APPENDIX -A

MODEL LESSONS

Lesson I

Listen to this poem (or stanza) as the teacher reads it aloud. As soon as he has finished, note down any words or phrases you can remember. Compare your notes with a partner.

Now listen again. Try to recall more. Again make notes and compare. Work in groups of four and try to re-constitute the poem. (Finally all groups contribute to a reconstruction of the original on the blackboard/OHP).

Don’t be polite.

Bite in.

Pick it up with your fingers and lick the juice that may run down your chin.

It is ready and ripe now, whenever you are. You do not need a knife or fork or spoon

or plate or napkin or tablecloth

For there is no core

or stem

or rind

or pit

or seed or skin

to throw away.
Lesson II

Try to fill the gaps in this poem with the words you think are missing. If more than one word is possible, write it down. Discuss your completed version of the lesson with a partner.

The Blind Boy

O say what is that thing call’d light,
    Which I must ne’er enjoy;
What are the blessings of the _____
    O tell your poor blind _____!

You talk of wondrous things you _____
    You say the______ shines bright;
I feel him ______, but how can he
    Or make it day or ______?

My day or night myself I make,
    Whene’er I sleep or ______
And could I ever keep ______
    With me ‘twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often ______
    You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
    A loss I ne’er can______

Then let not what I cannot have
    My cheer of mind destroy:
Whilst thus I sing, I am a _____
    Although a poor blind ______
Lesson III

Here are three poems describing trees. What are the similarities or differences that you can identify? which of these three poems do you like most? Give reasons for your answer.

OUR CASUARINA TREE

Like a huge Python, winding round and round
The rugged trunk, indented deep with scars
Up to its very summit near the stars,
A creeper climbs, in whose embraces bound
No other tree could live. But gallantly
The giant wears the scarf, and flowers are hung
In crimson clusters all the boughs among,
Whereon all day are gathered bird and bee;
And oft at nights the garden overflows
With one sweet song that seems to have no close,
Sung darkling from our tree, while men repose,
When first my casement is wide open thrown
At dawn, my eyes delighted on it rest;
Sometimes, and most in winter, - on its crest
A gray baboon sits statue-like alone
Watching the sunrise; while on lower boughs
His puny offspring leap about and play;
And far and near kokilas hail the day;
And to their pastures wend our sleepy cows;
And in the shadow, on the broad tank cast
By that hoar tree, so beautiful and vast,
The water-lilies spring, like snow enmassed

But not because of its magnificence

Dear is the Casuarina to my soul:
Beneath it we have played; though years may roll,
O sweet companions, loved with love intense,
For your sakes shall the tree be ever dear!
Blent with your images, it shall arise

In memory, till the hot tears blind mine eyes!
What is that dirge-like murmur that I hear
Like the sea breaking on a shingle–beach?
It is the tree’s lament an eerie speech,
That haply to the unknown land may reach.
Tamarind tree

In our town house there is

   an aged Tamarind tree I’ve known since childhood,

Standing in the north-west corner

   like a guardian-god

Or an old family servant

   as ancient as Great-grandfather

Through the many chapters of our family’s births and deaths

   quietly it has stood

Like a courtier of dumb history.

The names of so many of those

Whose rights to that tree through the ages were undisputed

   are today even more fallen than its fallen leaves.

The memories of so many of them

   are more shadowy than that tree’s shadow
Coconut palms

Shapes that are lithe and sinuous, tall and slender,
Roots in the quiet earth, heads in the sky
Tossing aloft: no skill in rhyme can render
Their beauty to the eye.

In the luminous blue distance silhouetted,
Their sheer and sudden and buoyant beauty doth smite-
While the leaping heart in the wonder is netted-
Body’s and spirit’s sight.

How haughty their motions seem! how humble
Their courtesies! pride and lowliness blend
As they sway and swing high, as they toss and tumble,
Bend and arise and bend.

The Wind is their lover; with what frantic
Delight they respond to his every whim!
The Wind is their playmate: what corybantic,
What wild display for him!
Lesson IV

Rewrite and create a poem of your own changing the words underlined.

**GIVE ME THE STRENGTH**

This is my prayer to thee, my lord
strike, strike at the root of penury in my heart.

Give me the strength lightly to bear my Joys and sorrows.

Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service.

Give me the strength never to disown the poor or bend my knees before insolent might.

