

NATIONAL  
**LIBRARY**  
WEEK





**WELCOME TO  
NATIONAL LIBRARY  
WEEK**

**prayer**



## Indradath

### Pledge



**India is my country.**

**All Indians are my brothers and sisters.**

**I love my country and I am proud of its rich and varied heritage.**

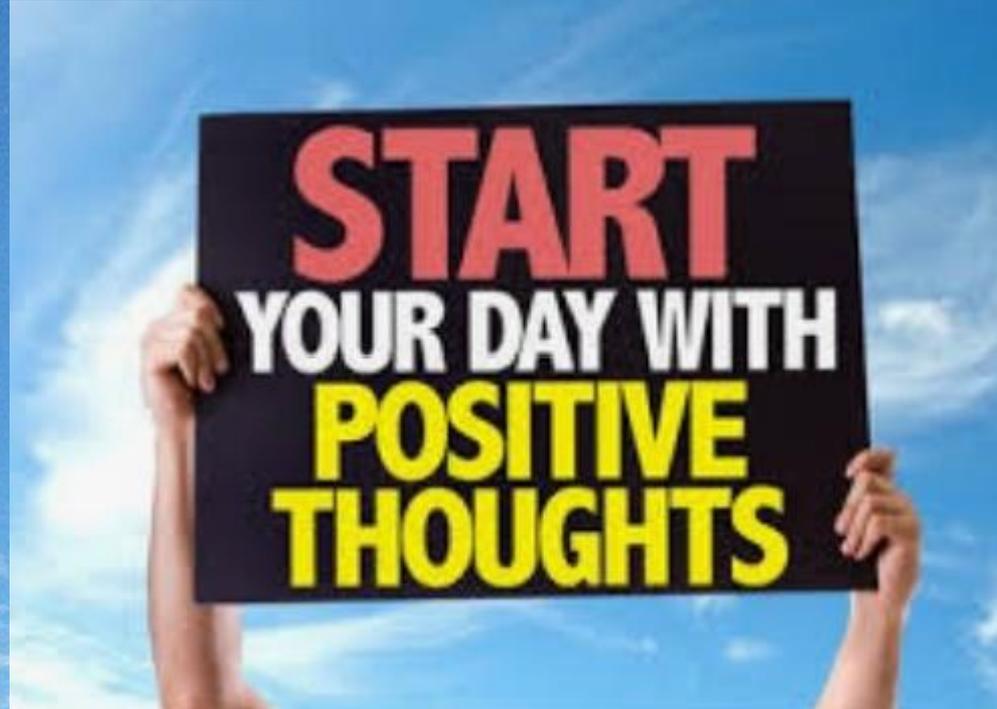
**I shall always strive to be worthy of it.**

**I shall respect my parents, teachers, and all elders, and treat everyone with courtesy.**

**To my country and my people, I pledge my devotion.**

**In their well-being and prosperity alone, lies my happiness.**

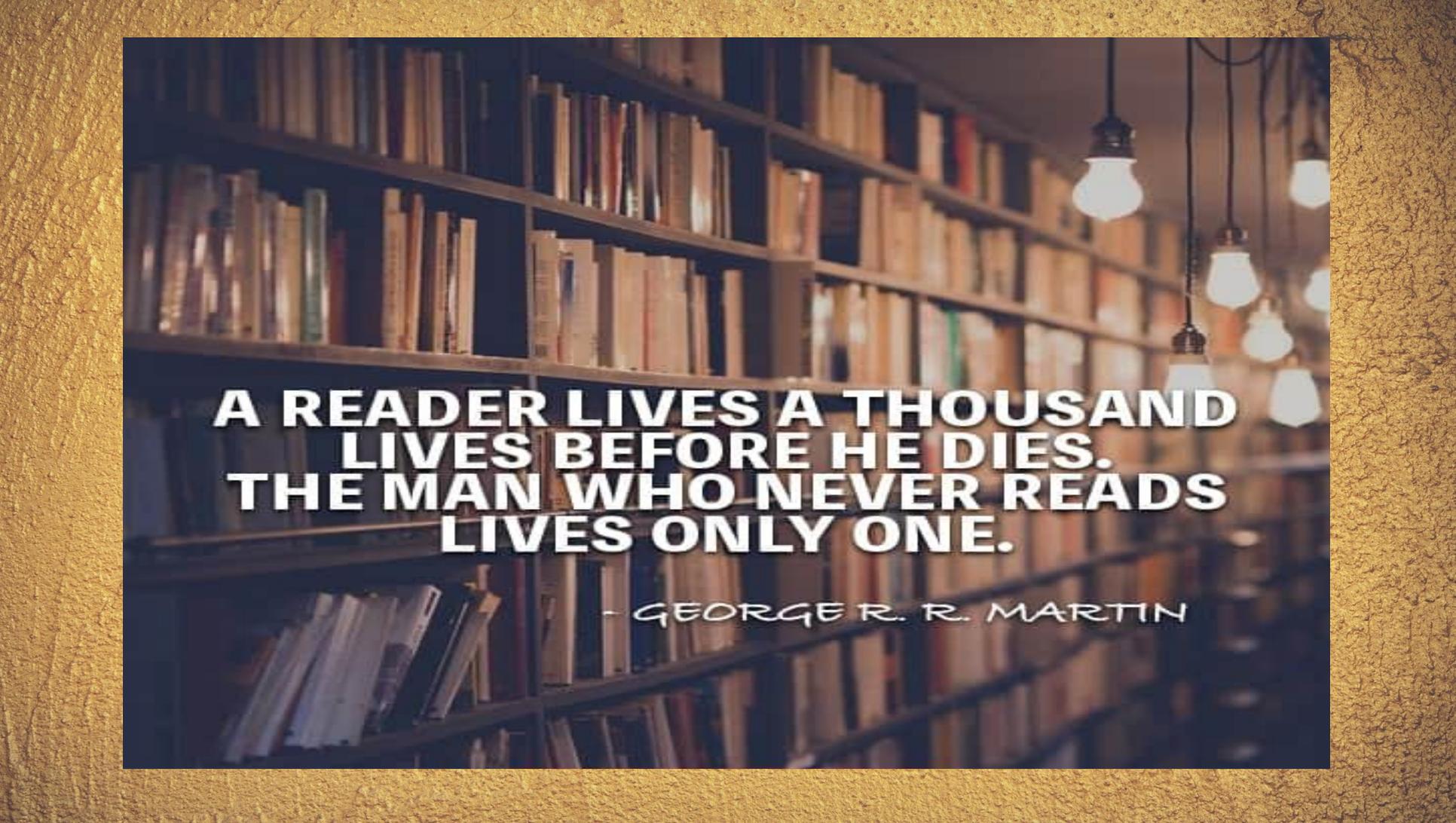
**Jai Hind**



**START**

**YOUR DAY WITH**

**POSITIVE  
THOUGHTS**

A photograph of a library with rows of bookshelves filled with books. Several hanging light bulbs are visible on the right side, casting a warm glow. The text is overlaid on the center of the image.

