes, mam, she was pretty and still she was seventy and bent and dragged her feet along instead of liftin' them. The man was dressed just as sorry as her and in his hand he carried a paper bag. . . . Marge, he was lookin' at her like every woman on earth dreams of bein' looked at, and her eyes were doin' the same thing back at him.
- 5 Honey, everyone was standin', just starin'. There was a giggle from some kid and one well-dressed woman looked like she was goin' to faint, but the old man walked up to the clerk with the old lady follerin' behind him and he said in a quavery voice, "We'd like a room for the night."
- 6 Well, you could cut the silence with a knife. The clerk hemmed and hawed while they stood there lookin' back at him real innocent and peaceful, and finally he said, "You'll have to pay in advance." "How much is the cheapest room?" the old man asked. The clerk breathed a little easier and said: "Three-fifty." The old man went in his coat pocket and brought out four crumpled up dollar bills and put them on the desk.
- 7 The clerk turned red in the face and said real loud, "You can't have a room without carryin' baggage—where's your baggage?" You could hear a pin drop when the old man placed the paper bag on the desk, opened it and pulled out two rough dry shirts. . . . Well, with that the clerk took the money, gave him a key and fifty cents change and said, "Top floor rear!"
- 8 The couple smiled in such a dignified way, and it seemed like they hadn't noticed a thing. They started over toward the elevator and then the old lady turned away from the man and made her way over to the receptionist's desk. Everyone kept their eyes dead on her, and the receptionist, who was awfully young and pretty, was almost scared out of her wits. The old lady kept makin' straight for her, and I could see that the young lady was gonna scream any second. . . .
- 9 When the old woman reached the desk, she leaned over a bowl of red roses that was there and, ever so gently, breathed in the sweet smell, and then she turned away and quickly joined her husband at the elevator, and nobody moved until the doors closed and they were gone from sight. . . .
- 10 That's all, Marge. Of course, there was buzzin' and hummin' after that, but I got to wonderin' about who they were and where they came from . . . and did they have children . . . and how much work they both done in their lifetime . . . and what it must feel like to be old and draggin' around in the cold.
- 11 That's all there is to the story and it sure don't sound like much the way I tell it, but if I was a poet, I would sing a song of praise for the love in their eyes and I would make you see the sight of a lifetime when that ragged lady bent over those roses, and I would tell how awful it is to be old and broke in the midst of plenty. . . . And that's what I mean when I say—sometimes I wish I was a poet.

Read the next two selections and answer the questions that follow.

## Sunday Morning Early

by David Romtvedt

My daughter and I paddle identical red kayaks  
across the lake. Pulling hard, we slip easily  
through the water. Far from either shore  
it hits me that my daughter is a young woman,  
5 and suddenly everything is a metaphor for how  
short a time we are granted on earth:  
the red boats on the blue-black water,  
the russet and gold of late summer's sunburnt grasses,  
the empty blue sky. We stop and listen to the stillness.  
10 I say, "It's Sunday, and here we are  
in the church of the out-of-doors."  
Then I wish I'd had the sense to stay quiet.  
That's the trick in life—learning to leave well enough alone.

Our boats drift north to where the chirring  
15 of grasshoppers reaches us from the rocky hills.  
A clap of thunder beyond those hills. How well sound  
travels over water. I want to say just the right thing,  
something stronger and truer than a lame *I love you*.  
I want my daughter to know that, through her, I live  
20 a life that was closed to me before. I paddle up  
beside her, lean out from the boat, and touch  
her hand. I start to speak, then stop.

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