Give me the strength to raise my mind high above daily trifles.

And give me the strength to surrender my strength to thy will with love.

*For example, the poem could be rewritten as follows:*

*This is my request to you my father ...*
Lesson V

Try to fill the gaps in this lesson with the words you think are missing. If more than one word is possible, write it down. Discuss your completed version of the lesson with a partner.

Find out who the narrator of the following passage is.

I went from door to door in the village ______ for alms. Some gave food, others a handful of grain- rice or wheat or millet, for I was a ______ who had taken a vow of poverty. Suddenly quite out of the blue appeared a glorious golden ______ with a radiant, gorgeous Being riding in it. The whole scene was so awe-inspiring that there was not doubt in my mind that it was the Almighty, the ______ of the universe.

My heart swelled with a feeling of______ I thought the days of my abject poverty were to be over. I was sure the Benevolent Giver would grant me a ______ enriching me with the treasure of heaven. I waited, for I believed the Almighty would give abundantly, unasked and unbidden. For the Omniscient and Omnipotent One knows what we need before we mouth our ____________ I waited with bated breath for showers of blessings to descend upon me.

I felt my hair rise- the aura of the Divine Being scintillated. I was feeling euphoric, for the chariot ______ right in front of me. I thought my years of devotion was going to be richly ______. Utter bliss thrilled me when He smiled at me. I stood _____ bound.

What happened later?

Write your view of later part of the narration.

After writing it, compare it with the original ending given in the book.
Lesson VI

Perseverance Pays

The students will be divided into three groups.

The following passages will be given to the first group.

Cronin was bored to tears with the routine of a family practitioner. Some came to him for illnesses due to over-eating while others came to him for sickness due to malnutrition and starvation. Some came to him for imaginary illnesses while many who were really sick did not come for want of money. Although he was efficient and sincere, he found no zest in his job. At 33 he was still not focused on his job. He was still wondering whether to specialize in neurology or cardiology or dermatology or surgery or medicine because he lacked perseverance. Worrying over his choice along with over-work, and an indifferent diet made him ill with a severe bout of gastric ulcer.

Students will be asked to discuss among themselves regarding the following questions:

Did he give up his job?

Did he change his profession?

Write a paragraph describing your prediction.

His doctor sent Cronin to six months complete rest in some rural area on a milk diet because he had a severe case of gastric ulcer. He went to a rain-drenched village in Scotland where all the company he had was long-horned cattle and a few kindly but down-to-earth farmers.

Nothing is more agonizing to an active man as inactivity. Debarred from all physical activities, he found time hanging heavy in his hands. Suddenly he had an inspiration. He has always wanted to…
What did he want to do?

Write a paragraph regarding your prediction.

The following passages will be given to the Second group.

He had always wanted to write a novel.

“By Heavens! This is my opportunity. Gastric ulcer or not I will write a novel”, he said to himself. Before he could change his mind, he went and bought two dozen notebooks and some pencils, for, you see, this was before the age of computers and most aspiring authors wrote with pencils in notebooks. But the next morning when he opened his notebook he realized that he had never composed a beautiful phrase in all his life, except of course his prescription to patients and you know how the illegible prescriptions read. He looked out of the window. Three hours later the first page was still blank. He recollected the sharp advice of his old schoolmaster. “Get it down on paper! If it stops in your head it will always be nothing. Get it down!”

The next three months were very tiring. The difficulty of simple sentence staggered him. He had to spend hours looking for an apt adjective. He had no knowledge of style or form. He corrected his writing many times until the page looked like a spider’s web. Then he tore it up and started all over again.

Once he began, he could not stop. His characters took shape, spoke to him, laughed, wept and excited him. When he got an idea in the middle of the night he would get up and write it down. The first month he wrote texts of some 800 words. By the end of the second month, it was an easy flow of 2000 words. But he often threw his pen in despair. Once when he reread what he had written he felt his writing to be hopeless. He bundled
up the manuscript, threw it in the bin and went for a walk in the drizzling rain.

*What happened later?*

*Write a paragraph describing what would happen later.*

*The following passages will be given to the Third group students.*

On the way he met the farmer Angus, laboriously digging a patch of bogged plot. Angus was not a talkative person but somehow he liked Cronin.

“Hey Doc! How are you this morning?” he asked. “Oh, quite well, thank you” Cronin replied. “But something seems to worry you and you know that’s not good for your tummy! Come on, tell Angus about it”.