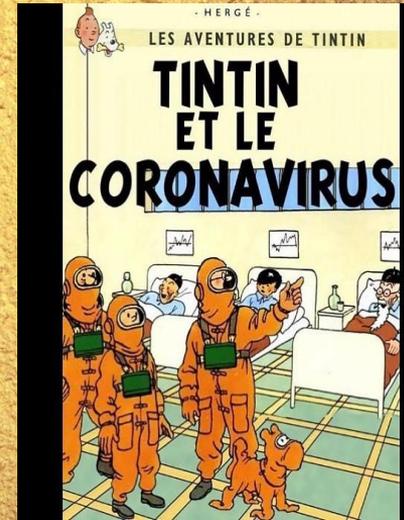
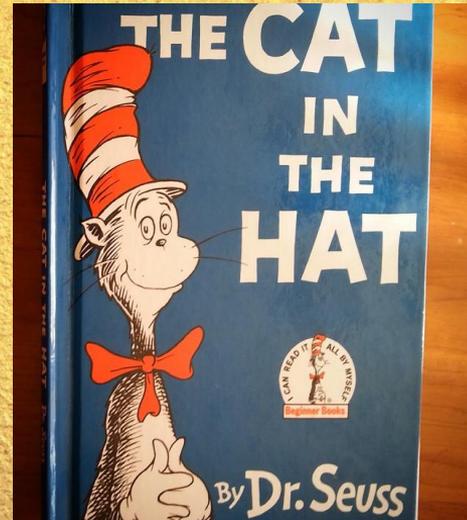
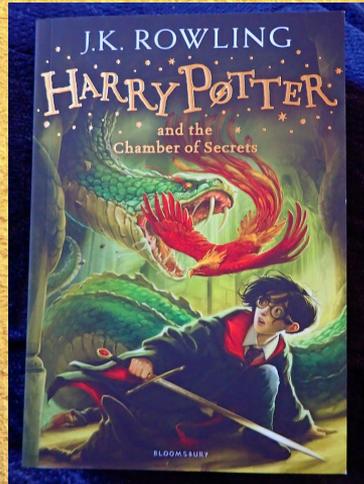
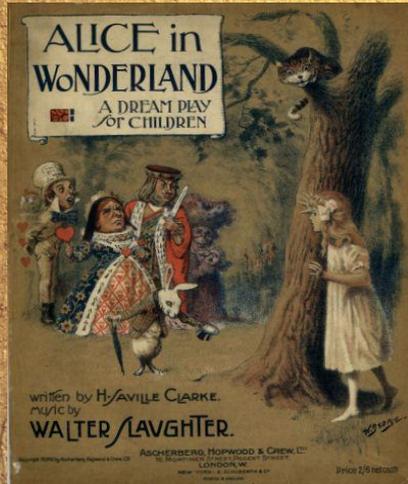
**A READER LIVES A THOUSAND  
LIVES BEFORE HE DIES.  
THE MAN WHO NEVER READS  
LIVES ONLY ONE.**

- GEORGE R. R. MARTIN

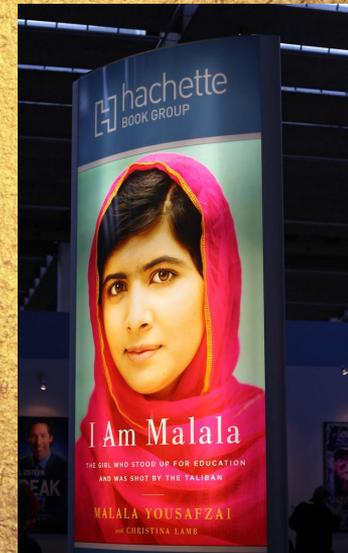
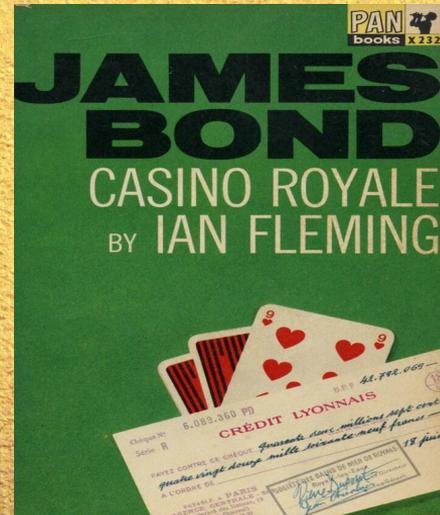
**"A reader lives a thousand lives before he dies, and the one who doesn't read, lives just one." stated by George RR Martin.**

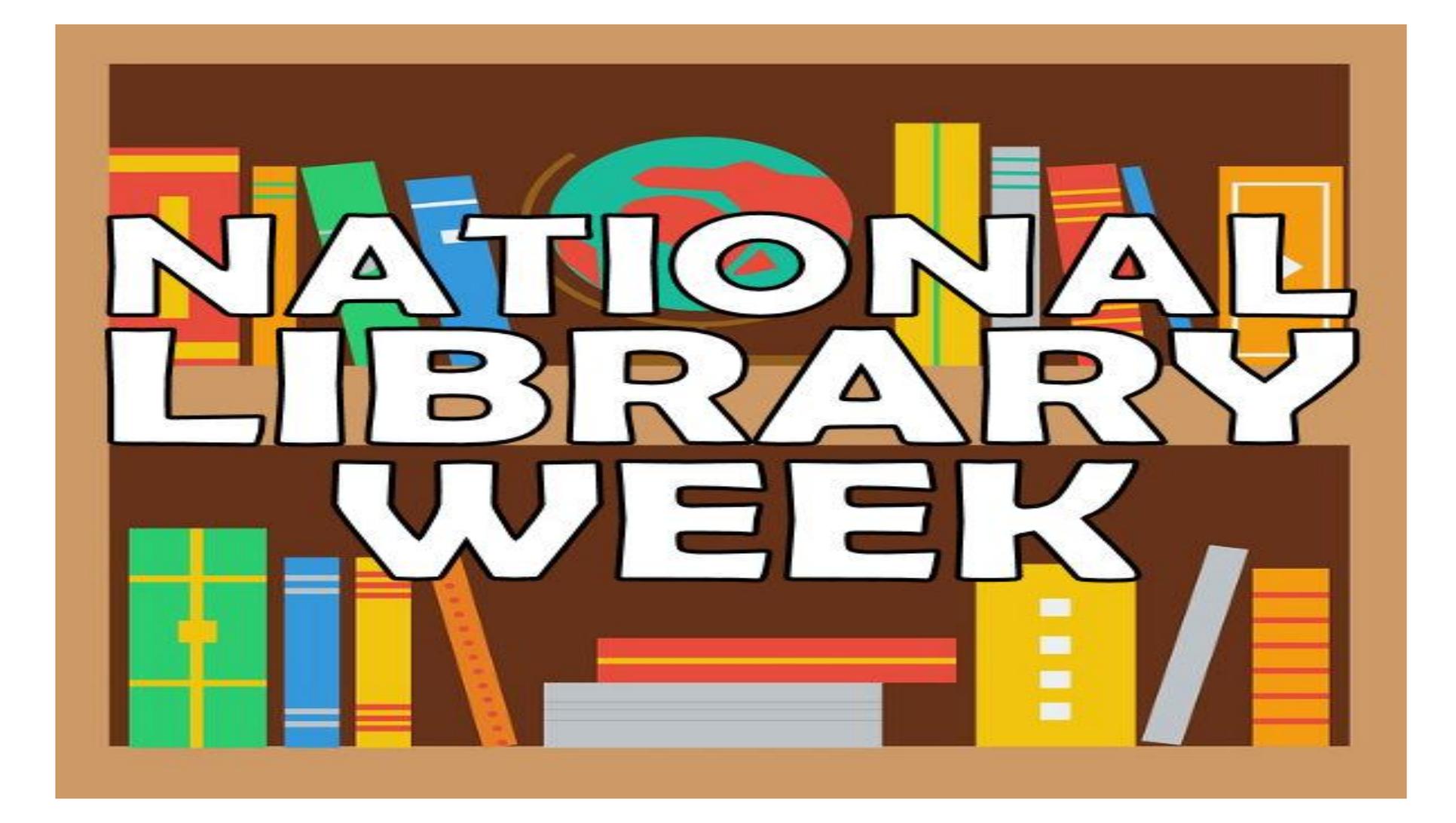
**Reading is one of the few lifestyle choices that helps you develop your personality. Be it fantasy, or historical fiction, autobiographies or true-crime, there is much to learn. When you read, you put yourself into the shoes of the protagonist, or the antagonist. You take a break from your life, and enter the imaginary, yet real world of the character and live his or her life for a change.**

**This develops a valuable character trait in a human being - empathy.**



Living these 'thousand lives' bestow you with knowledge and wisdom like no other experience. It teaches you how to filter the negative influences in life and focus on positivity. It encourages you to stay strong and overcome all obstacles in your path to success. It helps you become a better human being with a vast array of knowledge. A reader lives a thousand lives before he dies, and he is all the better for it.



A graphic for National Library Week. The background is a dark brown color. In the center, the words "NATIONAL LIBRARY WEEK" are written in large, white, bold, sans-serif capital letters with a black outline. Behind the text, there are several colorful books of various sizes and colors (red, green, blue, yellow, orange, grey). A globe with red and green continents is positioned behind the word "NATIONAL".

**NATIONAL  
LIBRARY  
WEEK**



**November 14th to 20th is being celebrated as the National Library Week all over India and various programs are held to enhance public awareness about libraries.**



**The celebrations can be traced to the practice initiated by Shri I.V.Ramanayya, recognized as the "Architect of Public Library Movement in India".**

**The Literary events that are conducted during this week are poetry Recitation, Reverse Reading, Quiz, Poster Presentation, book mark making, short story writing and Book Reading Competition etc.**



# Printing Press



# *History and Impact of The Printing Press*

Most of us tend to take printed materials for granted, but imagine life today if the printing press had never been invented. We would not have books, magazines or newspapers. Posters, flyers and mailers would not exist.



**The printing press allows us to share large amounts of information quickly and in huge numbers. In fact, the printing press is so significant that it has come to be known as one of the most important inventions of our time.**



**Before the printing press was invented, any writings and drawings had to be completed painstakingly by hand.**

**In the Dark Ages and Middle Ages, books were only owned by monasteries or extremely rich people.**

**Most books were religious in nature.**

**In some cases, a family might be lucky enough to own a book, in which case it would be a copy of the Bible.**

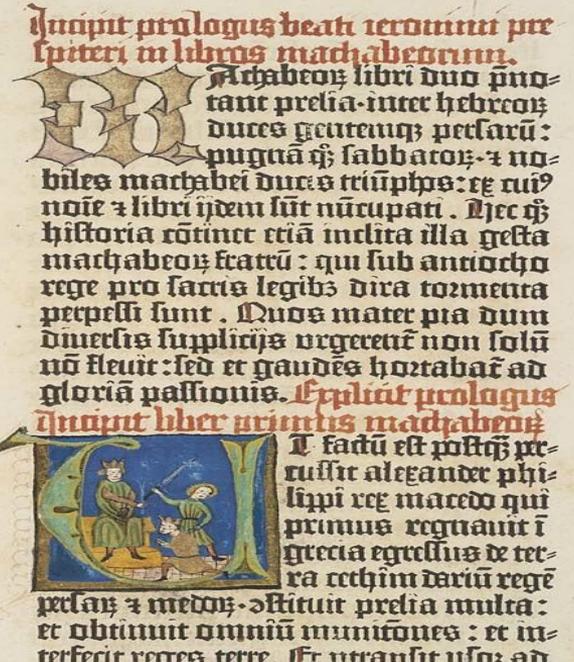


Around the late 1430s, a German, Johann Gutenberg, was desperate to find a way to make money.