Cronin then told him about his not being able to write. The farmer’s weathered face slowly changed and his eyes showed disappointment and even contempt. Angus said, “No doubt you knew what you were doing doctor. My father tried to dig and turn this bog all his days and never made a pasture. I cannot help but dig. For my father knew and I know that only if you dig enough, a pasture can be made in this bog. Doc, I am only a simple farmer but even I know that many writers have starting trouble”.

“Yes, I know it’s diagnosed as writer’s block. But I wonder whether I can be a writer—whether I can write at all!”

“There, you go again, worrying. Well we won’t know until we try! So go ahead and write.”

Cronin watched his dogged determination with resentment. He was resentful because he had what Cronin did not have—a stubbornness to see the job through at all costs - an unquenchable spirit to do even the
simplest duties of life with great perseverance. He went back to his room, and rescued the bundle from the bin. Then he set to work again with frantic perseverance. “I shall not be beaten: I shall not give in”, he resolved. He wrote harder than ever and at last towards the end of the third month, he wrote “The End” and sent it to a publisher, and waited.

His health improved and he began to hate the idleness. When his holiday came to a close, he went around the village saying good-bye to the simple folk who had become such staunch friends. As he entered the post office, the postmaster gave him a telegram, which had just come an urgent invitation to meet the publisher.

The novel he had first thrown away into the bin later got a prize from the Book Society, was dramatized, serialized, translated into 19 languages and bought by Hollywood. It altered his life beyond his wildest dreams and all because of a timely lesson -the grace of perseverance - from a village farmer.

Could you predict what was written in the previous part of the narration?

Write a paragraph depicting your prediction.

The students will be advised to read the passages in groups. Finally each group leader will raise the doubts that his group members had in their mind. Through interaction, the whole class will comprehend the entire lesson.
Lesson VII

Read the first paragraph and write down the questions that you hope will be answered in the remaining part of the report.

A Schoolboy who spent the night trapped in a butcher’s cold store after being locked in accidentally ran on the spot for ten hours to…

Guess what might have happened later and write your views.

Now read the two columns and see how many of your questions were answered.

Stay alive.

Peter Emerson, aged 15, was locked in the store in a Stratford upon – Avon butcher’s shop for 14 ½ hours, with the temperature around freezing point.

Staff arriving for work at the Wood Street shop found him yesterday morning, his teeth clattering and his face purple with cold. Still freezing, Peter immediately telephoned his parents, who had reported him missing to the police.

Peter, who lives in Banbury Road, Stratford, said: “I help out at the meat shop after school and I had gone into the cold store just before closing time. I was behind a big food shelf when the door was locked behind me.

“At first I thought someone was playing a joke but when I realized it wasn’t and began shouting the staff had all gone home. I tried to kick the door open and to pick the lock but it was no good.

“I was wearing only a shirt, trousers, a thin pull-over and a white butcher’s smock. It was bitterly cold and I realized that I might die, so I ran on the spot for about 10 of the 14 hours.

Write a letter to your friend describing the experience of the boy.
Lesson VIII

Let the Boy Speak

A greengrocer’s shop, Mr. Smith is serving behind the counter. One customer is going out. Three women are waiting in the shop.

Mr. Smith : Yes? Who’s next, please?

Miss. White : I think you’re next, Mrs. Ball. You were here before me, weren’t you?

Mrs. Ball : Oh. was I?

Mr. Smith : What can I do for you, madam? Do you need any fruit?

Mrs. Ball : Let me see. Ah yes, I want …..

A small boy runs into the greengrocer’s shop. He pushes his way between the women and stands in front of the counter.

Johnny : Please, Mr. Smith …!

Mr. Smith (not letting him continue) : One moment, young fellow! I’m serving this lady. And these two ladies are also waiting. (he turns to Mrs. Ball again) Yes, madam? What were you saying?

Johnny : But Sir!

Mrs. Ball : Be quiet! I want three pounds of potatoes,

Mr. Smith
Mr. Smith : Three pounds of potatoes. Certainly, I have some good ones here. (He points to the potatoes near the counter) Eight pence a pound. Are these all right?

Mrs. Ball : Yes. I’ll take those.

Mrs. Wood (looking at Johnny) : The children today! They push in!

Miss. White : They can’t wait! They want to be first!