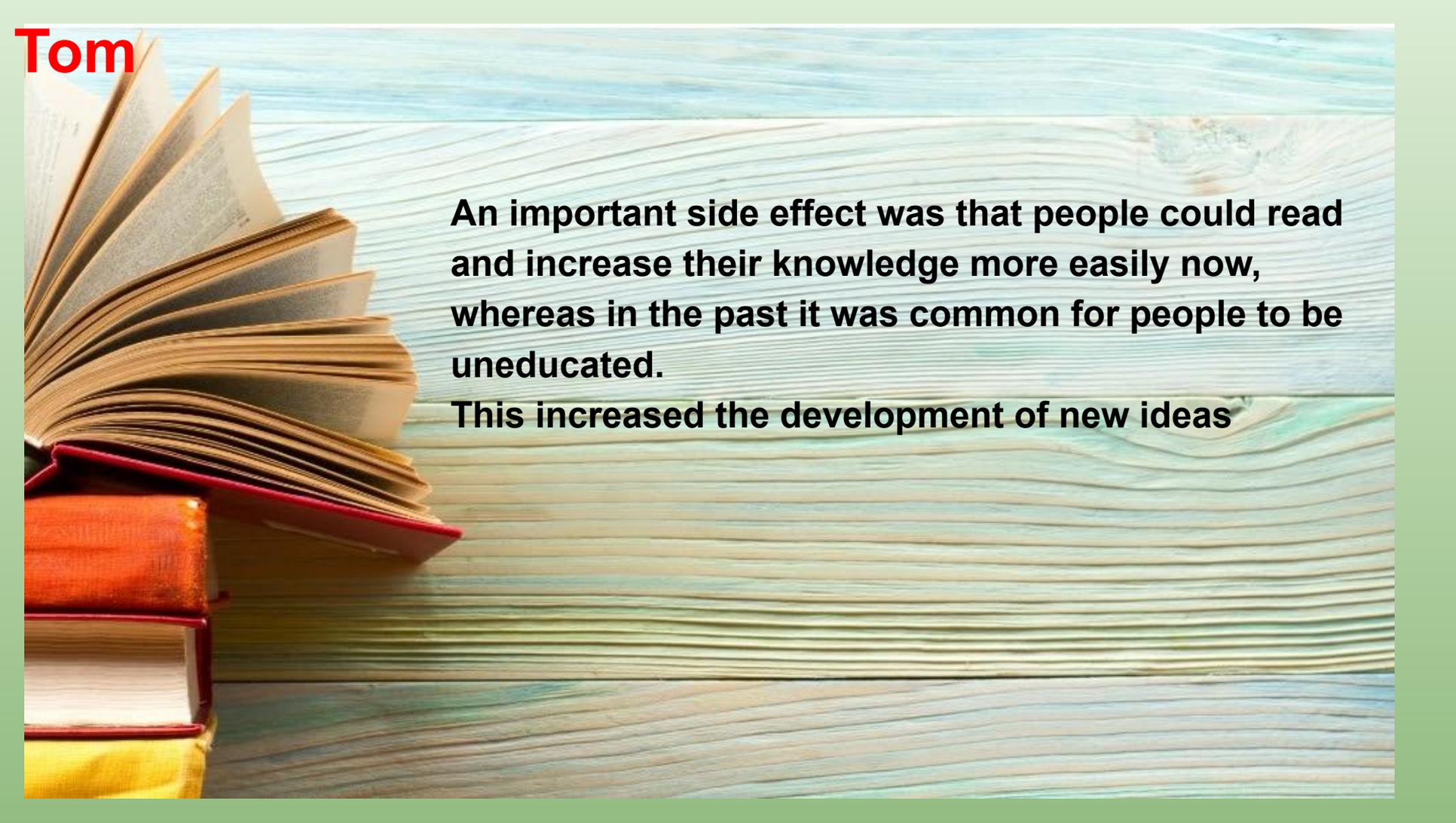
Gutenberg used to work at a mint, and he realized that if he used movable metal blocks within a machine, he could make the printing process a lot faster.

Gutenberg invented the "movable type machine." With this machine, Gutenberg made the very first printed book, which was naturally a reproduction of the Bible.

Today the Gutenberg Bible is an incredibly valuable, treasured item for its historical legacy.



Reuben



**Tom**

**An important side effect was that people could read and increase their knowledge more easily now, whereas in the past it was common for people to be uneducated.**

**This increased the development of new ideas**

# Sharika

**Previously, great mathematicians and scientists were separated by geography, had to depend on handwritten copies of scientific data.**

**These were prone to human error.**

**With the newfound ability to publish and share scientific findings and experimental data with a wide audience, science took great leaps forward in the 16th and 17th centuries.**

**With printed formulas and mathematical tables in hand, scientists could trust existing data and devote more energy to breaking new ground.**

## Digital press:

**One of the drawbacks of offset printing is that it's not economical in low volumes.**

**In the 20th century digital printing has revolutionized the printing industry.**

**They use advanced inkjet or laser jet technology to transfer ink to paper.**



**Chris**

**Digital printing reduces the cost of books.  
The time and labour required to produce each  
book also came down.  
Multiple copies can be produced.**



**Earlier, reading was restricted to elites but now books can reach a wider section of people.**

**Modern print technology has made printing more affordable and accessible.**

**Thus we can say the invention of the printing press has truly and drastically changed the way society evolved.**



**John**

# Book Genres



# Alwin

The major two ways in which books can be differentiated are **Fiction** and **Non-fiction**.



# Alwin

Fiction can be categorised into novels, comic books, fairy tale, fantasy, horror, romance, picture books, short story, poetry etc.



# Ashin

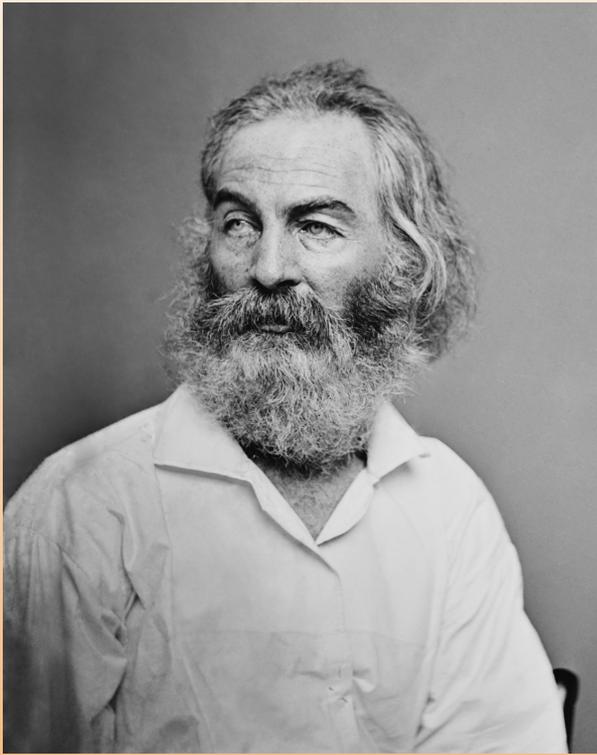
Non-fiction can be namely history, biography, science, travel, self-help, dictionary, textbook, cookbooks etc



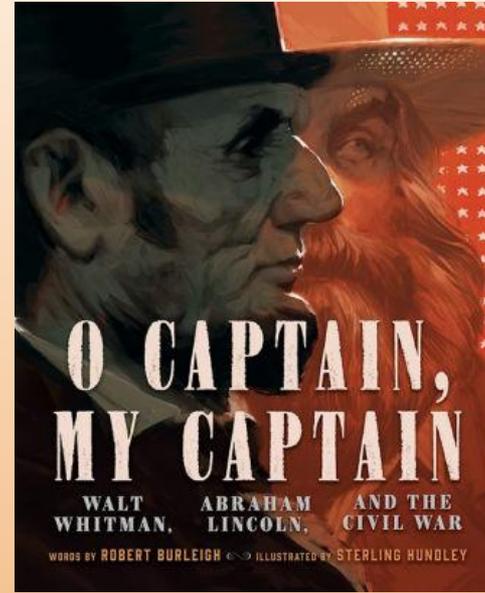
P O E T R Y

A close-up photograph of six light-colored wooden blocks arranged in a row, spelling out the word "POETRY" in a black serif font. The blocks are resting on a surface covered with many other similar wooden blocks, some of which are also visible in the foreground and background, though they are out of focus. The background is a soft, warm-toned blur.

# Reuben



**Walt Whitman** was born in 1819, in New York. His most famous work is the *Leaves of Grass* .  
He is considered as one of America's greatest poets.



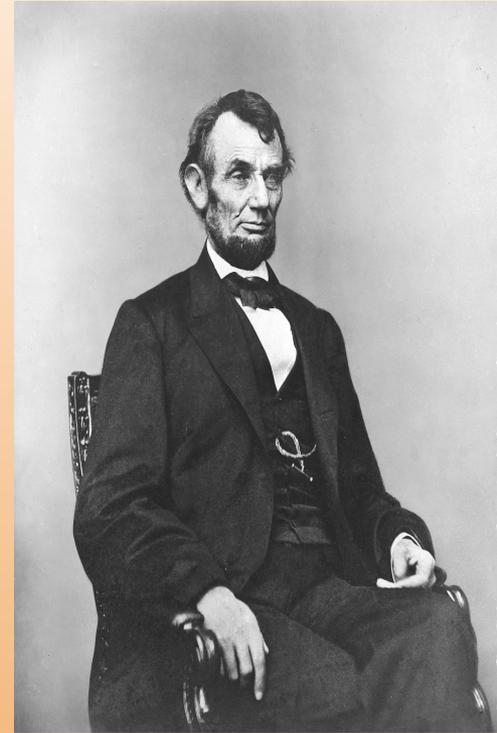
This poem is about a captain who dies just as his ship has reached the end of a stormy and dangerous voyage. The captain **represents President Abraham Lincoln**, who was assassinated just as the Civil War was ending.

## Reuben

**“O Captain! My Captain!” captures the mood of a nation in mourning of its beloved President Abraham Lincoln. The poem has remained one of Whitman’s best-loved and most-quoted poems.**

**Even as the poem “O Captain! My Captain!” celebrates the end of the American Civil War, it is also an elegy for President Lincoln. Victory and loss are thus closely intertwined throughout the poem.**

**One of the poem’s painful ironies is that its celebrations are intended to honor the leader who won this victory, yet the President is not there to witness the triumph.**



# O Captain! My Captain!

*By WALT WHITMAN*

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;  
But O heart! heart! heart!  
O the bleeding drops of red,  
Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.  
O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up- for you the flag is flung- for you the bugle trills,  
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths- for you the shores a-crowding,  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;