Mrs. Wood : How old are you?

Johnny : Nine, madam.

Mrs. Wood : Only nine! And you pushed in front of this lady!

Johnny : I had to. I wanted …

Miss. White (not letting him finish) : Young people must learn to wait. You can’t push in front of people. You’re not the only customer in the shop, are you?

Johnny : No, madam.

Mrs. Ball : Did your mother send you?

Johnny : No, I wanted …

Mrs. Wood (quickly) : Ah, you wanted something for yourself! You couldn’t wait, could you? What’s your name?
What did the boy want to convey?

Was he a thief?

Was he a relative of Mr. Smith?

Was he a beggar?

Give reasons for fixing the identity of the boy.

How will you complete this play?

Now read the remaining part of the short play.

Mr. Smith (Shouting) : They’re not there! There was a box of apples in my car and now it’s gone! The car’s empty.

Johnny : I saw two men near your car, Mr Smith. They opened the door and took out a box of apples.

Mr Smith : My Apples! I’ve lost a big box of apples. (He turns to Johnny and shouts in an angry voice) Why didn’t you tell me?

Johnny : I wanted to tell you, sir, but no one let me speak!

How many of you thought about this ending?
Lesson IX

In the northern part of Austria there once dwelt an honest family by the name of Smothers. The family consisted of John Smothers, his wife, himself, their little daughter, five years of age and her parents, making six people toward the population of the city when counted for a special write-up, but only three by actual count.

One night after supper the little girl was seized with a severe colic and John Smothers hurried down town to get some medicine. He did not return.

What happened to John Smothers?

Write a Paragraph which depict your prediction

The man returned after twenty years.

What might have happened in the meantime?

The narrator says that he returned late because he missed the bus. Do you believe?
Lesson X

The students are divided into several groups.

Look at this picture.

Who are these two people?

Are they friends or lovers or husband and wife?

Write the entire story after discussing with your friends.

Later, leaders of the groups are asked to read out the different versions of the story.

Finally, the teacher narrates the original story.

The husband wants to train his wife in swimming. Hence he wants to push her into water. But she bends. Hence he falls in to the river. Yet he swims and reaches the shore.
Lesson XI

Step I

The students are shown one picture at first.

The man seems to be badly injured.
He throws a book into the dust bin.
What is the reason?
Could you guess what happened earlier?

Step II

The students are shown yet another picture.
In this picture the man is looking into the mirror.
What does he think?
Can you predict what will happen later?
Step III

The students are shown the remaining pictures.

They are not in the serial order. The students are asked to rearrange the position of the pictures according to logic and reasoning and write the entire story.
Finally different group leaders are asked to read out the story versions prepared by their group members. The whole class will have an interesting discussion regarding the story.
APPENDIX -B
TEST

WRITING SKILLS

1. Write an essay describing a beautiful outdoor scene which appeals to your senses of smell and sight. Use your own topic or one of the following:
   - Jasmine Blossom time,
   - The lilies by Moonlight,
   - A coconut grove
   - Lotuses by the pool.

2. “The quest for riches is a world-wide adventure. Many people aspire for piles of gold and wealth. But with a brave heart and a strong body one must work hard. It alone will bring happiness”. Elaborate this idea into an essay.

3. There may be so many different delights on a foreign strand. But they are different and their attraction fails far short of the appeal of good old home land. Write an essay about the greatness of your home land.

4. Write an essay about your first day in school, as you remember it. There may be some special memory you have of the school room, the teacher, the desk assigned to you, or your new class mates which would make an interesting theme.

5. Write an essay about your experience while undertaking a tour.

SPEAKING SKILLS

Using Role Play

6. Candidate can be asked to assume a role in a particular situation. There will be a series of brief items.
a. A friend invites you to party on an evening when you want to stay at home and watch the last episode of a television serial. Thank the friend (played by the tester) and refuse politely.

b. You want your mother (played by the tester) to increase your pocket money. She is resistant to the idea. Try to make her change her mind.

c. You want to fly from London to Paris on 13 March, returning a week later. Get all the information that you need in order to choose your flights from the travel agent (played by the tester).

Using Monologue

7. A book you like most.
8. A film you have recently seen.
9. A national leader whom you admire.

Group Discussion

10. The use and abuse of Television.
## APPENDIX -C
### Experimental Group Scores

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## APPENDIX -D
Control Group Scores

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