**Here Captain! dear father!**

**This arm beneath your head!**

**It is some dream that on the deck,**

**You've fallen cold and dead.**

**My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,**

**My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,**

**The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,**

**From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;**

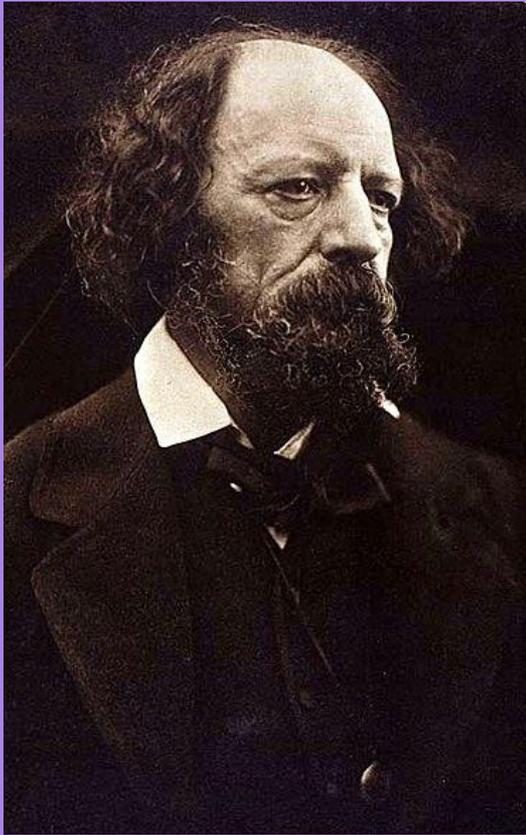
**Exult O shores, and ring O bells!**

**But I with mournful tread,**

**Walk the deck my Captain lies,**

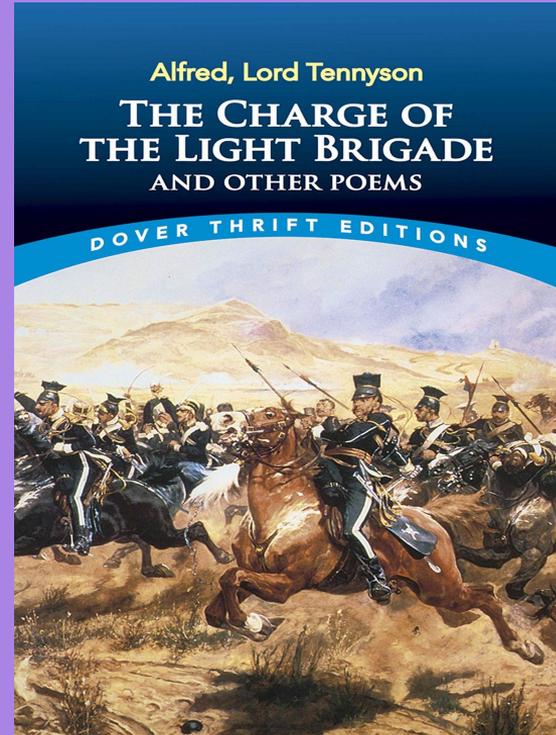
**Fallen cold and dead.**





**Alfred Lord Tennyson** was born on August 6, 1809, in England. He is one of the most well-loved **Victorian poets**.

“**The Charge of the Light Brigade**” celebrates the **self-sacrifice and heroism of the cavalymen**, suggesting that bravery consists of doing one's duty even when it leads to almost certain death.



**In the poem the soldiers realized that their Commander had made a terrible mistake.  
Yet they followed his orders and rode into the “valley of death.”**

**The 600 soldiers were assaulted by the canons, in front and on both sides of them.  
Still, they rode courageously toward their own deaths**

**Soldiers and horses collapsed; few remained to make the journey back.**

**The world marvelled at the courage of the soldiers;  
Indeed, their glory is undying.**

**Midhun**



# The Charge of the Light Brigade

*By Alfred Lord Tennyson*

Half a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.  
"Forward, the Light Brigade!  
Charge for the guns!" he said:  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.  
"Forward, the Light Brigade!"  
Was there a man dismay'd?  
Not tho' the soldier knew  
Some one had blunder'd:  
Theirs not to make reply,



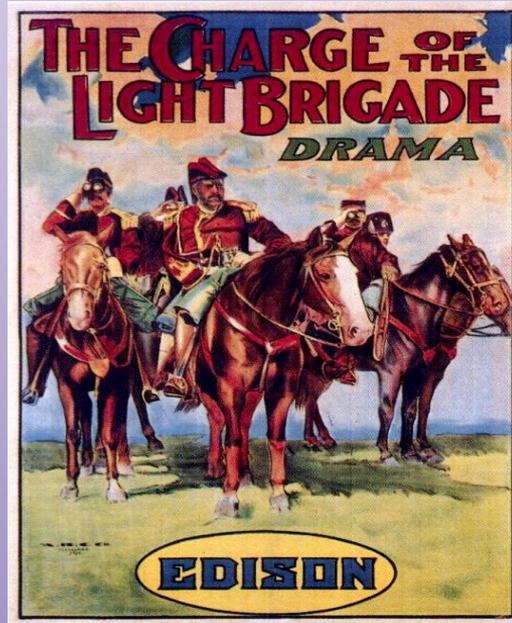
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die:  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volley'd and thunder'd;  
Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well,  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell  
Rode the six hundred.

**Flash'd all their sabres bare,  
Flash'd as they turn'd in air  
Sabring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
All the world wonder'd:  
Plunged in the battery-smoke  
Right thro' the line they broke;  
Cossack and Russian  
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke  
Shatter'd and sunder'd.  
Then they rode back, but not  
Not the six hundred.**



Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them  
Volley'd and thunder'd;  
Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well  
Came thro' the jaws of Death,  
Back from the mouth of Hell,  
All that was left of them,  
Left of six hundred

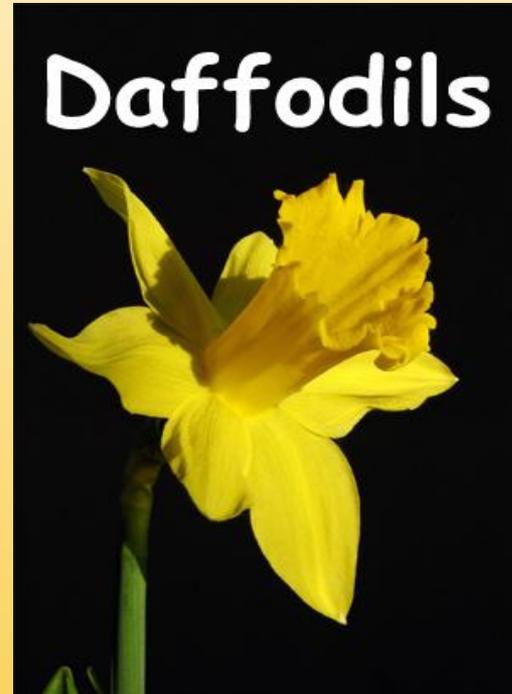


When can their glory fade?  
O the wild charge they made!  
All the world wonder'd.  
Honor the charge they made!  
Honor the Light Brigade,  
Noble six hundred



William Wordsworth was an English Romantic poet born in 1770. He was known as **“The poet of nature”**.

The poem informs the readers about **the loneliness the poet faced after the death of his brother**. However, the endless view of the golden daffodils in a field across the lake, filled him with joy. This view was the greatest gift of nature to him.



# Daffodils

*By William Wordsworth*

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.



Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not be but gay,  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed'and gazed but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had  
brought:

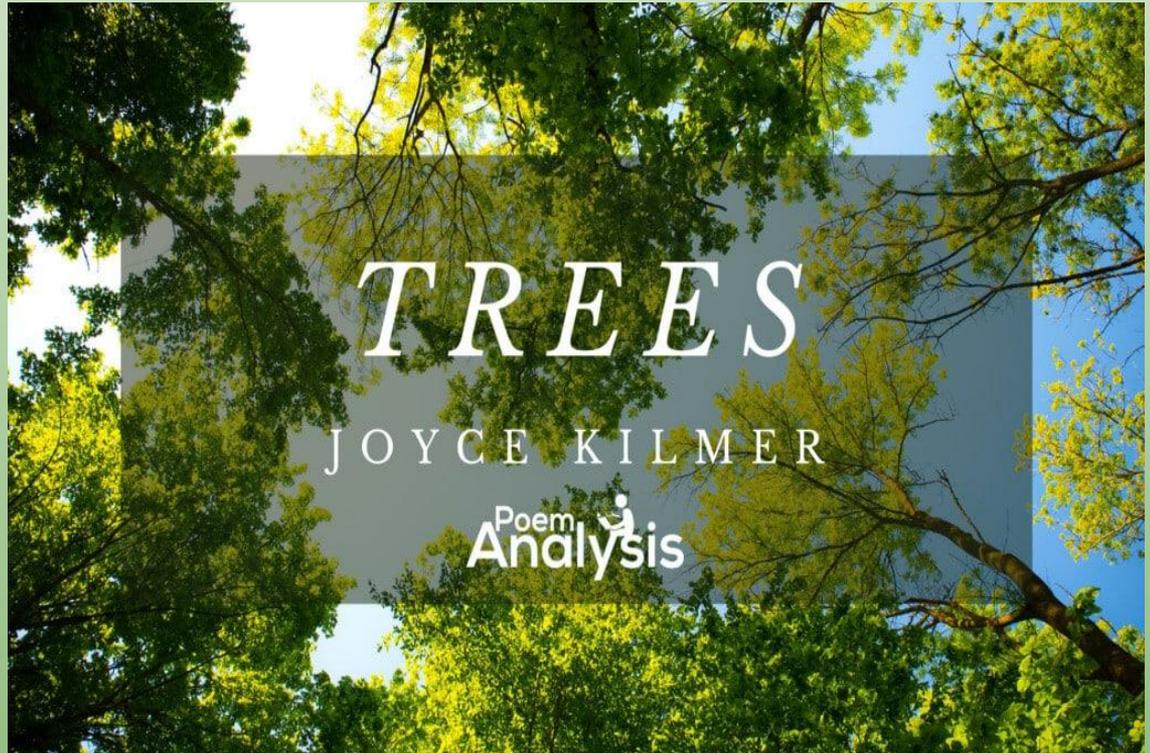
For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.



# John

Throughout the poem the poet showcases and explores themes like **God, womanhood, spirituality and nature.**

**Joyce Kilmer** is an American writer and poet born in 1886. **It was this poem “Trees” that brought him recognition.**



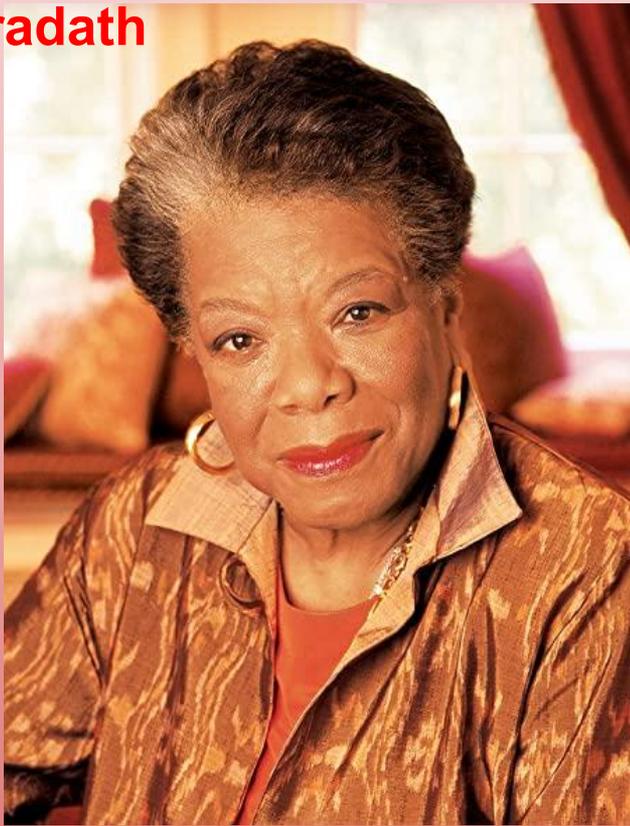
# Trees

*By Joyce Kilmer*

**I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree.  
A tree that looks at God all day,  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;  
A tree that may in Summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair;  
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;  
Who intimately lives with rain.  
Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.**



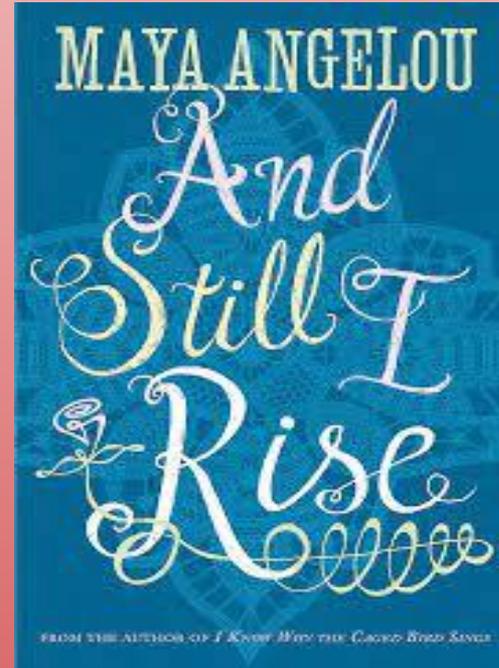
## Indradath



**Maya Angelou** was born on April 4, 1928. Her most famous work is *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*.

"Still I Rise" is about **self-respect and confidence**.

This poem is her declaration that she would not allow the hatefulness of society to determine her own success.





**Maya Angelou, lived through some of the worst oppression and inequality for African American people.**

**Although slavery had been long abolished, Angelou saw its effects on society and the African American people.**

**‘Still I Rise’ is one of Angelou’s most inspiring work.**

# Still I Rise

*By Maya Angelou*

**You may write me down in history  
With your bitter, twisted lies,  
You may trod me in the very dirt  
But still, like dust, I'll rise.**

**Does my sassiness upset you?  
Why are you beset with gloom?  
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells  
Pumping in my living room.  
Just like moons and like suns,  
With the certainty of tides,  
Just like hopes springing high,  
Still I'll rise.**



**Did you want to see me broken?  
Bowed head and lowered eyes?  
Shoulders falling down like teardrops,  
Weakened by my soulful cries?**

**Does my haughtiness offend you?  
Don't you take it awful hard  
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines  
Diggin' in my own backyard.**

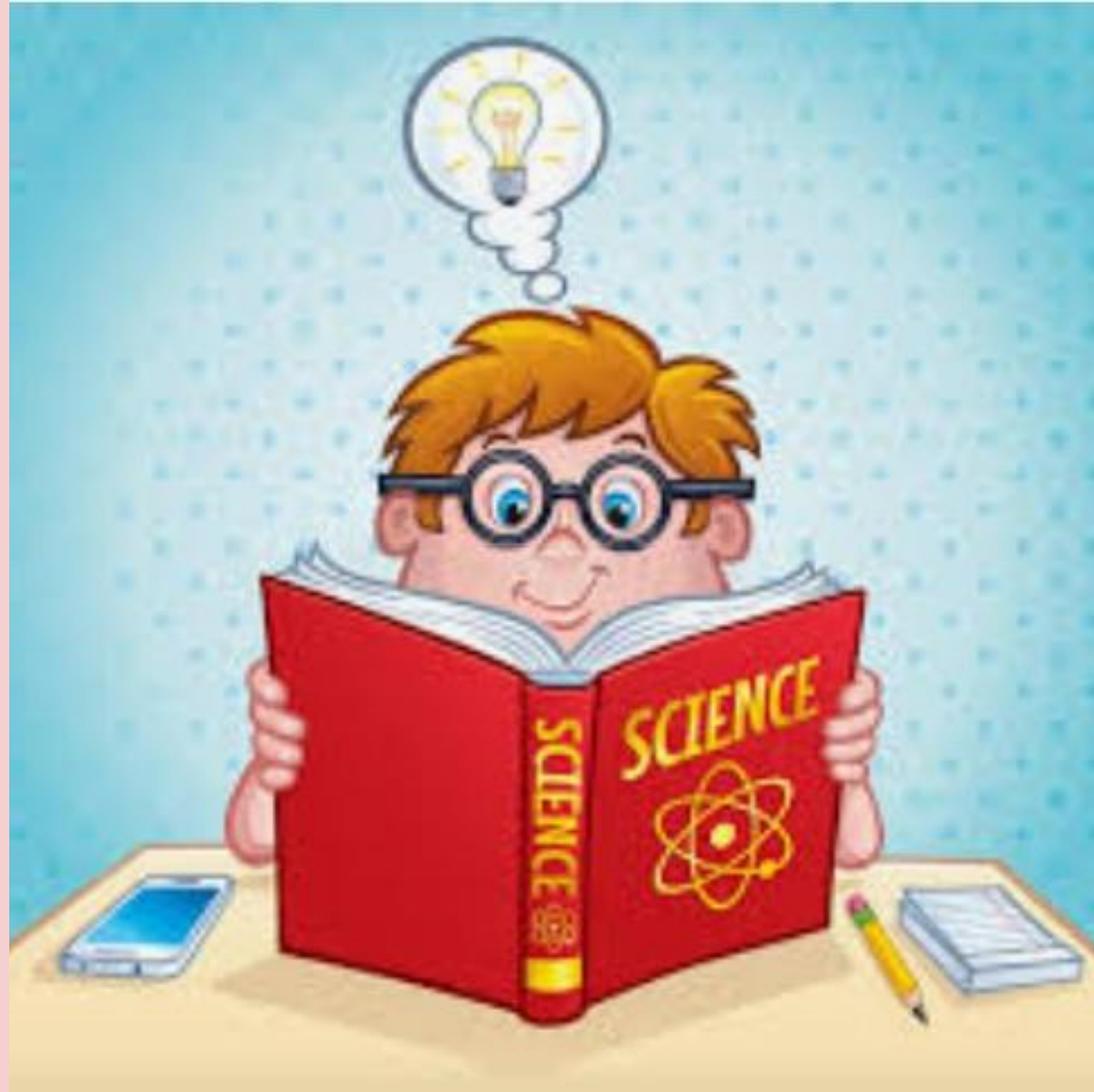
**You may shoot me with your words,  
You may cut me with your eyes,  
You may kill me with your  
hatefulness,  
But still, like air, I'll rise.**

**Out of the huts of history's shame  
I rise  
Up from a past that's rooted in pain  
I rise  
I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,  
Welling and swelling I bear in the  
tide.**



**Leaving behind nights of terror  
and fear  
I rise  
Into a daybreak that's  
wondrously clear  
I rise  
Bringing the gifts that my  
ancestors gave,  
I am the dream and the hope of  
the slave.  
I rise  
I rise  
I rise.**

Pen a slogan/  
Caption the  
pictures in  
one or two  
line.







T H A N K   ♥   Y O U